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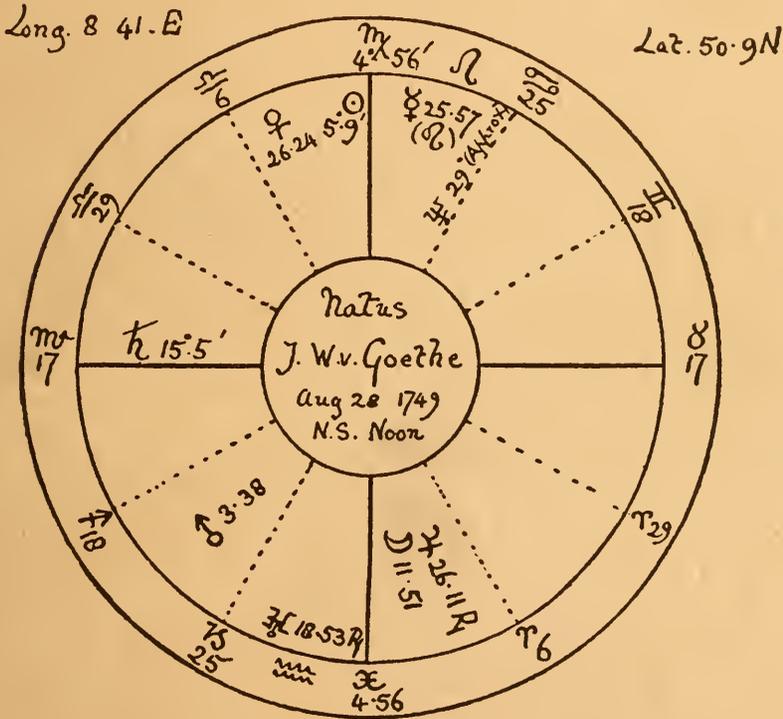
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# The Open Court

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



THE HOROSCOPE OF GOETHE.  
(See pages 321-326.)

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GOETHE IN THE CAMPAGNA AT ROME.  
(After a painting by Tischbein.)

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

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## THE LIFE OF GOETHE.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE it is not our intention to add a new biography of Goethe to those which have heretofore appeared, we will here simply recapitulate for our readers in a few words the chief events of Goethe's life, and point out the personages who at one time or another played a part in it.

Goethe was the first and only son of Johann Caspar Goethe, a Frankfort magistrate with the title Counselor, and of his wife, Catharine Elizabeth, née Textor. The child was named Johann Wolfgang, after his maternal grandfather Textor.

In his autobiography "Truth and Fiction,"<sup>1</sup> the poet speaks of his horoscope which he describes thus:

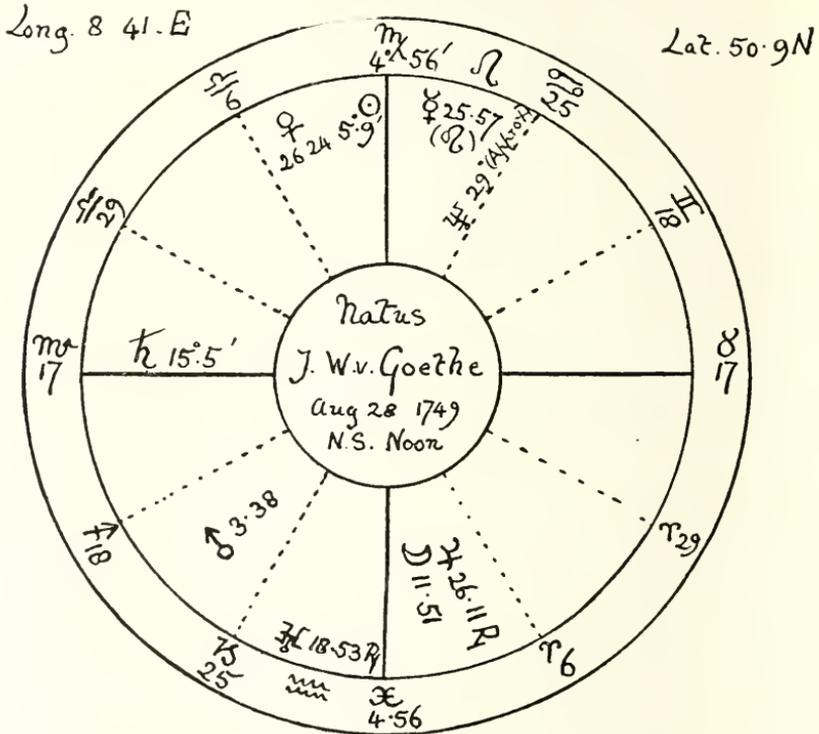
"On August 28, 1749, at midday as the clock was striking twelve, I came into the world at Frankfort on the Main. The position of the heavenly bodies was propitious: the sun stood in the sign of the Virgin and culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus looked on the sun with a friendly eye and Mercury not adversely, while Saturn and Mars remained indifferent; the moon alone, just full, exerted the power of its reflection all the more as it had then reached its planetary hour. It was opposed, therefore, to my birth which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed."

\* This sketch of Goethe's life does not pretend to novelty or completeness. Rather, on the contrary, it is based on well-established and verifiable sources and, while omitting indifferent details, contains all that is essential, at the same time including most of those portraits and illustrations which have become classical in connection with Goethe. Thus it may serve the busy reader as a synopsis for his information which may be quickly read and will prove useful for reference. The present article may be compared with prior articles on Goethe and his works.

<sup>1</sup> The passages here quoted from Goethe's autobiography are mostly after the translation of John Oxenford, with occasional minor alterations.

Ralph Shirley, the editor of *The Occult Review* and an astrologer by conviction, has investigated Goethe's horoscope and points out that the poet's description is not quite accurate. We reproduce Goethe's nativity as he publishes it, the planetary positions being supplied by A. G. Pearce, and will quote Mr. Shirley's comments on the same as follows:

"Goethe was born under the sign of the Scorpion—the night house of the planet Mars—as it is astrologically designated, and his



HOROSCOPE OF GOETHE CAST BY A. J. PEARCE.

Reproduced from *The Occult Review*, May, 1908, p. 257.

dominant influences were Saturn and the Sun. The Sun is *hyleg* or life-giver in this horoscope owing to its meridional position, and would have warranted the prediction of a long life in spite of certain constitutional drawbacks.

"The mythological Saturn has the reputation of devouring his children at birth, and the fact that Goethe was born into the world "as dead" is more probably attributable to the closely ascending

position of the malefic planet than to the poet's rather fanciful suggestion of the effect of the (proximate) full Moon.

"Fortunately for him Goethe was not left entirely to the tender mercies of the planet Saturn, the Sun, Mercury and Venus all being



GOETHE'S GRANDFATHER, SCHULTHEISS TEXTOR.

After a painting by A. Scheppen.

notably elevated in his horoscope, the Sun (as he in this case correctly describes it) exactly culminating in the sign of the Virgin, and indicating thereby success and the "favor of princes." Venus occupied the mid-heaven in close opposition to Jupiter, a position which it hardly requires an astrologer to interpret, in the light of the

*native's* life.<sup>2</sup> Mercury was posited in the ninth house, the house of religion, philosophy and science—the mental trend, as one may say—in the ambitious sign Leo and was more or less loosely opposed by the *malefic* Uranus which holds rule in the third house, denoting

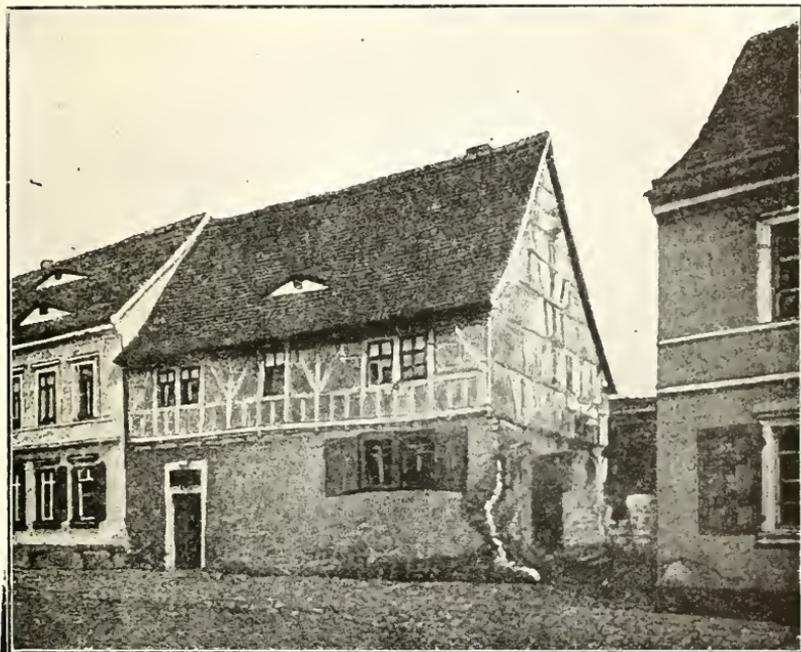


GOETHE'S GRANDMOTHER, FRAU ANNA MARGARETHA TEXTOR.  
Artist unknown.

“brethren” and “near neighbors.” Mars, in its exaltation, Lord of the Ascendant and in trine with the Sun, occupies the second house, and in spite of its good aspects denies the accumulation of wealth.

<sup>2</sup>The *native* is an astrological expression for the individual whose horoscope is under discussion. Saturn culminated in conjunction with Venus at Lord Byron's birth. It was in conjunction with Jupiter at the birth of Lord Beaconsfield and also of Lord Rosebery.

“I do not think any astrologer worthy of the name could have looked twice at Goethe’s horoscope without forecasting a high position and notable name. There are practically six planets angular<sup>3</sup> (if we include Mercury, which has quite recently culminated). Jupiter occupies its own house (Pisces) and the Moon, Mars and Uranus are in exaltation. The sign rising, though a dangerous one, favors the attainment of fame and notoriety. The closely ascending position of Saturn recalls the observation of the eminent Frenchman



THE GOETHE HOMESTEAD IN ARTERN ON THE UNSTRUT.

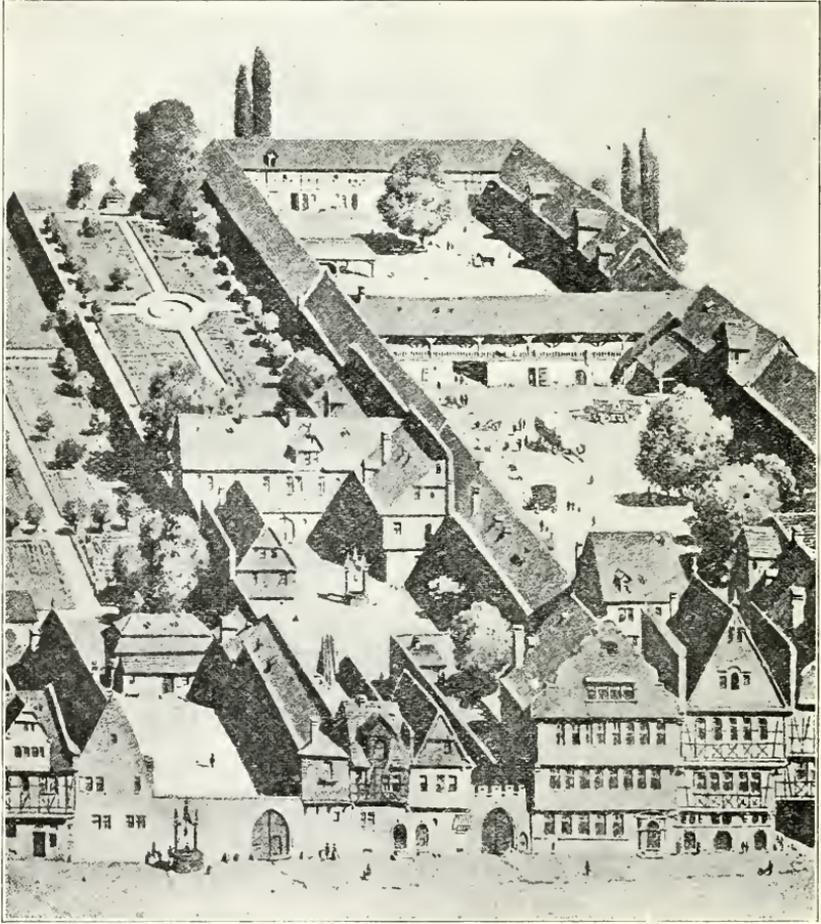
on first seeing Goethe. “C’est un homme qui a eu beaucoup de chagrins.” It also accounts for his periods of intense depression, his philosophic outlook and the aloofness of his intellectual temperament, and, in spite of his love of life (indicated by Venus culminating and Scorpio rising), the intense seriousness which characterized him.

“Saturn is *par excellence* the philosopher’s planet. Mentally it typifies deep thought and the serious point of view. Corresponding

<sup>3</sup>To have many planets angular is considered one of the strongest testimonies of a notable name. The Sun and Moon are reckoned as “planets” astrologically.

to the Greek *Kpónos* (Time) it rules all such things as last and endure."

