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TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED BY HIS FRIEND AND PUPIL, F.B.

TO THE READER

the following composition, which aims at being in advance of its time; and he has not feared the danger of collision with such

The Author asserts that Happiness and Misery are equally divided and distributed in the world.

He makes Self-cultivation, with due regard to others, the sole and sufficient object of human life.

He advocates suspension of judgment, with a proper suspicion of

Finally, although destructive to appearance, he is essentially  
reconstructive.

For other details concerning the Poem and the Poet, the curious  
reader is referred to the end of the volume.

F. B.

Vienna, Nov., 1880.

I

The hour is nigh; the waning Queen  
walks forth to rule the later night;  
and throned on orb of ashen light:

The Wolf-tail\* sweeps the paling East  
to leave a deeper gloom behind,  
And Dawn uprears her shining head,

sighing with semblance of a wind:

\* The false dawn.

The highlands catch yon Orient gleam,  
while purpling still the lowlands lie;  
And pearly mists, the morning-pride,  
soar incense-like to greet the sky.

The horses neigh, the camels groan,  
the torches gleam, the cressets flare;  
The town of canvas falls, and man  
with din and dint invadeth air:

The Golden Gates swing right and left;  
up springs the Sun with flamy brow;  
The dew-cloud melts in gush of light;  
brown Earth is bathed in morning-glow.

Slowly they wind athwart the wild,  
and while young Day his anthem swells,  
Sad falls upon my yearning ear  
the tinkling of the Camel-bells:

The home of grisly beast and Ghoul,\*

\* The Demon of the Desert.

With the brief gladness of the Palms,

Fraught with the thoughts of rustling shade,  
and welling spring, and rushing rain;

With the short solace of the ridge,  
by gentle zephyrs played upon,  
Whose breezy head and bosky side

whose souls shall ever thrill and fill  
Dreams of the Birthplace and the Tomb,

But we? Another shift of scene,  
another pang to rack the heart;  
Why meet we on the bridge of Time

We meet to part; yet asks my sprite,

Part we to meet? Ah! is it so?

who made Omniscience nought can know.

Why must we meet, why must we part,  
why must we bear this yoke of MUST,  
Without our leave or askt or given,  
by tyrant Fate on victim thrust?

That Eve so gay, so bright, so glad,  
this Morn so dim, and sad, and grey;  
  
this day a day, that day a day!

sad is the very core of me;  
All wearies, changes, passes, ends;

Friends of my youth, a last adieu!  
haply some day we meet again;  
  
the years shall make us other men:

The light of morn has grown to noon,  
has paled with eve, and now farewell!  
  
Go, vanish from my Life as dies

II

In these drear wastes of sea-born land,  
these wilds where none may dwell but He,  
What visionary Past revive,  
what process of the Years we see:

Gazing beyond the thin blue line  
that rims the far horizon-ring,  
  
whence do these spectral shadows spring?

What endless questions vex the thought,  
of Whence and Whither, When and How?  
What fond and foolish strife to read  
the Scripture writ on human brow;

As stand we perch on point of Time,  
betwixt the two Eternities,  
Whose awful secrets gathering round  
with black profound oppress our eyes.

these winds and whirlpools loud and dread:  
What reck they of our wretched plight

Thus quoth the Bard of Love and Wine,\*

Beyond the brimming Kausar-cup  
and Houris with the white-black eyes;

Ah me! my race of threescore years  
is short, but long enough to pall  
My sense with joyless joys as these,  
with Love and Houris, Wine and all.

Another boasts he would divorce  
old barren Reason from his bed,  
fools who believe a word he said!\*

that hath such gift to ask its goal.

So sings the shallow bard whose life

the bliss of those who enter in

who wailed our sorrows and our sin:

Too much of words or yet too few!

What to thy Godhead easier than

One little glimpse of Paradise

to ope the eyes and ears of man?

we hear the God-drunk gnostic cry

And, though his blood a witness bore,

no wisdom-might could mend his bones.

\* A famous Mystic stoned for blasphemy.

Methinks the saying saith too much:

the swine would say the selfsame thing!

Two-footed beasts that browse through life,

Bow prone to Earth whereof they be,  
and there the proper pleasures find:

But you of finer, nobler, stuff,  
ye, whom to Higher leads the High,  
What binds your hearts in common bond  
with creatures of the stall and sty?

The Future when the Past is not,  
the Present merest dreamery;

\* Moses in the Koran.

forever twixt the womb, the grave,  
Thou pratest of the Coming Life,

The world is old and thou art young;  
the world is large and thou art small;

To hold thyself an All-in-All!

III.

Fie, fie! you visionary things,  
ye motes that dance in sunny glow,  
Who base and build Eternities  
on briefest moment here below;

the captives of a despot will;

because two coupling mammals chose  
To slake the thirst of fleshly love,

Gript in the giant grasp of Life  
like gale-born dust or wind-wrung spray;

Who comes imbecile to the world

The toy, the sport, the waif and stray  
of passions, error, wrath and fears;

Who knows not Whence he came nor Why,  
who kens not Whither bound and When,  
the blessing dreamt by foolish men;

Who step by step perforce returns  
to couthless youth, wan, white and cold,  
Lisping again his broken words  
till all the tale be fully told:

How coming to the Feast unbid,  
he found the gorgeous table spread  
With the fair-seeming Sodom-fruit,  
with stones that bear the shape of bread:

How Life was nought but ray of sun  
that clove the darkness thick and blind,  
The ravings of the reckless storm,

aye fading with the break of morn,  
Till every sweet became a sour,

till every rose became a thorn;

Till dust and ashes met his eyes

wherever turned their saddened gaze;

The wrecks of joys and hopes and loves,

the rubbish of his wasted days;

How every high heroic Thought

that longed to breathe empyrean air,

Failed of its feathers, fell to earth,

and perisht of a sheer despair;

whose might has split the solar ray,

His rest is grossest coarsest earth,

a crown of gold on brow of clay;

This House whose frame be flesh and bone,

The home of sickness, dolours, age;

unclean without, impure within:

Sans ray to cheer its inner gloom,

the chambers haunted by the Ghost,

Darkness his name, a cold dumb Shade

This tube, an enigmatic pipe,  
whose end was laid before begun,  
That lengthens, broadens, shrinks and breaks;

The first of Pots the Potter made

Methinks I see him smile to see  
what guerdon to the world he gave!

\* The Abana, River of Damascus.

How Life is dim, unreal, vain,  
like scenes that round the drunkard reel;  
to see and hear, smell, taste and feel.

Where millions live their horrid lives  
by making other millions die.

How with a heart that would through love  
to Universal Love aspire,  
Man woos infernal chance to smite,

to crumble at a touch of Time;

the heights of Heaven fain would climb.

How short this Life, how long withal;

how false its weal, how true its woes,

This fever-fit with paroxysms

to mark its opening and its close.

Ah! gay the day with shine of sun,

and bright the breeze, and blithe the throng

Met on the River-bank to play,

when I was young, when I was young:

Such general joy could never fade;

and yet the chilling whisper came

One face had paled, one form had failed;

had fled the bank, had swum the stream;

Still revellers danced, and sang, and trod

Still one by one they left and fared

to the far misty thither side;

And now the last hath slipt away

yon drear Death-desert to explore,

And now one Pilgrim worn and lorn  
still lingers on the lonely shore.

