

*The*  
**OPEN COURT**

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

FOUNDED BY EDWARD C. HEGELER

FEBRUARY 1928

“←—————→”  
VOLUME XLII NUMBER 861

*Price 20 Cents*



*The Open Court Publishing Company*

Wieboldt Hall, 339 East Chicago Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois



*The*  
**OPEN COURT**

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

FOUNDED BY EDWARD C. HEGELER

FEBRUARY 1928

“←—————→”  
VOLUME XLII NUMBER 861

*Price 20 Cents*



*The Open Court Publishing Company*

Wieboldt Hall, 339 East Chicago Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

# THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

5750 ELLIS AVE., CHICAGO

**Christianity in the Modern World.** By ERNEST D. BURTON. \$2.00, *postpaid* \$2.10.  
*Popular edition*, \$1.00, *postpaid* \$1.10.

New Testament scholar, leader in denominational and missionary enterprise, and exemplar of the practical Christian life—these aspects of Ernest D. Burton were all reflected in his public utterances. A group of them have here been gathered together.

**Jesus and Our Generation.** By CHARLES W. GILKEY. \$2.00, *postpaid* \$2.10.

Forty-thousand people in six great student centers in India heard Dr. Gilkey's interpretation of the personality of Jesus. The lectures which we are now publishing present a unique contribution to the understanding of the founder of the Christian faith.

**The Nature of the World and of Man.** \$4.00, *postpaid* \$4.15.

"The divine curiosity" about the ways of life and man's part in them has always driven men to seek beyond the boundaries of the obvious. Sixteen men, impelled by this desire and better trained than most of us in the ways of scientific thought, have sought and found and written down for all other inquiring minds the facts about the world and man as they have found them. Their book, *The Nature of the World and of Man*, is a complete picture of the world as it appears today in the light of man's increased understanding.

**Principles of Christian Living.** By GERALD BIRNEY SMITH. \$2.00, *postpaid* \$2.10.

Ethics is not just a principle about which to theorize; it is one to be applied. This is the theme of Dr. Smith's book on Christian ethics. His aim is to indicate the motives which enter into Christian living as the individual finds himself a member of various groups in actual life.

**The Psalms.** *Newly translated from the Hebrew* by J. M. POWIS SMITH. \$3.00, *postpaid* \$3.15.

Dr. Smith's purpose is to express as completely and accurately as limitations of language permit the thought and feeling of the original—to incorporate the scholarship of recent decades. In this clear, uncorrupted version are disclosed, unhampered, the beauties and true meaning of the world's greatest hymnbook.

**The New Testament.** By EDGAR J. GOODSPEED. \$1.00 to \$3.00, *postage* 10c extra.

Continued interest in this modern translation has been met by the publication of seven different editions in styles to suit every purse and every need. The popular edition is bound in cloth, pocket size. The pocket and regular size editions are bound in cloth, leather or morocco.

**The Formation of the New Testament.** By EDGAR J. GOODSPEED. \$1.50, *postpaid*, \$1.60.

The well-known translator of the New Testament has given us an account of still another phase of the compilation of the New Testament. Here is the complete story of the ebb and flow of the New Testament books through the middle ages, the Reformation, and on down to our own day.

**The Story of the New Testament.** By EDGAR J. GOODSPEED. \$1.50, *postpaid* \$1.60.  
*Popular Edition* \$1.00, *postpaid* \$1.10.

It tells who wrote the New Testament and when and where and how. This book presents in a vivid and popular manner the situations out of which the New Testament books arose, the actual conditions of early Christian life which caused the writing of each book, and the manner in which each writer met the problems before him.

**The Religion of the Psalms.** By J. M. POWIS SMITH. \$1.75, *postpaid* \$1.85.

*The Religion of the Psalms* gives an understanding of the purpose for which the Psalms were written and of their function in the Jewish community.

## The University of Chicago Press

5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago

# THE OPEN COURT

Volume XLII (No. 2)

FEBRUARY, 1928

Number 861

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

*Frontispiece—Wu Tao Tze's Nirvana Picture.*

*Walking on the Water in Indian Literature.* W. NORMAN BROWN. 65

*The Argumentum Ad Complexus.* A. A. ROBACK. . . . . 81

*Where the World is Going.* ROLAND HUGINS. . . . . 88

*Sir Richard Burton. (Continued)* DAVIS L. JAMES, JR. . . . . 99

*Scientists' Unscientific Notions on Religion.* VICTOR S. YARROS. . 116

*Empedocles. The Mother.* RUDOLPH KASSNER. . . . . 125

*Book Notices* . . . . . 128

---

Published monthly by  
THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

337 East Chicago Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

*Subscription rates:* \$2.00 a year; 20c a copy. Remittances may be made by personal checks, drafts, post-office or express money orders, payable to the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

Address all correspondence to the Open Court Publishing Company, 337 East Chicago Ave., Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class matter March 26, 1887, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1876.

Copyright by The Open Court Publishing Company, 1928.  
Printed in the United States of America.

# JOURNAL of PHILOSOPHY

This periodical is the organ of active philosophical discussion in the United States. There is no similar journal in the field of scientific philosophy. It is issued fortnightly and permits the quick publication of short contributions, prompt reviews and timely discussions.

*Edited by Professors F. J. E. Woodbridge,  
W. T. Bush, and H. W. Schneider,  
of Columbia University*

---

515 WEST 116TH STREET, NEW YORK

\$4 a Year, 26 Numbers

20 Cents a Copy

---

## THE POINT OF VIEW

*An Anthology of Religion and Philosophy Selected from  
the Writings of  
PAUL CARUS*

Just published in a most attractive  
volume bound in cloth with design in  
gilt and specially boxed for delivery.

Price \$2.50



The Open Court Publishing Company

CHICAGO  
337 East Chicago Avenue

NEW YORK  
31-33 East Tenth Street

# MIND AND BODY

By HANS DRIESCH

A thoroughgoing discussion of the psychophysical problem, with the famous author's own solution. A book of the first importance to philosophers and psychologists.

(*Authorized translation from the third German Edition*

by THEODORE BESTERMAN)

Octavo, Cloth, with Index and complete  
bibliography of the Author - \$3.00

LINCOLN MAC VEAGH

THE DIAL PRESS

152 W. 13th St., New York

---

---

Sargent Handbooks

## PRIVATE SCHOOLS

12th Edition, 1927-28, 1200 pages, \$6.00

Description of 3000 schools.

*A Guide Book for Parents.*

*A Compendium for Educators*

*An Annual Review of Educational Events.*

*A Discriminating Survey of the Private Schools.*

*Circular on Application*

## SUMMER CAMPS

5th Edition, 1927, 800 pages, \$5.00

Description of 1000 Private and 2000 Organization Camps.

*Circular on Application*

## ADVICE TO PARENTS

*Experienced Staff of Educators for 12 years  
have helped parents select just the right school.*

*Information and Advice by letter without charge.*

PORTER SARGENT

11 Beacon Street

BOSTON

# PHILOSOPHY TODAY

A collection of Essays by Outstanding Philosophers of Europe and America Describing the Leading Tendencies in the Various Fields of Contemporary Philosophy.

Edited by Edward L. Schaub

*Professor of Philosophy, Northwestern University.*

*Editor, The Monist.*

An authoritative account of present trends in logic, ethics, aesthetics, legal and political thought, theory of knowledge, philosophy of religion and metaphysics, together with the philosophy aspects of psychology and sociology.

Cloth, \$3.75



**THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY**

Chicago

London

---

## THE METAPHYSICS OF PRAGMATISM

By SIDNEY HOOK

With an introductory word by John Dewey.

Cloth \$2.00; paper \$1.00

“The volume is noteworthy because . . . it expresses an equilibrium which is consciously and deliberately sustained between that newer movement which goes by the name of pragmatism and instrumentalism and essential portions of classic thought.” . . . John Dewey.

*Send for our complete catalog.*

**THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY**

Chicago

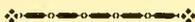
London

# AMERICAN MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

## COLLOQUIUM SERIES

### NEW VOLUMES

- G. C. Evans, The Logarithmic Potential. Discontinuous Dirichlet and Neumann Problems. 1927. 150 pp. \$2.00.
- E. T. Bell, Algebraic Arithmetic. 1927. 180 pp. \$2.50.



### IN PREPARATION

- L. P. Eisenhart, Non-Riemannian Geometry.
- G. D. Birkhoff, Dynamical Systems.
- Dunham Jackson, The Theory of Approximation.



### EARLIER ISSUES

(Circular giving full titles sent on request).

- Evanston Lectures, \$1.25.
- Chicago Congress Papers, \$4.00.
- Boston Lectures, \$2.75.
- Madison Lectures, \$2.50.
- Princeton Lectures, \$2.50
- Cambridge Lectures:
- Part I (Evans), \$2.00.
- Part II (Veblen), \$2.00.

Orders may be sent to the American Mathematical Society,  
501 West 116th Street, New York City, or to



THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

337 East Chicago Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

# HUMANIST SERMONS

*Edited by*

**CURTIS W. REESE**

Within the liberal churches of America there is a religious movement which has come to be known as Humanism. The present volume is a collection of sermons, which have been used in the regular course of parish preaching by Humanist ministers. The sermons are:

**RELIGION: A SURVEY AND FORECAST**

John Haynes Holmes, Community Church, New York.

**HUMANISM AND HISTORY**

Charles H. Lyttle, Meadville Theological School, Chicago.

**THE FAITH OF HUMANISM**

Curtis W. Reese, Secretary, Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago.

**THEISM AND HUMANISM**

E. Stanton Hodgkin, First Congreg. Society, New Bedford, Mass.

**CHRISTIANITY AND HUMANISM**

E. Burdette Backus, First Unitarian Church, Los Angeles.

**MODERNISM AND HUMANISM**

A. Wakefield Slaten, West Side Unitarian Church, New York.

**UNITARIANISM AND HUMANISM**

John H. Dietrich, First Unitarian Society, Minneapolis.

**THE UNIVERSE OF HUMANISM**

Earl F. Cook, Formerly The Unitarian Church, Quincy, Illinois.

**THE ARCHITECTURE OF HUMANISM**

Eugene Milne Cosgrove, Unity Church, Hinsdale, Ill.

**CHANGE AND DECAY IN RELIGION**

L. M. Birkhead, All Souls' Unitarian Church, Kansas City.

**THE SPIRITUAL VALUE OF THE ETHICAL LIFE**

E. Caldecott, First Unitarian Society, Schenectady.

**THE UNITY OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE**

Sidney S. Robins, First Unitarian Church, Ann Arbor.

**HUMANISM AND THE INNER LIFE**

Frederick M. Eliot, Unity Church, St. Paul.

**THE UNSHARED LIFE**

James H. Hart, First Unitarian Society, Madison.

**HUMANISM AND THE GOD WITHIN**

Frank S. C. Wicks, All Souls' Unitarian Church, Indianapolis.

**JUST BEING HUMAN**

Frank C. Doan, Formerly First Unitarian Congreg. Society, Rochester, N. Y.

**HUMANISM-RELIGION IN THE MAKING**

Arthur L. Weatherly, First Unitarian Society, Iowa City.

**THE HUMANIST RELIGIOUS IDEAL**

A. Eustace Haydon, Department of Comparative Rel. University of Chicago.

**PRICE, BOARDS, \$2.50**

*Send for a catalog of our publications.*

**THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY**

**Chicago**

**London**





WU TAO TZE'S NIRVANA PICTURE

*Frontispiece to The Open Court*

# THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

VOL. XLII (No. 2) FEBRUARY, 1928

No. 861

Copyright by THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1928

## WALKING ON THE WATER IN INDIAN LITERATURE<sup>1</sup>

BY W. NORMAN BROWN

### C. PSYCHIC POWER OF LEVITATION

Walking on the water is recognized in India as one of the stages of the psychic power of levitation, of which the highest grade is flying through the air. Levitation is very old in Hindu literature, appearing in Rigveda 10.136, and therefore being from before 800 B. C. This hymn describes the sun in terms of the earthly muni (ecstatic ascetic), and thus praises both.

1. The long-haired one (i. e., the sun as muni) carries the fire; the long-haired one carries the poison; the long-haired one carries heaven and earth. The long-haired one is all the sky which is to be seen; the long-haired one is here called the light.

2. The munis, wind-girdled, wear soiled yellow garments; they follow the course of the Wind when the gods have entered them.

3. Transported through the practise of muni-asceticism, we mount the winds; you mortals see only our bodies.

4. He flies through the air looking upon forms of every sort, the muni, who has become a friend to benefit every god.

5. Vāta's (the Wind's) horse, Vāyu's (the Wind's) friend is then the muni, incited by the gods. In both oceans he dwells, the eastern and the western.

6. Wandering on the path of the Apsarases, the Gandharvas, and wild beasts, is the long-haired one, who knows every desire, a friend sweet and most intoxicating.

7. Vāyu twirled for him, crushed the *kuvannamās*, when the long-haired one drank from the cup of poison with Rudra.

This hymn shows us one of the ways in which the mystic experience of visiting the world of the gods may be induced: leaving his body behind, the muni ascends in spirit, being under the influence

<sup>1</sup> "Walking on the Water in Indian Literature," continued here from our January issue, is a chapter of a book by Professor W. Norman Brown, *The Indian and Christian Miracles of Walking on the Water*. Another chapter will follow in our March issue. The book is to be published by the Open Court Publishing Company in March.—Editor.

of some poison. Other ways of inducing similar exhilaration are developed in later times, Yoga practises of retaining the breath, fasting, and otherwise subduing the body, while the religions recognize the validity of the experience and legitimize the methods of achieving it. The next step was inevitable. Convinced that the experiences were genuine, religious adepts believed that they had them *in* the body, not out of it. Thus the religious ecstasy (*samādhi*) provides the basis for belief that the adepts could acquire magic powers, of which levitation is only one.

Defined with some exactitude, levitation appears in the second sutta of the Dīgha Nikāya of the Pali Buddhist canon, one of the oldest suttas, perhaps as old as the third century B. C.,<sup>19</sup> at the most conservative estimate not later than the first century B. C.,<sup>20</sup> and in other suttas of the same Nikāya. There it occurs in a long description of the attainments accompanying progress in the religious life, resulting from the practise of meditation. Well down the line, in fact just before arriving at the state of Nibbāna (Nirvāna), the adept acquires the Six Supernatural Powers. Of these the first is Magical Power, (*iddhi*, Skt. *ṛddhi*) one manifestation of which is walking on the water, and another flying through the air. Magical Power is thus described:<sup>21</sup>

With thoughts thus concentrated, purified, cleansed, stainless, free from contamination, impressionable, tractable, steadfast, immovable, he inclines, he bends down, his thoughts to the acquisition of the various kinds of Magic Power. He enjoys, one after another, the various kinds of magical power, the several varieties thereof:

Being one man, he becomes many men. Being many men, he becomes one man.

He becomes visible; he becomes invisible.

He passes through walls and ramparts and mountains without adhering thereto, as though through the air.

He darts up through the earth and dives down into the earth, as though in the water.

He walks on water without breaking through, as though on land.

He travels through the air cross-legged, like a bird on the wing.

He strokes and caresses with his hand the moon and the sun, so mighty in power, so mighty in strength.

He ascends in the body even to the World of Brahmā.

Such is Magical Power, the first of the Six Supernatural Powers, of which the others are the Heavenly Ear, Mind-reading, Recollection

<sup>19</sup>See Winternitz, *Geschichte der Indischen Litteratur*, 2.1.27; and Burlingame, *Buddhist Parables*, p. xxii.

<sup>20</sup>See Keith, *Buddhist Philosophy*, pp. 20, 24.

<sup>21</sup>Translation from Burlingame, *Buddhist Parables*, p. 252.

of Previous States of Existence, the Heavenly Eye, and Knowledge of the Means of destroying the Three Contaminations. Here, therefore, we see walking on the water as one of a group of supernatural abilities, with a definite place in a graded enumeration. Nor is walking on the water with the following power, flying through the air, mentioned only here in the Buddhist canonical literature. It appears also in the Majjhima and Aṅguttara Nikāyas of the Pali canon, and in the Ekottarāgama of the Mahāyāna,<sup>22</sup> and some Buddhist monks, such as Moggallāna are especially famous for magic accomplishments.