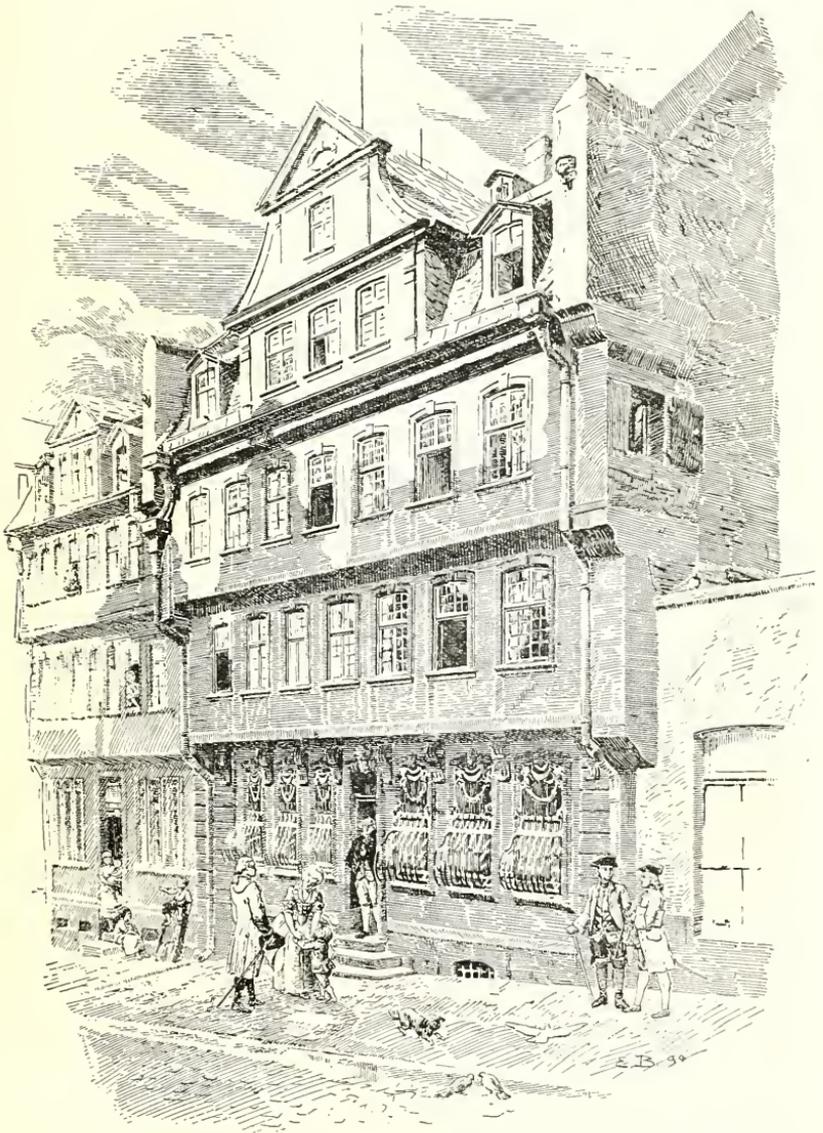
Goethe's father, born July 31, 1710, was the son of a tailor of Mansfeld who had settled in Frankfort. He in his turn was the son of a horseshoer, hailing from Artern on the Unstrut.



THE TEXTOR HOMESTEAD.

A picture is preserved of the home of Goethe's grandfather in Artern on the Unstrut. It shows a very simple building, but solidly constructed. The smithy appears to have been on the ground floor, and the living rooms above it on the second floor under the roof.

Goethe's mother, the daughter of Schultheiss (i. e., judge)



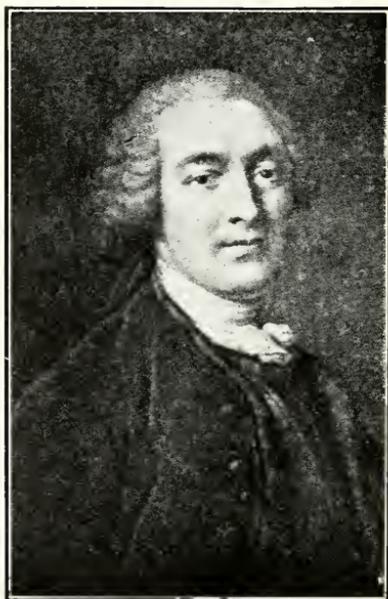
THE GOETHE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT AS IT LOOKED IN GOETHE'S CHILDHOOD.

Drawn by E. Büchner.

Johann Wolfgang Textor, was born in December, 1731. She was married to the Counselor Goethe on August 20, 1748.

Goethe had only one sister, Cornelia, who was born two years after him in December 1750. For details in regard to her personality and the relations between the brother and sister, see "Goethe's Relations to Women," *Open Court*, Jan. 1912, pp. 17-22.

During the Seven Years' War (1756 to 1763) young Wolfgang was an ardent admirer of Frederick the Great. French troops fighting against Prussia occupied Frankfort for some time, and the boy



FRANÇOIS DE THÉAS, COUNT OF THORANE.  
Original in possession of Count Sartoux in Mouans.

learned much through contact with the French, especially through Count Thorane, who was quartered in his parents' home.

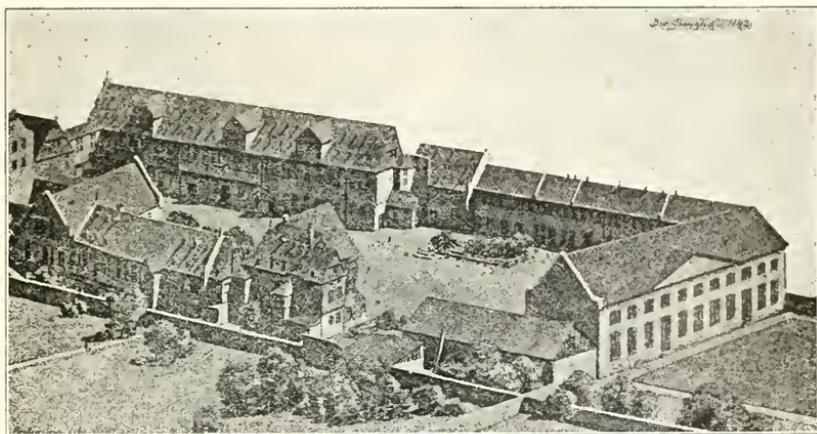
We call this French officer "Thorane" although his real name was François de Théas, Comte de Thoranc. In his signatures the *c* was commonly misread for *e*, and even the regulations published over his own name bear the wrong spelling "Thorane." The mistake has been perpetuated in Goethe's work "Truth and Fiction," and through Goethe it became the established spelling so that the correct name scarcely identifies the man. Incidentally we will men-

tion that Thorane did not die in the West Indies as Goethe states, but returned to France and died there in 1794.

At the time of the French occupation young Goethe frequently visited the French theater in Frankfort and made the acquaintance of a French boy of his own age, the son of an actress.

The jolliest comrade of Goethe in Frankfort was a certain Johann Adam Horn. Goethe mentions his merry temperament in "Truth and Fiction" and characterizes him in these words:

"To begin with, the name of our friend Horn gave occasion for all sorts of jokes, and on account of his small figure he was always called *Hörnchen*, 'Little Horn.' He was, in fact, the smallest in the company. Of a stout but pleasing form, with a pug-nose and



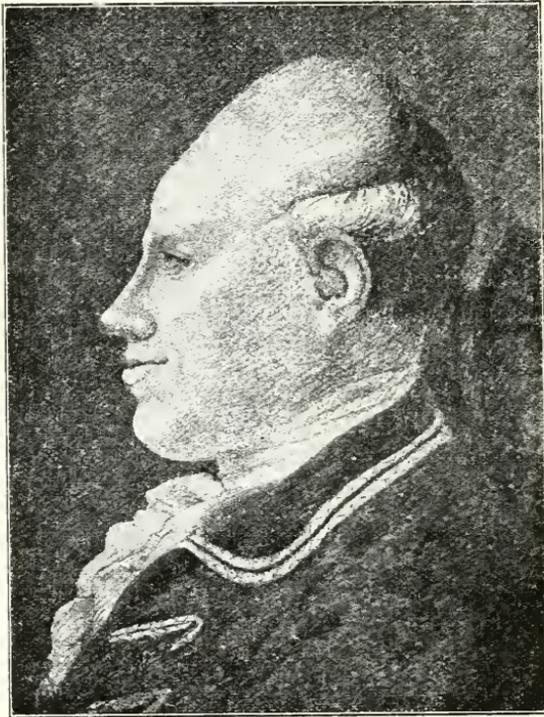
THE RAHMHOF WHERE THE FRENCH THEATER AT FRANKFORT WAS ESTABLISHED.

mouth somewhat pouting, a swarthy complexion set off by little sparkling eyes, he always seemed to invite laughter. His little compact skull was thickly covered with curly black hair; his beard was prematurely blue; and he would have liked to let it grow, that, as a comic mask, he might always keep the company laughing. For the rest, he was neat and nimble, but insisted that he had bandy legs, which everybody granted, since he was bent on having it so, but about which many a joke arose; for, since he was in request as a very good dancer, he reckoned it among the peculiarities of the fair sex, that they always liked to see bandy legs on the floor. His cheerfulness was indestructible, and his presence at every meeting indispensable. We two kept more together because he was to follow me to the university; and he well deserves that I should mention

him with all honor, as he clung to me for many years with infinite love, faithfulness, and patience."

Goethe wrote some poetry in this first period of his life, but most of it he did not deem worthy of preservation; and what we have, the "Poetical Thoughts on the Descent of Jesus Christ into Hell" (1765), is not very promising.

In the autumn of 1765 Goethe traveled to Leipsic where on October 19 he was enrolled at the university. His father wanted



JOHANN ADAM HORN.  
After a drawing by Goethe.

him to study law in order to enable him to hold a position like himself in the municipality of the free city of Frankfort, but the young poet preferred the study of *belles lettres*, and went to Leipsic with the intention of mapping out his course according to his own inclinations. The professors to whom he made known his purpose with all self-assurance discouraged him in his zeal for a poetic career, and the result was a compromise by which he was to hear

lectures on philosophy and history of law and yet was free to attend Gellert's course in history of literature.

We cannot describe the significance and character of Gellert better than in the words of Goethe who says :

"The reverence and love with which Gellert was regarded by all young people was extraordinary. I called on him and was kindly received. Not tall of stature, delicate without being lank,—with gentle and rather pensive eyes, a very fine forehead, a nose aquiline but not too much so, an aristocratic mouth, a face of an agreeable oval—all made his presence pleasing and desirable. It cost some trouble to reach him. His two *famuli* appeared like priests who



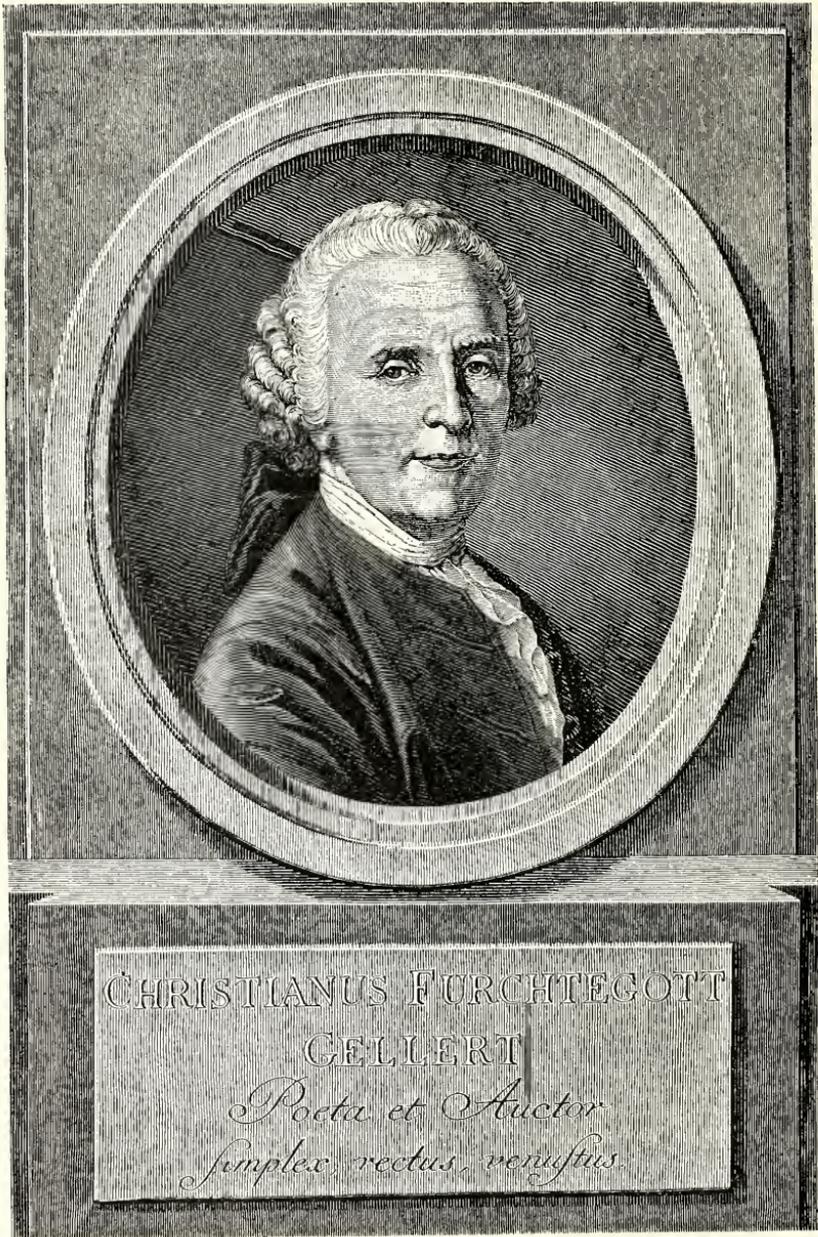
C. F. GELLERT.