Yes, Life in youth-tide standeth still;  
in manhood streameth soft and slow;  
how fleet the waters flash and flow!

And Deaths are twain; the Deaths we see  
drop like the leaves in windy Fall;  
But ours, our own, are ruined worlds,  
a globe collapst, last end of all.

We live our lives with rogues and fools,  
dead and alive, alive and dead,  
and one who frets and clouds the head:

the lesson comes its fatal term;  
Fate bids us bundle up our books,

Hardly we learn to wield the blade  
before the wrist grows stiff and old;  
Hardly we learn to ply the pen  
ere Thought and Fancy faint with cold.

Hardly we find the path of love,

When sad suspicion grips the heart,  
when Man, \_the\_ Man begins to die:

Hardly we scale the wisdom-heights,  
and sight the Pisgah-scene around,

When swift the Camel-rider spans  
the howling waste, by Kismet sped,  
And of his Magic Wand a wave  
hurries the quick to join the dead.\*

\* Death in Arabia rides a Camel, not a pale horse.

How sore the burden, strange the strife;  
how full of splendour, wonder, fear;  
Life, atom of that Infinite Space

the secret which the gods defend,  
The Why of birth and life and death,  
that Isis-veil no hand may rend.

Eternal Morrows make our Day;  
our \_Is\_ is aye \_to be\_ till when

And still the Weaver plies his loom,  
whose warp and woof is wretched Man

so dark we doubt it owns a plan.

Dost not, O Maker, blush to hear,  
amid the storm of tears and blood,  
Man say Thy mercy made what is,

The marvel is that man can smile  
dreaming his ghostly ghastly dream;-  
Better the heedless atomy  
that buzzes in the morning beam!

O the dread pathos of our lives!  
how durst thou, Allah, thus to play  
With Love, Affection, Friendship, all  
that shows the god in mortal clay?

Shall brooding breed a thought of joy?

Ah hush the sigh, forget the thought!

Silence thine immemorial quest,

like thee how many came and went?

Cease, Man, to mourn, to weep, to wail;

enjoy thy shining hour of sun;

but is the dance less full of fun?

IV

What Truths hath gleaned that Sage consumed

by many a moon that waxt and waned?

What Prophet-strain be his to sing?

What hath his old Experience gained?

There is no God, no man-made God;

a bigger, stronger, crueller man;

Black phantom of our baby-fears,

ere Thought, the life of Life, began.

Right quoth the Hindu Prince of old,\*

\* Buddha.

\* Confucius.

(rejoins the Drawer of the Wine)\*

with the Divine Idea to blend;

ought of the Showman or the Show?

the \_be\_ and never the \_to-be?\_

why fare so far to fare the worse

a self-made chain of universe?

the Causing Cause, why crave for more?

dark in its darkness mystical.

your maker like yourselves you make,

you pray the Law its laws to break;

how empty vain the prayer must be,

or craves a change of law to see?

that orders mysteries sublime,

was Judas from the birth of Time?

again the Secret, prithee, show

or Fate that drave the man, the bow?

the struggling of the mortal mind

the perfect of itself to find.

a neutral something cold and pale:

a moulder of the heavenly spheres;

who governs by his dual peers:

His leprous slaves to fight and jar;

the God that smites, the Man of War.

\* Jehovah.

those fair and frail humanities

a splendour faded in the sky.

and seized his seat beneath the sun,

whose one is three and three is one;

and God again to man degrades.

clad in his filthy rag and rug,

and broke, like lava-burst upon

that called the Camel-driver King?

borne by the winnowing wings of Death,

and nearer brought with every breath:

they rose and reigned, they fought and fell,

V

There is no Good, there is no Bad;

these be the whims of mortal will:

They change with place, they shift with race;

and, in the veriest span of Time,

all Good was banned as Sin or Crime:

Like ravelled skeins they cross and twine,

while this with that connects and blends;

And only Khizr\* his eye shall see

where one begins, where other ends:

\* Supposed to be the Prophet Elijah.

What mortal shall consort with Khizr,

whom Fate compels to plant the tree?

That was, that is, that aye shall be,

Star, Fortune, Fate, Urd, Norn or Need.

drew upon Earth his earliest breath

of anguish, torture, prey and Death;

Where hideous Theria of the wild

rended their fellows limb by limb;

Where horrid Saurians of the sea

in waves of blood were wont to swim:

to spawn her frightful monster-brood;

Now fiery hot, now icy frore,

now reeking wet with steamy flood.

Yon glorious Sun, the greater light,

A flaming, boiling, bursting mine;

a grim black orb of whirling fire:

That gentle Moon, the lesser light,

A ruined world, a globe burnt out,

a corpse upon the road of night.

What reekt he, say, of Good or Ill

who in the hill-hole made his lair,

wilder than wildest wolf or bear?

to feed and swill, to sleep and breed,

a perfect life sans Code or Creed?

His choicest garb a shaggy fell,

his choicest tool a flake of stone;

and holes to hang his bits of bone;

Who fought for female as for food

when Mays awoke to warm desire;

And such the Lust that grew to Love

when Fancy lent a purer fire.

Behold his simiad sponce and own

the Thing could play no higher part.

Yet, as long ages rolled, he learnt

from Beaver, Ape and Ant to build

Shelter for sire and dam and brood,

from blast and blaze that hurt and killed;

And last came Fire; when scrap of stone

cast on the flame that lit his den,  
Gave out the shining ore, and made  
the Lord of beasts a Lord of men.

is but the gift of latest years;  
Conscience was born when man had shed  
his fur, his tail, his pointed ears.

who slays his guest with felon blow,  
Save sorrow he can slay no more,

Which fixed upon a point in space  
the general project passes by:

For see! the Mammoth went his ways,

While the half-reasoner with the hand\*  
survives his rank and place to claim.

\* The Elephant.

Earthquake and plague, storm, fight and fray,  
portents and curses man must deem

Since he regards his self alone,  
nor cares to trace the scope, the scheme;

Builds up a world for better use,  
to general Good bends special Ill:

the war and rush of stormy Wind  
Depures the stuff of human life,  
breeds health and strength for humankind:

What call ye them or Goods or Ills,  
ill-goods, good-ills, a loss, a gain,  
When realms arise and falls a roof;  
a world is won, a man is slain?

And thus the race of Being runs,  
till haply in the time to be  
Earth shifts her pole and Mushtari\*-men  
another falling star shall see:

\* The Planet Jupiter.

Shall see it fall and fade from sight,

Drink of yon mirage-stream and chase  
the tinkling of the camel-bell!

VI

All Faith is false, all Faith is true:  
Truth is the shattered mirror strown  
In myriad bits; while each believes  
his little bit the whole to own.

What is the Truth? was askt of yore.  
Reply all object Truth is one  
As twain of halves aye makes a whole;  
the moral Truth for all is none.

While Truth is real like your good:

\* Plato and Aristotle.

as vapour mingled with the skies,  
So weaves the brain of mortal man  
the tangled web of Truth and Lies.

What see we here? Forms, nothing more!

Forms fill the brightest, strongest eye,

shadows ourselves we live and die.

the practice of the world unheed

The foolish vaunt, the blatant boast

that serves our vanity to feed.

And will remain till wiser man

the day-dreams of his youth disdain.

The saying may be true enow

only remains to show us how.

your tales and fables stale and trite,

Irksome as twice-sung tune that tires

what monster-growth of human brain,

What powers of light shall ever pierce

this puzzle dense with words inane?