The Jains as well know such supernatural powers, and have technical names for them (*labdhi*, *śakti*, *ṛddhi*). A description of them appears in Hemacandra's *Triṣaṣṭīśalākāpuruṣacarita*. I. 843-880, where verses 852-862 are of especial interest.<sup>23</sup>

They (certain Jaina sages) were able to reduce themselves into so minute a form that they could pass, like a thread, even through the eye of a needle.

They could heighten their bodies to such an extent that even Mount Sumeru would reach up only to their knees.

They could make the body so light that it was even lighter than air.

The gravity of their bodies surpassed that of Indra's thunderbolt, and hence their strength (i. e., strong blow) could not be borne by the gods Indra and others.

Their power of extension was such that they could touch while standing on earth, the planets or even the top of Mount Meru with their fingers as easily as we touch the leaves of a tree.

Their strength of will was so great that they could walk on water as on land, and could dive into or come out of the ground as if it were water.

Their supernatural powers with regard to worldly glory were such that they could gain for themselves the empire of a *cakravartin* (Universal Monarch) or of an Indra.

Unprecedented was their power by which they brought under control even wild beasts.

Their motion was so irresistible that they could enter into a mountain as easily as into a hole.

Their power of becoming invisible was so unchecked that they could remain invisible to all like the wind.

They were so skilful in assuming different forms at will that they could fill in the space of the universe with their multiple forms.

Again, walking on the water and flying through the air, appear in

<sup>22</sup>For references in the Majjhima, see index to the translation by Lord Chalmers, *Further Dialogues of the Buddha*, s. v. "Psychic power", Aṅguttara 3.6. For occurrence in the Ekottarāgama, See Edmunds, *Buddhist and Christian Gospels*, 4th ed., vol. 2, p. 30.

<sup>23</sup>Translation, with a few minor changes, from Amūlyacharan and Banārsi Dās Jāin, *Jaina Jātakas*, pp. 89 f.

the Yoga system, that great storehouse of magic practise dignified by philosophy and religion. These magic powers (*vibhūti*) are enumerated in the third book of Patañjali's "Yoga Sūtras", especially in sections 16-52, being by-products of Yoga practice, and among them are knowledge of the past and the future, knowledge of the cries of all living beings, knowledge of previous births, knowledge of another's mind-stuff, invisibility, cessation of hunger and thirst, penetration with one's self of another body, possession of the supernal-organ-of-hearing, levitation, and many others. In connection with our theme the aphorism 3.42 is noteworthy:<sup>24</sup> "Either as the result of constraint upon the relation between the body and the air (*ākāśa*), or (*ca*) as the result of the balanced-state of lightness, such as that of the cotton-fibre, there follows the passing through air."

While this aphorism does not mention walking on water, the commentary does. Again I quote from the translation by Woods: "Wherever there is a body there is air, because it (air) gives space to the body. The relation (of the body) with this (air) is that of obtaining (pervasion). By performing constraint upon this relation the yogin subjugates the relation with this (air). And gaining the balanced-state of lightness such as that of the cotton-fibre, even to (that of) atoms (of cotton-fibre), he becomes light himself. And by reason of this lightness he walks with both feet upon water. Next after this, however, he walks upon nothing more than a spider's thread, and then upon sunbeams. Thereafter he courses through the air at will."<sup>25</sup> Further, levitation (*laghiman*), with its opposite (*gariman*), is listed among the eight *mahāsiddhis* (superpowers) of the Yogis (see Garbe, *Sāṅkhya and Yoga*, p. 46).

Not only do these passages show us how ancient and how widespread in India are notions of levitation; they also point out the

<sup>24</sup>Translation by Woods, *Yoga-System of Patañjali*. The text of Patañjali is considered by Woods to have been "written at some time in the fourth or fifth century of our era" (p. xix); the commentary, which will be quoted below, is even later. Undoubtedly the aphorisms have a tradition much older than the text of Patañjali; but in any case the point need not be regarded as of importance for our purposes here. The antiquity of levitational notions is guaranteed for India by the citations from the Rīgveda and the Buddhist works above.

<sup>25</sup>It is possible that some such power was thought to belong to king Pṛthu Vāinya in Mahābhārata 7.69.9: "When he went to sea the waters were quiet; and the mountains gave him a road. The banner of his chariot never fell." This verse has been understood by Roy in his translation to mean that the sea became solid for him and the mountains opened themselves; but I do not believe his rendering justified by the text.

exact status of the art of walking on the water. It is a form of levitation, yet of a lower grade than flying; the more advanced in psychic evolution could fly; the less advanced could only walk on water. This fact needs emphasis, for it explains two things for us. In the first place, it shows us why religious celebrities, particularly the Buddha, do not walk on the water, but rather fly across it, disappear and suddenly reappear on the other side. For this, as far as my observation goes, is the case with the Buddha, the only personage concerning whom I have stories of crossing water magically that can be demonstrated to come from a remote antiquity. Being fully advanced in the Supernatural Powers he employs the more striking method; it is only lesser beings, lay disciples, that walk on the water. Hence, too, older Buddhist art shows so few illustrations, if any, of walking on the water; for it was devoted almost exclusively to portraying scenes from the Buddha's historical existence or his previous existences, and consequently exhibits scenes in which he flew across water, but none of walking.<sup>26</sup> In the second place, the lower grade of walking on water in the scale of levitational accomplishments explains why it appears so little in later Indian fiction, while flying through the air becomes a theme of indefinite productivity. The greater, more spectacular achievement is so much more widely adaptable for fairy tale purposes and religious legend that it has practically monopolized the field.

In view of the close connection between flying through the air across water and walking on the water, it is pertinent to men-

<sup>26</sup>Later Buddhism, especially in China and Japan, depicts scenes of crossing the water by walking on its surface or in some analogous manner. Thus Kwan Yin frequently is represented on a lotus or merely on her own feet crossing the ocean. Bodhidharma, the first Chinese patriarch, having occasion to cross the Yang-tsze, does so on a bamboo twig or a reed (for the legend, see in Giles, *Chinese Biographical Dictionary*, under "Bodhidharma"). I have in my possession modern colored prints illustrating these scenes. Similarly in Japan the rishi Chung-li Chüan crosses the sea on a sword: the scene is illustrated by a painting in the British Museum, which is reproduced in Morrison, *The Painters of Japan*; Anderson, *The Pictorial Arts of Japan*; and Binyon, *Japanese Art*, p. 43.. Two paintings by Morikage appear in *Kokka* for November, 1905, of Shoriken crossing the sea on a sword and of a sage with a book riding a carp through the waves; again in *Kokka*, January, 1906, is a picture of the hermit Ch'ing Kao crossing the sea on a carp's back; and two examples of Manjusri crossing the water appear in *Kokka*, July, 1926. Somewhat similar ideas appear elsewhere in China outside the Buddhist sphere: Shou Lao and the "eight immortals" have remarkable ways of crossing the sea. Illustrations on Ming pottery appear in R. L. Hobson, *The George Eumorphopoulos Collection, Catalogue of the Chinese, Korean, and Persian Pottery and Porcelain*, vol. IV (London: Benn, 1927), plate XXVII, D147 and plate XXIX, D143.

tion here three instances when the Buddha apparently flew across, particularly since one of these instances may have a relation to the legend of Jesus walking on the water. All three are of great age. The first describes the crossing of the Ganges shortly after the Great Enlightenment. The oldest version for Hīnayāna Buddhism is probably that in the Mahāparinibbāna sutta (No. 16) of the Dīgha Nikāya, which is perhaps from the third century B. C. and certainly no later than the first century B. C.<sup>27</sup> It is as follows:<sup>28</sup>

But the Exalted One went on to the river. And by that time the river Ganges was brimful and overflowing; and wishing to cross to the opposite bank, some began to seek boats, some for rafts of wood, while some made rafts of basket-work. Then the Exalted One as instantaneously as a strong man would stretch forth his arm, or draw it back again when he had stretched it forth, vanished from this side of the river, and stood on the further bank with the company of the brethren.

And the Exalted One beheld the people who wished to cross to the opposite bank looking some of them for boats and some of them for rafts of wood and some of them for rafts of basket-work; and as he beheld them he brake forth at that time into this song:

They who have crossed the ocean drear  
 Making a solid path across the pools—  
 Whilst the vain world ties its basket rafts—  
 These are the wise, these are the saved indeed.

The oldest Mahāyāna version of the legend appears in the Lalita Vistara (chapter 26, Lefmann's text, p. 406). This work is preserved for us in a text that is undatable, but we do know that there was a text of it in existence about 300 A. D., when it was translated into Chinese as "the second translation of the Lalita Vistara".<sup>29</sup> We are therefore ignorant of the age of the work, although many of its materials, such as this story, are of pre-Christian antiquity. The variant there is interesting. The Buddha, after attaining the Great Enlightenment, set out for Benares, where, he says, "I shall create a brilliance without equal for a world that is blind . . . beat the drum of Immortality for a world that knows no sound . . . revolve the Wheel of the Law that has never been revolved in the worlds." Coming from the south, he arrives at the Ganges.

But at that time, monks, the great river Ganges was rolling along full up, level to the banks. Then, monks, the Tathāgata went up to the boatman to be carried across to the other bank. He said, "Gāutama, give me the fee for crossing." "My good man," replied the Tathāgata, "I have not the fee for crossing." So saying, he went from that bank to the other bank on a path through the sky.

<sup>27</sup>Cf. Keith, *Buddhist Philosophy*, pp. 20, 25.

<sup>28</sup>Translation following Rhys Davids *Dialogues of the Buddha* 3.94.

<sup>29</sup>See Winternitz, *Geschichte der Indischen Litteratur* 2.1.199.

The legend is one of wide range throughout Buddhist literature in all Buddhist countries.<sup>30</sup>

The magic power of the Buddha in the midst of water is again attested by a legend that occurs frequently in connection with the conversion of the Jaṭilas, the miracle-working Kāśyapa (Pali, Kassapa) brothers, at Uruvilva (Pali, Uruvelā) shortly after the Buddha attained enlightenment. The oldest preserved form is in the Vinaya Piṭaka of the Pali canon, Mahāvagga 1.20.16, where it is the last of the miracles preceding the conversion.

Now at that time a great rain fell out of season, and a great flood arose. The place where the Exalted One was dwelling was submerged with water. Then the Exalted One thought, "What if now I should drive away the water round-about and make my *caṅkrama* (promenade) in the midst thereof on a spot covered with dust".

And then the Exalted One drove away the water round-about and made his *caṅkrama* in the midst thereof on a spot covered with dust.

Then the Jaṭila Uruvelā Kassapa, fearful lest the Great Samaṇa might be swept away by the water, went in a boat with many Jaṭilas to the place where the Exalted One was dwelling. And the Jaṭila Uruvelā Kassapa, when he saw the Exalted One had driven away the water roundabout and was making his *caṅkrama* in the midst thereof on a spot covered with dust, spoke thus to the Exalted One, "Are you there, Great Samaṇa?"

"This is I, Kassapa," said the Exalted One; and flying through the air he reappeared in the boat.

This legend occurs in other texts and in sculpture. The latter occurrence is most important, for it is found among the bas-reliefs on the eastern gateway to the stupa at Sanchi.<sup>31</sup> In addition, therefore, to the evidence of its pre-Christian existence afforded by its appearance in the Mahāvagga, we have the testimony of archeology,

<sup>30</sup>A few other references are: Mahāvastu (ed. Senart) 3.328, lines 6-14; Avadānaśataka 3.7; Aśvaghōṣa's Buddhacarita 17.7 (allusion only, without narrative); Beal, *The Romantic Legend of Śākya Buddha*, pp. 246 f.; R. Spence Hardy, *A Manual of Buddhism*, pp. 195 f., Bigandet, *The Life or Legend of Gaudama the Buddha of the Burmese*, p. 149. A sculptured illustration of the miracle appears at Boro Budur; see Krom and Van Erp, *Beschrijving van Barabudur*, vol. I, p. 208; pictured in Series Ia, No. 115.

<sup>31</sup>First identified by Beal, *The Romantic Legend of Śākya Buddha*, 1875, p. xi, footnote. Beal's note is in connection with a Chinese version of the legend which appears in his translation on p. 302.

for that gateway was not later than the first century B. C.<sup>32</sup> The sculpture is worth a short description. It shows the waves, the three Kāśyapas rowing out to save the Buddha, and the Buddha himself serene amid the floods. The Buddha is not there in a human figure; he is indicated by a smooth rectangular slab below the waves, which is his *caṅkrama* "magic promenade"; for at that period of Buddhist art in Central India he was never represented in sculpture except symbolically.<sup>33</sup>

The third story about the Buddha magically crossing the water appears in the Vinaya Piṭaka, Mahāvagga 8.15.<sup>34</sup> and in the story of the present introducing Jātaka 489. The Vinaya occurrence must be pre-Christian. It concerns a visit the Buddha paid with his retinue of monks to the wise Visākhā, "the mother of Migāra", one of the outstanding feminine figures in Buddhist tradition. The night before a mighty rainstorm came that deluged the four quarters of the world, the last such storm, it happened, that was ever to take place. The text gives next a long account of how the Buddha ordered the bhikkhus to expose themselves to this rain, and of how Visākhā sent her maid to invite the holy men to dinner, with a series of stupid mistakes by the maid.

And the Blessed One said to the Bhikkhus: "Make yourselves ready, O Bhikkhus, with bowl and robe; the hour for the meal has come."

"Even so, Lord," said the Bhikkhus in assent to the Blessed One. And in the morning the Blessed One, having put on his undergarment, and being duly bowled and robed, vanished from the Jetavana as quickly as a strong man would stretch forth his arm when it was drawn in, or draw it in again when it was stretched forth, and appeared in the mansion of Visākhā the mother of Migāra. And the Blessed One took his seat on the seat spread out for him, and with the company of the Bhikkhus.

Then said Visākhā the mother of Migāra: "Most wonderful, most marvellous is the night and the power of the Tathāgata, in that though the floods are rolling on knee-deep,

<sup>32</sup>Foucher, *The Beginnings of Buddhist Art and Other Essays*, p. 67, would put it in the first or second century B. C. Marshall, writing later and with fuller knowledge of the Sanchi remains, says in the *Cambridge History of India*, Vol. I, p. 627, ". . . the four gateways . . . can hardly be relegated to an earlier date than the last half century before the Christian era."

<sup>33</sup>See Foucher, *op. cit.*, p. 19. He has a description of our bas-relief on pp. 99 f. The bas-relief has been pictured frequently; two easily obtained illustrations appear in Barnett, *Antiquities of India*, plate XX, facing p. 212; V. A. Smith, *History of Fine Arts in India and Ceylon*, fig. 48, on p. 80. Our scene is on the face of the left hand pillar, third panel from the top.

<sup>34</sup>Translated by Rhys Davids, *Sacred Books of the East* 17.216 ff., from which is taken the quotation below.

and though the floods are rolling on waist-deep, yet is not a single Bhikkhu wet, as to his feet or as to his robes." And glad and exalted in heart she served and offered with her own hand to the company of the Bhikkhus, with the Buddha at their head, sweet food, both hard and soft.

Neither this text nor that of Jātaka 489 makes clear whether the Buddha and his bhikkhus walked on the surface of the water or flew through the air, but the suddenness with which they arrive at their destination seems to indicate that they flew.

Here we close the chapter as far as concerns the Buddha. He does not walk on the water; he does not need to. Having complete powers of levitation, he flies across it, and leaves to those who are less perfect the lesser miracle of walking on it. I would call especial attention to the second legend I related, that of the conversion of the Kāśyapas, as illustrated at Sanchi, which seems to bear a relationship to the legend of Jesus walking on the water. I shall take up the point later in this paper.

There remains one Buddhist legend showing walking on the water by means of levitation, which is of the utmost importance for the purpose of this paper. It is one of a group illustrating the magical crossing of water, but with variation of the means of effecting the miracle, and I shall therefore discuss it in a section devoted to that group alone.