J. C. GOTTSCHED.

guard a sanctuary to which access is not permitted everybody nor at every time. Such a precaution was very necessary, for he would have sacrificed his whole time had he been willing to receive and satisfy all those who wished to become intimate with him.

"Gellert, in accordance with his pious feelings, had composed a system of ethics, which from time to time he publicly read, thus acquitting himself in an honorable manner of his duty to mankind. Gellert's writings had for a long time been the foundation of German moral culture, and every one anxiously wished to see that work printed; but as this was not to be done till after the good man's death, people thought themselves very fortunate to hear him deliver it himself in his lifetime. At such times the philosophical lecture



From Haid's mezzotint after the painting by Anton Graff.

room was crowded; and the beautiful soul, the pure will, and the interest of the noble man in our welfare, his exhortations, warnings and entreaties, uttered in a somewhat hollow and mournful tone, made indeed an impression for the moment. But this did not last long, the less so as there were many scoffers who contrived to make us suspicious of this tender, and, as they thought, enervating, manner. I remember a Frenchman traveling through the town, who asked what were the maxims and opinions of the man who attracted such an immense concourse. When we had given him the necessary information, he shook his head and said smiling, '*Laissez le faire, il nous forme des dupes.*'



GELLERT'S LECTURE ROOM.

"And in the same way good society which does not easily brook anything worthy, knew how to find occasion to spoil the moral influence which Gellert might have upon us. . . . and so pulled about the good reputation of the excellent Gellert that, in order not to be mistaken about him, we became indifferent towards him and visited him no more; yet we always saluted him in our best manner when he came riding along on his gentle white horse. This horse the Elector of Saxony had sent him, to oblige him to take the exercise so necessary for his health,—a distinction for which he was not easily to be forgiven."

A translation of six hymns of Gellert, following mainly the translation of H. Stevens, was published in *The Monist* for January 1912.

Among the circle of Goethe's friends Behrlich was a dear companion to whom he dedicated some odes, while Johann Georg Schlosser, a man of distinction, afterwards became his brother-in-law. Some of the professors and their families were very kind to the young student, and Madame Böhme in particular, the wife of the professor of history and public law, did much to mold his taste,



BURNING HIS YOUTHFUL PRODUCTIONS.

especially with regard to contemporary poetry of which she was a merciless critic. Finally he became so unsettled that, as he says in "Truth and Fiction,"

"I was afraid to write down a rhyme, however spontaneously it presented itself, or to read a poem, for I was fearful that it might please me at the time, and that perhaps immediately afterwards, like so much else, I should be forced to pronounce it bad."

He goes on to say:

"This uncertainty of taste and judgment disquieted me more

and more every day, so that at last I fell into despair. I had brought with me those of my youthful labors which I thought the best, partly because I hoped to get some credit by them, partly that I might be able to test my progress with greater certainty. . . . However, after some time and many struggles, I conceived so great a contempt



FRIEDERIKE ELISABETH OESER.

Etched by Banse in 1777 from a painting by her Father, Prof. Adolph Friedrich Oeser.

for my labors, begun and ended, that one day I burnt up poetry and prose, plans, sketches, and projects, all together on the kitchen hearth, and threw our good old landlady into no small fright and anxiety by the smoke which filled the whole house."

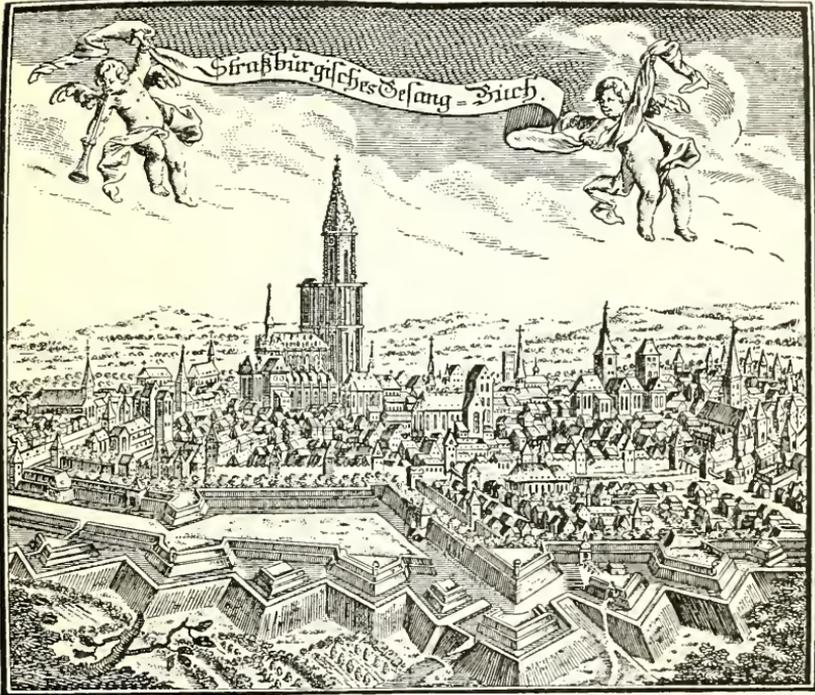
The Director of the Academy of Arts, Adam Friedrich Oeser,



DISCUSSING RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS WITH THE DRESDEN SHOEMAKER.

had a strong influence on Goethe's artistic taste. We must regard it as a distinction for the young Goethe that he had admission to the family circle of Professor Oeser and became acquainted with the Frau Professor and their daughters. It was to Fräulein Friederike Elisabeth Oeser that Goethe inscribed the collection of songs which he wrote while in Leipsic.

In this period of his life Goethe wrote "The Whim of the Lover" (*Die Laune des Verliebten*) and "The Fellow Culprits" (*Die Mit-*



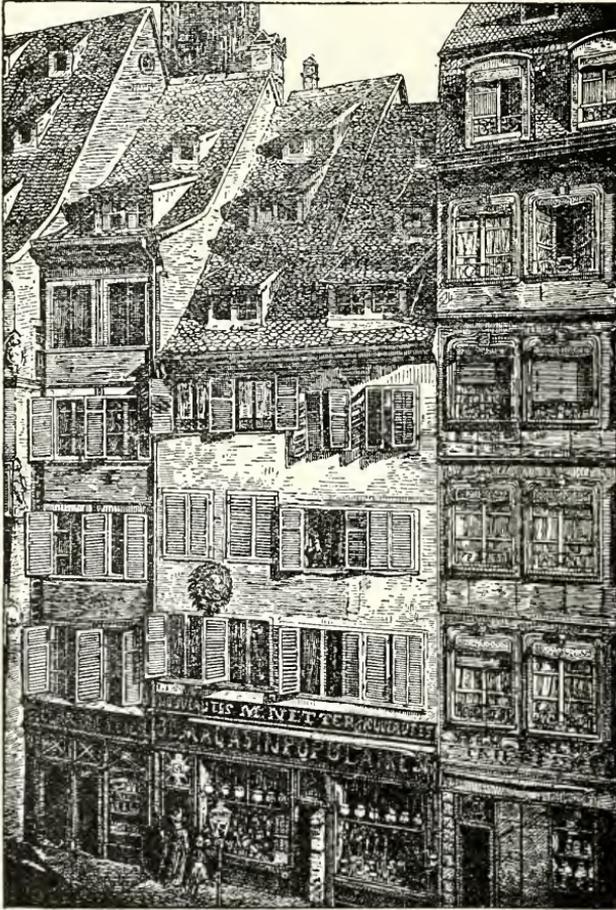
STRASSBURG.

Birds-eye view from an old hymn-book.

*schuldigen*), neither of which is worth reading, and in Goethe's own interest this would have better been burned with the rest of his youthful effusions; but his little love ditties (*Leipziger Liederbuch*, 1769) which date from this period indicate that something better was to be expected of him in the future.

We must not forget to mention Goethe's excursion to Dresden which he undertook in order to acquaint himself with the art treasures of the Saxon capital. It is characteristic of Goethe that he al-

ways took an interest in original personalities, whether of a high or lowly position in life. A fellow lodger who was a student of theology at Leipsic, had a friend in Dresden, a poor cobbler whose letters exhibited a peculiar religious disposition and good common sense based upon a serene conception of life. To use Goethe's own



GOETHE'S RESIDENCE WHEN A STUDENT.  
On the old fish market in Strassburg.

words he was "a practical philosopher and unconscious sage." Having arrived in Dresden Goethe visited the pious cobbler and his wife, and at once made friends with both of them by entering into their views of life. He stayed with them during his sojourn in Dresden and describes vividly the conversation with his religious friends.

The end of Goethe's stay in Leipsic was darkened by a serious illness which began with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs. As soon as he was able to make the journey he left the university, August 28, 1768, for his home in Frankfort.



JOHANN MICHAEL REINHOLD LENZ.

After a drawing by Pfenninger in Lavater's Collection.

When he had entirely recovered from his illness, his father decided to send him to the University of Strassburg.

At the end of the eighteenth century Strassburg was considerably smaller than now, while its fortifications were much more extensive. They have fallen since the German occupation in 1871. Though the city belonged to France, the life of the inhabitants was

German in a marked degree. Only the government was French, and so French was the official language used in documents.

Goethe became a student at the Strassburg University on his birthday, August 28, 1770. Here he became acquainted with a number of interesting men. First among them we mention Herder, a few years his senior, who awakened in him a deep interest in the problems of life, notably the origin of language. Through Goethe's influence Herder was later on called to Weimar in the capacity of Superintendent General of the church of the duchy. Another friend



JOHANN HEINRICH JUNG-STILLING.

By H. Lips, 1801.

of Goethe's during his stay at Strassburg was Lerse, a brave and honest young man, whose name is immortalized in Goethe's first drama as one of the characters of the play. Still others are the actuary Salzmann, the poet Lenz and Jung-Stilling, a self-educated author of remarkable talent and a pious Christian.

Johann Heinrich Jung (1740-1817) was originally a charcoal burner, then a tailor, then a village schoolmaster and finally under great tribulation attained his aim to study medicine. Counting himself among the members of the pious sect called *Die Stillen*

*im Lande*, "the Quiet-in-the-Land," he adopted the surname "Stilling." In spite of their marked diversity in character Goethe showed a great interest and even admiration for Jung-Stilling's naive piety and simple-minded faith.

The Strassburg Cathedral made a deep impression on Goethe



MARIA CAROLINE FLACHSLAND.  
(Afterwards Frau Herder.)

and induced him to compare architecture with other arts, especially music. His acquaintance with, and love of, the Gothic style taught him that beauty is not limited to one expression and that besides the art of ancient Greece there are other possibilities of developing classical beauty.

It was during the year of Goethe's student-life at Strassburg

that his romance with Friederike Brion of Sesenheim took place. So dearly did he cherish the memory of this idyllic courtship that the reader of his autobiography, written when the poet was over sixty years of age, still feels the throb of his heart in the description.

On August 6, 1771, Goethe underwent the ordeal of his *rigororum*, an examination for the degree of Doctor of Laws; but history is silent on the result. Whether he passed or not is not known. One thing only is certain: the incident plays no part in his after life. He is neither congratulated by his friends or relatives on his graduation, nor does he ever claim, let alone use, the title, nor has he ever been addressed as Doctor. The university records which could decide the problem are no longer in existence. All this makes it not impossible, nay even probable, that he actually failed.

It is not uncommon that great men are not made for examinations, they show off to better advantage in life; and on the other hand professors are frequently mistaken in their opinion of a young man.

Besides some pretty poems inspired by Friederike Brion, Goethe wrote his *Röslein auf der Haiden* in Strassburg, and first conceived the plan of Faust.

Having returned to Frankfort August 1771, Goethe finished the first draft of *Götz von Berlichingen* within six weeks, and had it published in the fall of 1772; it at once established its author's fame.

Still in the year 1771, on a trip to Darmstadt, Goethe became acquainted with a circle of friends among whom we note Caroline Flachsland, a lady of good education who was engaged to be married to Herder. There he met also Johann Heinrich Merck (1741-1791) a quæstor in the war department who was easily the keenest critic of the age, and had been drawn to the capital of Hesse-Darmstadt by the cultured Landgravine Catharine. Merck was attracted to Goethe and became one of his most intimate friends. He never hesitated to criticize him severely whenever he was dissatisfied with the poet, and Goethe was wise enough to heed his advice, nor did he take offence when Merck would say on some occasion: "You must not write such stuff again!" Merck's character contributed some of the satirical features with which Goethe endowed his Mephistopheles. His life came to a tragic end on June 27, 1791, when he committed suicide.

Goethe loved to walk great distances, and on a tramp from

Frankfort to Darmstadt in 1771 he composed the poem *Wanderers Sturmlied*.