Vainly the heart on Providence calls,  
such aid to seek were hardly wise  
For man must own the pitiless Law  
that sways the globe and sevenfold skies.

So spake, and speaks, and aye shall speak

Are these the words for men to hear?

The horseleech-cry so strong so high

What? Faith a merit and a claim,

Go, fool, thy foolish way and dip

cleave not to this and that disclaim;

Believe in all that man believes;

here all and naught are both the same.

But is it so? How may we know?

Haply this Fate, this Law may be

A word, a sound, a breath; at most

mankind must seek and find it There,  
But Where nor I nor you can tell,  
nor aught earth-mother ever bare.

Enough to think that Truth can be:  
come sit we where the roses glow,  
Indeed he knows not how to know

VII

Man hath no Soul, a state of things,  
a no-thing still, a sound, a word  
Which so begets substantial thing  
that eye shall see what ear hath heard.

Where was his Soul the savage beast  
which in primeval forests strayed,  
What shape had it, what dwelling-place,

This Soul to ree a riddle made;  
who wants the vain duality?  
Is not myself enough for me?

Words, words that gender things! The soul  
is a new-comer on the scene;  
Sufficeth not the breath of Life  
to work the matter-born machine?

we trace the Soul to hour of birth;  
We mark its growth as grew mankind  
to boast himself sole Lord of Earth:

in an unbroken course was run;  
What men are pleased to call their Souls  
was in the hog and dog begun:

Life is a ladder infinite-stepped,  
that hides its rungs from human eyes;  
Planted its foot in chaos-gloom,  
its head soars high above the skies:

No break the chain of Being bears;  
all things began in unity;  
And lie the links in regular line  
though haply none the sequence see.

The Ghost, embodied natural Dread  
of dreary death and foul decay,  
Begot the Spirit, Soul and Shade

The Soul required a greater Soul,  
a Soul of Souls, to rule the host;  
Hence spirit-powers and hierarchies,  
all gendered by the savage Ghost.

Not yours, ye Peoples of the Book,  
these fairy visions fair and fond,  
Got by the gods of Khemi-land\*  
and faring far the seas beyond!

\* Egypt; Kam, Kem, Khem (hierogl.), in the Demotic Khemi.

we hear yon loud-lunged Zealot cry;  
Whose mind but means his sum of thought,

Thought is the work of brain and nerve,  
in small-skulled idiot poor and mean;  
In sickness sick, in sleep asleep,  
and dead when Death lets drop the scene.

you matter-mongers prompt to prate;

Vain cavil! all that is hath come

Why waste on this your hate and fear,  
why waste on that your love and awe?

Why heap such hatred on a word,

Why upon matter spirit mass?  
wants an appendix your design?

Is not the highest honour his  
who from the worst hath drawn the best;  
May not your Maker make the world  
from matter, an it suit His hest?

Nay more, the sordider the stuff

Cease, then, your own Almighty Power  
to bind, to bound, to understand.

to play with words that please our pride;

by false forged titles seek to hide!

the better work of higher brain,

as golden mine from leaden vein.

Worlds lie above, beyond its ken;

Angels and Fools have equal claim

To do what Nature bids them do,

sans hope of praise, sans fear of blame!

VIII

these be the dreams of baby minds;

Tools of the wily Fetisheer,

as thou abuse or use it well.

So deemed the doughty Jew who dared  
by studied silence low to lay  
Orcus and Hades, lands of shades,  
the gloomy night of human day.

Hard to the heart is final death:  
fain would an Ens not end in Nil;  
  
the Priest perverted all to ill.

While Reason sternly bids us die,  
Love longs for life beyond the grave:  
Our hearts, affections, hopes and fears  
for Life-to-be shall ever crave.

a Church to rule and sway the State;  
Hence sprang the train of countless griefs  
in priestly sway and rule innate.

For future Life who dares reply?  
No witness at the bar have we;  
  
old tales and novel jugglery.

the things of Heaven and Hell to limn?

And all we hear is only fit

for grandam-talk and nursery-hymn.

I draw my wine for one and all,

to poorest passion he was born;

Safely he jogs along the way

Who scales the brow of frowning Alp

must face full many a slip and fall.

Whose cup of joy contains no more

than tramps that on the dunghill die.

To fate-doomed Sinner born and bred

for dangling from the gallows-tree;

To Saint who spends his holy days

To all that breathe our upper air

In fixed and equal parts, their shares

of joy and sorrow, woe and weal.

in hunting wealth and fame we spend

Reply: mankind obeys a law

that bids him labour, struggle, strain;

The Sage well knowing its unworth,

the Fool a-dreaming foolish gain.

that half the joy is in the race

For wealth and fame and place, nor sighs

when comes success to crown the chase?

that accident of birth befell,

Without our choice, our will, our voice:

Faith is an accident as well.

What to the Hindu saith the Frank:

and learn that breathing every breath,

for foul and foolish Mlenchhas fit;

What to the Moslem cries the Frank?

The Buddhist to Confucians thus:

I fain complete what in me lies;

When doctors differ who decides  
amid the milliard-headed throng?

Who save the madman dares to cry:

we hear the careless Soofi say,

Cease then to mumble rotten bones;  
and strive to clothe with flesh and blood

that all shall hail as fair and good.

\* Jehannum, Gehenna, Hell.

and Fate that forced me to be born

I want not this, I want not that,  
already sick of Me and Thee;

what then becomes of Thee and Me?

Enough to think such things may be:  
to say they are not or they are  
Were folly: leave them all to Fate,  
nor wage on shadows useless war.

Do what thy manhood bids thee do,  
from none but self expect applause;  
He noblest lives and noblest dies  
who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

All other Life is living Death,  
a world where none but Phantoms dwell,  
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice,  
a tinkling of the camel-bell.

IX

How then shall man so order life  
that when his tale of years is told,  
Like sated guest he wend his way;  
how shall his even tenour hold?

Despite the Writ that stores the skull;  
despite the Table and the Pen;\*  
Maugre the Fate that plays us down,  
her board the world, her pieces men?

\* Emblems of Kismet, or Destiny.

How when the light and glow of life  
Shall mortal scoff at sting of Death,  
shall scorn the victory of the Tomb?

One way, two paths, one end the grave.

That breasts the bush, the steep, the crag,  
in sun and wind and snow and rain:

Who treads the first must look adown,  
must deem his life an all in all;  
Must see no heights where man may rise,  
must sight no depths where man may fall.

Allah in Adam form must view;  
adore the Maker in the made.  
  
in joys of pain, in lights of shade.

\* Illusion.

He breaks the Law, he burns the Book,  
he sends the Moolah back to school;  
Laughs at the beards of Saintly men;  
and dubs the Prophet dolt and fool,

cools feet on wavy breast of rill;

Melts in the saffron light of Dawn  
to hear the moaning of the Dove;

Finds mirth and joy in Jamshid-bowl;

toys with the Daughter of the vine;  
And bids the beauteous cup-boy say,

\* That all the senses, even the ear, may enjoy.

Such is his fleshly bliss that strives  
the Maker through the Made to know.

so same and tame, so drear, so dry;  
My gorge ariseth at the thought;

Better the myriad toils and pains  
that make the man to manhood true,  
This be the rule that guideth life;  
these be the laws for me and you:

to know thy self forever strain,  
Thine ignorance of thine ignorance is  
thy fiercest foe, thy deadliest bane;

That blunts thy sense, and dulls thy taste;  
that deafs thine ears, and blinds thine eyes;

Creates the thing that never was,  
the Thing that ever is defies.