#### D. THE STORY OF YASA AND ITS MUTATIONS

For the purposes of this paper the most important group of legends illustrating the theme of walking on the water is one that starts with the story of Yasa, the Buddha's sixth convert. This is one of the oldest bits of Buddhist hagiography and seems to furnish incidents that later became attached to the person of the Buddha himself. It occurs first in the Mahāvagga 1.7.10, where it may well be earlier than 300 B. C.<sup>35</sup> In that version there is no mention of walking on the water. This Yasa was a rich young man of Benares, who lived in luxury and sensual delight with his many wives. Waking one night while they were all asleep, he looked at the unlovely attitudes in which they were lying, noticed their repulsive habits, such as snoring, grinding the teeth, dribbling at the mouth, and became disgusted with sensualism and worldliness in general. Then he gave utterance to the exclamation, "Alas

<sup>35</sup>See Winternitz, *Geschichte der Indischen Litteratur*, 2.120.

what distress! Alas, what danger!" He put on his gilt slippers and went to the gate of his house. Non-human beings opened the gate, in order that no human being might prevent him from leaving the world and going forth into the houseless state. Then he went to the gate of the city, and there again non-human beings opened it. Then he went to the deer park of Isipatana at Sarnath, where the Buddha had only recently preached his first sermon. At that time, it being dawn, the Blessed One was walking up and down in the open air, and when he saw Yasa coming he took a seat. The latter approached giving utterance to the solemn exclamation, "Alas, what distress! Alas, what danger!" but the Blessed One answered, "Here is no distress, Yasa; here is no danger. Come here, Yasa, and sit down; I will teach you the law."

The Buddha then converted Yasa. But Yasa's mother began to grieve that her son had gone away and sent his father to seek him. The latter tracked him to the Buddha, of whom he inquired whether or not he had seen Yasa. The Buddha, however, had made Yasa invisible, and when the question was asked he answered evasively. Then he preached to the father, establishing him part way on the road to conversion, after which he made Yasa visible, for now the father would be content to have his son enter the religious life. The father took his son home, and the Buddha came too, converting Yasa's mother and wife, who became the first female lay disciples.

We have already pointed out in section "I. B." that the latter part of this story bears a close resemblance to the later tale of King Kappina and Queen Anojā who crossed rivers by means of an Act of Truth, and this one fact would be enough to make us suspect that the legend of Yasa also contains in its tradition some miraculous feat of crossing water. In fact it does, but not by an Act of Truth. The variants and descendants of this tale exhibit our theme in another guise.

As everyone knows who has gone from Benares to Sarnath, where the Buddha preached his first sermon and where he was residing when Yasa went to visit him, a small stream flows between the two named *Varaṇā*, the modern *Barṇā*. The stream is of sufficient depth even in the dry winter months not to be fordable, and when Yasa arrived at its banks, it would naturally provide an obstacle to his further advance. Variants of the legend take this fact

into consideration. In the Chinese account, as translated by Beal, the Buddha goes to the bank of the Varāṇā to meet him. Then we read as follows:<sup>36</sup>

. . . Sākra caused a bright light to go before him . . . Yasada advanced slowly to the bank of the river Varanā. Now, at this time the river had suddenly become very shallow, and all along the banks birds were feeding in great numbers; when lo! the light which had gone before him suddenly disappeared, and Yasada was left alone in the gloom. He then began to bewail his unhappy condition, on which Buddha, from the other bank of the river, caused his body to emit a dazzling brightness, and with his arms stretched out towards Yasada, he exclaimed, "Welcome! Welcome, O Yasada! There is nothing to fear here! There is no danger here! Nought but rest and peace and perfect independence!" . . . Yasada, hearing the words of the Buddha, lost every remnant of fear and anxiety, and experienced a sense of complete repose. Then Yasada, filled with joy, took off his jewelled slippers, laid them on the bank, and entered the river Varanā to cross over it; he left them there just as a man who rejects spittle from his mouth leaves it, nor thinks of it again. Then, on account of the shallowness of the water, Yasada soon passed over, and having approached toward the spot where Buddha was, and beholding all the excellencies of his person, he fell down before him in humble adoration and worshipped him. Then, arising, he stood on one side. Hereupon Buddha, having preached to Yasada, and declared to him the character of the four sacred truths, behold, he received enlightenment, and like pure water his heart was cleansed from every remnant of care.

The sequel of this tale is close to the account in the Mahāvagga summarized above.

There can be no doubt that a miracle was performed here. The Buddha, going to the bank of the river, made it shallow so that Yasada could cross, and Yasada clearly got across by wading. These two elements at once recall elements in the Rigvedic legends of crossing rivers, where Indra makes the river shallow and the Aryans cross by wading (see in section "I. A."), and are therefore simply an expression in a new environment of the oldest manner reported in India for achieving the miracle of magically crossing water.

In another variant Yasa actually walks on water, although not on the way to the Buddha; the incident is transposed. This is in the

<sup>36</sup>*The Romantic Legend of Sākya Buddha*, pp. 263 f.

Mahāvastu.<sup>37</sup> As in the Mahāvagga it is merely stated that Yaśoda (variant of name Yasa) crossed the Varāṇā and was converted by the Buddha. It is not stated how he got across, although it is later said that his parents, searching for him, found his sandals on the hither bank. But after being converted he obtained the magic powers (*ṛddhi*) enumerated above in section "I. C." and with the consent of the Buddha he exhibited them all to convert a multitude of heretics.<sup>38</sup> Among these "stunts" he "walked on water without breaking through just as on land" (*sayyathāpi nāma udake pi abhidhamāno gacchati tadayathāpi nāma pṛthivīyam*).

The incident of Yasa's crossing the Varāṇā is now extracted from its environment and incorporated in another story of which we have at least two versions recorded. In one of them, a Chinese tale from Indian sources, the hero wades through water, as does Yasa in the Chinese account of his conversion; in the other, a Pali story, he walks on the surface of the water as does Yasa in the Mahāvastu. The Chinese story appears in a commentary on Dharmatrāta's version of the Dhammapada. Dharmatrāta is thought to have lived about 50 B. C. to 10 A. D. His version of the Dhammapada appears in China in several recensions, the oldest containing merely the stanzas, others expanded with additional material. The oldest of the expanded versions is the Fa kiu p'i yu king "book of parables connected with the book of scriptural texts (*i. e.*, the Dhammapada), and was translated from Indian sources by the monks Fa-kiu and Fa-li between 265 and 316 A. D. Our story is not datable, although Beal (p. 25) thinks it about as old as Dharmatrāta himself. It is as follows.<sup>39</sup>

<sup>37</sup>Ed. Senart, vol. 3, pp. 401 ff., especially pp. 408-410.

<sup>38</sup>Cf. in Mahāvagga 5.1.7, where the Buddha allows the venerable Sāgata to perform miracles by the use of Magic Power so that the people honoring him, the disciple, will still more honor the Buddha himself, the Master.

<sup>39</sup>Information about Dharmatrāta and the Chinese versions of his Dhammapada drawn from Beal, *Texts from the Buddhist Canon*, pp. 3 f., and Chavannes, *Cinq cents contes et apologues extraits du Tripitaka Chinois*, vol. 3, p. 309, and supplemented for date from Keith, *Buddhist Philosophy*, p. 154 Translation following Chavannes, *op. cit.*, vol. 3, pp. 314 ff. There is a less exact translation by Beal, *op. cit.*, section IV, pp. 61 f.

Dr. Burlingame, however, calls my attention to an entry in Bunyiu Nanjio's rare *Catalogue of the Chinese Translation of the Buddhist Tripitaka* (Oxford, 1883), which I have not been able to see. Here our legend seems to be mentioned in the Dharapadāvadānasūtra composed by Dharmatrāta whom I have mentioned above, and Dharmatrāta is said to have been the maternal uncle of one Vasumitra. This Vasumitra was one, if not the chief, of the five hundred Arhats who formed the celebrated synod convoked by Kanishka, a monarch whose dates are the subject of great dispute, but at the latest not later than 160 A. D.,

At one time to the southeast of Chōwei (Śrāvasti) there was a great river with waves deep and wide. On its banks dwelt more than five hundred families, but they had as yet never heard of the practice of wisdom and virtue, which is the salvation of the world. They were given to deeds of violence and endeavored constantly to deceive one another; they were greedy for worldly prosperity and delivered over to their passions; they made themselves merry and fostered intemperate desires.

The Honored of the World continually reflected that they should be saved and that he ought to go save them; he knew that these several families had the good fortune that they ought to be saved. Accordingly then the Buddha went to the river bank and sat down under a tree. The village people, seeing the distinctive mark of the Buddha's glory, were astonished and there was none of them that was not filled with respect: all approached to pay him reverence, some prostrating themselves, others bowing to him, others asking his tidings. The Buddha ordered them to be seated and expounded for them the teaching of the scriptures. When these people heard him speak, they believed him not at all; they were, indeed, accustomed to deceit and carelessness, and to the words of truth they did not add faith.

The Buddha then miraculously created a man coming from the south of the river; his feet walked upon the water, and it was only just as if he sank to the ankle. He came before the Buddha, bowed his head to the ground, and worshipped him.

All the people had witnessed this, and there was not one who was not wonderstruck. They asked the miraculous man, "Our families, from our earliest ancestors, have dwelt on the bank of this river. Now we have never heard tell that a man walked upon the water. Who then are you, and what is your magic recipe for walking upon the water without sinking?"

The miraculous man answered them, "I am a simple and ignorant man from the south of the river. Having heard say that the Buddha was here, I was anxious to gladden myself with his wisdom and virtue. When I arrived at the southern bank, it was not the time when the river was fordable; but

I asked the people who were on the bank of the river what

and now put by Rapson, on the basis of Marshall's excavations at Takṣacilā, "somewhere about the end of the first century A. D." (*Cambridge History of India*, vol. I, p. 583). This would make the date of our Buddhist story quite as early as that of Matthew's Gospel. Dr. Burlingame also informs me that Mr. Franklin Hō states that Chavannes' translation of the Chinese text is incorrect. The correct translation is "the Buddha took the form of a man", not "miraculously created a man" (paragraph 3 of my translation below). He adds, "The Chinese symbol is the same that is used to denote the *nirmāṇakāya*, the 'magic body'" (see Keith, *Buddhist Philosophy*, pp. 271-272). I have not ventured, however, to change Chavannes translation; the point is after all not of major consequence in this connection.

was the depth of the water. They replied that the water would reach to my ankle, and that nothing would prevent me from crossing. I added faith to their words, and I have therefore come crossing the river. I have no extraordinary recipe."

The Buddha praised him, saying, "Well done! Well done! Truly, the man with faith in the absolute truths is able to cross the gulf of births and deaths. What is there extraordinary about it then that he should be able to cross a river several *li* wide." Then the Buddha pronounced these stanzas: "Faith (*śraddhā*) can cross the gulf. . . ."

While this story is not the story of Yasa, it owes much to it, and may be considered to be in its line of tradition. So too another tale, which has an intimate relation with the Chinese legend. This is the celebrated story of the present introducing Jātaka 190, which has often been compared with the story of Peter walking on the water, but as far as I am aware has never before been fixed in its Indian environment. It is as follows:<sup>40</sup>

*Behold the fruit of faith!* This parable was related by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana monastery. At eventide he reached the bank of the river Aciravati, after the boatman had beached his boat and gone to hear the preaching of the Doctrine.

Not seeing a boat, he had recourse to the Practice of Meditation, concentrated his thoughts on the Buddha, attained the Ecstasy of Joy, and descended into the river. His feet did not sink in the water. He walked along as though he were walking on the surface of the land until he came to mid-stream. Then he saw waves. Then the Ecstasy of Joy, the result of the concentration of his thoughts on the Buddha, became weak. Then his feet began to sink. But he concentrated his thoughts anew on the Buddha, strengthened the Ecstasy of Joy, walked on the surface of the water as before, entered Jetavana monastery, bowed to the Teacher, and sat down on one side.

The Teacher exchanged greetings with him, and asked: "Lay disciple, I trust that as you came hither, you came hither without weariness." "Reverend Sir, I had recourse to the Practice of Meditation, concentrated my thoughts on the Buddha, attained the Ecstasy of Joy, obtained support on the surface of the water, and came hither as though I were treading the earth."

The incident then affords the Buddha an opportunity to tell an old world story of mariners whose recourse to the virtues brought them safety in time of danger.

<sup>40</sup>Translation by Burlingame, *Buddhist Parables*, p. 186.

The translation I have quoted should be noticed for one point in particular. The words in the third and fourth paragraphs, "he had recourse to the Practice of Meditation, concentrated his thoughts on the Buddha, attained the Ecstasy of Joy," are a fulsome but correct translation by Burlingame of the Pali *buddhārammaṇam pīṭhīṃ gahetvā*, a phrase which most other translators have not rendered correctly. The "Ecstasy of Joy (*pīṭhī*)" is the first of the four trances (*Jhāna*) or Ecstasies, that which is accompanied by joy and ease (*pīṭhī-sukha*); and it is these trances that bring to the adept the Magical Powers, of which walking on the water is one (see above in section "I. C.").<sup>41</sup>

In the pair of stories here retold from the Chinese and the Pali Jātaka-book another Buddhist doctrine makes its appearance, namely faith (*śraddhā*, Pali *saddhā*). Although we cannot say that the Buddha emphasized this doctrine, we know it is quite old in Buddhism: "faith is the means by which a man may cross the depths of the river of existence to the safety of Nirvāṇa; the teaching of the Buddha saves him who has faith, but destroys the faithless". Faith and reason operate together for him who would lead the religious life and be saved.<sup>42</sup> The Chinese version speaks only of faith; the Jātaka is more consistent; it fills in the gap; by means of faith in the Buddha one can meditate upon him and attain the *jhānas* (Ecstasies)—in fact the Buddha, the Dhamma (Law), and the Order are formally listed among the Ten Reflections that aid one to attain Ecstasy—and by means of the *jhānas* one attains Magic Power.

The text in which the Jātaka story is found cannot be dated earlier than the fifth century A. D., a fact which has often been unduly emphasized;<sup>43</sup> for the truth is, as we now see, that the elements of the tale are drawn from exceedingly ancient sources, and the tale itself is the culmination of a long legendary tradition. In

<sup>41</sup>For an inadequate translation, see in E. J. Thomas, *The Life of Buddha as Legend and History* (1927), p. 241—"finding joy in making Buddha the object of his meditation."

<sup>42</sup>Cf. Keith, *Buddhist Philosophy*, pp. 34 f., from whom I have made the quotation. Keith gives appropriate references to the Pali Scriptures.

<sup>43</sup>Cf. the rather cavalier treatment this story receives from Kennedy, *JRAS*, 1917, p. 528, and from Hopkins, *History of Religions*, p. 195 and p. 196, footnote, who refers to this, without specifically naming it, as one of the "four 'parallels' now recognized by Garbe," of which "two are not found till c. 500 A. D."—these are presumably the feeding of the multitude and the walking on the water—"a third may be as late"—presumably the Angel Chorus and presentation to Simeon—"and the fourth (the temptation) is of a very general character."

view of these facts, we have good reason to accept the implication of the Pali text that the story, so well grounded, is ancient; it certainly could have been; and since the Jātakas, like most Indian works, are absolutely devoid of any consciousness of time or textual historicity, we may more easily accept their implication here than reject it.

#### E. SUMMARY CONCERNING THE THEME AS IT APPEARS IN INDIA

The investigation we have made so far justifies the following conclusions:

1. Walking on the water is only one of several ways of crossing water magically that have been recognized in India, and in stories have been interchangeable. The ways are: (*a*) with the help of a deity, first occurrence in the Rigveda; (*b*) by means of the magic power of truth, known long before the Christian era; (*c*) by the psychic power of levitation, of which walking on the water is the lower form, while flying through the air is the higher, also found before the Christian era; (*d*) with the aid of the Buddha. The manner of crossing water is: (*a*) wading through water that has miraculously become shallow; (*b*) flying across it; or (*c*) walking on its surface.

2. The chief stories illustrating the theme are Buddhist, and in them the Buddha never walks on the water; he only flies across it, or disappears and reappears in another place. It is lesser persons who walk upon its surface.

3. The important story of the lay disciple in the story of the present introducing Jataka 190 is not an isolated legend, but is composed of elements, some of which come from the earliest antiquity in India, and represents a continuous, yet cumulative, tradition from before 800 B. C. In its final form, in spite of the late date of the literary redaction of the text in which it appears, there is more reason to believe it pre-Christian than post-Christian.

## THE ARGUMENTUM AD COMPLEXUS

BY A. A. ROBACK

TO the long collection of time-honored fallacies which have helped in some degree to offset the truculence of the traditional text book in logic, we must add a new species, which has come into being with the advent of the psychoanalytic movement.