In the spring (May 1772) Goethe went to Wetzlar, a small town where an imperial court of justice had been established. It was customary in those days for young Frankfort lawyers to attend these courts before they were admitted to the bar in their own city.

Leaving Wetzlar September 11, 1772, Goethe returned to



JOHANN HEINRICH MERCK.

Frankfort and settled there as an attorney at law. Soon afterwards he heard of the death of Jerusalem, one of his Leipsic student friends. Carl Wilhelm Jerusalem was born March 21, 1747, at Wolfenbüttel, and in 1771 had been made secretary of the sub-delegation of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. He suffered from melancholia and, having begun to doubt the historicity of the New Testament, had lost his comfort in the Christian religion. But the climax of his despair was reached because of his affection for Frau Herdt,

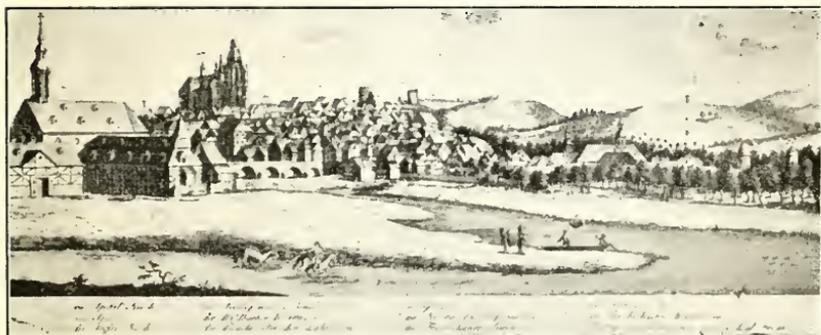


CARL WILHELM JERUSALEM AS A CHILD.  
Drawing formerly in the possession of Georg Kestner of Dresden,  
grandson of Frau Charlotte Kestner. Now in the Goethe Mu-  
seum of Weimar.

the wife of his friend, the Ambassador of the Palatine Electorate. He borrowed a pair of pistols from Kestner under pretense of making a journey and shot himself in the night of October 30, 1772. Lessing acknowledged with unstinted praise the extraordinary reasoning power and deep sentiment of Jerusalem and raised the best memorial to him by publishing his "*Philosophical Essays*."

Jerusalem's death, together with his own interest in Charlotte Buff, suggested to Goethe the plan of his novel, "The Sorrows of Young Werther," which he wrote in 1774 within four weeks and had it published at once. It created a sensation throughout Germany, and though it was severely criticized it permanently established his fame as an author.

Though we recognize the unusual ability which Goethe showed in this book, we will grant that its influence on the younger genera-



VIEW OF WETZLAR FROM THE SOUTH.

tion of Germany was very injurious. Suicides of sentimental lovers increased to a most alarming extent, one of the best known of which was the death of Herr von Kleist and the wife of one of his friends. It took some time before the literary world overcame this pathological hankering after a sentimental death of unfortunate lovers. Goethe himself knew that his books were not for everybody, and he said in reply to one of his critics, a narrow but haughty pietist:

"By the conceited man—by him  
I'm dangerous proclaimed;  
The wight uncouth, who cannot swim,  
By him the water's blamed.  
That Berlin pack—priest-ridden lot—  
Their ban I am not heeding;  
And he who understands me not  
Ought to improve in reading."—Tr. by P. C.



WERATHER'S LOTTA.

' By Kaulbach.

While the "Sorrows of Young Werther" may be regarded as liable to criticism, we ought to mention that the book received quite unmerited condemnation at the hands of Christoph Friedrich Nicolai, a publisher and author who at that time possessed considerable influence in Germany. Nicolai, born March 18, 1733, at Berlin, was



JOHANN CHRISTIAN KESTNER.

After a lithograph of Julius Giere made from an oil painting in the possession of Georg Kestner of Dresden. He was secretary of the sub-delegation at Wetzlar.

a leading representative of the eighteenth-century rationalism, but he was narrow in his views and his prosaic nature had no sense for religious mysticism or any poetical enthusiasm. He did not even understand the psychical aspect of Werther's sentimentalism and condemned his melancholy as simply due to costiveness. In contrast to the "Sorrows of Young Werther," Nicolai published a parody, "The



CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH NICOLAI.  
Haid's engraving after a drawing of Chodowiecki.

Joys of Young Werther," for which Chodowiecki engraved a title vignette. Goethe expresses himself about this satire in his "Truth and Fiction" as follows: "The Joys of Young Werther,' by which Nicolai distinguishes himself, gave us an opportunity for several jokes. This man, otherwise good, meritorious and learned, had begun to keep down and put aside everything that did not suit his conception, which being mentally very limited he regarded as genuine and the only one. Against me also he had to try his hand, and



JOYS OF YOUNG WERTHER.

Chodowiecki's vignette on the title page of Nicolai's satire.

his brochure soon came into our hands. The very delicate vignette of Chadowiecki gave me great pleasure, for I esteem this artist beyond measure. The production itself, however, was cut out of coarse cloth, which the common sense of his surroundings took great pains to manufacture most crudely." Goethe answered Nicolai's criticism in the same tone by a humorous quatrain entitled "At Werther's Grave," in which a visitor to the cemetery where the ashes of the unhappy lover repose declares that he would still be alive if he had enjoyed a good digestion.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## MIGRATION OF A PRIMITIVE SAILING CRAFT AND ITS NAME.

BY WILFRED H. SCHOFF.

ONE of the earliest forms of sailing craft in use from prehistoric times in all parts of the Indian Ocean, is a floating raft consisting generally of two long logs with rising side pieces pinned or more often sewed to the log, wide enough to admit the person of a single rower; two such log canoes being fastened together by a planked flooring laid transversely and supporting a deck structure and rigging. Such craft appear in the earliest known records of traffic in Asiatic waters. The author of the *Periplus of the Erythraean Sea* writing about 60 A. D., mentions them in the ports of southern India and calls them "large vessels made of single logs bound together called *sangāra*." This seems to be the Greek transliteration for the Sanscrit *samghādam* meaning raft.

Dr. Taylor in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* for January, 1847, notes that the name *jangār* is still used on the Malabar coast for these double canoes with superstructures. Bishop Caldwell gives the name as *chamghādam* in the Malayalam dialect, and *jangāla* in Tulu, while Heeren doubted whether the word were indigenous to India and ascribed it to a Malay original. This is indeed quite possible, as the type itself is Malay and is found throughout the Archipelago.

An interesting fact is the existence of similar craft on the coast of modern Brazil and bearing the name *jangāra*. It is perhaps not necessary to assume that the Brazilians were entirely dependent upon India for the craft itself. Primitive man might be expected to discover in many parts of the world that two logs transversely fastened would float a considerable weight, but the identity of name occurring in connection with the identity of type is a striking fact.

It may be ascribed doubtless to the fact of simultaneous colonization by the Portuguese in India and Brazil. It is well known that

the Portuguese ships bound to India after the accidental discovery of Brazil by Cabral, frequently called on that coast on their outbound voyage and that administrative officers were transferred from India to Brazil and *vice versa* in the ordinary course of promotion. Similarly the rank and file of the Portuguese soldiery were so transferred, and it would be a perfectly natural thing for a word found



THE SANGARA IN CEYLON.

in India to migrate to the newly discovered coast of Brazil, or for a certain type of craft which the Portuguese found useful in riding the rough surf of the Indian coast to be imitated by them for the heavy surf found on many parts of the Brazilian coast.

The two photographs accompanying this memorandum show clearly the identity of type; one is from modern Ceylon and the other from the beach at Macció in Brazil.

Reference to the dictionaries shows the same word existing in both the Spanish and Portuguese languages. In Portuguese *janga*



THE JANGARA OF THE COAST OF BRAZIL.

means a small flat-bottomed river boat, while *jangáda* is defined as a float or raft. The interesting point is that the same word in Portugal means a sort of Indian measure, showing clearly the migration of the measure of capacity of an Indian canoe into the current language of the Portuguese. The same word *jangáda* is found in the Spanish dictionary with the meaning of raft, frame or float, while *jangua* is carried into the Spanish nomenclature for a small armed vessel, flat-bottomed, suggesting the raft.

#### EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The information which Mr. Schoff gives us concerning the *jangala* as being in use not only in the Indian Ocean but also on the coast of Brazil, is a straw in the wind which teaches us a lesson of far-reaching significance. It proves that the prehistoric interconnection among the different peoples of the earth has been greater than archeologists ever dared to assume. We have ourselves repeatedly insisted that the same inventions, the development of the same ideas and interpretations, could very easily take place independently in different parts of the

world, and we still insist that such parallel developments are possible; yea, as a matter of fact we do not doubt that now and then they have occurred.

We will mention here two instances selected from the history of science in modern times. There is no reason to doubt for instance that Leibnitz and Newton invented the calculus independently and almost at the same time (about 1674). As they heard from each other, they improved their methods and they could do so the better because they had both independently conceived the fundamental idea.<sup>1</sup>

Of Laplace we know positively that when he proposed his theory of the origin of the solar system he was not familiar with Kant's famous little book on the history of the starry heavens. The two theories are very much alike, and have given rise to calling this theory the Kant-Laplace theory, but if Laplace had known Kant's little book he would have improved his own theory, for Kant's is more correct and at the same time more general. The present objection to the Kant-Laplace theory really applies more to Laplace than to Kant, and yet the similarity of the two theories is great enough for their names to be thus coupled together and their underlying thought considered as fundamentally one and the same.

In selecting an instance from the field of literature, we may here refer to the independent origin of the satires written by Whately and Pérès to prove that Napoleon had never existed. Pérès's little book appeared in 1827 under the title "The Grand Erratum" while Richard Whately, the English archbishop, anticipated the French author by eight years. His book on the same subject was published in the year 1819, under the title *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte*, and the treatment is so different that actual plagiarism on the part of Pérès seems excluded.

Here in Mr. Schoff's little article we find the use of a very primitive maritime craft on the most distant shores of the globe. The idea of employing its simple construction must have traveled in an easterly direction from India and the Malay Archipelago through the South Sea Islands to South America and then crossed the continent to the coast of Brazil, the very end of the world to prehistoric man, for we must know that the Atlantic separated the East and the West while the Pacific did not, and we must grant that America was invaded by stray immigrants from the South Sea islands and also by way of the Atlantic.

The most important part of Mr. Schoff's information is the

<sup>1</sup>For details as to the simultaneous development of the principles of the infinitesimal calculus in England and on the Continent see the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th ed.), XIII, p. 8.

identity of the very name which establishes the historic connection between these two peculiar crafts. We must assume that there was a greater exchange of thought among the prehistoric peoples than we are inclined to acknowledge, though we may fairly well believe that this exchange of thought was very slow. It must have come about by adventurers or fugitives from one country to another, by traders or travelers who gradually settled in a new home.

It stands to reason that the emigrants of a prehistoric age carried with them their stock of knowledge and inventions, their religious convictions, their belief in ghosts and their ethical standards, their notions of the calendar and also their habits and customs; and any of their ideas might easily take root in their new home. The process of assimilation must have taken considerable time, but we have no reason to deny the migration of the intellectual possessions of primitive man from one place to another.

This conception, however, does not exclude that many ideas were changed in their migration, or also that they came to a new country in the shape of mere suggestions and were actually re-invented by making the people acquainted with possibilities, or informing them of something similar. We may for instance assume that the Frenchman M. Pérès may have caught the idea in a conversation, that if the historicity of Jesus is doubted we might as well doubt Napoleon's existence, and this suggestion could have been made without mentioning either Whately's name or the details of his arguments. At any rate Pérès took it up and developed it in his own way, which has nothing of the ponderous and solemn English style of humor but bristles with terse French witticisms.

We are inclined to say that even the thoughts and inventions which can be traced in their travel from place to place had to be re-invented, and though the main idea may remain the same, the theories transplanted must first be assimilated, and the thoughts must be thought over again before they really take root in their new homes. This is especially true of the Chinese inventions, the manufacture of paper, of printing, of gunpowder, and of the south-pointing needle (the mariner's compass), the principles of which were much better understood and more highly developed in Europe than in Eastern Asia.

The development of civilization in the main follows definite laws, and no man can adopt the inventions, thoughts, or discoveries of other men unless he is prepared to receive them. So far as inventions consist merely in using things furnished, such as rifles, the

transference of an invention is easy; but so far as thought must be adapted to the mind of man, the thought must be thought over again, and this will be possible only if the recipient is ready to receive it, which means if his mind has passed through the indispensable preparatory states which furnish the basis of its comprehension.

## A NEW ÆSOP.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

Though Æsop, sage narrator, covered much,  
Some points on this our life he failed to touch.

### THE BEAR AND THE OWL.

A famished Bear, whose foot was clenched  
Within a murderous engine, wrenched  
And bounced about in fright and pain  
Around the tree that held the chain,  
Emitting many a hideous howl.  
His state was noticed by an Owl,  
Who, perched above him fat and free,  
Philosophized from out the tree:  
"Of what avail this fuss and noise?—  
The thing you need, my Bear, is poise."

#### *Moral.*

Such counsels are most sage, we know—  
But often how malapropos!