The finite Atom infinite

So full-sufficient for itself,  
for other selves existing not,

yet must be fought the unequal fray;  
A myriad giants here; and there  
a pinch of dust, a clod of clay.

Yes! maugre all thy dreams of peace  
still must the fight unfair be fought;  
Where thou mayst learn the noblest lore,  
to know that all we know is nought.

True to thy Nature, to Thy self,  
Fame and Disfame nor hope nor fear:  
Enough to thee the small still voice

From self-approval seek applause:  
What ken not men thou kennest, thou!

Before thine own Ideal bow:

Be thine own Deus: Make self free,  
liberal as the circling air:  
Thy Thought to thee an Empire be;

Do thou the Ought to self aye owed;  
here all the duties meet and blend,  
In widest sense, withouten care  
of what began, for what shall end.

Thus, as thou view the Phantom-forms  
which in the misty Past were thine,  
To be again the thing thou wast

And, glancing down the range of years,  
fear not thy future self to see;  
  
as though the choice were nought to thee.

On Thought itself feed not thy thought;  
nor turn from Sun and Light to gaze,  
At darkling cloisters paved with tombs,  
where rot the bones of bygone days:

Do what thou dost, be strong, be brave;  
and, like the Star, nor rest nor haste.

Pluck the old woman from thy breast:  
Be stout in woe, be stark in weal;  
Do good for Good is good to do:

To seek the True, to glad the heart,  
such is of life the HIGHER LAW,  
the Man of gold, the Man of straw.

See not that something in Mankind  
that rouses hate or scorn or strife,  
than Death that walks in form of life.

\* The Angel of Death.

Survey thy kind as One whose wants  
in the great Human Whole unite;\*  
The Homo rising high from earth

And hold Humanity one man,  
whose universal agony  
Still strains and strives to gain the goal,  
where agonies shall cease to be.

Believe in all things; none believe;

Abjure the Why and seek the How:  
the God and gods enthroned on high,  
Are silent all, are silent still;  
nor hear thy voice, nor deign reply.

Whose ends are nowhere, is thine all,  
the puny all thou callest thine.

Perchance the law some Giver hath:  
Let be! let be! what canst thou know?  
A myriad races came and went;  
this Sphinx hath seen them come and go.

Haply the Law that rules the world  
allows to man the widest range;

subject to human chance and change.

a nobler copy of our own,

where every knowledge shall be known;

of what on Earth he sees in part;

no more shall deck the parent tree;

And man once dropt by Tree of Life

what hope of other life has he?

the riven lute shall sound once more;

But who shall mend the clay of man,

the stolen breath to man restore?

the broken reed shall pipe again:

But we, we die, and Death is one,

the doom of brutes, the doom of men.

Thy toils and troubles, want and woe

\* Comparative annihilation.

In Days to come, Days slow to dawn,  
when Wisdom deigns to dwell with men,  
These echoes of a voice long stilled  
haply shall wake responsive strain:

Wend now thy way with brow serene,

The whispers of the Desert-wind;

{Hebrew: ShLM}

NOTES

NOTE I

had travelled far and wide with his eyes open; as appears by his  
he added a store of desultory various reading; scraps of Chinese  
and old Egyptian; of Hebrew and Syriac; of Sanskrit and Prakrit;  
of Slav, especially Lithuanian; of Latin and Greek, including  
Romaic; of Berber, the Nubian dialect, and of Zend and Akkadian,  
besides Persian, his mother-tongue, and Arabic, the classic of  
triumphs of modern scientific discovery. Briefly, his memory was  
well-stored; and he had every talent save that of using his  
talents.

style of the last century. Even his intimates were ignorant of  
distichs. He confided to me his secret when we last met in  
so doing he held in hand the long and hoary honours of his chin  
with the points toward me, as if to say with the Island-King:

There is a touch of Winter in my beard,  
A sign the Gods will guard me from imprudence.

And yet the piercing eye, clear as an onyx, seemed to protest  
running-hand; and, as I carried it off, the writer declined to

take the trouble of copying out his cacograph.

that the Pilgrim has, or believes he has, a message to deliver.

He evidently aspires to preach a faith of his own; an Eastern Version of Humanitarianism blended with the sceptical or, as we now say, the scientific habit of mind. The religion, of which

Islamism are mere fractions, may, methinks, be accepted by the Philosopher: it worships with single-minded devotion the Holy Cause of Truth, of Truth for its own sake, not for the goods it may bring; and this belief is equally acceptable to honest ignorance, and to the highest attainments in nature-study.

beginnings the all but absolute universality of some perception inheritance or communication, is now universal except in those who force themselves to oppose it. And he evidently holds this general consent of mankind to be so far divine that it primarily discovered for itself, if it did not create, a divinity. He does

sans Dieu est horrible!\_

But he recognises the incompatibility of the Infinite with the Definite; of a Being who loves, who thinks, who hates; of an \_Actus purus\_ who is called jealous, wrathful and revengeful,

of the endless contradictions, which spring from the idea of a Personal Deity, with the Synthesis, the Begriff of Providence, our Agnostic takes refuge in the sentiment of an unknown and an unknowable. He objects to the countless variety of forms assumed by the perception of a Causa Causans (a misnomer), and to that intellectual adoption of general propositions, capable of distinct statement but incapable of proofs, which we term Belief.

He looks with impartial eye upon the endless variety of systems, maintained with equal confidence and self-sufficiency, by men of equal ability and honesty. He is weary of wandering over the world, and of finding every petty race wedded to its own opinions; claiming the monopoly of Truth; holding all others to be in error, and raising disputes whose violence, acerbity and virulence are in inverse ratio to the importance of the disputed matter. A peculiarly active and acute observation taught him that many of these jarring families, especially those of the same blood, are par in the intellectual processes of perception and reflection; that in the business of the visible working world they are confessedly by no means superior to one another; whereas in abstruse matters of mere Faith, not admitting direct and sensual evidence, one in a hundred will claim to be right, and immodestly charge the other ninety-nine with being wrong.

Thus he seeks to discover a system which will prove them all right, and all wrong; which will reconcile their differences; will unite past creeds; will account for the present, and will

anticipate the future with a continuous and uninterrupted development; this, too, by a process, not negative and distinctive, but, on the contrary, intensely positive and constructive. I am not called upon to sit in the seat of judgment; but I may say that it would be singular if the attempt succeeded. Such a system would be all-comprehensive, because not limited by space, time, or race; its principle would be extensive as Matter itself, and, consequently, eternal. Meanwhile he

Students of metaphysics have of late years defined the abuse of investigators, they say, have been too much occupied with introspection; their labors have become merely physiologico-biographical, and they have greatly neglected the particulier\_; and on so wide a subject all views must be one-sided.