In a sense this habit of the mind—assuming that a fallacy belongs to the province of habits—is delightfully fresh. Aristotle surely could have had no inkling of it, nor any of the line of illustrious logicians who followed him, from Porphyry down to Goclenian. And yet if we talk of a species, it would almost be necessary to relate the fallacy to a genus, which task is not difficult to accomplish. The genus is of course the familiar *argumentum ad hominem*, which covers a multitude of alibis.

The *argumentum ad complexus* is a first cousin, therefore, of the *petitio principii* (begging the question) on the one hand, and the *argumentum ad verecundiam* (appeal to authority) on the other; and the credit for begetting this Sigfried of the psychoanalytic camp must be accorded to Sigmund Freud. It was he who made the *complex* such a *simple* thing that to hear it was to repeat it. Understanding it was not a *sine qua non*. Colorful like the rainbow, it could be appreciated even by a child; and indeed I am told that in Vienna it is not rare to find small children, in their games, proclaiming their Oedipus or Electra complexes.

The complex, however, as a weapon with which to silence an opponent is a weapon brandished only by adults, and naturally those only who have had a smattering of psychoanalysis; and its effectiveness is increased in accordance with the prestige of the proponent.

Its force came home to me once when a votary of the Viennese

movement somewhat intimately "wondered" why I did not have myself psychoanalysed by one of the many Freudians who charged only twenty-five dollars an hour. Naturally I protested that there was nothing the matter with me, that I managed my affairs fairly well under the circumstances. To be sure, I had my problems, as everybody else has his or hers, but I rather prided myself on reducing the extent of their insistence.

My academic friend, who had evidently been contemplating my lot, here took occasion to point out that I could not be well adjusted, for a man of my ability should have been more firmly established—this especially, I suppose, with reference to my financial standing. It was of no use to deny that my interlocutor had hit the nail on the head. Of course, I was not being treated by the world in accordance with my desserts; nevertheless I explained the situation and added that under the circumstances I was content, that gradually I should be able to overcome the drawbacks and that I was especially gratified to be able to carry on my work in accordance with my plans.

"Rationalizations," my friend interposed, "there must be some complexes which hinder your progress. Psychoanalysis will bring them to the surface in a few months." Had I been more suggestible, I suppose, this little incident would have added one more conflict to the bundle of conflicts, both conscious and unconscious, viz., the question of deciding whether I could sooner afford to part with my rather doubtful complexes or with the very certain cash.

In the light of what happened later my skepticism was justified, for I was led to the conviction that a thorough psychoanalysis was no prophylaxis against nervous breakdowns, mental troubles, conflicts and what not; and to judge from some of the results obtained even with persons of culture and capability, the removed complex is not unlike the grease spot which is supposed to have totally disappeared from the chemically treated suit.

---

There was a time when contentions against a theory would be at least read by the adherents of the theory. Darwin was said to have sought out every bit of writing tending to disprove his doctrine and note it for his consideration. The result was that when his "Origin of Species" appeared, it was a veritable scientific bulwark. Every possible attack was warded off in anticipation.

Psychoanalysis does not feel the urge of this method. You set down before a disciple of Freud or any of his former lieutenants (Although Jung and Adler are now leaders of their own schools, they have this point at least in common with Freud's present followers. As a matter of fact, Freud himself appears to be the most responsive of all psychoanalysts, with the possible exception of Ernest Jones, who is the controversialist, the pamphleteer of the cult) an article criticizing in detail the views they cherish, and the reaction, as suggested by the manner of a number of psychoanalysts in actual cases, will be: "Me (I) read this? Why should I waste my time reading this stuff? You can tell by the first sentence that the man is full of complexes."

To those who still remember some of the old illustrations in their logic books, this remark will have a familiar ring. Of course it's the old outburst "No case, abuse the plaintiff." But while this attitude used to be singled out for ridicule, it is being at present flaunted as a precept of psychoanalysis. Surely, if a writer has complexes, how can anything he has to say be worthy of a hearing?

The complex is only a new name for "sin" or the "Devil" in medieval terminology. Even the testimony of a person so possessed could not be accepted, until the Evil One is exorcised.

And if the psychoanalyst cannot convince the critic of his folly it is because of the stubborn *resistance* which the latter's complexes offer. Again, history repeats itself, for the Devil too was always a hard customer to deal with. Practicing psychoanalysts invariably complain of the resistance of patients at the crucial moment in accepting their interpretations. Only one psychoanalyst, Burrow, has lately had the courage to ask (*Psyche*, 1926) whether after all it was not a relative matter, whether the patient has not a right from *his* point of view to maintain that the physician is exhibiting a marked resistance; in other words, we may gather that the healer is governed by *his* complexes just as the sufferer is possessed by his. Of course this is a heresy, and the probability is that the questioner is no longer an orthodox Freudian.

It may be that my readers will begin to suspect that being averse to psychoanalysis, I may have exaggerated the case. Yet I count myself among the prophets, even if I am only on the outer ring. No psychologist can afford to disregard the contribution of Freud.

And as for the possibility of my exaggerating, let us go to the source for evidence.

In an article on *Behaviorism and Psychoanalysis*, Theodore Schroeder, the well-known advocate of free speech, undertakes the task to explain why Watson, the chieftain of the behaviorists, is so eager to deny the existence of consciousness.

Watson, who asserts there are no images, and yet writes in a picturesque style which gains the conviction of many an uncritical reader, has allowed himself quite harmlessly, I believe, in one place to observe that "As a science psychology puts before *herself* the task of unravelling" etc. . . . The personification of sciences, in journalistic writing especially, is still in vogue, and does not, in my estimation, constitute a ground for investigation.

Schroeder, however, thinks otherwise. In this figure of speech he sees the clue to Watson's whole philosophical outlook, his hankering after behaviorism, indeed, even his affective life. Let me quote here verbatim from Schroeder's own abstract of his article.

"By thus writing of 'psychology' as a female, Watson made a choice which I venture to guess was not determined by conscious or discovered bio-chemical processes, of which he was aware at that time, and which he can now explain as he then understood them.

"Others, working under a different set of affect-values, would have construed a different sentence to express the same thought. Thus: Psychologists put before *themselves*; or: Psychology puts before *itself*. A woman psychologist, more obsessed by maleness than by the rhetorical habit of male predecessors, might have written, 'As a science, psychology puts before *himself* the task of unravelling,' etc. From the psychoanalytic approach each of these choices but reveals the present dominating affect-value, which was probably acquired through the past sexual life of the person who makes the choice.

"Now then the psychoanalyst, seeking to understand the Watson personality in terms of a dominant compulsion, and of the psychogenetics thereon, can see a quite clear causal unity between the above choice of femaleness and several other of Watson's choices. First, we have the relative

obsession with femaleness which compelled him to feminize psychology. Second: His feminized psychology has a will, of which he does not know the meaning. Third: A fearful attitude towards the popular sex-phobias. Fourth: A corresponding aversion to the psychoanalysts' claim that they can trace such fearful affects, back to their causes in the individual's sexual past, and to the emotional tones (of shame and fear) then acquired. Fifth: The psychoanalyst may also see in such past the genesis and development of an impulse to exclude some painful experience from consciousness, and a resultant declaration by Watson that he does not know what others mean by consciousness. Sixth: From a deductive application, of psychoanalytically revealed mechanisms, one can easily get a working hypothesis to explain Watson's necessity for defending an absolute materialist monist philosophy, and for repudiating a concept of consciousness, sensation, perception, will, image, etc."

In vain you will protest that Watson was only following a rhetorical practice, that any other pronoun would be less appropriate, that no woman, no matter how much obsessed she were by maleness, would, in her right senses, say "psychology puts before himself." For your disagreement will direct the barrage against yourself, and your own complexes will be ruthlessly hauled out before the gaze of the reader.

It would be in order to call Schroeder's attention to the fact that in personifying psychology as a woman, Watson reveals himself as a misogynist, for has he not disowned this science in order to espouse behaviorism? But the psychoanalyst, I fancy, would reply that the very thought of femaleness discloses an obsession (read "Complex").

The complex in the life of the *intellectual* is beginning to assume such proportions that we shall have to add to the imposing list of phobias one more—the fear of complexes—and to coin the term "*symplexiphobia*."

Your erstwhile confidant who has made good in the commercial world somehow takes it into his head that you ought to give up your present job, whether it is academic, scientific, or literary, and turn to something else, so that you may be provided when you

reach the uncertain age of discretion and decrepitude. Naturally you are flabbergasted at the suggestion. You express your astonishment at your friend's ignorance of your ambitions and plans, and especially at the impracticalness of the advice to give up a firm position for a speculative advancement in the future. The answer to your protest is "Complex."

Perhaps the startling suggestion may have also arisen out of a complex on the part of your well-to-do chum who may be unconsciously fearful lest he be obliged to contribute toward your comforts in old age. But therein lies the danger of such methods of argumentation, in contradistinction to the good old canons of commonsense logic.

The very mention of logic is taboo to the patented psychoanalyst, and upon examination, it may transpire that the complex which is weighing heavily upon him is just the *fear of clear thinking*. Assuming that there is no norm or standard in thinking, he will not be obliged to offer his proof in any demonstrable manner, and his assumption will rest on the fact that the average man seldom thinks logically. But again we have a glaring fallacy before us, for even if the whole world were to consist of low-grade imbeciles who could never grasp that  $5 \times 5 = 25$ , the rule of the multiplication table would still be valid.

It may be true that we accept our premises largely as a result of our feelings, and in the majority of cases, I am willing to concede, even the conclusions are arrived at through emotional channels, but if our views are to carry in the long run, if they are to be embodied into the warp and woof of a universal culture, then we must choose reason as our imparting instrument, not *rationalization* but *ratiocination*.

There is one precaution which cannot be too much emphasized and that is to *overhaul our arguments from the point of view of our adversaries*. In our present era of intellectual revolutions we know that there is nothing apodeictically true in the factual world but we should also learn that there are innumerable assertions which are apodeictically absurd in the theoretical world.

Before we make our assertions or build our hypotheses, let us examine the material from the point of view of *informed common sense*. That there are complexes functioning in our subcon-

scious can hardly be denied. Our dreams testify to an elaborate incubation of emotionally toned ideas of which we seem to have but little awareness in our waking life; but granting the operation of these complexes, we shall not do well to hang the most trivial things on such pegs. *And if we do court the insignificant, we should have ample evidence for relating the known to the unknown.*

Above all our own *personal bias* should be ruled out as much as possible. What seems to us personally ill-adjusted, queer, vile, etc., may not after all appear as such to many others. Our initial inquiry should be: does this type of behavior serve a purpose? And if it does, what is that purpose?

"Complex" hunters are ready to look for motives everywhere, and in their search of the motive, they lose sight of the larger purpose. Thus at present, I write with the back of my penpoint, because holding the pen in the regular position would make the writing too thick. A "complex" fan would ascribe to this mode of handling the pen some hidden motive in my unconscious. All the reasons I should muster to explain just why I happen to make this deviation would be of no avail of course, just as the very writing of this article will be set down undoubtedly to the manoeuvring of goodness-knows-what complex. But as Tweedledee says in *Through the Looking Glass*

"If it was, it might be; and if it were so, it would be:  
but as it isn't, it ain't."

## WHERE THE WORLD IS GOING

BY ROLAND HUGINS

SINCE the conclusion of the world war, searching questions have been asked of the future. In what respects will this new era be different from the old? In what direction is civilization really moving? What is the underlying drift in this post-war world? Passing events have called forth a number of hasty generalizations. When Communist revolutions swept Russia and Hungary, the world was said to be moving toward the "rule of the proletariat." When Mussolini in Italy and de Rivera in Spain seized the reins of government, the mood of the day was said to be "a search for dictators." When Premiers MacDonald of England and Herriot of France appeared on the scene, observers declared that the nations had begun a "swing to the left." When Baldwin in Great Britain and Coolidge in the United States won imposing victories at the polls, the world was declared to be seeking "shelter in conservatism." As each new set of actors comes upon the stage, another irresistible movement is discovered. The fact is, however, that the various trends overlap, wane, and recur, so that the total impression is one of confusion. If we are journalistic in our attitude, and seize upon the event of the hour as significant, we are bouyed up or depressed by each day's news. If we endeavor to fit all the conflicting trends into a consistent pattern, we find that the facts are seemingly self-contradictory.

Unfortunately, certain morbid tendencies of the present movement are all too clear. Democracy is on the wane, and is being supplanted in Europe and South America by governments which rely essentially on coercion. The masses seem content to be governed by strong minorities, if only they are efficiently governed. To

theoretical arguments in favor of liberty men and women pay little attention. Only experience with oppression teaches mankind to value freedom. After a few generations the memory of former tyranny grows dim, and a new tyranny, dressed in some specious philosophy, establishes itself. The old human propensity to make others do as we wish then reasserts itself. Russia has been suppressing free speech in order to fight and exclude Capitalism; the United States has been suppressing free speech in order to fight and exclude Bolshevism. Those who expected that the privileges of free speech, free assemblage, and self-government would be rehabilitated as the passions of the war died down now know that they delude themselves. Time alone does not bring stabilization and freedom.

In our post-war era the extremes of the political scale are driven further apart. Liberalism has been stretched to radicalism, to communism, to proletarianism. Conservatism has been extended to die-hard Toryism, to Fascism, to Caesarism. Russia at this moment stands further to the Left, and Italy further to the Right, than did any nation before the world war. In some countries, like Great Britain, the center or liberal party gradually disintegrates, while radicalism and toryism grow in strength at its expense. The pendulum of political oscillation swings across a wider arc than in the past. These extremes react upon and embitter each other, and may lead very possibly in some countries to civil wars.

At the same time the barriers to international violence seem to have grown more rather than less brittle. The eagerness with which nations exploit exclusive sources of raw materials, like rubber or oil, to the industrial detriment of other nations; the increasing exasperation of the colored races, yellow, brown, and black, under the exactions of white imperialism; the resumption of rivalry in armaments, which when confined at one point, breaks out in another; the intense preoccupation of statesmen with alliances and nationalistic understandings; the new radiance which has come to invest patriotic ideals; all these signs appear to portend further great wars.

We have with us, now as always, certain dogmatic theorists who profess to read the whole future like an open book. Unfortunately, however, these theorists divide sharply into rival camps. One group calls for optimism; the other group for pessimism. According to the hopeful prophets, the miseries of this post-war era, its constant alarms, minor wars, political excesses, and economic

shortages are the inevitable after-effects of the great conflict; tremors which naturally follow an earthquake in human affairs; flare-ups from a conflagration which is dying down and ultimately will be extinguished. All great wars, it is said, are followed by disturbances. In due time we shall return to stability, and resume the onward march of humanity. The future, so these optimists maintain, holds unlimited possibilities, industrial and scientific. Ultimately we shall conquer war, poverty, and vice. Our children will live in a more sober, more productive, more efficient, and hence a happier society. In a word, progress is inevitable, and though the curve of progress may show occasional zigzags and temporary retrogressions, its long-time trend is steadily upward.

No such rosy developments are foreseen by the pessimists. They fear that mankind has turned the wrong corner; when the world has recovered from its prostration it will be plunged by its ineradicable hates and its irrational fears into fresh wars. Neither pacifists nor Leagues can prevent the nations from asserting their conflicting ambitions. Modern science has rendered warfare so devastating that one or two struggles will destroy civilization. Each successive upheaval will be accompanied by blacker reaction and followed by more desperate revolt. Spiritually, say the pessimists, the modern world is sick; radically, it is decadent. The inferior human stocks are swamping the better strains. Our complex civilization will collapse of its own weight when its biological foundations have crumbled. The end of all must be a new Dark Ages, with centuries of painful effort to regain lost ground.<sup>1</sup> We can do little or nothing to arrest this slip down into the dark. In brief, the history of mankind moves in cycles, with alternate epochs of civilization and savagery; and we are now on the downward slope of the curve.

Either of the foregoing theories may be made to appear plausible if the evidence to support it is selected with sufficient partiality. But all such doctrines savor too much of predestination. Who can really prove that some inner necessity drives civilization either along an ascending spiral, or around a sagging circle? The history of mankind is not long enough as yet to enable us to formulate a rigid "law of progress." We of this generation shall do well if we are able to predict the next long swing.

<sup>1</sup> This cyclical theory has received a brilliant exposition by Oswald Spengler in his *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*.