### THE BALD MAN AND THE BEE.

A Bald Man fished upon a bank:  
The air was hot; the ground was dank;  
No fish would bite; and large supplies  
Of woodticks, skeeters, fleas, and flies,  
In yonder marsh and meadow bred,  
Crawled unmolested o'er his head,  
With many a tickle, sting and itch.  
He wouldn't budge, he wouldn't twitch;  
But, trusting in the universe,

He fished away from bad to worse.  
 At length it chanced a vicious Bee  
 From out the thicket in his rear  
 Sped forth with much alacrity  
 And pierced him with his little spear—  
 Just where his cowlick used to be.  
 The Bald Man slowly raised his hand:  
 "Now that's enough, now that's enough—  
 For *this*, I'd have you understand  
 (He sweeps his pate), you'll *all* get off."

*Moral.*

Though one may be an optimist,  
 A Stoic, Christian Scientist,  
 And fish or fiddle with assurance,  
 There is a limit to endurance.

THE LION, THE LIONESS, AND HER KINSFOLK

A Lion had a Lioness  
 That got to ailing more or less.  
 He walked with her in woodland air,  
 He found a more salubrious lair,  
 He foraged round for little lambs  
 And cooked their juiciest, tenderest hams,  
 He washed the plates and set on shelf,  
 And put the cubs to bed himself.  
 But just as she again was cheered,  
 Her mother, sisters, aunts appeared—  
 With twenty different bottles, pills,  
 And powders, naming twenty ills,  
 Until the creature, weak and wan,  
 From out this foolish world was gone.

*Moral.*

O Busy-Bodies at the door,  
 How much you have to answer for!

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE OWL.

A Nightingale, in song excelling all,  
 And Owl, whose gifts were astronomical,

Sat on the self-same night on self-same wall,  
 And watched the self-same moon, and in their throats  
 Fashioned from self-same air their sundry notes,  
 Yet swapped no courtesies nor anecdotes,  
 Each wishing other ruined, ripped, and rent.

*Moral.*

Children, mens' hates are caused to large extent  
 By such diversities of temperament.

THE CROWS AND THE EAR OF CORN.

Three Crows, whose nests were in a single tree,  
 Long dwelt together in felicity,  
 Exchanging visits, swapping odds and ends  
 Of jest and fancy, as befitting friends:  
 Till one fine eve a farmer passed beneath  
 And dropped an ear of corn upon the heath  
 From out his sack, which spied by all at once,  
 All three together did upon it pounce:  
 And not content with taking each a third,  
 Each Crow most avariciously averred  
 The whole was his, as seen by him the first.

*Moral.*

O cruel lust of worldly goods accurst,  
 How many bonds of friendship hast thou burst!

THE MAN AND THE HEN AND THE OSTRICH EGG.

A Man with jerk and crawl and stoop  
 Emerged from out a chicken coop,  
 And as he rose, a child might see  
 That a distracted man was he.  
 It wasn't that his face was grimy,  
 It wasn't that his knees were slimy,  
 It wasn't even his ruffled hair  
 That gave him this distracted air.  
 It was the terror in his eyes,  
 His forehead knit in wild surprise,  
 It was the frenzy in his whoop  
 When rising from the chicken coop.

He strode a rod and back again,  
 He strode around from leg to leg—  
 His left arm held a cackling Hen,  
 His right a monstrous Ostrich Egg.  
 The circumstance was rather strange—  
 'Twould almost any man derange.  
 But rallying his nerves a bit,  
 He halted to consider it.  
 With feet akimbo, shock abated,  
 'Twas thus he ratiocinated:  
 "I won't believe it after all;  
 It surely isn't nat-ur-al."

*Moral I.*

Don't trust too much, dear child, to senses,  
 However strong the evidences.

*Moral II.*

A timely grasp on nature's laws  
 May help us to discover flaws  
 In many a theory, many a cause.

*Moral III.*

Undue excitement we may end  
 By reason, man's supernal friend.

*Moral II'.*

When one's belief is premature,  
 Reflection is the only cure.

THE TWO DOGS AND THE PEACEFUL MAN.

One day a bull-dog and his wife  
 Fell to it in domestic strife  
 And gave some lively exhibitions  
 Of woeful marital conditions.  
 It chanced the Peaceful Man did sally  
 That moment down along the alley  
 And in the interests of remating  
 Began at once expostulating;

And getting each one by the scruff,  
 The Peaceful Man was rather gruff.  
 The Dogs, at this intrusion nettled,  
 Forthwith their differences settled,  
 A common purpose now controlling.  
 The Peaceful Man went raving, rolling—  
 With little heart to dilly-dally,  
 And left two coat-tails in the alley.  
 (And when one's robbed of raiment thusly  
 He runneth rather ludi-crous-ly.)

*Moral.*

Avoid domestic interference,  
 For it may ruin your appearance.

THE DOG AND THE KETTLE.

A Kettle, swinging on a crane,  
 Sang a most contented strain,  
 And puffed, as if with self-esteem,  
 From out its nozzle jets of steam.  
 A Dog, who dozed upon the settle,  
 Was irritated by the Kettle;  
 With thoughtless bounce he clasped its nose  
 Between his teeth, as if to close  
 At once its singing and existence.  
 The Kettle offered no resistance.—  
 Continuing unperturbed at ease  
 The natural functions of its being:  
 The Dog, however, turns and flees,  
 As if all life's activities  
 Concentrated in the act of fleeing;  
 And out along the village ditches  
 In agonies he rolls and pitches,  
 Imbedding now and then his face  
 In some soft cooling oózy place.

*Moral.*

Before expressing too directly  
 Whate'er your hate of this or that is,  
 Examine rather circumspectly  
 The nature of the apparatus.

## THE MAN AND THE SQUIRRELS.

A queer suburban Gentleman  
 Was strolling with a palm-leaf fan,  
 With philosophic step and slow,  
 And pate a-nodding to and fro,  
 Across the lawn that sloped you know  
 Around his leafy bungalow.  
 He marked the skipping Squirrels pause  
 Upon their haunches with their paws  
 Against their bosoms, each with head  
 Atilt and bowed. And then he said,  
 "I think I can explain the cause.  
 All men perceive how great I am,  
 And even the Squirrels here salam;  
 And could they speak, they wouldn't fail  
 To add, 'O gracious Master, hail.'"
   
 Whereat he tossed unto the dumb  
 A largesse of a nut and crumb.

*Moral I.*

O blest is he who can construe  
 Whatever other people do,  
 To suit his pride and point of view.

*Moral II.*

And blest is he whose self-conceit  
 Yet gives the hungry things to eat.

## THE TOAD.

One glittering morning after rain,  
 From crevice in the wall, again  
 Into the middle of the road  
 There pops and hops a hungry Toad.  
 He snappeth, gulpeth worm on worm,  
 And feels them tickle as they squirm  
 Within his pannch, until its size  
 (The while he squats with blinking eyes)  
 Bulges out his knees and thighs.  
 An ass comes on with sturdy stride:

The Toad he thinks to move aside ;  
 Yet each attempt at hop and spring  
 But sets his frame aquivering—  
 He cannot budge. . . . And with a thud  
 The hoof imprints him on the mud.

*Moral.*

Whether your fare be worms or mutton,  
 O Toad or Man, don't be a glutton.

THE PARROT.

A Parrot, shipped across the sea  
 From Africa when young was he,  
 Became a lonely widow's pet.  
 The cage was by the window set ;  
 And in the sun the passers-by  
 Could see the opal-jeweled eye,  
 The scarlet tail, the ebon beak  
 Thick-set against a whitish cheek,  
 And that magnificence of gray  
 On wing and back and breast, and they  
 Remarked, "It is a splendid dream,  
 A most successful color scheme.  
 O *Psittacus erithacus*,  
 We're glad to have you here with us."  
 The widow, both from sense of duty  
 And natural pride, baptized him "Beauty."  
 I will not dwell on Beauty's feats:  
 The peanuts how he cracks and eats,  
 A-perch and holding in his claw,  
 Then gargling them into his maw  
 With lifted head, beside the cup,  
 The widow's always filling up—  
 The way he waddles round the floor  
 When mistress opes his cage's door—  
 The words he speaks, so shrill and mystic,  
 And preternatur'ly linguistic—  
 I will not mention, for my aim  
 Is to expound his fateful name.  
 Ere many moons, there came o'er him  
 An itching in his every limb—

But whether caused by frequent bites  
 Of horrid little parasites,  
 Or by the harsh New England climate  
 (That ruins many a lusty Primate,  
 And hence might possibly nonplus  
 A tender, an oviparous,  
 A tropic bird), or by some particles  
 In wretchedly digested articles,  
 We have slight reason to suspect.  
 At any rate, he clawed and pecked  
 With all his passion, intellect,  
 And sinews of his bill and foot,  
 Upon his feathers to the root.  
 Now Beauty's tail was but a stump  
 That ill-concealed a tragic rump,  
 Now Beauty's wing-bones both were bare,  
 And ghastly purple was the skin  
 That held his bulging gullet in,  
 And in his eye a vacant stare;  
 And, as his remnants there he sunned,  
 Men saw that he was moribund.

*Moral.*

Don't call your bird or offspring by  
 A name his future may belie.

THE CORPUSCLE AND THE PHAGOCYTE AND THE STREPTO-  
COCCUS.

A Corpuscle began to fight  
 Absurdly with a Phagocyte:  
 "Indeed," he said, "I'm round and red,  
 And keep a man from falling dead.  
 I give him brains and nerve and muscle,"  
 Remarked the little red Corpuscle.  
 The Phagocyte: "And I am white,  
 And but for me you'd perish quite;  
 I go afloating round the serum,  
 And when I spy the bugs I qucer 'em;  
 You owe your work, your freedom, joy  
 To me, the Phagocyte, my boy."  
 But then a stalwart Streptococcus—

Whose sterner functions needn't shock us—  
 Seeing his foe was occupied  
 With learned questions on the side,  
 Swooped down and bit him till he died.  
 And then the red Corpuscule cried:  
 "Nature appoints, as well she should,  
 To each his task—and each is good;  
 Even though the Streptococcus be  
 At last the best of all the three."

*Moral.*

The wretched Corpuscule has stated  
 The moral—which, if syndicated  
 And widely pondered, might prevent  
 Our present social discontent.

THE GEESE OF ATHABASCA.

*Candidus anser.*—Lucretius, IV, 681.

Somewhat southward from Alaska,  
 Lie the moors of Athabasca;  
 And in these bleak uncouth dominions—  
 So far detached from our opinions  
 That none can ever misconstrue  
 The tale I want to tell to you—  
 There gathered at the equinox  
 Some eager migratory flocks  
 Of ganders, geese, and goslings—and  
 The *ganders* had the upper hand,  
 Debating with a gaping mouth  
 On whom to choose to lead them south.  
 In spite of casual disgressing  
 They thought the matter was progressing,  
 When all the *geese* began to flap  
 With wings, and cackle too, and rap  
 With bills on sundry sticks and stocks  
 And crane their necks around the flocks.  
 Their actions, though surprising, new,  
 (Bizarre at times it may be, too),  
 Betrayed such aim and fervor, surely  
 One shouldn't chide them prematurely,  
 And, fiery hot as salamanders,

They much impressed the puzzled ganders,  
 Who paused and pondered in their pates.  
 What their vociferating mates  
 Intended by these frantic states.  
 "Give *us*," they cry, "a chance to say  
 Who 'tis shall guide us on our way:  
 Give *us*," they cry, "a voice, a voice—  
 Who shares the *risk*, should share the *choice*."  
 And now and then from some old goose  
 More deft, it seems, in logic's use,  
 The ganders heard reflections meant  
 To ridicule their government,  
 As antiquated precedent,  
 And divers observations tending  
 To show how much it needed mending—  
 The *more*, since geese *were* different.  
 One says: "Our judgment lacks in poise,  
 And all we do is make a noise?—  
 But can't we tell as well as you  
 Where trees are green and skies are blue?"  
 Another: "You, sirs, should elect,  
 Since 'tis your business to protect?—  
 Define protection, . . . more than skill  
 In thrusting out an angry bill  
 With anserine intent to kill.  
 Our *wings* are weapons, sirs, as good—  
 When clasped around the little brood."  
 Another: "Yes, the goslings, goslings!—  
 Now that's a point that's full of puzzlings  
 For these our ganders—Hear my queries!—  
 Have we no business with the dearies?—  
 Have *we* no right at all to say  
 Who's fit to lead *them* on the way?"  
 And then a younger goose, an active  
 And in her person most attractive,  
 Remarked with widely parted lips  
 That put her eyeballs in eclipse:  
 "We wouldn't be so charming,—pooh!—  
 If we should choose along with you?  
 You wouldn't like to see us snuffle,  
 And wrangle round—O piffle, piffle:  
 The fact is, nature made us so

That nothing we might undergo  
 Could take that *something* from us which  
 Oft gives your heartstrings such a twitch.  
 And furthermore, you'd better drop  
 The sugar-plum and lollypop—  
 That sort of argument won't please  
 The intellectual type of geese."  
 "The intellect, the intellect,"  
 Another cries, "they don't suspect—  
 And think the issue to confuse  
 By queer domestic interviews  
 About our *functions* and the aim—  
 As if the privilege we claim  
 Might shrink the size and number of  
 The eggs we lay, the chicks we love."  
 I do not note for special causes  
 The interjections and applauses.  
 "Give us," they cry again, "a voice,  
 Who share the *risk* should share the *choicc*."  
 And though some points might need apology,  
 As shaky in their sociology,  
*That* cry appealed to instincts, reason—  
 So ganders yielded for the season.  
 But whether it became a practice  
 In future times, and what the fact is  
 About the *scr* of guide and leader  
 The muse conceals from bard and reader,  
 Assuring only that they ne'er  
 Had made a trip more safe and fair  
 Down the continental air,  
 From the moors of Athabasca,  
 Somewhat southward of Alaska,  
 From those bleak, uncouth dominions,  
 So far detached from our opinions  
 That none can *ever* misconstrue  
 The tale I here have told to you.