But this is not the fashion of Easterns. They have still to treat hominis\_. They must learn the basis of sociology, the philosophic conviction that mankind should be studied, not as a congeries of individuals, but as an organic whole. Hence the *Zeitgeist*\_, or historical evolution of the collective consciousness of the age, despises the obsolete opinion that Society, the State, is bound by the same moral duties as the simple citizen. Hence, too, it substance, doth usually suppose and feign in nature a greater

Christianity and Islamism have been on their trial for the last eighteen and twelve centuries. They have been ardent in proselytizing, yet they embrace only one-tenth and one-twentieth

reward for mere belief, and a penalty for simple unbelief; rewards and punishments being, by the way, very disproportionate. Thus they reduce everything to the scale of a somewhat unrefined egotism; and their demoralizing effects become clearer to every progressive age.

phase of his development, is able to comprehend it. He disdains to associate utility, like Bacon (Nov. Org. I. Aph. 124), the High Priest of the English Creed, *„le gros bon sens“*, with the *„lumen siccum ac purum notionum verarum“*. He seems to see the

leaders of the great French Revolution, he broke with the Past; and he threw overboard the whole cargo of human tradition. The result has been an immense movement of the mind which we love to call Progress, when it has often been retrograde; together with a mighty development of egotism resulting from the pampered sentiment of personality.

future state: he looks upon this as a psychical stimulant, a day

dream, whose revulsion and reaction disorder waking life. The condition may appear humble and prosaic to those exalted by the fumes of Fancy, by a spiritual dram-drinking, which, like the physical, is the pursuit of an ideal happiness. But he is too wise to affirm or to deny the existence of another world. For life beyond the grave there is no consensus of mankind, no Catholic opinion held *\_semper, et ubique, et ab omnibus\_*. The intellectual faculties (perception and reflection) are mute upon the subject: they bear no testimony to facts; they show no proof. Even the instinctive sense of our kind is here dumb. We may believe what we are taught: we can know nothing. He would, therefore, cultivate that receptive mood which, marching under development of Humanity. With him suspension of judgment is a system.

Man has done much during the sixty-eight centuries which represent his history. This assumes the first Egyptian Empire, following the pre-historic, to begin with B. C. 5000, and to end with B. C. 3249. It was the Old, as opposed to the Middle, the New, and the Low: it contained the Dynasties from I. to X., and it was the age of the Pyramids, at once simple, solid, and grand. When the praiser of the Past contends that modern civilization has improved in nothing upon Homer and Herodotus, he is apt to forget that every schoolboy is a miracle of learning compared been, so shall the Future be.

dash of Buddhistic pessimism. The profound sorrow of existence,  
so often sung by the dreamy Eastern poet, has now passed into the

Sans que rien manque au monde immense et radieux.

over the shortness, and the miseries of life, because he finds

misera, vita caduca, vita incerta, vita laboriosa, vita immunda,  
vita domina malorum, regina superborum, plena miseriis et

Paupertas dejicit, juvenus extollit, senectus incurvat,

perhaps read \_benedicta\_.

refrain from quoting all this fine passage, if it be only for the

its length and breadth, its various history and the many races of

men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts, and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution (!) of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes; the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims and short duration. the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race so fearfully yet exactly described in upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely

Christian Church insists upon the human depravity, and the

by God or arose without leave of God, in either case degrading God to man. It is the old dilemma whose horns are the irreconcilable attributes of goodness and omniscience in the supposed Creator of sin and suffering. If the one quality be predicable, the other cannot be predicable of the same subject.

apparently despised because it was the fashionable doctrine of

All nature is but art . . .

All discord harmony not understood;

The Pilgrim holds with St. Augustine Absolute Evil is impossible because it is always rising up into good. He considers the theory of a beneficent or maleficent deity a purely sentimental fancy, contradicted by human reason and the aspect of the world. Evil is

equal: so long as they possess the Hindu Agasa, Life-fluid or

Fungus or oak or worm or man.

War, he says, brings about countless individual miseries, but it forwards general progress by raising the stronger upon the ruins of the weaker races. Earthquakes and cyclones ravage small areas;

latter renders the atmosphere fit for him to breathe. Hence he echoes:

Acts not by partial but by general laws.

the unscientific theory that evil came into the world with Adam and his seed. Let us ask what was the state of our globe in the pre-Adamite days, when the tyrants of the Earth, the huge Saurians and other monsters, lived in perpetual strife, in a destructiveness of which we have now only the feeblest examples? What is the actual state of the world of waters, where the only object of life is death, where the Law of murder is the Law of Development?

is not intentionally irreverent. Like men of far higher strain, who deny divinely the divine, he speaks the things that others

he means Strive to learn, to know, for right ideas lead to right

Of all the safest ways of Life  
the safest way is still to doubt,  
Men win the future world with Faith,  
the present world they win without.

De las cosas mas seguras, mas seguro es duvidar;

a typically modern sentiment of the Brazen Age of Science  
following the Golden Age of Sentiment. But the Pilgrim

The sages say: I tell thee no!  
with equal faith all Faiths receive;  
None more, none less, for Doubt is Death:  
they live the most who most believe.

Here, again, is an oriental subtlety; a man who believes in  
everything equally and generally may be said to believe in  
nothing. It is not a simple European view which makes honest  
Doubt worth a dozen of the Creeds. And it is in direct opposition  
to the noted writer who holds that the man of simple faith is  
worth ninety-nine of those who hold only to the egotistic  
interests of their own individuality. This dark saying means (if  
it mean anything), that the so-called moral faculties of man,  
fancy and ideality, must lord it over the perceptive and

Turricremata, alias Torquemada, who, shedding floods of honest  
tears, caused his victims to be burnt alive; and an Anchieta, the  
Thaumaturgist of Brazil, who beheaded a converted heretic lest  
the latter by lapse from grace lose his immortal soul.

this craving after the secrets and mysteries of the future, the

unseen, the unknown, is common to all races and to every age.

Horace, the philosophic, the epicurean, we find Propertius

An ficta in miseris descendit fabula gentes

Et timor haud ultra quam rogi esse potest?

and repentance will startle those who do not follow his train of

Never repent because thy will

with will of Fate be not at one:

Think, an thou please, before thou dost,

but never rue the deed when done.

This again is his modified fatalism. He would not accept the  
boisterous mode of cutting the Gordian-knot proposed by the noble

progression; a result of the interaction of organism and  
environment, working through cosmic sections of time. He views  
the human machine, the pipe of flesh, as depending upon the  
physical theory of life. Every corporeal fact and phenomenon  
which, like the tree, grows from within or without, is a mere  
product of organization; living bodies being subject to the  
natural law governing the lifeless and the inorganic. Whilst the

religionist assures us that man is not a mere toy of fate, but a free agent responsible to himself, with work to do and duties to

word describing a special operation of matter; the faculties generally to be manifestations of movements in the central nervous system; and every idea, even of the Deity, to be a certain little pulsation of a certain little mass of animal

tailless catarrhine anthropoid ape, descended from a monad or a primal ascidian.

applied for or having obtained permission; nay, more, without my leave being asked or given. Here I find myself hand-tied by conditions, and fettered by laws and circumstances, in making which my voice had no part. While in the womb I was an automaton; and death will find me a mere machine. Therefore not I, but the Law, or if, you please, the Lawgiver, is answerable for all my postulates a Lawgiver; not so to the Eastern, and especially to the Soofi, who holds these ideas to be human, unjustifiably extended to interpreting the non-human, which men call the Divine.

dividui\_), a circle touching and intersecting my neighbours at certain points, but nowhere corresponding, nowhere blending.

Physically I am not identical in all points with other men.