Before we can undertake a realistic prediction of the future, we need to glance back to the liberal and humanitarian movements of the past. We need to recall the rise and decline of liberalism, which constituted the outstanding chapter in the history of the last hundred years. In particular we must not forget to note, at the end of the chapter, the portentous footnote of Socialistic revolt.

Treitschke declared that Liberalism was the one really new thing that the Nineteenth Century produced. As a matter of historical development, however, the liberalism of the Nineteenth Century grew directly out of the idealism of the Eighteenth Century. Those doctrines of natural and inalienable rights, and those declarations of religious, political, and economic freedom, which Voltaire, Rousseau, Locke, Adam Smith, and a score of other radical spirits had proclaimed to an earlier generation, were the texts on which the liberals drew and relied. The liberals took the next step: they applied principles to institutions. In that "long transition from feudality to the present time," liberalism was a logical though transitory phase.

The liberal movement left its mark on the whole Western world; but its manifestations differed from country to country according to national character and circumstance. After the tremendous upheaval of her great revolution, France experienced oscillations between republicanism and monarchism, lasting until the establishment of the Third Republic. In the United States, after the War for Independence and the adoption of the constitution, democratic and liberal ideas had practically a free field for many decades. In Germany, Austria, and Italy, liberal doctrines led first to the revolts of 1842, and later to a long series of social reforms.

It was in England, however, that liberalism came to a full, though tardy, bloom. The excesses of the French Revolution evoked a strong tory reaction across the Channel. Indeed, so perturbed were Englishmen that, as Macaulay says,<sup>2</sup> there was scarcely a man in the country with a good coat on his back who did not join in the hue and cry against France and against republican theories. The British radicals of those days—who would be considered very mild fellows now—were subjected to an intensive persecution, and were jailed, mobbed, and deported. This persecution furnishes a striking historical parallel to the bounding of radicals and Reds in the

<sup>2</sup> *Essay on the Younger Pitt.*

United States after the world war, when the propertied classes in America had been terrified by the spectacle of Bolshevism in Europe.

By the eighteen-thirties of the last century toryism in England was on the run. The Whig Party became the Liberal Party, and adopted for its creed the doctrines of laissez faire and individualism elaborated by Bentham and Mill. Political leaders such as Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone forced through a program of free trade, parliamentary reform, extension of the suffrage, colonial self-government, and non-interference in foreign affairs. The Liberal Party was the dominating political force in Britain for the next half century.

Looking back over a hundred years it can scarcely be denied that the achievements of liberalism were substantial. Some of its more important victories were these: freedom of worship and the removal of religious disabilities; the establishment of representative government on the basis of manhood suffrage; the abolition of slavery throughout most of the world; the reform of prisons and the softening of the penal code; the spread of elementary education; and an impetus to economic productivity through guarantees of equal opportunity. The world of the last century and the world we know today would be vastly different had not the liberals won their early battles.

The nature of Nineteenth Century liberalism is now frequently misrepresented. In our time the creed of liberalism has been watered down to a vague enthusiasm for social welfare in general, which finds adequate expression in that loose formula: "the greatest good of the greatest number." But the driving force behind the liberalism of the last century was a passion for liberty. Those early and orthodox liberals had a lively faith in the curative power of freedom. In their attacks on caste government, on religious intolerance, on slavery, on colonial oppression, and on tariffs and trade restrictions, they were animated chiefly, though perhaps not solely, by the determination to set men free. Their notion of the essential character of liberty may have been a little naive. It is possible now to perceive that the early liberals were too much inclined to identify liberty with liberation, and too ready to believe that once the shackles of the Past were stricken off, men and women would quite automatically become good, and prosperous, and happy. None the less freedom was to them the method and measure of progress. And fundamentally they perhaps were right.

At the very time, however, that liberalism appeared to be triumphant, its influence and prestige began to wane. Not only did it fail to push its way through the weakened defenses of monarchism in Central and Northern Europe, but it began to sicken in the house of its friends. For a variety of reasons this turn in the tide of opinion remained hidden from the majority of thinking men and women. Its outward manifestations took several decades to develop. The contraction of empires ceased, and a new movement of colonial expansion began, this time marked by the absorption of lands inhabited by backward peoples and rich in natural resources. Great Britain built up a mighty new empire of crown colonies, and France carved out a colonial domain only second in size. Germany, Italy, Belgium, and most of the other powers joined in the scramble, a little late. A succession of colonial wars, notably by reason of their sordid deceptions and unusual barbarities, proved almost invariably successful for the European expeditions. Slavery in a thinly disguised form was reintroduced in various parts of Africa and Asia; and in some colonial areas, particularly in Western Africa, the enforced labor of natives was maintained by torture and atrocity. A new race of armaments, on land and sea, was started and accelerated.

These manifestations of liberal decay did not attract the attention they warranted because they took place largely in the half-hidden realm of foreign affairs; whereas in the field of domestic politics the impetus of liberalism had not yet spent itself. Movements were on foot for the extension of the suffrage to women, for old age pensions, for a shorter working day, for safeguarding the laborer's safety and health, for higher taxes on unearned incomes, and for a firmer democratic control of the machinery of government. In Britain those leaders who, like Morley and Campbell-Bannerman, objected to imperialistic adventures, were held to be old-fashioned, while the younger generation of liberals—Grey, Asquith, Haldane, Lloyd-George and their kind—successfully made the straddle between reaction abroad and progress at home by denominating themselves "Liberal Imperialists," and by invoking the spell of the new black magic of the age, national efficiency. The same tendencies manifested themselves elsewhere. Germany, for example, established an elaborate and beneficent system of social insurance within her borders, and launched an intelligent attack on the problems of

poverty, disease, and crime; and at the time she pursued in her foreign relations a policy of blood and iron. So while the old forms and labels remained, the spirit of liberalism was evaporating. The former respect for the individual as such, the enthusiasm for tolerance, and the cosmopolitan good-will gave way to a new discipline, a new self-righteousness, and a new truculence. After 1880 liberalism was like a spent bullet: it still travelled, but its momentum was slackening.

The sickness of liberalism in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, although for the most part unnoticed, did not escape comment from a few astute observers. In 1874 John Morley wrote:<sup>3</sup>

Within the last century England has lost one by one each of those enthusiasms which may have been delusions, but which at least testified to the existence among us of a vivid belief in the possibility of certain broad general theories being true and right, as well as in the obligation of making them lights to practical conduct and desire. . . . It is possible that the comparatively prosaic results before our eyes at the end of all have thrown a chill over our political imagination. The old aspirations have vanished, and no new ones have arisen in their place.

In a book published in 1904, ten years before the beginning of the world war, L. T. Hobhouse marshalled evidence to prove how widespread and profound was the reaction against liberal ideals, and sought to explain the causes of the reaction.<sup>4</sup> Hobhouse said:

During some twenty, or it may be thirty years, a wave of reaction has spread over the civilized world and invaded one department after another of thought and action. This is no unprecedented occurrence. In the onward movement of mankind, history shows us each forward step followed by a pause, and too often by a backsliding in which much of the ground gained is lost. Of the causes of this rythmical, yet tragic alteration we know little. Does popular government, with the influence which it gives to the press and the platform, necessarily entail a blunting of moral sensibility, a cheapening and vulgarization of national ideals, an extended scope for canting rhetoric and poor sophistry as a

<sup>3</sup> *On Compromise*, London, 1874.

<sup>4</sup> *Democracy and Reaction*, London, 1904.

cover for the realities of the brutal rule of wealth? Or should we rather trace the reaction to the temper of the time and the mode of thought prevailing in the world? Is it that after the great reforming movement of the Nineteenth Century a period of lassitude has set in; that the ideals of the reform have lost their efficiency; that its watchwords cease to move, while the blank thus left is filled in by shallow philosophies or sheer materialism?

In America this note of disillusionment with liberalism and democracy made itself heard somewhat later.<sup>5</sup> Of course, after the catastrophies of the great war, and its sequel of unhappy peace, the discomfiture of the Liberal parties became apparent to everyone. In late years liberalism has shrunk visibly, not only on prestige, but in numbers of adherents.

The war itself dealt a shattering blow to liberalism. After the conflict was over, hosts of people turned away from the Liberal parties in disgust, and moved toward either radicalism or conservatism. In whatever countries the liberals were in control at the beginning, during the course, or at the conclusion of the war, they managed to belie and abandon their liberal principles. They gave lip service to liberal ideals and made effective use of liberal slogans, but they shaped their policies and deeds in the spirit of British and American Toryism, French Bourbonism, and German Junkerism. It is obvious now that the world war was basically a huge scramble for power, commerce, and colonies. Its motivating forces were mutual fears and mutual greeds. But these ancient motives could not, so the Liberal statesmen thought, be frankly avowed in a world which had been fed for more than a century on democratic dogmas. So the war, ethically speaking, had at all times two aspects: an outer and fabricated pretense of noble and endangered ideals, and an inner and realistic core of sordid plots and bargains. The agreements and undertakings which precede the outbreak in 1914, and which determined the alignments of contending forces, were concluded surreptitiously by foreign ministers and by cabinets, and were brazenly denied in parliaments. During the course of the conflict the word propaganda became a synonym for lying. Occasionally some one would blurt out the truth, as when a German Chancellor admitted

<sup>5</sup> See, for example, *The New Democracy*; by Walter E. Weyl, published in 1912; and *Liberalism in America*, by Harold Stearns, published in 1919.

that he regarded this country's guarantee of Belgian neutrality as a mere scrap of paper. When the fighting was once in full swing, debate behind the lines was suppressed. Far beyond the needs of military censorship, free speech was suspended, protests were stifled, and dissenting minorities were dragooned into silence.

Safely sheltered behind the flames of popular passion which war always kindles, small cliques began, ran, and concluded the war. When the peace settlements were being arranged at Paris, the Allied Governments brought forward a number of secret treaties which they had negotiated among themselves during the struggle, by the terms of which they had generously promised each other everything in sight. These secret treaties were urged as justification for the dishonor of violating the terms of the Armistice. Who indeed needed to bother to keep his word with the atrocious and perfidious Germans? Were they not beaten, helpless? To their shame, the American representatives at the Peace Conference signed and later defended the notorious treaties of Versailles, which gave to dishonor the force of law.

Doubtless those European statesmen who in the name of high motives tramped on every moral principle in order to win the war and to gather its spoils, were something better than crafty conspirators. They were in part men of confused mind, blinded by the glamour of that new nationalism which covers an old barbarism. But the fact remains that they were devious and disingenuous, and that by their successful deceptions they trifled with the lives and happiness of millions. They did not scruple to make use of mendacity in order to manipulate the passions, loyalties, and sacrifices of whole nations. By many men and women who are still war-minded, these leaders are honored even today. But by many others they are scorned; and the "liberalism" which they preached and betrayed is viewed with skepticism, or suspicion, or disdain.

The world does not yet realize what a loss it has sustained in the disruption of liberalism. For that disruption the liberals themselves are, of course, chiefly to blame. They have been traitors to every liberal principle except free trade, and even on that score they have been lukewarm. The critics of liberalism have asserted that liberals ceased to think with the death of John Stuart Mill, and that they lost their grip on affairs when they failed to evolve an economic program to supplement their political program. Is it now

too late to formulate a new liberal program? Certainly little is being done at present to put fresh content into the old slogans.

While liberalism was gradually transforming itself into an intellectual and moral vacuum, Socialism was rushing in to take its place. Few people realize how recent a phenomenon Socialism, in the Marxian sense, really is. *Das Kapital*, it is true, was first published in German in 1867. But the ideas of Karl Marx, that aristocratic German Jew who married a Countess and who spent the best years of his life in the British Museum studying all the theories of economic value from the Sixteenth Century forward,—the ideas of this founder of “scientific” socialism were slow to penetrate into other lands. The first translation of *Capital* was made into Russian in the seventies—a fact of some significance in view of later events. But the book was not translated into English or French until the nineties, and did not appear in many other languages until after the opening of the Twentieth Century. Of course most people obtained their ideas of scientific socialism not from translations of *Das Kapital*, but from popular expositions or refutations of the Marxian thesis.

Before 1914 the Socialists wrote, ranted, held conferences, quarrelled, split hairs, organized political parties, and had considerable influence on social legislation. But they controlled no great nation. Then in the Russian Revolution of October, 1917, they exploded into a world power. The Bolsheviks have just celebrated the tenth anniversary of the inauguration of their reign. In Russia they seem firmly entrenched.

Many persons have expressed surprise that the Soviet Government, with its extreme economic doctrines, has managed to stay in the saddle so long. But it is really far more surprising that the previous reign of the Czars and the Grand Dukes, a foul and oppressive tyranny, endured for several hundred years. All kinds of government, including the worst, seem to “work.” The Soviet regime, with its vigorous program for the improvement and enlightenment of the proletariat, that is, of the working masses, and despite its use of terroristic methods and its suppression of free discussion, is certainly not the worst government the world has seen, or tolerates today.

But does Communism hold the future in its hands? Is it the beacon that will guide the world out of its folly and unrest to the

happy land of social peace and plenty? The Bolsheviks are daily assailed by their critics in other countries with hatred and fury. But we must not disguise from ourselves the fact that there are millions of people throughout the world who are watching the Russian experiment with a furtive hope in their hearts that it will be a brilliant success. Why? Because these millions are in some degree dissatisfied with their own social and economic arrangements and with their own way of life, and are looking somewhere—anywhere—for deliverance. And the Communists believe in themselves; they have faith; a religious fervor. In all the Allied countries patriots lay wreaths and say prayers at the shrine of an Unknown Soldier. But in Russia they lay their flowers and say their prayers at the tomb of Lenin. A faith of this sort is a contagious thing. Religions have often in the past spread beyond the borders of the country in which they were born.

But the future does not belong to Communism—not as exemplified in Russia today. Of course any prediction of the human future must of necessity reflect the personal bias, and the hopes, of him who predicts. Yet certainly, looking back over the social aspirations and struggles of the last century and a half, it would be presumptuous to assert that liberalism must die utterly, without contributing anything further to social and political doctrine and practice. Liberalism meant, in essence, liberty; and liberty is a food that modern man will not permanently do without, however tempting the substitutes offered. On the other hand, proletarianism unquestionably holds a core of truth which will survive. The idea that the interests of the toiler are paramount to those of the social parasite, no matter how glittering, and the idea that labor has first claim not only to its economic hire but to economic surpluses, these ideas, once let loose in the world, are not likely to be exterminated.

The tomorrow of our world will be dominated by a social philosophy which is even now being hammered out on the anvils of experience. If this philosophy must have a name, it is best designated as Labor-Liberalism. Many minds will work together for its elaboration. It will be no thin, violent, one-sided creed, but will embrace all the essential social values. It will not sacrifice liberty to equality, nor pity to justice. Such an all-inclusive, sane, social philosophy is possible, and it will succeed.

## SIR RICHARD BURTON

BY DAVIS L. JAMES, JR.

**D**ESPITE the precarious situation of the royal fortunes, the private life of Louis XIV, "le grand monarque", continued to be, as indeed it had always been, one of luxury and licentiousness. His queen had long since ceased to interest him, and although the astute and brilliant Mme. de Montespan still swayed his intellectual activities, time had loosened her hold upon his affections. The sombre star of Mme. de Maintenon had not yet risen on Louis' horizon, and, in consequence, the royal intimacies were more or less promiscuously bestowed among the beauties of his court circle.

Of all this charming galaxy of women, perhaps the most delightful was the young and beautiful Countess of Montmorency, a member of the great house of that name that had bulked so large in the reign of France's earlier kings. On her the affections of the already jaded monarch seem for a brief moment to have rested, for when she quite unexpectedly gave birth to a son, there was little doubt in her mind—or in the collective mind of court circles—as to the child's royal parentage.

As the tale is told, "La Belle Montmorency" had leanings toward the Protestant Church, and fearing lest her son should be brought up in the Church of Rome, she reluctantly determined to send him abroad. Accordingly he was carefully packed in a basket of flowers and spirited away, leaving the court quite undisturbed. As for the royal sire, it is not stated that he ever acknowledged the child's existence.

After some wanderings and vicissitudes of which we have no record the child was landed in Ireland under the name of Louis Dreincourt Le Jeune. There he was received into the bosom of a

respectable family who undertook his care and education. He grew up in Protestant piety, changed his name to Young, and became, in due time, a rector in the Anglican Church.