#### THE DUCK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

An ancient Duck, complacent, fat,  
 Whose miserable habitat  
 Had been the stagnant pool behind

The barnyard of Boeotian hind,—  
 Save when she waddled by the fence  
 Among the roosters and the hens,  
 To snap with bony bill at corn  
 Her owner scattered every morn,  
 Or when within the crib she sate  
 To hatch her eggs and meditate,—  
 Began to make some slight pretense  
 To wisdom and experience.  
 She heard at dark a Nightingale  
 At no great distance down the dale—  
 The wingèd Nightingale who'd flown  
 In every sky, in every zone,  
 And sung while moon or morning star  
 Descended over hills afar—  
 And thus the Dame began to quack :  
 "O Nightingale, you'll surely crack  
 That voice of yours, unless your soul  
 Can learn a little self-control ;  
 Try settling down and doing good,  
 And earn a sober livelihood."

*Moral.*

Conceited ignorance with ease  
 Pronounces its banalities.

THE POODLE AND THE PENDULUM.

A Poodle, wistful-eyed and glum,  
 Sate looking at a Pendulum,  
 That with a steady tick and tock,  
 Before the wall, beneath the clock,  
 Swang back and forth its brazen disk.  
 The Poodle gave his tail a whisk.  
 A sudden thought had crossed his brain—  
 "What once it did, it does again,  
 Again, again, again, again."  
 For you could scarce expect a Poodle  
 And his fuzzy-wuzzy noodle  
 Forsooth at once to comprehend  
 The mechanism and the end.  
 The Poodle's head, with both his eyes

And both his ears of goodly size,  
 Began to nod from right to left,  
 As if of every sense bereft,  
 With a rhythmic motion mocking  
 Both the ticking and the tocking.  
 The Pendulum had first surprised him—  
 But now 't had surely hypnotized him.  
 With every tick and every nod  
 (So odd, so odd, so odd, so odd)  
 He gave a sudden little yelp;  
 But no one came to hold or help—  
 Or whistle, or provide a bone,  
 Or snap a finger, throw a stone,  
 Or do a thing upon the lists  
 Prescribed by psycho-therapists,  
 When Poodles or when Men get notions  
 From neurasthenical emotions.  
 And, since no Poodle can sustain  
 Existence on this mortal plain  
 Long by only yelps and nods,  
 He passed unto the Poodle-gods.  
 The Pendulum observed his jerk,  
 But kept unflustered at its work.

*Moral.*

Don't get to looking at devices  
 That tend to cause a mental crisis.

THE BUG AND THE LION.

A Bug—I will not state the kind,  
 But one for horrid things designed—  
 With yellow stripes across the coat,  
 And spots of red around his throat,  
 And beady eyes and two antennæ,  
 And jointed legs, O many, many,  
 And little suckers on each foot  
 To help himself in staying put,  
 And irritating little buzz—  
 A certain Bug, I say, there was.  
 And though an entomologist  
 Might very angrily insist

That such a Bug could not exist,  
 There's no occasion here to doubt it,  
 If you don't stop to talk about it.  
 This certain Bug, whose weight indeed  
 Was equal to an apple-seed,  
 Procured a while as dupe and slave  
 A tawny Lion, large and brave.  
 And though some foolish naturalist  
 Declare such things could not exist,  
 This only shows what slight reliance  
 Can now be had in men of science,  
 The specialists who squint and grope  
 With tweezers and with microscope.  
 The Bug demanded on a day  
 The Lion help him take away  
 A withered yellow blade of grass  
 That scratched his side as he did pass  
 From out his cell when rose the sun.  
 The Lion put his paw upon  
 The blade, and though he did as well  
 As any Lion in his place,  
 He crushed the wretched sun-baked cell,  
 And all the store of food and eggs.  
 He makes a frightened rueful face  
 And begs and begs and begs and begs.  
 The Bug remorseless—for in spite  
 That Bug was not a neophyte—  
 Remarks: "I know you have some brains,  
 Some speed in scouring woods and plains,  
 Some resonance of voice, some force  
 In jaws and back and limb of course,  
 And that the King of Beasts you be—  
 But what are all these things to Me!

*Moral.*

Work, if you must, for Thieves and Thugs;  
 But, children, never work for Bugs.

THE EPHEMERIS.

Some people love their souls to ease  
 By thinking of the chimpanzees,

Of boa-constrictors and such cusses,  
 Or oblong hippopotamuses,  
 Of whales or crocodiles or gnus,  
 Giraffes and cows and caribous,  
 Or (if they have a turn for fun)  
 Of dinosaur or mastodon  
 And pterodactyl and those classic  
 Monsters of the old Jurassic.  
 'Twas Asshur-bani-pal who said,  
 "Men's tastes will differ till they're dead."  
 You all recall how Aristotle  
 Preferred the fish that's known as cuttle,  
 While the great sculptor Scopas says,  
 "My choice shall be octopuses."  
 And Poggio Bracciolini flew  
 Into a passion when they slew  
 The egg his favorite emu  
 Had laid with cackle of alarum  
 Behind Liber Facietiarum.  
 Some people love such beasts as these;  
 But I—without apologies—  
 I love the Ephemerides.  
 And having now admitted this,  
 I'll mention an Ephemeris  
 That one bright summer morn I spied  
 When sitting by the river side.  
 A half-transparent drop of jelly,  
 With filaments upon its belly,  
 It skimmed along the surface lightly,  
 Nor plunged beneath it reconditely,  
 Like some more bold investigator—  
 For instance, loon or alligator—  
 And then 'twould spread its wings and fare—  
 A-going up, child, in the air,  
 It knew not how, it cared not where,  
 Till it collapsed, a bug, a bubble—  
 Not having caused me any trouble,  
 And certainly not having done  
 The slightest good beneath the sun.  
 Why do I love such bugs as these  
 Sportive Ephemerides?—

Because I like to see them frolic?—  
O no; because:

*Moral.*

They're so symbolic!

THE ASS AND THE SICK LION.

An Ass mistook the echo of his bray  
For a celestial call to preach and pray;  
And his own shadow, big upon a wall,  
He deemed the everlasting Lord of All.  
Besides he had some notions how to treat  
Sinners and fetch them to the mercy seat.  
So in a broad-cloth tailored coat, combined  
With a white collar buttoned up behind,  
He got himself a parish. In his flock  
Was a sick Lion, panting on a rock.  
(It was an arrow from a huntsman's bow  
That laid this miserable Lion low.)  
Him on his pastoral rounds the Reverend Ears  
One morning thus addressed: "These groans and tears,  
How base and craven in the King of Beasts!  
You need a moral tonic! Godless feasts  
And midnight games and evil Lionesses  
Have brought you, brother, to these sad distresses;  
Think not that I will comfort or condole—  
My cure is drastic, but 'twill save your soul."  
Whereat he turned and in the Lion's face  
Planted his hoofs with more of speed than grace,  
Knocked out the teeth, and blinded both the eyes,  
And left him, dying, to the sun and flies.

*Moral.*

This little fable, children, is a proof  
That no profession, purpose, or disguise  
Can change the action of an Ass's hoof.

## THE REPLY OF DREWS TO HIS CRITICS.<sup>1</sup>

BY WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH.

THE *Christ Myth* of Prof. Arthur Drews, first published in 1910,<sup>2</sup> has had one of the most remarkable careers in the history of controversial literature. Not even the famous much-debated *Babel und Bibel* of Friedrich Delitzsch ever roused such wide-spread interest and even anxiety, or heated the furnace of discussion to such sevenfold ardor. The title of Delitzsch's work was in itself one of the best of advertisements; the remarkable alliteration and consonance of the two names differing only in a single vowel, along with the sharp dissonance in suggestion, could not fail to strike the ear and catch the attention, and the matter of the work was strange enough to the layman, though in the main familiar to the biblical critic or even student. Drews's title was also very skilfully chosen.<sup>3</sup> Without the metrical or musical qualities of the other, it could nevertheless not fail to startle, to send a thrill through the frame, certainly a thrill of curiosity and very likely of horror.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Drews, *Die Christusmythe*. Zweiter Teil. Jena, Diederichs, 1910. English translation: *The Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus*. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Chicago, Open Court Pub. Co., 1912.

<sup>2</sup> *Die Christusmythe*, Jena, Diederichs, 1910; English translation, Chicago, Open Court Publishing Co.

<sup>3</sup> And yet, I fear, less fitly and fortunately. For is there a Christ myth at all? Is the Christ in any proper sense a mythical character? To what class of myths are the Gospel stories to be referred? To myths of nature? or of culture? To myths ætiologic? or theogonic? Surely to none of these. Those narratives are not myths at all; they are allegories, more properly symbolisms, more or less highly dramatized, the perfectly conscious inventions of their authors, for a distinct didactic purpose, for thoroughly practical ends. How soon the original symbolic sense was forgotten and the stories accounted histories, must have varied from story to story and from mind to mind. The phrase "Christ myth" excites a certain needless and unjustified reaction against the new view (at least as held by the present writer), as if Christ-Jesus were regarded as on a level with Apollo, Jupiter, Indra, and the "legion" of Greek-Roman-Hindu deities. Such indeed is the misrepresentation in the book just issued by Case on *The Historicity of Jesus*, whereas He stands not at all in line with any such divinities but exactly in line with the *One God* of Plato and the Yahveh-Elohim of the Old Testament.

Moreover the material of the book, though avowedly not the result of original research but the organization and systematization of results attained by a number of independent investigators, was not only unfamiliar even to the great majority of specialists, but was in the last degree unacceptable, not only to the orthodox-conservative but still more to the heterodox-liberal religious consciousness, not only of Germany but of all Europe and America—in a word, of the Christian world. For Drews boldly maintained that no such historical person as Jesus had ever lived. Here was the center and core of his contention, in this terrible *negation*—the positive aspect seemed far less disquieting. Precisely what Jesus *was*, appeared to the reader rather a matter of indifference. To say that he was God seemed not so very novel, men had been saying that for millenniums; but that he was *not* man, was not historic, had never been begotten and born and nursed and reared and taught and clothed and sent to bed and on errands to the neighbors, had never worked with plane and saw and lathe as carpenter, nor ever eaten and drunk, nor hungered and thirsted, nor fallen asleep nor waked up, nor led the ordinary life of a Galilean peasant for 30 or 50 years,—such a notion seemed in the last degree sacrilegious and roused the fierce resentment of all the devoted worshipers of the pure-human Jesus, throughout the length and breadth of Germany. To deny outright that Jesus was divine, to labor through a thousand volumes to show that the accounts of his miracles were gross exaggerations or ludicrous misunderstandings on the part of his biographers, that his healings were at best *à la* Hahnemann, being wrought on the psychopathic by a psychopath, that his resurrection and ascension were merely visions of disordered imaginations, the dreams of hallucinated women, that the propagation of his Gospel and his worship was the perpetuation and consecration of a tissue of puerile fables, legends, and misrepresentations—all this seemed to be for the greater glory of Jesus, of Christ, and of God. To believe it, seemed to be indispensably necessary to the health and happiness, the peace, the comfort, and the salvation of man, while to teach and prove it appeared to be in every way a noble and beneficent function of the profoundest erudition and the most rigorous science. As over against this inspiring doctrine of a deified carpenter, this uplifting enthronement, in the center of our faith and worship, of an avowedly ignorant and narrow-minded Jewish peasant, the denial of any such pure-humanity, the refusal to accept any such mere man as the fount and origin of all our religious life, as the guiding genius of everlasting history, seemed particularly pert and

impious, while the counter affirmation that Jesus was from the start a deity, and worshiped as such, as God himself under the aspect of Guardian and Saviour of men, seemed to make no manner of reparation but to be foolishly pagan and heathenish, unscientific, irreligious, blasphemous, "unmethodic," and even "dilettantish" in the extreme.

It was the author of *Der vorchristliche Jesus* who had laid especial emphasis on this affirmation of the aboriginal divinity of the Jesus and had scarcely noted even in passing the necessary implication of non-humanity in this deity. Evidently he had meant to deal very tenderly with the universal Christian consciousness, to set a gentle hand to a festering wound, to proceed as far as possible with construction before giving any hint of destruction; he seemed indeed intent on building up a new temple of Jesus the God before tearing down the old altar of Jesus the Man. Such consideration was evidently very ill-advised; for to introduce once more the worship of God seemed to reconcile only a few to the loss of the worship of a Man. So pleased had the critical mind grown to regard the Gospels as a system of sensual lies that it seemed profanity to regard them as a body of spiritual truths! Hence the olive-branch presented by the author was trampled in the dust, his peace-offering was contemptuously rejected, and his theological compatriots, with the large-minded "impartiality," the "wholly unprejudiced spirit" and the "total absence of bias" that have characterized the ecclesiastic in every age and clime, regarding the books as the impertinent intrusion of a layman, "passed by on the other side."