Morally I differ from them: in nothing do the approaches of

knowledge, my five organs of sense (with their Shelleyan

\_Ergo\_, the effect of the world, of life, of natural objects, will not in my case be the same as with the beings most resembling me. Thus I claim the right of creating or modifying for my own and private use the system which most imports me; and if the reasonable leave be refused to me, I take it without leave.

infinitesimal point, an atom subject in all things to the Law of Storms called Life. I feel, I know that Fate \_is\_. But I cannot know what is or what is not fated to befall me. Therefore in the pursuit of perfection as an individual lies my highest, and

moral sense. I am bound to take careful thought concerning the consequences of every word and deed. When, however, the Future has become the Past, it would be the merest vanity for me to grieve or to repent over that which was decreed by universal

well in theory; but how carry it out? For instance, why would you kill, or give over to be killed, the man compelled by Fate to

because the murder was done by him, but because the murderer should not be allowed another chance of murdering. He is a tiger who has tasted blood and who should be shot. I am convinced that he was a tool in the hands of Fate, but that will not prevent my

taking measures, whether predestined or not, in order to prevent

love. Though simply a geographical and chronological accident, which changes with every age of the world, it may deter men from seeking and securing the prize of successful villainy. But this incentive to beneficence must be applied to actions that will be done, not to deeds that have been done.

of fate under a personal God, and under the Reign of Law. In the former case the contradiction between the foreknowledge of a Creator, and the free-will of a Creature, is direct, palpable, absolute. We might as well talk of black-whiteness and of white-blackness. A hundred generations of divines have never been able to see the riddle; a million will fail. The difficulty is insurmountable to the Theist whose Almighty is perforce Omniscient, and as Omniscient, Prescient. But it disappears when we convert the Person into Law, or a settled order of events; subject, moreover, to certain exceptions fixed and immutable, but at present unknown to man. The difference is essential as that between the penal code with its narrow forbiddal, and the broad commandment which is a guide rather than a task-master.

Thus, too, the belief in fixed Law, versus arbitrary will,

Mankind, *„das rastlose Ursachenthier“*, is born to be on the whole

equally happy and miserable. The highest organisms, the fine porcelain of our family, enjoy the most and suffer the most: they have a capacity for rising to the empyrean of pleasure and for plunging deep into the swift-flowing river of woe and pain. Thus

So Buddhism declares that existence in itself implies effort, pain and sorrow; and, the higher the creature, the more it suffers. The common clay enjoys little and suffers little. Sum up the whole and distribute the mass: the result will be an average; and the beggar is, on the whole, happy as the prince. Why, then, asks the objector, does man ever strive and struggle to change, to rise; a struggle which involves the idea of improving his man is born: it may be fierce as famine, cruel as the grave, but the question whether life is worth living, whether man should elect to be born. Yet his Eastern pessimism, which contrasts so sharply with the optimism of the West, re-echoes the lines:

With large results so little rife,  
Though bearable seems hardly worth  
This pomp of words, this pain of birth.

Life, whatever may be its consequence, is built upon a basis of sorrow. Literature, the voice of humanity, and the verdict of mankind proclaim that all existence is a state of sadness. The degenerating into despair by doses of steadfast belief in the presence of God, in the assurance of Immortality, and in visions he would add that Sin, not the possibility of revolt, but the revolt itself against conscience, is the primary form of evil, because it produces error, moral and intellectual. This man, who omits to read the Conscience-law, however it may differ from the Society-law, is guilty of negligence. That man, who obscures the light of Nature with sophistries, becomes incapable of discerning his own truths. In both cases error, deliberately adopted, is succeeded by suffering which, we are told, comes in justice and benevolence as a warning, a remedy, and a chastisement.

But the Pilgrim is dissatisfied with the idea that evil originates in the individual actions of free agents, ourselves and others. This doctrine fails to account for its endowed with the mere possibility of liberty should not always choose the Good appears natural. But that of the millions of human beings who have inhabited the Earth, not one should have been found invariably to choose Good, proves how insufficient is the solution. Hence no one believes in the existence of the innate depravity of human nature, and the absolute perfection of certain Incarnations, which argues their divinity. He can only

wail over the prevalence of evil, assume its foundation to be error, and purpose to abate it by unrooting that Ignorance which bears and feeds it.

and shadowy. He may lean towards the doctrine of Marc Aurelius,

one of the *\_monstruosa opinionum portenta\_* mentioned by the XIXth General Council, alias the First Council of the Vatican. But he only accepts it with a limitation. He cleaves to the ethical, not

opposition to the spiritualist, a distinction far more marked in the West than in the East. Europe draws a hard, dry line between Spirit and Matter: Asia does not.

Among us the Idealist objects to the Materialists that the latter cannot agree upon fundamental points; that they cannot define what is an atom; that they cannot account for the transformation of physical action and molecular motion into consciousness; and that Berkeley and his school have proved the existence of spirit while denying that of matter.

The Materialists reply that the want of agreement shows only a study insufficiently advanced; that man cannot describe an atom, because he is still an infant in science, yet there is no reason

why his mature manhood should not pass through error and incapacity to truth and knowledge; that consciousness becomes a property of matter when certain conditions are present; that Hyle (Greek: hylae) or Matter may be provisionally defined as eternal, subject to the action, direct or indirect, of the five senses, whilst its properties present themselves in three states, they prefer the common sense of mankind. They ask the idealist and the spiritualist why they cannot find names for themselves former must call himself after his eye (\_idein\_); the latter affixing their own limitations to their own Almighty Power, and, as Socrates said, with bringing down Heaven to the market-place.

Modern thought tends more and more to reject crude idealism and to support the monistic theory, the double aspect, the transfigured realism. It discusses the Nature of Things in Themselves. To the question, is there anything outside of us which corresponds with our sensations? that is to say, is there something else; and that this something else produces the brain-disturbance which is called sensation. Instinct orders us to do something; Reason (the balance of faculties) directs; and the strongest motive controls. Modern Science, by the discovery of Radiant Matter, a fourth condition, seems to conciliate the

contradiction of terms. He regards it, with many moderns, as a state of things, not a thing; a convenient word denoting the sense of personality, of individual identity. In its ghostly signification he discovers an artificial dogma which could hardly belong to the brutal savages of the Stone Age. He finds it in the funereal books of ancient Egypt, whence probably it passed to the Zendavesta and the Vedas. In the Hebrew Pentateuch, of which part is still attributed to Moses, it is unknown, or, rather, it is deliberately ignored by the author or authors. The early Christians could not agree upon the subject; Origen advocated the created at one time and successively embodied. Others make Spirit born with the hour of birth: and so forth.

But the brain-action or, if you so phrase it, the mind, is not confined to the reasoning faculties; nor can we afford to ignore the sentiments, the affections which are, perhaps, the most potent realities of life. Their loud affirmative voice contrasts strongly with the titubant accents of the intellect. They seem to demand a future life, even, a state of rewards and punishments from the Maker of the world, the \_Ortolano Eterno\_,<sup>[1]</sup> the Potter of the East, the Watchmaker of the West. They protest against the idea of annihilation. They revolt at the notion of eternal parting from parents, kinsmen and friends. Yet the dogma of a future life is by no means catholic and universal. The Anglo-European race apparently cannot exist without it, and we

nothingness). Moreover, the great Turanian family, actually occupying all Eastern Asia, has ever ignored it; and the 200,000,000 of Chinese Confucians, the mass of the nation, protest emphatically against the mainstay of the western creeds,

votaries, in all ages, races and faiths, cannot deny that the next world is a copy, more or less idealized, of the present; and that it lacks a single particular savouring of originality. It is

It is most hard to be a man;

the pleasures of the affections. This sympathy may be an indirect self-love, a reflection of the light of egotism: still it is so transferred as to imply a different system of convictions. It

make the fruit or flower not only depend upon a root for development (which is true), but the very root itself (which is false). And, finally, his ideal is of the highest: his praise is reserved for:

Lived in obedience to the inner law

Which cannot alter.

locatus est in

Homo damnatus est in horto

humatus est in

renatus est in

## NOTE II

the first faint brushes of white radiating from below the Eastern horizon. It is accompanied by the morning-breath (\_Dam-i-Subh\_), the current of air, almost imperceptible except by the increase of cold, which Moslem physiologists suppose to be the early

and of the dangers that surround travelling in the wilds. The

through Medina. The first section ends with a sore lament that

The chill of sorrow numbs my thought:

methinks I hear the passing knell;

As dies across yon thin blue line

the tinkling of the Camel-bell.