Years came and went; his family prospered, and the Bourbon irregularity that had brought him into the world was forgotten, cloaked in the veil of propriety. So well concealed had been his identity, that a few years sufficed to efface the memory of his origin from the pious minds of his descendants. But it is a significant fact that the pear-shaped Bourbon head continued to make its appearance in their midst for several generations.

On March nineteenth, 1821, there was born at Torquay, Ireland, a baby boy with fiery red hair and a pear-shaped head. The father, Joseph Netterville Burton, was the third son of one Rev. Edward Burton, Rector of Tuam,—scion of an old English family in whose veins flowed a strong stream of Romany blood,—and Maria Margarett Campbell, a granddaughter of Louis le Jeune. The child's mother, Maria Beckworth Baker, was a lineal descendant of the Scotch marauder Rob Roy. In due time the boy was baptised in the Parish Church at Elstree and named Richard Francis Burton.

Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Netterville Burton, who had been invalided from the army some years before, was a sufferer from bronchial asthma and his life was spent travelling about Europe in search of climates that afforded temporary relief from his trouble. After Richard's birth he settled for a few years at Tours, in the Chateau de Beauséjour, overlooking the Loire, and here were born a brother and a sister, Katherine Eliza in 1823, and Edward Joseph Netterville in 1824.

The children grew up with little education and no discipline, and after an unsuccessful attempt to place them in a boarding school at Richmond Green, they resumed the nomadic Continental life of their father under the tutelage of a bull-necked and stolid individual named Du Pré.

Their wanderings now took them to Italy, and the boys ranged over the country much as they pleased. They learned to know and to love its monuments, its language, and its people, but they were growing more unruly day by day. They were continually getting into difficulties, and Du Pré could no longer do anything with them. Both big strapping youngsters they were perpetually playing tricks

on their unfortunate tutor, who, as he could not manage them, fell in with their ways and learned to enjoy their forbidden pastimes as much as his pupils.

The roving life continued until 1840, but it was suddenly brought to a close when the two young miscreants were caught in an unsavory amorous adventure. They were soundly horse whipped, but Colonel Burton was made at last to realize that it was time for his sons to enter college and prepare for their life's work. After due consideration it was decided that they should study for the clergy. To this they both objected violently, as their hearts were set on Army careers, but the Colonel was adamant and off they were sent, Richard to enter Oxford and Edward to Cambridge.

Richard was just nineteen, a tall well-built fellow, his red hair now turned jet black, and with a huge drooping moustache of which he was inordinately proud. Though he spoke French, Italian, and modern Greek, it must be admitted that his education had been hardly suitable for one contemplating Holy Orders. He did not know what was meant by the Apostles Creed, and it is probable that he had never heard of the Thirty-nine Articles. But he was determined not to be worsted by the examinations, and after three or four months of coaching and hard work, he was able to enter Trinity College in October, 1840.

As might be expected he detested Oxford life and found the smug Dons and the tedious lectures almost unendurable. The only lecturer to whom he would listen was Newman, then Vicar at St. Mary's, and afterwards Cardinal.

Though possessed of a brilliant mind, Burton had no interest in his studies, and only the relaxation afforded by sports and athletics enabled him to continue with what, to him, was a dreary grind. He made a reputation for himself as an expert fencer and broadswordsmen, and learned to wield the quarterstaff with deadly effect. He was possessed of herculean strength and a quick and ungovernable temper, a combination which got him into innumerable broils, but eventually made him both feared and respected.

For the rest, he got drunk often, became the owner of a beautiful bull dog, and fell in love with Selina, a pretty gypsy girl who told fortunes in Bagley Wood. From her he gleaned a smattering of the Romany tongues, and thus began an interest in her race that lasted throughout his life.

Two attempts to win classical scholarships having resulted in dismal failure, Richard decided to direct his efforts into other channels. Secretly determined, as he was, to enter the Colonial Service, he made up his mind to study Arabic. He met with little encouragement from the authorities, for though there was a Regius professor in the subject, that gentleman haughtily informed him that he was there to teach a class and not an individual. Burton, being the only one who had applied for the course, was forced to learn for himself, and this he did with considerable success. Before he left college he had labored through most of the texts available to his hand.

For a year and a half Richard struggled on with his studies, but in April 1842, he felt that the time had come to bring his education to a close. Time was flying and the age for military eligibility would soon be passed. As Colonel Burton was still obstinate in his determination to make churchmen of his sons, the two of them took matters into their own hands and had themselves simultaneously rusticated for deliberate infraction of college rules.

Great was Colonel Burton's disappointment on hearing of his sons' conduct, but realizing that there was no further hope of their entering the service of the Church, he resigned himself to his fate and purchased them commissions in the Army. Richard was assigned to the 18th Bombay Infantry, and Edward, at his own request, was sent to study medicine.

On June 18th, 1840, Burton set sail from Greenwich with his bull terrier and his Arabic text books. On the voyage out, which lasted over four months, he applied himself diligently to his studies, and with the help of a native member of the crew, he made considerable progress in Hindustani. Affairs in India were in great confusion. Sir William McNaughten had just been murdered and the young officers on board were filled with heroic visions of avenging his death, to their own and England's glory. Great was their disappointment when they landed at Bombay, in October, to learn that the uprising had been subdued and the prestige of British arms restored.

After a stay of six weeks in Bombay, which he devoted to further study of Hindustani, under the guidance of an aged Parsee Priest, Burton hired a brace of Goanese servants and embarked in a native craft to join his regiment at Baroda. Here he divided

his time between his studies and the drill ground, sometimes devoting twelve hours a day to Hindustani. Except for his linguistic work, he lived the life of the average Indian Officer. As was the custom (and one that he always afterwards defended)—among his brothers in arms, he took a native mistress or “bubu”. No doubt he used the relationship to better advantage than his fellows, for from her he learned much of the language and customs of the people.

Languages now became his chief interest in life and he devoted himself to them with unprecedented vigor. In May, 1843, he returned to Bombay to be examined in Hindustani. He passed with honor, and in August was back again for examination in Gujarati, again receiving high commendation. He now made a study of Hinduism, learning many of the sacred books by heart, and passing much of his time in the temples with the native priests, who eventually permitted him to wear the Brahminical thread. With infinite pains he had acquired the mastery of Sanskrit so necessary to the pursuit of these aims.

Despite his accomplishments and his unquestioned ability, Burton was never popular with the officers of his regiment. Their mistrust of him, perhaps for his uncanny aptitude at disguise and his ability to master the native dialects and mannerisms, led them to dub him the “white nigger.” He idolized old Sir Charles Napier, and his violent defense of his hero against Sir William Outram, who at that time held the upper hand, estranged him from the board of governors, whom he had grown to despise. Above all, though fair in his dealings with everyone, he was woefully hot-headed and lacking in tact.

Burton’s knowledge of native tongues now procured him an interesting position as assistant to Capt. Scott, a nephew of the novelist, on a survey of Sind. The work was trying, but relieved by occasional hunting trips and periods of inactivity occasioned by inclement weather. He used these leisure moments to good advantage. With the assistance of native acquaintances he opened a bazaar, which he conducted in disguise, at no great monetary advantage to himself, as he would always give pretty women extra value for their money, except when, to use his own words, “he cheated them just to make them argue with him”. At other times he purchased small stocks of trinkets, sweetmeats, and silks, and

wandered about from house to house as an itinerant merchant. Sometimes he was turned away, but more often he was admitted to observe the domestic manners of the people. He delved into magic of various hues, and became versed in the mysteries of oriental philosophy.

On one of these visits Burton came to know an olive-skinned Persian beauty of noble descent, whose "eyes were narcissi, and whose cheeks sweet basil." Charmed with her low musical voice and here sweet disposition, no less than by her physical graces, he fell deeply in love with her. She was as good as she was beautiful, and he would certainly have married her, and taken her back to England, but hardly had he learned that his passion was reciprocated, when her tragic death put an end to his romance. Nor does he seem ever to have forgotten her. Despite his many subsequent amorous affairs and the more sober conjugal affection of his later days, he could never speak of her without emotion, and to those who know the story her spirit may still be seen wandering through the sombre stanzas of the *Kasidah*.

About this time occurred an event destined to exert a baleful influence upon Burton's entire career. Sir Charles Napier had been informed that Karachi was the hot-bed of an unnatural vice, which seemed indigenious to certain geographical regions, and that, though a town of not more than two thousand souls, it supported at least three houses consecrated to its service. Determined to stamp out the evil, or more likely to satisfy his own curiosity, the General at once cast about for someone to make a report of the conditions. Because of his unusual linguistic accomplishments and his skill at disguise, Burton was requested to make the investigation. Realizing the disastrous effects upon his reputation should the report reach certain high authorities, he accepted only on condition that it be not forwarded to the Bombay government,—a condition to which Sir Charles readily agreed. Accordingly, disguised as a merchant and accompanied by three native cronies, Burton made the required visits, and in due time rendered, in writing, a lurid and detailed report of his findings. They quite surpassed all expectations, and for those who are curious, the material gathered may be found in the terminal essay to the *Arabian Nights*, published forty years later.

All was well as long as Sir Charles remained at his post, but

when he quitted Sind in 1847, he unfortunately left behind him the ill-fated report. This, together with other items, found its way to Bombay, where it produced the expected result. A friend afterwards informed Burton that his summary dismissal had been demanded by one of Napier's successors, but official modesty, outraged though it was, shrank from such drastic measures, and the irate Puritan was not permitted to have his way. However, the report, and rumors that grew out of it, were held against Burton throughout his official life.

In the meantime Burton's bad temper and lack of tact had embroiled him with nearly all of his superiors, and the ensuing worry, together with grief over the death of his Persian enamorata, resulted in a physical break-down. The Bombay Government, no doubt with a sigh of relief at the prospect of temporarily shelving their troublesome genius, granted him two years sick leave, in February 1847.

As soon as he was able to be about, Burton set off for Goa, the former haunt of his beloved Camoëns. With a copy of the "Lusiads" in his pocket, he went over the ground celebrated by that remarkable Portugese traveller in his immortal poem. In the bitterness of his early disappointments—for he was now but twenty-six—Burton liked to compare himself with that unfortunate Portingal who three hundred years before, had fallen under the strange orient spell that he himself felt so poignantly, and who, after more than thirty years of wandering, had returned at length to his native land, to die in poverty and obscurity. Burton's translation of the *Lusiads* probably was commenced at this period, but it did not see print until nearly forty years later.

His leave up, Burton returned to Sind, where he passed with highest honors in the examinations in Persian and was awarded a prize of one thousand rupees, by the court of directory. He had lately conceived the idea of some day making a pilgrimage to Mecca, and as his old ophthalmia prevented him from continuing his survey work, he gave himself up to the study of Moslem divinity, learned much of the Koran by heart, and became proficient at prayer. Gradually he drifted into the cult of Sufism, and by dint of plain living, lofty thinking, and generally stifling the impulses of his nature, he became a master Sufi.

Now came the news of the serious outbreak in Mooltan. Bur-

ton being already officially accredited with six oriental languages, presented himself for the post of interpreter to the expedition, with high hopes of success. But the luckless Karachi report was dragged out against him, and official morality being more necessary than linguistic ability, a man was appointed who knew but one language besides English.

Rage and disappointment at such treatment, coupled with a fresh onset of his old trouble, resulted in a complete break-down, and he returned to Bombay a physical wreck. He was carried on board the ship "Eliza", bound for England, with his servant Allahdad and the doctor's assurance that he would certainly never live to see his native land. However, the fresh sea air and Allahdad's efficient nursing brought back his ebbing strength, and when he landed at Plymouth in the spring of 1849, his health was completely restored.

After a brief stay in England at the home of his aunt, he set out with Allahdad to see his parents who were once more sojourning in Pisa. With them he revisited the haunts of his boyhood, Verona, Brindisi, Sorrento, Florence, Reggio and Ferrara—each recalling some adventurous or romantic escapade of those delightful days when he and his brother Edward had roamed the countryside together. His pleasure was marred only by the depraved conduct of his servant Allahdad. That worthy Eastern had conceived an inerradicable hatred of all Italians, a feeling that he took no pains to conceal. This unfortunate aversion culminated in a knifing affair serious enough to result in Allahdad's being deported to his native land, much to his master's relief.

The year 1850 was passed in England in a round of amusements, flirtations, and social activities, and 1851 found Burton back again on the continent, this time at Boulogne, engaged in the writing and publication of several books, grown out of his Indian experience: *Goa and the Blue Mountains*, *Sind*, in two volumes; *Falconry in the Valley of the Indus*, and *A System of Bayonet Exercise*. This last book, it is interesting to note, became the basis of all bayonet systems in use in Europe up to the World War. Burton was the first to realize the real effectiveness of the bayonet as an offensive weapon, and the first to insist on systematic training in its use. He had given the book much thought and hoped that the War Office would tender him some word of acknowledgement.

It came in due time—an official looking document with much tape and many seals—informing him that he would be permitted to draw upon Her Majesty's Treasury for the sum of one shilling. The evil genius of Karachi was still pursuing him.

Existence at Boulogne was a leisurely affair. The social life was far from brilliant, but it filled in agreeably the moments snatched from literary work and sports. Burton had always been fond of sword play, and here, under the tutelage of Monsieur Constantin, Maître d'Armes, he received his "brevet de pointe". Indeed he was the most proficient swordsman of his day, and his skill was afterwards to stand him in good stead.

Love of a sort mingled with literary endeavors. Flirtations succeeded one another with no serious thought of marriage. One affair, however, seemed really to be of a more promising nature. The young lady was progressing beautifully, until, unfortunately for her, there hove into view a ponderous and elephantine matron, whom she addressed as mother. The sight of this veritable caricature and the thought that her now lovely daughter might one day come to such a state, so dampened Richard's ardor that when the worthy lady thought best to question him regarding his intentions toward her, he replied with his most ferocious air, "Strictly dishonorable, madam."

Two friendships were formed in this period that were destined to be of vital importance in Burton's life: one with F. F. Arbuthnot, the collaborator in much of his later literary work and the closest friend of his declining years; the other with Isabel Arundell, his future wife.

Miss Arundell was the descendant of an old and aristocratic family of English Catholics. Her parents, though not wealthy, were well-to-do, and moved in the best and most influential society. Isabel herself, at the time just turned twenty, was indeed a fine looking woman, tall and imposing, with large dark eyes and a magnificent head of auburn hair. Her education, however, was woefully deficient, and her devout Catholicism had led her into bypaths of superstition that were at times amusing. She believed in all sorts of signs and tokens, and once, in her girlhood days, a gypsy fortune-teller named Hagar Burton, had informed her that she would one day marry a man of that name, and that she would meet him after a journey at sea.

Richard and Isabel had encountered each other from time to time in their walks about the city. He had turned to admire her as he would any pretty woman, but she, in her romantic way, had fallen in love with him without even knowing who he was, and when he was finally presented to her and she learned his name, the memory of Hagar Burton's prophecy came back to her with all its force. "That", she said to herself, "is the man" and she resolved forthwith to marry *him* or no one at all. Though deeply in love, she never allowed herself to attempt to attract his attention, and when he left Boulogne, he had forgotten her completely. Not so Isabel. Her thoughts followed him continually, and she was always convinced that it was the power of her prayers that brought him safely through the adventures and hardships of the next few years of his life.

Nearly four years had elapsed since his return from India, and Burton was beginning to grow restless. In his own words, "the power of the hills" was upon him, and he felt that he could not long resist their call. The long cherished desire to visit Mecca, the aim of all his oriental studies, now returned with such force that he determined to make the attempt at all costs. At length he obtained a year's leave to "pursue his Arabic studies in lands where the language is best learned", and immediately began to make preparations for his journey. His final plan was to visit Al Medinah and Mecca in pilgrim guise, in emulation of the great Swiss traveller, Burckhardt.

Accordingly he set out for London, where with characteristic thoroughness, he prepared himself for the part he was to play by reading medicine and learning to shoe horses. When all was in readiness he left abruptly, without any farewells. This was one of his peculiarities, for in his many-sided nature was an emotional streak that made it very difficult for him to say good-bye to those dear to him.