Drews was far wiser, and by aiming his lance at the most sensitive point of the critical consciousness and by striking it fair and square, he provoked an amazing reaction. All Germany was thrown into a ferment. From peasant's hut to emperor's yacht, from Biergarten to Cathedral, from ponderous tome to fluttering feuilleton—all things became at once animated with his great denial. It was like the broad wing of the wind suddenly smiting the smooth sea-tunic and ruffling it instantly into foam. Every month called for a new edition of his famous work, which flew all over Europe and beyond the seas; it was felt that for the first time in history the nerve of the great question concerning the origin and therewith the nature of our Christian civilization had been touched. At last the all-important query had been forced forward to the very center of the stage, there to remain till finally settled in some sense, despite all efforts of organized interests and all devices of interested learning to cry it down, to frighten it back, to conjure it away, or even to

shut tight the eyes and shout lustily that it is not there—because forsooth they will not see it.

The tempest of angry denunciation has in some measure subsided, but the calm and earnest consideration of the matter has begun and proceeds apace. The hour of the hasty, passionate, and inaccurate brochure has passed; the day of the weighty and deliberate volume has come. The confused rattle of skirmishing muskets is dying away, the solemn roar of siege guns rises on the air.

The second volume of Drews's work, *Die Christusmythe, zweiter Teil*, may be said to mark in a manner this transition. It deals primarily with "The Testimonies to the Historicity of Jesus," but is concerned in large measure with the countless assaults upon the first volume, and by repelling these in detail it clears the field for the really decisive battle. Whatever one may think of the main point at issue, it seems impossible not to admire the patience, the thoroughness, the skill, the ingenuity with which Drews has met his assailants at such a multitude of points and undoubtedly driven them back at the majority. The mere act of reading the huge mass of matter discussed would seem to have called for the eyes of Argus, and the task of untangling the multifold skein of German apology and tracing out the knotted and twisted threads of argumentation in a hundred volumes would seem to involve time and toil beyond the measure of one man and one year. But Drews has not shrunk from the Herculean labor; little seems to have escaped him, and his book of rebuttals is a more significant achievement than his first volume, even though it should not win half so much popularity and applause.<sup>4</sup>

The question may arise in the reader's mind, Was it then really worth while to answer a host of cavilers at such length, with such painstaking honesty and minuteness? To sift whole bushels of words for a few occasional grains of idea? The present writer confesses he could never have had the patience and conscientiousness required for such an enterprise. Yet the thing was well worth doing and worth doing well. Any neglect even of an insignificant objection would have been instantly construed into a confession of defeat, so that it was necessary to give his opponents far more attention than they logically deserved.

But Drews has not merely answered his critics point by point; he has exhibited very strikingly the contradictions into which some have hastily rushed, and what is far more, the spirit and method

<sup>4</sup> Such too is the judgment of the hostile Windisch, as it appears in the April number of the *Theologische Rundschau*.

that all have brought to the work, and has shown how unscientific these are, and how they vitiate beforehand all the processes and the results even of critics that have otherwise deserved well of the Clio of criticism. Of course, the enemy will reply to Drews's answer by silence, "a weapon surer set and better than the bayonet," which even the inexpert can use with perfect skill and ease, quite as effectively also as the most consummate master. How well too it becomes its wielder, how he is transfigured by it (even as a matador by his muleta) into a superior being gently smiling in his conscious might! The one difficulty that prejudices the efficiency of this admirable engine and seriously limits its use by the discreet, lies in the fact that it is so easily confounded with the exact opposite. Men have been known to keep silence solely because they had naught to say, as he who had not a wedding garment on. So too the logician panoplied in the invincible mail of silence looks sometimes for all the world like the knight despoiled of armor and totally impotent. For this reason such a defense should be used only with the greatest discretion, and its too persistent employment is open to the most unfavorable construction.

It has already been said that this Second Part is superior to the First. To one notable aspect of this superiority it may be well to call special attention. Not only is the logical grapple much closer in this volume, but the positions assumed are on the whole much more tenable. In the elder work there was a more extensive mustering of forces from the four corners of the earth, Gog and Magog, but these were not always well-equipped with modern artillery. Hence the enemy wisely concentrated fire on some comparatively helpless detachments and raised a great shout of victory at their discomfiture, while cautiously holding aloof from any encounter with the real soldiery. The mythological portions of Drews's argument, in which he drew on the ideas of Robertson, Dupuis, Niemojewski, Jensen and others, "were mercilessly handled" by the all-and-better-knowing liberal, who like "Proud Cumberland prances insulting the slain." In the new volume these questionable auxiliaries are mostly retired to the rear, and the battle is delivered with a well-appointed army. True, the notions of Fuhrmann receive recognition but fortunately not prominence. It may well be that astrologic ideas have at more than one point colored or shaped the imagery of the New as well as of the Old Testament, but that these documents are in large measure astrologic has not yet been proved and is antecedently too improbable to be made the basis of argument.

At this point it seems proper to enter a protest against the

prevailing method of attack upon the new criticism, beautifully exemplified in Case's recent work, by falling afoul of isolated statements to the neglect of the main body of argument. This is mere guerilla warfare, annoying at most, but without any avail. What shall it profit to kill a whole company of pickets, if the march of the army is not disturbed? No doubt "Drews and his authorities" may have fallen into occasional error, but what does it signify, if (as Cheyne continues) they "are right in the main"? Surely it is well known that the "Critique of Pure Reason" literally swarms with mistakes and inconsistencies; nevertheless it remains the chief leaven of philosophy in the 19th and even now in the 20th century. The new criticism may go astray at a hundred points, but the important question is, where is it right? Into what better and hitherto unbroken path has it guided critical thought? What novel points of view has it attained? What fresh insights has it disclosed? What new orientation has it made necessary? It is the proper task even of the unsympathetic reviewer to answer these and similar questions, if he would really enlighten his reader, and not to confine himself to strictures in detail, however just they may be.

From such mere negation no great good can come. It is the positive elements of the new criticism that most interest the intelligent reader. To set these forth cannot indeed fall within the scope of this notice; the reader may be referred to the works of Drews and Bolland, also to *Ecce Deus* now issuing enlarged and Englished from the press of Watts and Company, London. But that such elements actually do exist, that the foregoing questions really admit of positive answers, may be seen clearly in or between the lines of more than one high-placed reviewer and has been openly avowed in many private communications from distinguished authorities. In the utter absence of such positive and collective judgment, merely scattering cavils and denials may remind one of the Arab lances hurled violently in passing at the Pyramids of Egypt.

## AN ETHIOPIAN LIBERAL.

BY A. KAMPMEIER.

WHO would have suspected that in the study of Ethiopic, besides the translations of the Old and New Testaments, some Apocrypha, some earlier Christian writings, martyrologies, lives of saints, magical writings, a mixture of Christian and Pagan elements, the writings of an Ethiopian liberal would turn up?

Christianity was introduced into Ethiopia in the fourth century and became the state religion. Many Jewish elements were retained, such as circumcision and other ceremonial laws. In the sixth century the Ethiopian church joined the Monophysites, and thus became separated from the Greek and Roman Catholic churches. From the time of the inroads of Islam and of surrounding wild nomad tribes until the beginning of modern history Ethiopia met with troublous times. At the end of the fifteenth century the Portuguese mixed into the national affairs of the country, promising and giving help to the state on condition of bringing the Ethiopian church back again to the fold of orthodoxy. An embassy is said to have been sent as early as 1439 from Ethiopia to the council of Florence, which aimed to reunite the Greek church to the Roman. Although the influence of the Roman church prevailed with the rulers of the country for a time after the coming of the Portuguese and later of the Jesuits, it was finally put down again by the resistance of the Ethiopian clergy and the people. One of the rulers who had openly professed the Roman views was Socinius (1605-1632). Under him lived this liberal thinker, whose existence is wholly unique in Ethiopian religious history. This man, by name Zar' a-Jaq'ob, was the son of a poor peasant of Axum, the former capital of Abyssinia. He was very talented, received a good education and industriously studied learned works. In consequence he became a skeptic with regard to Christianity. The suspicions of Socinius were aroused and the scholar was obliged to live for several years in a cave. Later on he became a secretary and teacher in the family of a

wealthy man by the name of Habtu, of a place called Enferaz. Here he married and founded a family and died at the age of ninety-three honored by all. Walda-Hejwat, a son of his benefactor and his most ardent pupil, asked Zar'a-Jaq'ob to write an account of his life. This he did in his 68th year in concise but clear language as is related by C. Bezold in a review of Ethiopic research in Vol. VIII of the *Archiv für Religionswissenschaft*, 1905 (Teubner, Leipzig) from whom I make this short sketch. The review is on the autobiography of Zar'a-Jaq'ob and a treatise of similar contents added by his pupil as published in Ethiopic with a Latin translation by Enno Littmann in *Philosophi Abessini*, Series prima, tomus XXXI of *Corpus Scriptorum Christianorum Orientalium*, Paris, 1904.<sup>1</sup>

According to Bezold the opinions of Zar'a-Jaq'ob were as follows: The only postulates of reason are the existence of an infinitely good creator who can be proved, the immortality of the soul, love to fellow-men, the command to work, self-reformation, and prayer which is always answered in so far as it does not contain petitions which man can fulfil himself. Everything else in the sacred writings, as for instance the accounts of miracles, is subject to doubt or is to be rejected as not in accord with the will of God.

Accounts of miracles are intended for the multitudes who wish to be deluded. They are to be traced back to their inventors' avarice and desire for power. (For this somewhat radical and unhistorical view concerning the origin of accounts of miracles Zar'a-Jaq'ob may have found reasons in his surroundings). Celibacy and the life of an anchorite are also to be condemned, as is likewise Mohammedan polygamy; the laws concerning fasting and purifications are to be rejected and even the sanctity of the Sabbath. Divine revelation is not limited to one special race and Christianity has lost its original purity.

How lasting the influence of this Ethiopian liberal was, is not told. But the unstable political conditions of Abyssinia and the traditional belief of the Ethiopian Christians, often mixed as we know with the crudest superstitions; the use of magic scrolls as amulets to prevent disease and dangers; the use of certain mysterious names of God and Christ to conjure demons and the like, surely were not favorable to the spread of such advanced religious views as those of Zar'a Jaq'ob. That such independent and liberal thought was at all possible in his time and surroundings is certainly surprising.

<sup>1</sup>The reviewer says that there also exists an essay by B. Turacus in Russian on the two treatises (Petersburg, 1903), but it was inaccessible to him.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### CARDINAL MATHIEU ON THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.

A distant subscriber of *The Open Court*, Mr. J. A. Barretto of the Hong-kong firm Barretto and Company, writes: "As you may not have seen the *Mercure de France* of January 16, I send you herein enclosed an article, or rather memoir, addressed by the late Cardinal Mathieu to the pope on the subject of the marriage of priests. It ought to interest your many readers in connection with the articles on 'Father Hyacinthe' and 'Marriage.'"

The article referred to is a very extensive review in the *Mercure* of the entire communication addressed by Cardinal Mathieu to the pope in 1904 and published last December in the *Nouvelle Revue* under the sponsorship of M. Pierre Harispe.

The reverend author first urges the suitability of permitting priests who have no private incomes to add to their clerical profession also that of either medicine or law. It is possible that there are reasons why such an innovation might be of advantage in certain communities in France, and he goes into detail with regard to the benefits for both the priest and the community if the priest were skilled in medicine. Nevertheless the argument seems most to be designed as the entering wedge of a plea for a more intelligent scientific education: He says: "O, most Holy Father, if you will grant to your priests the permission to study and practise the science of medicine you will restore the authority of that beneficent science of which the ungodly have sought to deprive it."

In his plea against the celibacy of the clergy Cardinal Mathieu recalls the fact that "celibacy is a pagan institution" (at the same time emphasizing the distinction between celibacy and chastity), adding that "pagan Rome instituted the vestal virgins...and the despotism of the Roman empire instituted the celibacy of a whole class of citizens." He expresses himself very vigorously as follows:

"A man without a family is one without a root who can the more easily be controlled. He has no hold on life. He is a moral eunuch whose services seem the more certain and the more disinterested. Do not give people an excuse for saying that in order to assure itself more certainly of its hold on consciences the papacy has tried to renew this bondage and to reestablish this class of citizens who have lost the rights of men, by making them Levites, the eunuchs of the sanctuary.

"Your Holiness is not unaware of the irregularities which this state of things has caused in the ranks of the regular and secular clergy. It is enough to consult the historical annals of the church and the Vatican archives to be

convinced. It is enough to read the Church Fathers who have deplored the clergy's sins against nature throughout the centuries. It is enough to ask your own conscience as priest and confessor. Let not men be able to say that in the church of God all crimes against divine law may obtain pardon, and that one human law alone is not tolerated; that all the sins against nature are permitted by it and that only the naural and divine ordinance of marriage does not find remission nor absolution. Put an end, Most Holy Father, to this antagonism between God and his work, between His law and yours. Let not Rome persist in an absolutism which belies the very acts of those who would proclaim her holy austerity. The most dissolute popes and pontiffs have been the most severe in their decrees against the marriage of priests as if they would fain conceal the corruption of their morals under cover of the strictness of their encyclicals and their pastoral letters. So true is it that saints are indulgent while libertines are implacable and unjust.