The next section quotes the various aspects under which Life appeared to the wise and foolish teachers of humanity. First comes Hafiz, whose well-known lines are quoted beginning with full Ahwar el-Ayn, a maid whose eyes are intensely white where they should be white, and black elsewhere: hence our silly Sooffeism, even as the Soofis (Gnostics) spiritualized Moslem

You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse  
I made a second marriage in my house,  
Divorced old barren Reason from my bed  
And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.

Soul of Souls. Umar was hated and feared because he spoke boldly when his brethren the Soofis dealt in innuendoes. A third characterize the pseudo-Schiller-Anglo-American School. The same

my coat is nought but God). His blood traced on the ground the first-quoted sentence. Lastly, there is a quotation from may mean sport; but the context determines the kind of sport Law, opposed to the Soofi, who believes in its spirit: hence the

insider. Moses is quoted because he ignored future rewards and metaphysicians split Eternity, i.e., the negation of Time, into two halves, Azal (beginninglessness) and Abad (endlessness); both being mere words, gatherings of letters with a subjective life-long) as loosely, by applying it to three distinct ideas; (1) the habitual, in popular parlance; (2) the exempt from duration; and (3) the everlasting, which embraces all duration.

The next section is one long wail over the contradictions, the mysteries, the dark end, the infinite sorrowfulness of all existence, and the arcanum of grief which, Luther said, underlies

with nerves and tendons for cords; with muscles and blood for cement; with skin for its outer covering; filled with no sweet perfume, but loaded with impurities; a mansion infested by age and sorrow; the seat of malady; harassed with pains; haunted with

whom the fictile vase is formed; the clay out of which it is

that the first Hand who moulded the man-mud is a lieu commun in

Erthe out of Erthe is wondirli wrouzt,  
Erthe out of Erthe hath gete a dignity of nouzt,  
Erthe upon Erthe hath sett all his thouzt  
How that Erthe upon Erthe may be his brouzt, etc.

corpse to the distant burial-ground, where he will lie among his

How poor, how rich; how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is Man!

thoughts: I have purposely twisted his exordium into an echo of

Till old experience doth attain  
To something of prophetic strain.

He boldly declares that there is no God as man has created his

\_Naturgott\_, the deity of all ancient peoples, and with which

every system began, allowed and approved of actions distinctly immoral, often diabolical. Belief became moralized only when the conscience of the community, and with it of the individual items,

meaning, that the popular idea of a \_numen\_ is that of a magnified and non-natural man.

He then quotes his authorities. Buddha, whom the Catholic Church converted to Saint Josaphat, refused to recognize Ishwara (the

distance represents Buddha in the world of Western thought, found overpowering that he concluded the Supreme Will to be malevolent,

India; and this is the general language of man in the Turanian East.

deity. And let us note that the latter is deliberately denied by

Agnosticism, and attributes popular faith to the fact that Timor

interpretation, may be easily proved. Aristotle was as great a subverter as Alexander; but the quasi-prophetical Stagyrice of

the Dark Ages, who ruled the world till the end of the thirteenth

finally abolished by Galileo and Newton. Here I have excised two

Theories for truths, fable for fact;

system for science vex the thought

to know that all we know is nought.

The most we know is nothing can be known.

Essence and substance, sequence, cause,

beginning, ending, space and time,

at once ridiculous and sublime.

How canst thou, Phenomenon! pretend

the Noumenon to mete and span?

Say which were easier probed and proved,

Absolute Being or mortal man?

common-place of the age, in the West as well as the East, that Science is confined to phenomena, and cannot reach the Noumena, the things themselves. This is the scholastic realism, the

Comte. With all its pretensions, it simply means that there are, or can be conceived, things in themselves (\_i.e.\_, unrelated to thought); that we know them to exist; and, at the same time, that

selves as we are to the Cave-man of past time?

consisting of intellectual as well as of natural principles, existed from all eternity; and that it has been subject to endless revolutions, whose causes are the inherent powers of nature, intellectual as well as physical, without the

\_i.e.\_, the not-ourselves, the negation of ourselves and consequently a non-existence. Most Easterns confuse the contradictories, in which one term stands for something, and the other for nothing (\_e.g.\_, ourselves and not-ourselves), with the contraries (\_e.g.\_, rich and not-rich = poor), in which both

tenet that the five (six?) senses are the doors of all human knowledge, and that no form of man, incarnation of the deity, prophet, apostle or sage, has ever produced an idea not conceived within his brain by the sole operation of these vulgar material agents. Evidently he is neither spiritualist nor idealist.

He then proceeds to show that man depicts himself in his God, and

dual, Hormuzd and Ahriman. He brands the God of the Hebrews with pugnacity and cruelty. He has heard of the beautiful creations of Greek fancy which, not attributing a moral nature to the deity, included Theology in Physics; and which, like Professor Tyndall, seemed to consider all matter everywhere alive. We have adopted a very different Unitarianism; Theology, with its one Creator;

although it may offend readers. There is nothing more enigmatical to the Moslem mind than Christian Trinitarianism: all other objections they can get over, not this. Nor is he any lover of Islamism, which, like Christianity, has its ascetic Hebraism and its Hellenic hedonism; with the world of thought moving between these two extremes. The former, defined as predominant or exclusive care for the practice of right, is represented by religion of humanity, a passion for life and light, for culture and intelligence; for art, poetry and science, is represented in Islamism by the fondly and impiously-cherished memory of the old

Guebre kings and heroes, beauties, bards and sages. Hence the

mirror: it showed the whole world within its rim; and hence it

looks upon the shepherds as men,

So Schopenhauer (Leben, etc., by Wilhelm Gewinner) furiously

hypocrites, imposters and money-graspers, the clergy, that

wrong. Khizr is the Elijah who puzzled Milman. He represents the

and the strange adventures of the twain, invented by the Jews,

have been appropriated by the Moslems. He derides the Freewill of

satyr in a president, a pig in a priest, an ostrich in a

of Order and Trust, and the daughter of Forethought. The Scandinavian Spinners of Fate were Urd (the Was, the Past), Verdandi (the Becoming, or Present), and Skuld (the To-be, or Future). He alludes to Plato, who made the Demiourgos create the worlds by the Logos (the Hebrew Dabar) or Creative Word, through

stream of inspiration falling upon a bard. Basilides, the

(fulnesses); from two of whom, Wisdom and Power, proceeded the 365 degrees of Angels. All were subject to a Prince of Heaven,

or Pure Intelligence; the first a second, and so forth till the tenth. This was material enough to affect Hyle, which thereby assumed a spiritual form. Thus the two incompatibles combined in the Scheme of Creation.