Space makes it impossible to describe this remarkable journey in detail. It may be read in Burton's own book. *A Pilgrimage to Al Medinah and Mecca*. Whatever one may say of its literary value, it is a remarkable record of achievement. One fares with him, first to Alexandria, where he lived in an out-house attached to the dwelling of a friend, as Mirza Abdullah, a Persian dervish. Then to Cairo with Haji Wali, where he becomes an Afghan Doc-

tor whose rough but effective measures soon won him a great reputation, and whose prescriptions all began "In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful; and blessings and praise be upon our Lord the Apostle". The amusing incident of the Abyssinian slave girls, whom he cured of the price-lowering habit of snoring, and whose master, in gratitude, unfolded to him the mysteries of the slave trade. The drinking bout with the Albanian Captain, which ended when the captain passed into a state of coma, and that nearly ruined Burton's reputation for piety. The huge star sapphire he hung about his neck as a talisman against ill luck and as a pledge of faith.

And then the hurried departure for Suez. The motley pilgrim throng, Saad the Demon, black as the ace of spades, Shaykh Hamid; dirty, but dignified and aristocratic; Mohammed, the loquacious Meccan boy; and Burton's servant the thievish and rascally Nur. At last the departure on the filthy sambuk, "Golden Wire", the fight with the Maghrabis, the almost unendurable heat and dirt of the voyage, ending after twelve days, at Yambu, the port of Al Medinah.

And then the march of one hundred and thirty miles, through predatory Bedawin tribes to the Sacred City, where hangs, midway between heaven and earth, the body of Mohammed. Ten days of comparative quiet and comfort, of prayer and holy visitations. Ten days of tense excitement lest some insignificant slip disclose his imposture and expose him to the fantastical pilgrims as an infidel:—and the caravan departs for Mecca.

Now it passes the sacred Wady Laymun, where the pious pilgrim shaves his head and puts on clean garments. At last the Holy City appears, cradled in a valley below, greeted with cries of "Meccah, the Sanctuary, labbayk, here am I." The Kaabah, that weird, mysterious erection, the bourne of his long and weary pilgrimage, the place of answered prayer, above which sits Allah himself, drawing his pen through the sins of mankind. With him one visits the holy places, kisses the sacred stone, drinks at the well of Zem-Zem, and stones the devil. At length, the fifty-five holy places having been duly visited, one departs for Jeddah, the sea-port of Meccah, there to pause at the tomb of Eve. Finally, aboard the English vessel, "Dwarka":—the pilgrimage is over.

This exploit made Burton's name a household word in Eng-

land. His book was read with wonder and delight upon its appearance, and had he possessed the good sense to return to London immediately, he might have been the lion of the hour. Instead he remained in Cairo, resting up from his exertions and amusing himself until his leave was up, and when he eventually landed in England his adventure was half-forgotten.

Burton now enjoyed an enormous, though a somewhat unenviable reputation. He had fought more enemies single-handed than any man of his time and was known in the Army as Ruffian Dick. Like Lord Byron, he delighted in shocking people and enjoyed nothing more than reciting harrowing stories of the crimes he had committed. He boasted openly of his descent from Louis XIV, and often remarked that he would rather be the bastard of a king than the son of an honest but mediocre man. But one is tempted to suspect that much of his villainy was entirely fictitious, and his braggadocio a mask to cover a nature at once mystical and the least bit sentimental.

In October, 1854, Burton returned to Bombay in Arab guise. Here, with the exploring fever still hot in his veins, he obtained permission to explore Somaliland, that great parched horn that juts out into the Red Sea, with the hitherto unvisited city of Harrar as his particular objective. The protests of his old enemy, Sir William Outram, who regarded the affair as a tempting of providence, proved unavailing, and he set out for Aden with Lieutenants Speke, Herne, and Stroyan, as assistants. His plan was to visit Harrar, via Zeila, and then to make for Berbera where the others were to remain and produce a favorable effect upon the Somali, thus facilitating his egress from Harrar, should he succeed in reaching that city.

Posing as an Arab merchant, he gathered together a party of some thirty souls, headed by a scoundrelly Moslem priest, yclept "The End of Time," and having purchased supplies and pack animals, he set out bravely for the mysterious city, within whose walls no European had, till then, set foot.

A full account of this daring adventure may be read in *First Footsteps in East Africa*, perhaps Burton's most vivacious and readable book. Suffice it to say that the party, or rather that part of it that did not mutiny and desert, eventually reached Harrar, after a wearisome journey. Burton walked boldly into the town

and virtually bearded the Emir in his den. They were received with civility, but were confined within the city walls for ten days. Though treated with apparent courtesy, throughout their stay they were at the mercy of the cold-blooded and treacherous ruler, and it was with a distinct feeling of relief that they quitted Harrar, to turn their faces once more toward the Red Sea.

On their way back, the pusillanimous "End of Time" and most of the deserters were retrieved, and Burton was emboldened to head straight for Berbera. He had miscalculated the difficulties of the march and the journey was a nightmare. Twice the water supply gave out, and the party reached the squalid seaport exhausted and minus most of the pack animals. Here Burton found his friends, Speke, Herne and Stroyan anxiously awaiting him, and the four returned together to Aden.

Unable to let well enough alone, Burton now determined to make a new exploration, this time to the Nile, by way of Berbera and Harrar. Accordingly, he returned to Berbera in April, 1855, in a British gunboat, taking with him Speke, Herne, and Stroyan. They proceeded to establish a base on the coast, in case it became necessary to beat a retreat, but hardly had the work commenced, before the authorities at Aden saw fit to withdraw the gunboat. This awe-inspiring vessel had no more than disappeared when the little party was attacked in the dead of night by a band of three hundred natives. The forty-two colored auxiliaries promptly took to their heels, leaving the four Englishmen to defend themselves as best they could. Speke, Herne, and Stroyan did deadly work with their revolvers, but Burton had only a sabre. Stroyan fell early in the fight, mortally wounded; Speke received eleven body wounds from which he took no great hurt; but Burton, in sabering his way to the sea, was struck in the face with a javelin, piercing both cheeks and striking out four teeth. Eventually the survivors, bloody and exhausted, but carrying the mutilated body of poor Stroyan, reached a native craft that brought them back to Aden.

Burton's wounds forced him to return to England, and when he landed, the Crimean War was occupying the public mind to the exclusion of all else. Inkerman had been fought, to the glory of the allied arms, in November, and the tedious siege of Sebastopol had begun. Consequently when Burton delivered an account of

his adventures before the Royal Geographical Society, it was accorded but scant notice.

Unwilling to be long away from the scene of action, he set out for the Crimea where he succeeded in obtaining a post on General Beatson's staff. Beatson was a passionate and tactless man, difficult to work with, but a brave and honorable soldier of the old school. Burton had no end of trouble with him, but he accomplished wonders with the regiment of Bashi-Bazouks assigned to him for training. A keen observer of the campaign, he was not long in seeing that the progress of the allied arms would be materially advanced by the relief of Kars, then held by a totally inadequate garrison. Unaware of the secret workings of high diplomacy, he hastened to Lord Stafford, the English Ambassador, with his well conceived plan. That worthy, however, flew into a towering rage, and told him he was "the most impudent man in the Bombay service". Alas, he had not realized that Kars was to be allowed to fall as a peace offering to Russia. As Carlyle said later of the Civil War in America, the Crimean War was "the smoking of the dirty chimney."

Burton's connection with the Army of the Crimea was suddenly ended with the suspension of General Beatson, as a result of the machinations of enemies at home. Thoroughly disgusted, he resigned and returned to England.

Burton's prospects were now far from bright. Malicious gossip and unfortunate official connections had brought him into bad odor. His tactlessness had estranged him from the higher authorities, and even the undisputed fact of his achievements failed to alter their determination to shelve him. His personal character had assumed the blackest hue in the public eye. Loving mothers shuddered at the mention of his name, and a host of grisly stories were circulated about him. True to his nature he not only made no effort to contradict them, but seemed to enjoy posing as a desperate criminal and debauché. One tale, however, he did take pains to refute. Someone circulated the story that he had been caught in a Persian harem, and forced to suffer the penalty usually inflicted upon those who thus infringed on the social etiquette of the Orient. That he may have been caught in a harem is possible,—in view of some of his other escapades—but ample documentary proof exists to convince

even the most biased that he suffered no deprivation of the nature intimated.

While in London, Burton again met Isabel Arundell, quite by accident, in the Botanical Gardens. In fact he met her frequently, "quite by accident," and finally, like the brave soldier in Camoëns, the veteran of so many warlike and amorous adventures, he "fell by a pair of eyes". According to Isabel, Burton made the actual proposal. This is just possible; at least we may give her the benefit of the doubt.

As might be expected, old Mrs. Arundell waxed eloquent in her opposition to the match. From her point of view Richard was hardly a desirable husband. He was not a Catholic, he was a heathen; and he had neither money nor prospects. Isabel defended him valiantly, but to no avail. In desperation she presented him with a medal that had been blessed by the Pope and redoubled the prayers that she had been saying for him for the past four years. Richard obligingly hung the medal about his neck along with the star sapphire, the Brahminical thread and other relics, holy and unholy, that he was now accustomed to wear about his person, and bided his time.

It was now October, 1856, and Burton once more felt the power of the hills upon him. He had long dreamed of the unveiling of Isis, of opening up the mysterious sources of the Nile, then unknown to white men. He finally secured a small grant from the government, and late in the autumn he sailed for Bombay, taking his old friend Lieutenant Speke as assistant. From Bombay they proceeded, in the sloop "Elphinstone", to Zanzibar. Both were in high spirits at the thought of the adventure before them, and the perils of the march were forgotten in their eagerness to conquer unknown lands.

On landing at Zanzibar, the season was found to be unsuitable for the main expedition, and it was decided to make a preliminary trip to Pemba and Mombassa, another haunt of Burton's beloved Camoëns. The trip was successfully accomplished and the little band was back in Zanzibar by the end of May, where both Burton and Speke were taken down with tropical fever, an event they looked upon as a sort of necessary seasoning. During the journey, however, they had made a valuable addition to their party in the person of one Sudy Bombay, a native guide who proved to be a

jewel in the rough, and who many years later, was sought out by Stanley to lead his expedition into the Dark Continent.

By the end of June all was ready, and having added a bag of chestnuts to the medal and the star sapphire, as a precaution against demons, Burton embarked his party on a native craft, landing at Wale Point on June 6, 1857.

Now began a journey that for daring and personal achievement, causes Stanley's later expedition to pale into insignificance. Those who would follow it in detail may do so in Burton's own book—*The Lake Regions of Equatorial Africa*. Let it be remembered that this man plunged alone into the unknown wilderness, with but one white assistant and a little band of treacherous natives. With the most meagre of funds (£1200 at most) cut off from all communication with his kind, without medical assistance other than his own elementary knowledge of therapeutics, Burton successfully accomplished a journey of twenty-one months' duration, through the heart of the tropics, over a distance of more than two thousand miles.

Into the wilderness the little party pushed its way, through swamps and marshes, tropical jungles and clear uplands. Misfortune followed misfortune. The mercenaries became unruly and mutinied, resulting in the summary execution of two of them, it is said by Burton's own hand. They were bitten by the deadly Tsetse fly and tortured by vermin of gargantuan proportions. They passed through Basomoyo, Ugogi, Zungomero, districts inhabited by disease-ridden black savages, to arrive at last at the Arab city of Kazeh, in the land of Unyanyembe. Here Burton halted for a brief rest among the hospitable and well-to-do traders, whom he found leading a sybaritic life with their troops of slaves and concubines, taking their ease in well-watered gardens, and drinking Arabian coffee brought up to them from the sea.

The march had hardly been resumed when Burton was stricken with a partial paralysis and had to be carried; Speke became partially blind. But the worst part of the journey was now over, and on February 13th, 1858, upon climbing to the top of a bit of rising ground, a broad streak of light appeared before them. "Look, Master", cried the faithful Sudy Bombay, "behold the great water". It was Tanganyika, wonder of Central Africa, lying like a bright jewel in its mountain setting.

A month was spent exploring the lake, as far as Ujiji and Uvira, its northernmost extremities, but no northward flowing stream could be found to indicate that it was a feeder of the Nile. Much refreshed by their rest and by the healthful climate of Tanganyika, Burton returned with his party to Kazeh, where he settled down to recuperate and compile his notes and observations.

Here he committed one of the most tragic errors of his life. It was known that a large body of water lay not far to the north, and when Speke asked permission to visit it, Burton, who was enjoying himself with his Arab hosts, allowed him to make the expedition alone. He did so and was back in six weeks. He had discovered Victoria Nyanza, which he at once claimed to be the head-water of the Nile. As it turned out, he was right, although he had no real grounds for his claim, for he saw only its southernmost shore. But he seems completely to have lost his head, and overwhelmed Burton with reproaches for refusing to accept his belief. In fact on the map which Speke presented to the Royal Geographical Society on his return, there appeared a beautiful range of mountains to the north of Nyanza, the "Mountains of the Moon", that his own later explorations proved to be non-existent.

Burton endured his companion's abuse with rare forbearance, and when on the terrible march back to Wale, Speke fell ill with that ghastly disease known as "little irons", he nursed him back to life. Worn with disease and fatigue, they reached Zanzibar on March 4th, 1859.

Again Burton erred disastrously. Instead of returning to England at once, he delayed for a time in Zanzibar. Speke landed two weeks ahead of him, and went straight to the Geographical Society, where he immediately organized a new expedition of which he was to be the head, and in which his old chief was not even mentioned. When Burton appeared the ground was cut completely from under him, and he was greeted coolly at the Society. The treacherous Speke was the lion of the hour. To cap the climax, the consul at Zanzibar actually published the complaints of some of Burton's rascally native followers, and he narrowly escaped a public reprimand. Broken in health and spirit, he sought refuge with his family, now smaller by one, for his father had died while he lay paralysed in Unyanyembe. But in his journal he wrote: "I have built me a monument stronger than brass."

## SCIENTISTS' UNSCIENTIFIC NOTIONS ON RELIGION

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

FUNDAMENTALISTS and conventionally religious people are always glad to welcome a confession of religious faith, or a tribute to religion generally, from a man of science who is distinguished in his own field. Of course, a physicist, or mathematician, or chemist, or astronomer, or biologist may talk the wildest nonsense about religion, or utter the most glaring fallacies and question-begging or empty phrases in his disquisition on that subject, but, as is well known, thousands of uncritical persons tacitly assume that he who is an authority on one set of problems is also an authority on other sets of problems in no wise related to the former, or that a true and learned savant is necessarily sound, careful and scientific in any and all of his pronouncements.

Henry Ford, a genius in his own narrow province, is interviewed on all manner of political, social, economic, moral and artistic matters! He is asked questions concerning history, philosophy, finance, education, character-building, the future of the family! Multitudes doubtless accept his half-baked notions as gospel, since he has made several hundred millions by making and selling cheap motor cars! The logic is bizarre, but quite human.

From Ford to Professor Robert Andrew Millikan, physicist and winner of one of the Nobel prizes, the cry is far, but Professor Millikan, eminent and brilliant as he is, in his own words, is in no position "to speak with knowledge or authority in matters of either religion or philosophy," and yet he does speak on such matters and by many is regarded as a very great authority on them! The fault is not his, to be sure, but it is rather remarkable that he should be totally unaware of the fact that in setting forth in lectures and magazine articles what he describes as his own "individual experi-

ence and point of view" in connection with religious issues and doctrines, he is quite as arbitrary, superficial and unscientific as the average theologian or preacher!

How can a man of science, who thinks exactly and insists upon exactitude when dealing with his own special subject, permit himself to write or talk loosely, vaguely, incorrectly or even meaninglessly on such subjects as religion, philosophy and ethics? This question is as old as history, but in the interest of clear and honest thinking it is necessary to put it every time a man of science lapses into mere rhetoric, or cant, or pseudo-science, and, to expose the erring scientist's assumptions and perversions.

There are, however, paragraphs in the little volume of Professor Millikan in which he professes to speak in the name of science. Here is one:

"The practical preaching of modern science—and it is the most insistent and effective preacher in the world today—is extraordinarily like the preaching of Jesus. Its key-note is service—the subordination of the individual to the good of the whole. Jesus preached it as a duty—for the sake of world salvation. Science preaches it as a duty—for the sake of world progress."