"This is why we humbly prostrate ourselves before Your Holiness, and there beseech you to extend the law of pardons to include the marriage of the priest, to give to every confessor the right to absolve and restore him in his own eyes, in order that purified and strong in his rights he may continue to serve the church as a Christian and as a father.

"Why might not the vital and apostolic energy of priests who are in the bonds of matrimony, be utilized even with the church?"

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#### BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD. A Contribution to the Study of Comparative Religion. London: Sonnenschein, 1908. Pp. 824. Price \$1.75 net.

This volume is a collection of addresses delivered at the South Place Institute, London, England, the lecturers being among the foremost religious scholars such as the late Prof. C. P. Tiele, Professors James Legge, T. W. Rhys-Davids, L. H. Mills, F. C. Conybeare, also Mr. Frederic Harrison and many others of equal fame. Not only the ancient religions are here discussed such as the religions of Egypt, of the Hittites, of Babylon and Assyria, Judaism, Confucianism, Shintoism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism, Parsecism, Mithraism, the comparison of Greece and Rome and Italy, but also the less important faiths of the Slavonians, the Teutons, etc., and in addition modern sects, such as the faith of the Nonconformists, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Irvingites, Unitarians, Theosophists (discussed by Mrs. Besant), Swedenborgians, Mormons, Modern Judaism, the Religion of Humanity (explained by Frederic Harrison), the Ethical movement and secularism. Each of the historic faiths is treated by a specialist in that line, and each of the modern sects by a representative member. The book will prove useful and it is only to be regretted that the print is so small as to be trying on the eye.

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DIE LOGISCHEN GRUNDLAGEN DER EXAKTEN WISSENSCHAFTEN. VON *Dr. Paul Natorp*. Leipsic: Teubner, 1910. Pp. 416.

Convinced of the necessity of readjusting the relation between the logical principle of the exact sciences and modern conditions, Prof. Paul Natorp of the University of Marburg discusses modern logic and mathematics in their significance to philosophy and the sciences. This problem is treated in seven

chapters: (1) The Problem of a Logic of the Exact Sciences; (2) The Question of the Fundamental Functions of Logic, Quantity, Quality, Relation and Modality; (3) Number and Arithmetic; (4) Infinity and Continuity; (5) Selection and Dimension as Detriments to Pure Number; (6) Time and Space as Mathematical Formations; (7) Arrangement of Phenomena in Time and Space, and the Mathematical Principle of Natural Science. This work forms the twelfth volume of Teubner's "Science and Hypothesis" series.

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THE THREE SIGNATA. By the Ven. Bhikku *Ananda Metteyya*. Rangoon, Rangoon College Buddhists Association, 1911.

Thinkers interested in the religious attitude of non-Christian religions will find a good example of Buddhist thought and sentiment in this lecture of the Ven. Bhikku Ananda Metteyya.

Some time ago the Open Court Publishing Company published *Sermons by a Buddhist Abbot*, consisting of lectures delivered by the Right Rev. Soyen Shaku, the head of the Zen sect, and abbot of Kamakura. Though the spirit is similar in both these Buddhist works there are decided differences which reflect the the spirit of Japanese Buddhism belonging to the Mahayana school in contrast to the spirit of Burmese Buddhism of the Hinayana school. The three *signata* or "characteristics" are expressed in the formula *Anicca, Dukkha, Anatta*, expressing in terse exclamations the three doctrines of impermanence, the prevalence of suffering, and the non-existence of a self or *atman*, and we learn here the argument which guides the pious Buddhists in the regulation of their morality.

In the introduction to his sermon Ananda Metteyya relates that a hale old monk who lived near a burying ground told him how in his youth he had been given to anger, but when he became impressed with the truth of a sentence in the Dhammapada he mastered his passion and decided to become a monk. This sentence reads: "The many do not understand that all who are here must die; but for those who know this all hatred ceases."

How different this line of thought from that of Christian sermons, and yet who will deny that in its way it is not less grand and noble and efficient in argument.

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The Humboldt Library published by Dr. W. Breitenbach, at Brackwrede in Westphalia, is intended as a propaganda for the world-conception based upon the natural sciences and to express the views of the *Humboldt-Bund*, an association which strongly supports the monistic evolution theory and repudiates anything in the shape of dualism or vitalism. One of the early numbers contains an interesting investigation of the tropical regions, especially Africa, by the publisher, Dr. W. Breitenbach (*Die Eroberung der Tropen*). It shows that the Dark Continent has remained an unknown region mainly on account of its unwholesome conditions, and the author suggests that it might properly have been called the "Malaria Continent." Since early times travelers and colonists have died there in great numbers, so that it remained the forbidden country until very recently, and even yet the diseases caused by malaria, the tsetse fly and other nefarious conditions require great sacrifices of human lives from which not even the natives are immune. However our medical science with its prophylactic measures has studied the causes of these several

diseases, and is fairly well prepared to overcome the terror which surrounds them. Dr. Breitenbach discusses the struggle against these diseases and gives credit mainly to the following authors to whom he owes his information: Sir Robert W. Boyce, Ronald Ross, Dr. Oswald Cruz, and to the Colonial Office of the German Empire at Berlin. In addition he mentions the periodical named *Malaria* (Leipsic, J. A. Barth) and the *Archiv für Schiffs- und Tropen-Hygiene*.

The second number of the series, "The Mechanism of Human Thought" (*Der Mechanismus des menschlichen Denkens*) by Erich Ruckhaber, is the extract of a larger work entitled *Des Daseins und Denkens Mechanik und Metamechanik* by the same author. Dr. Ruckhaber derives the explanation of a mental activity from the feeling of resistance. He sketches the development from the lower to the higher world, its differentiation and comparison and explains the origin of judgment. He rejects the association theory from the logical, psychological and physiological standpoint and insists that every act of memory is a function of the entire cerebral hemisphere. The concluding section is devoted to the localization of perceptions and reminiscences. κ

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The title *Be of Good Cheer* by Joseph S. Van Dyke, D. D., seems to indicate a New Thought publication, and to some extent, in the best sense of that term, it is. It tries to take out the practical good of Christian Science, faith cure, and kindred aspirations, by bringing out the cheerfulness of the traditional religious belief. Its author is a Presbyterian clergyman, and a venerable octogenarian, who must have met with many sad experiences in life, for through this book sounds the cheerful note of meeting grief and sorrow and overcoming it both with philosophical contemplation and in verse. The little book is published by Sherman French and Company, Boston, 1911. κ

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The Progress Company of Chicago seems to be kept busy producing the books of Mr. Christian D. Larson who is a most voluminous writer. From his 1910 output we have *Your Forces and How to Use Them*, and *The Pathway of Roses*, and 1911 started out with *Thoughts for Results*. His work is in the line of New Thought and however little faith we may have in its principles as a sufficient basis for the results claimed, it is nevertheless a wholesome ethics to inculcate in the popular mind and tends toward a cheerful and sane outlook on life. In the first two books above mentioned each chapter is preceded by a group of verses, maxims or rules of conduct, and it will do no harm to quote here one of the strongest and perhaps most typical groups. It reads: "Promise yourself to be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind; to talk health, happiness, and prosperity to every person you meet; to make all your friends feel that there is something in them; to look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true; to think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best; to be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own; to forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future; to wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile; to give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others; to be too large for worry, too

noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the presence of trouble; to think well of yourself and to proclaim this fact to the world, not in loud words but in great deeds; to live in the faith that the whole world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you." The fourth of these is very similar to the attitude of mind in the child's prayer of Dudley Buck's song, "Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams, and make them all come true."

p

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The 1911 volume of *Proceedings of the National Association for the Study and Education of Exceptional Children* contains valuable information for those interested in child welfare (published by the Association at Plainfield, New Jersey; price \$1.50 to non-members). The purpose of the Association, as stated in the Foreword, is to evolve and correlate methods by which the redeemable child may be saved to society and not allowed to become human waste. The topics of conference, (a) Causes of Exceptional Development in Children, (b) Educational Needs of the Various Kinds of Exceptional Children, (c) The Exceptional Child as a Social Problem, fairly cover the field of modern effort in terms of surgery, psychology and pedagogy. The twenty papers contributed and discussed by specialists contain much to interest the physician, the teacher and the social worker.

Dr. Marius Neustaedter, of Bellevue Hospital, New York, affirms that the etiological factors responsible for the exceptional child are (a) hereditary, (b) acquired. He discusses the mental and physical disabilities of the offspring of degenerate parents, and in this connection advocates radical methods for the prevention of the birth of criminals and insane, a thorough physical examination of every applicant for a marriage license, sterilization, and divorce. He claims that such remedies would solve a perplexing social problem.

Dr. Eberhard W. Dittrich, of the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, in his paper on the effects of transmitted skin diseases, urges a worldwide crusade for the instruction of young people in sex-hygiene to overcome the ignorance and superstition of people regarding vital social conditions.

Another notable contribution, "The Identification, Location and Enumeration of the Misfit Child," contributed by the educational department of the Russell Sage Foundation, furnishes many illuminating data gathered from the school records of children in twenty-nine cities. These data give the essential facts for comparing the age-method and the progress-method of computing retardation. It is the one purely scientific paper in the book. Two papers on defects in speech and hearing and two on the care and education of children in the home are worthy of special mention.

Dr. Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, in his paper on "The Backward Child," urges the further development of the social conscience in sane treatment of the exceptional child, and aims to show that there is a difference between arrested development, which can go no further, and retarded development which may produce power and genius. In his discussion of some of the papers, Dr. Groszmann deplors the lack of judgment of the student whose enthusiasm is in inverse ratio to the permanent results obtained. He urges the cooperation of educational, medical, and social workers for child-uptift. The keynote of the discussion is science, not for its own sake, but for the sake of humanity.

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### Introduction

The translator of this little volume has done me the honor to ask me to write a few lines of introduction. And I do this willingly, not only that I may render homage to the memory of a friend, prematurely torn from life and from science, but also because I am convinced that the work of Roberto Bonola deserves all the interest of the studious. In it, in fact, the young mathematician will find not only a clear exposition of the principles of a theory now classical, but also a critical account of the development which led to the foundation of the theory in question.

It seems to me that this account, although concerned with a particular field only, might well serve as a model for a history of science, in respect of its accuracy and its breadth of information, and, above all, the sound philosophic spirit that permeates it. The various attempts of successive writers are all duly rated according to their relative importance, and are presented in such a way as to bring out the continuity of the progress of science, and the mode in which the human mind is led through the tangle of partial error to a broader and broader view of truth. This progress does not consist only in the acquisition of fresh knowledge, the prominent place is taken by the clearing up of ideas which it has involved; and it is remarkable with what skill the author of this treatise has elucidated the obscure concepts which have at particular periods of time presented themselves to the eyes of the investigator as obstacles, or causes of confusion. I will cite as an example his lucid analysis of the idea of there being in the case of Non-Euclidean Geometry, in contrast to Euclidean Geometry, an absolute or natural measure of geometrical magnitude.

The admirable simplicity of the author's treatment, the elementary character of the constructions he employs, the sense of harmony which dominates every part of this little work, are in accordance, not only with the artistic temperament and broad education of the author, but also with

the lasting devotion which he bestowed on the Theory of Non-Euclidean Geometry from the very beginning of his scientific career. May his devotion stimulate others to pursue with ideals equally lofty the path of historical and philosophical criticism of the principles of science! Such efforts may be regarded as the most fitting introduction to the study of the high problems of philosophy in general, and subsequently of the theory of the understanding, in the most genuine and profound signification of the term, following the great tradition which was interrupted by the romantic movement of the nineteenth century.

Bologna, October 1st., 1911.

Federigo Enriques.

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- The Founders of Non-Euclidean Geometry
- The Later Development of Non-Euclidean Geometry
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mered on the anvil, but when he is happy and contented with life and does not wish to die.

## Memento Mori Medalets



Fig. 26



Fig. 27



Obv.—Basilisk, with leaf-like wings, holding shield bearing the arms of Basel.

Rev.—Skull on bone, with worm; rose-tree with flower and buds growing over it. Inscription: HEUT RODT MORN DODT (“To-day red, to-morrow dead”). In exergue, an hour-glass and the engravers signature, F. F.

Obv.—View of the city of Basel.

Rev.—Skull and crossed bones; above which rose-tree with flower and buds; beneath, hour-glass. Inscription: HEUT RODT, MORN DODT. (“To-day red, to-morrow dead”).

These two pieces belong to the class of so-called “Moralische Pfenninge” struck at Basel in the seventeenth century. They were apparently designed to be given as presents, sometimes probably in connection with funerals. The medallist, whose signature on these pieces is F. F., was doubtless Friedrich Fechter or one of his family (F. F. standing either for Friedrich Fechter or for “Fechter fecit”). In connection with *memento mori* medalets of this class, it must not be forgotten that the devastating epidemics of disease in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave them an increased significance at the time when they were issued.

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