He denies the three ages of the Buddhists: the wholly happy; the happy mixed with misery, and the miserable tinged with

years. In the first, Hormuzd, the good-god, ruled alone; then Ahriman, the bad-god, began to rule subserviently: in the third both ruled equally; and in the last, now current, Ahriman has gained the day.

Against the popular idea that man has caused the misery of this

world, he cites the ages, when the Old Red Sandstone bred gigantic cannibal fishes; when the Oolites produced the mighty reptile tyrants of air, earth, and sea; and when the monsters of the Eocene and Miocene periods shook the ground with their ponderous tread. And the world of waters is still a hideous scene of cruelty, carnage, and destruction.

He declares Conscience to be a geographical and chronological accident. Thus he answers the modern philosopher whose soul was

a development of the gregarious and social instincts; and so travellers have observed that the moral is the last step in mental progress. His Moors are the savage Dankali and other negroid tribes, who offer a cup of milk with one hand and stab

alludes to the age of active volcanoes, the present, which is merely temporary, the shifting of the Pole, and the spectacle to be seen from Mushtari, or the planet Jupiter.

answers himself, after the fashion of the wise Emperor of China,

as a pioneer of various heterodoxies, which are rapidly becoming orthodoxies, that nearly all truth is temperamental to us, or given in the affections and intuitions; and that discussion and mean that the Perceptions, when they perceive truly, convey objective truth, which is universal; whereas the Reflectives and

the Sentiments, the working of the moral region, or the middle lobe of the phrenologists, supplies only subjective truth, personal and individual. Thus to one man the axiom, *Opes irritamenta malorum*, represents a distinct fact; while another holds wealth to be an incentive for good. Evidently both are right, according to their lights.

songsters, who delight in Mantik (logic). Here he appears to mean that a false proposition is as real a proposition as one that is

riddle of which Milton speaks so glibly, where the Dialoguists,

Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

soul his percipient Ego, an entity, a unity, the Soofi considers it a fancy, opposed to body, which is a fact; at most a state of things, not a thing; a consensus of faculties whereof our frames are but the phenomena. This is not contrary to Genesitic legend. The Hebrew Ruach and Arabic Ruh, now perverted to mean soul or spirit, simply signify wind or breath, the outward and visible that which befalls man befalls beasts; as the one dies, so does

(Eccles. iii. 19). But the modern soul, a nothing, a string of negations, a negative in chief, is thus described in the is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable: it is invisible and materialism, can use only material language.

illusions of language; either the names of things that have no existence in fact, or the names of things whose idea is confused and ill-defined.

remarks that it arose (perhaps) in Egypt; and was not invented by Christians who have a recognized revelation, while their ignorance refuses it to Guebres, Hindus, and Confucians.

He evidently holds to the doctrine of progress. With him protoplasm is the Yliastron, the Prima Materies. Our word matter signifies properly the invisible type of visible matter; in modern language, the substance distinct from the sum of its thought, and is not recognizable by the action of the five

Pedigree of the Horse, Orohippus, Mesohippus, Meiohippus, Protohippus, Pleiohippus, and Equus. He has evidently heard of modern biology, or Hylozoism, which holds its quarter-million

species of living beings, animal and vegetable, to be progressive modifications of one great fundamental unity, an unity of

this is the jelly-speck. He scoffs at the popular idea that man is the great central figure round which all things gyrate like marionettes; in fact, the anthropocentric era of Draper, which, strange to say, lives by the side of the telescope and the microscope. As man is of recent origin, and may end at an early epoch of the macrocosm, so before his birth all things revolved round nothing, and may continue to do so after his death.

that all evil comes from error; and that all knowledge has been developed by overthrowing error, the ordinary channel of human thought. He ends this section with a great truth. There are things which human Reason or Instinct matured, in its undeveloped state, cannot master; but Reason is a Law to itself. Therefore we are not bound to believe, or to attempt belief in, any thing which is contrary or contradictory to Reason. Here he is

History; that is private judgment. Do not appeal to Holy Writ;

He holds with the Patriarchs of Hebrew Holy Writ, that the present life is all-sufficient for an intellectual (not a sentimental) being; and, therefore, that there is no want of a Heaven or a Hell. With far more contradiction the Western poet

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed  
In one self-place; but when we are in hell,  
And where hell is there must we ever be,  
And, to be short, when all this world dissolves,  
And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be hell which are not heaven.

For what want is there of a Hell when all are pure? He enlarges  
upon the ancient Buddhist theory, that Happiness and Misery are  
equally distributed among men and beasts; some enjoy much and  
passions produce only the commonplace . . . the man of moderate

That the mark of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain.

The latter implies an equal capacity for pleasure, and thus the  
balance is kept.

Race makes religion; true! but aye  
upon the Maker acts the made,  
A finite God, and infinite sin,

in lieu of raising man, degrade.

In a manner of dialogue he introduces the various races each fighting to establish its own belief. The Frank (Christian) abuses the Hindu, who retorts that he is of Mlenchha, mixed or impure, blood, a term applied to all non-Hindus. The same is done by Nazarene and Mohammedan; by the Confucian, who believes in nothing, and by the Soofi, who naturally has the last word. The association of the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph with the Trinity, in the Roman and Greek Churches, makes many Moslems conclude that Christians believe not in three but in five Persons. So an

$3 = 1$ , and that  $1 = 3$ : they professed to explain how that curious arithmetical combination had been brought about. The Indivisible had been divided, and yet was not divided: it was divisible, and yet it was indivisible; black was white and white was black; and yet there were not two colours but one colour; and whoever did

The best of places for (the generous) youth is Gehenna.

Gehenna, alias Jahim, being the fiery place of eternal

What, without asking hither hurried \_whence?\_

And, without asking \_whither\_ hurried hence!

Oh many a cup of this forbidden wine

Must drown the memory of that insolence.

## CONCLUSION

Destiny playing with men as pieces is a view common amongst

And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

(Essay IV. 398.)

Regret, \_i.e.\_, repentance, was one of the forty-two deadly sins

says the Ritual of the Dead, the negative justification of the

borrowed competitive examination from the Chinese; and, in these morbid days of weak introspection and retrospection, we might

difference of the \_Demonstratio propter quid\_ (why is a thing?), as opposed to \_Demonstratio quia\_ (\_i.e.\_ that a thing is). The

the comforting doctrine of innate sinfulness. Hence the universal tenet, that man should do good in order to gain by it here or

get compound interest in a future state. The allusion to the

Deity must believe in the absolute foreknowledge of the Omniscient in particulars as in generals. The Rule of Law emancipates man; and its exceptions are the gaps left by his ignorance. The wail over the fallen flower, etc., reminds us of the Pulambal (Lamentations) of the Anti-Brahminical writer,

Illusion dies, the mind dies not though dead and gone the flesh.

annihilation. In the former also, dying gives birth to a new being, the embodiment of \_karma\_ (deeds), good and evil, done in the countless ages of transmigration.

Here ends my share of the work. On the whole it has been considerable. I have omitted, as has been seen, sundry stanzas, and I have changed the order of others. The text has nowhere been

translated verbatim; in fact, a familiar European turn has been given to many sentiments which were judged too Oriental. As the thought it advisable to preserve that peculiarity, and to fringe it with the rough, unobtrusive rhyme of the original.

Vive, valeque!