In the foregoing short paragraph we have two very positive statements—first, that Jesus preached the subordination of the individual to the good of the whole, and second, that modern science teaches the same duty for the sake of world progress. To what science or sciences is Professor Millikan referring? Some modern sciences, including psychology, teach and preach the fullest respect for human personality and ample opportunity for the development of individual faculties and potentialities, and they preach this for the sake of world progress. We are not all socialists and paternalists and some contemporary economists and political thinkers are pronounced individualists. Prohibition of murder, burglary, arson and theft involve no *subordination* of the sane, rational individual. Such an individual wants a fair field and no favors, and he knows that in a fair field men respect one another's essential rights. The rational man believes in plenty of voluntary co-operation, but he does not believe in the absolute state, in sacrificing the individual to an abstraction called Society. He believes in an exchange of services, in reciprocity, not in charity. Modern science when really scientific, is not sentimental or sloppy. It is not true that science

teaches the subordination of the individual to the welfare of the whole. What it teaches is the maximum of freedom for the normal individual in a community that thinks in terms of healthy competition, reasonable mutualism, association for desirable common ends.

As for Jesus, no doubt certain isolated sayings attributed to him may be quoted in support of the assertion that he preached individual subordination to the whole, just as isolated sentences may be, and have been, quoted to prove many other false propositions concerning the spirit and tenor of his philosophy. But how about the following sayings:

“Resist not evil.”

“Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.”

“If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell that which thou hast, and give to the poor.”

“Be content with your wages.”

“Love your enemies, and do them good.”

“Give to every one that asketh thee.”

“Be not anxious for your life.”

“Think ye that I am come to give peace to the earth? I tell you Nay, but rather division.”

Where in the foregoing sayings is there an expression of the doctrine of individual subordination to the common good? How can a rational social order be based on such injunction? The teachings may be “sublime,” but they are anarchical. They are intensely individualistic. They were obviously prompted by the belief that the end of the world was near and that nothing mattered save salvation of the soul. Jesus preached no principles of social ethics, and that is why, according to Dr. Joseph Klausner, the broad minded Jews who accept Jesus as one of the great figures in history, as a fascinating idealist and visionary, cannot accept him as a guide to practical conduct in a modern industrial society.

Dr. Millikan may talk about science and Jesus having arrived independently at the same ethical conclusions, but what nation thinks of living up to the conclusions of Jesus? Is there a single *Christian* community in the world today? Is there any sign of the advent of such a community? Only beggars and hermits can practice the teachings of Jesus. Those who call themselves Christians may practice a little charity, but that makes them about one per cent Christian! What would Jesus have said to such “followers?”

It is pious nonsense, not science, to pretend that the world, under the guidance of reason, or experience, or philosophy, or religion, is realizing at last the significance of Christian ethics politically and socially applied. *There is no such thing.*

Furthermore, Professor Millikan is guilty of confusion of thought when he implies that ethics and religion are organically connected. Ethics commonplace or high, is not religion. There is no need of religion in an ethical system. Utility, habit, interest, common sense, public sentiment account for ethical systems. Religion has to do with the relations between men and the supernatural, the so-called divine beings or being, in which humanity has believed and still largely believes. Spinoza built up an ethical system without the faintest reference to religion, as have other philosophers who were deeply religious.

Professor Millikan does not seem to have read the contributions of Professor A. N. Whitehead to the literature of religion. That other famous scientist believes that life is utterly meaningless without certain fundamental religious beliefs, but here is his definition of religion: "Religion is the reaction of human nature to its search for God. The immediate reaction is worship, and worship is a surrender to the claim for assimilation, urged with the motive force of mutual love. That religion is strong which in its ritual and its modes of thought evokes an apprehension of the commanding vision."

And what is Professor Whitehead's definition of God? He objects to what the theologians and ordinary metaphysicians have had to say about God. He objects to "metaphysical compliments" paid to God. If, he says, God be the source and creator of the good, he must also be the source and creator of the evil. No: God, says Dr. Whitehead, "is the ultimate irrationality," the "ultimate limitation." God is the ground for our concrete actualities, for our moral values; the nature of God is the ground for our rational conceptions and our distinctions between good and evil.

It is within the nature of God, continues Professor Whitehead, to establish reason within her proper dominions. Further knowledge of God, we are informed, must be sought in the region of particular and individual experiences. Presumably, in analyzing such particular experiences science is useful even to metaphysicians.

Now the men of science who prefer this sort of chatter to

Agnosticism are doubtless sincere, and they may attach some meaning to their weird terms, but they are not using the methods of science when they use those terms. They cannot expect the masses of humanity to embrace their metaphysical religions; to those masses religion is what it always has been—man-made, anthropomorphic, naive and child-like. They believe in what is called “revelation,” and they do not stop to ask themselves how the genuineness of an alleged revelation is to be determined. The man of science knows that revelation is probably self-delusion or pious fraud. They know that God, if he exists, does not talk to the petty creatures called men, and cannot be conceived of as entering into communications with any finite being. Science has not concerned itself with revelation; it would not know what to do with the subject except to psychoanalyze the persons who claim direct inspiration from Heaven—and of course, there is no Heaven in the superstitious sense of the term.

It is true that science has profoundly influenced religion in that it has forced the abandonment of one fallacy, one empty statement, one error, after another. But science has not modified and cannot modify what is *essential* in religion. That consists of a set of propositions that are not subject to verification, demonstration, clear formulation. At such propositions science can but shrug its shoulders and smile. It does not know the language of those propositions. It has no notion how to deal with them rationally. It can trace the evolution of the ideas of God, the Devil, ghosts, angels, seraphim, cherubim and fairies, and it can see just what evidence was deemed sufficient to justify this or that religious belief. But there it stops.

Of course, the man of science does not for a moment admit the fantastic theory that religion has *its own logic*, its own methods of proof, its own special corner in the mind or elsewhere in the organism. Those who reason at all, reason in the same way about *all* things—about the truth of history, the soundness of the Relativity theory, the evidence for natural selection, the foundation for the claims of the State, the effects of the Protective system or the 18th amendment. We have but one mind, and if there are water tight compartments in that mind, and in some of them reason does not govern, that is a fact to be dealt with by science and reckoned with in estimating human intelligence or the power of reason.

Another distinguished scientist who not infrequently discusses religion is Sir Oliver Lodge. In a recent "Citizens' Lecture" on Energy, Sir Oliver expressed the following tentative beliefs:

That life was not merely "one of the forms of energy," but rather "a guiding and directing principle from outside which interacted with the physical and material universe, but was not of it."

That the universe has always existed, was still a going concern, and perhaps would never run down.

That while the universe might be compared to a clock, it was a clock that could be wound up again and again by intelligence.

That a true philosophy must be complete and cover life and mind as well as physical and material phenomena, and that when such a philosophy emerges, we shall be able to answer questions which today we can only frame and put.

There is obviously little to criticize in the foregoing statement of mere conjectures and beliefs admittedly unscientific. It is, however, necessary to point out that such phrases as "a guiding principle from the *outside*," intelligence winding up the Universe, and the like, convey absolutely no meaning to anyone. We can form no notion of an intelligence *outside* the universe directing and winding up that going concern. The only reason we use such metaphors at all is simply this—that even men of science cannot quite rid themselves of the old and naive anthropomorphism of the Bible and similar accounts of the Creation and of the relation between the Creator and the Universe. Drop this childish anthropomorphism, and nothing remains save Agnosticism.

So far, at any rate, no man of science has had anything scientific to say about the questions we can only put. Of course, men of science may take holidays, or half holidays, from rigorous thinking and self-discipline, but they must not mislead the general public into imagining that their guesses about religion have any value.

Let us glance at the utterances on religion of another man of science—Professor Michael Pupin, the inventor and physicist. Professor Pupin, in a magazine essay, traces the processes of what he calls creative co-ordination. He says much that is true and sound as well as elevating, but we also find in the essay a lot of sentimental assumptions, arbitrary assertions, Panglossian complacencies. These were penned in an utterly unscientific spirit.

We may also profitably glance at Professor Julian Huxley's

book entitled *Religion Without Revelation*. The grandson of the great Professor T. H. Huxley may be presumed to be familiar with the logic and the philosophy of Agnosticism, and if he rejects that modest negative doctrine, one would expect him to give strong and solid reasons for that attitude. Oddly enough, he fails to do so. A searching examination by him of his grandfather's writings on the subject and a frank discussion of their weaknesses and inadequacies, "if any," would be most instructive, but that we are not vouchsafed. Instead we have an exposition of a new sort of religion, with a new set of definitions for old and accepted terms. The result, one must own, is not at all satisfactory.

Professor Julian Huxley is a Monist, but he goes too far when he frowns upon *any* form of *limited* dualism. He will have no distinction between life and matter, or between life and God. He denies the super-natural or the externality of God. But he does not object to the use of the term God, provided we mean by it "the Universe as it impinges on our lives and makes part of our thought." This definition is obviously arbitrary and futile, as arbitrary and futile as that attributed to an American thinker—namely, that God "is a name for the good in the world."

Why cling to a term so meaningless? The Agnostic refuses to trifle with language. He rejects the old conceptions and definitions of God, and there he stops. He feels no need or possibility of a substitute in the present state of scientific knowledge.

Professor Huxley says that there is nothing for religion to reveal, but he must admit that there is much for *science* to explain, interpret, subsume and trace to beginnings or first principles.

Even the Trinity finds a place in the Huxley scheme. But his trinity consists of the forces of the physical universe, the realm of ideals, of beauty and of truth, and of human beings, who are called upon to realize their own ideals and make the world lovely, pure and good. This is literature, not thought, rhetoric, nor science; man has evolved his own ideals, and they are as much part of him as are his moral faults and shortcomings. The hypothesis of the unity and uniformity of Nature is very serviceable, but it remains a hypothesis. It is not scientific to be dogmatic about it. As William James said, God is "one of the claimants" in any theory of the Universe, and the hypothesis of a force or intelligence controlling

the Universe cannot be dismissed with a contemptuous shrug, but must be met with a demand for clear definitions.

Professor Michael Pupin speaks in Scribner's magazine with warm admiration of Tyndall, who first told him "the story of the transformation of the primordial chaos into a cosmos, a universe of beautiful law and order," and continues as follows:

This is also the story of the universe of organic life. The truth which this story reveals was recognized intuitively by man since the very beginning of civilization and, guided by the power of his creative soul, he began to dream of a social cosmos which makes life worth living. The awakening from this beautiful dream is the birth of church and state; guided by the love of God and of fellow man these social co-ordinators will certainly give us a social cosmos, the realization of the highest aspiration of the human soul.

From this point of view science, religion, and the fine arts, as expressions of the intellectual, spiritual, and æsthetic co-ordination of the creative power of the human soul, are three inseparable parts of a single science, the Science of Creative Co-ordination.

Professor Pupin has not learned from Tyndall where to stop, and that is a great pity. Even Sir Oliver Lodge is not as cheerful, as confident, as mushy and as sweeping as the American physicist and inventor. What the former hopes for, the latter dogmatically asserts to have been established. The great, baffling problems of life and mind, of evil and ugliness, do not exist for him. He talks of God as if he knew what the term meant, and he talks of Jesus and his divine mission as if every sane and thoughtful person in the world accepted the historicity of Jesus, the divinity of the founder of Christianity, and all the teachings and injunctions of that religion. Where has Professor Pupin lived all these years, and what is his idea of scientific accuracy? Take him away from his laboratory and he becomes strangely superficial and credulous.

Now, religion will never be advanced by sentimentality, superficiality and empty jargon, even when men of science descend to these means of defending it. If there are religious problems and religious phenomena, they are subject to the canons and rules of science. In dealing with them we must be honest, lucid, candid, precise. We must beg no question, use no old term in a peculiar and arbitrary meaning, talk no nonsense about religion having its own logic and its own kind of proof. We have one mind, not two,

and we reason about all things in the same way. Evidence is evidence, method is method, whatever the field or the subject matter.

Religion is not ethics and ethics is not religion. God is not another name for goodness or for love. Such special pleading is quackery, unworthy of men and women trained in science and anxious to promote intelligence and reactitude.

## EMPEDOCLES

BY RUDOLF KASSNER

WHEN the Elders and Priests learned that he, who wandered much, was drawing nigh to their city, they went out before the great gate to meet him, and they praised the happiness which had befallen them, and anointed his head with oil, and twisted ivy and white wool in and out of his black hair; and he, consecrated and like unto one who receives sacrifices, passed on through the great gate in a cloak of the colour of purple and with sandals of gold, and the multitude, marvelling greatly, thronged the streets, and strewed roses onto the ground and spread flame-coloured carpets under his feet, and the whole city was, as it were, a temple for him, and the high vault of heaven was the roof of the temple. His wisdom, the people said, was great as the love of the Gods, great as the perdition which they send into the world, his heart was pure and still as the heart of the conqueror in the battle, and his eyes, they told, could see beyond the longings of the human heart. And the multitude hung upon the words which fell from his lips, and it stood silent and like unto a great painting, when suddenly one of the people, who to all appearance was poor and clad in rags and tatters, spake gently to him who stood next to him and said: "Behold, here verily is a man who has overcome death!" Nobody had heard the words, for the people and the Elders and the Priests were waiting for that which he would say to them, and likened painted images. But he had heard the words: "Behold, here verily is a man who has overcome death." And it seemed to him as if a strange hand had grasped his heart right through his naked breast, and now his heart beat loud and fast, and darkness lay straight before him, and his eyes burned and smarted, and his mind grew confounded. He

did not see the people any more or notice that they, full of dumb questioning, had left the street to him. He did not know that the gate and the towers and the white walls of the city were far behind him, did not hear his golden sandals hitting hard upon the stones of the steep and empty path, and the cold wind catching hold of the many folds of his cloak of the colour of purple. He saw nothing but the fire deep down beneath the earth and beneath the rocks, and above it the smoking mouth of the furnace. And he felt as if somebody strong and silent were leading him and helping him up the mountain, right up to the dark gate of the great fire. The hot smoke singed his eye-lashes and his long black hair, from off his feet he stroked the golden sandals, disentangled the ivy and the white wool from his anointed hair, and threw off the cloak of the colour of purple, and then, lightly and naked his body, which still was young, sank down into the eternal flames.

---

#### THE MOTHER

Many years ago a wealthy Prince lived in one of the great Cities of India. He owned many wives, and each of his wives had presented him with a son. And the sons of the wealthy Prince were full of love for each other and for their mothers, but they hated Mahidasa, because Mahidasa's mother had been a slave of their father's, and because Mahidasa did not know his mother. And the sons of the wealthy Prince called Mahidasa, their brother: "Son of a harlot," and drove Mahidasa from their father's house.

Mahidasa wandered about for a long time and at last came upon a Sage, who lived all alone in the forest, and of whom the people said, that he possessed Truth. Mahidasa told the Sage that his mother had been the slave of his father, who was a wealthy Prince, and that he did not know his mother, and that his brothers had driven him from his father's house; and as the Sage felt drawn to Mahidasa he spoke to him and said: "Abide with me, and I will teach thee Truth, and when thou knowest Truth, thou wilt be mightier than all thy brethren, and thy brethren will not drive thee from thy father's house any more."

The Sage taught Mahidasa Truth, and Mahidasa tarried with him for a long while; and when Mahidasa knew Truth, he left the

Sage and returned to his father's house, and mingled with his brethren, and spoke to them and told them, that the Sage, of whom the people said that he possessed Truth, had taught him this Truth, and that he now was mightier than they for the sake of his Truth, and that for this reason they would in future not drive him away from his father's house any more.

When the brothers heard Mahidasa speak in this way, they firstly marvelled and answered not a word, but suddenly they looked at each other and laughed out loud, and left Mahidasa alone. Mahidasa flushed deeply with shame and forsook his father's house, and ran into the forest to the Sage, who had taught him Truth and cried: "I am ashamed of the Truth which thou hast taught me. I will have no more of thy Truth. Take Truth away from me!"

The Sage laughed and then looked deep into his eyes and spoke slowly: "Mahidasa, show me the Truth which I have taught thee, and that he now was mightier than they for the sake of this Truth,

Mahidasa could not understand what had befallen him, and he hid his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

- Russell, Bertrand. *Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell*. New York: The Modern Library.
- Lenin. *Collected Works, Volume XIII. Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*. New York: International Publishers.
- Smithsonian Institution, The. *Annual Report of the Board of Regents*. Washington, D. C.: U. S. Government Printing Office.
- Michelson, Truman. *Contributions to Fox Ethnology*. Washington, D. C.: U. S. Government Printing Office.
- Wolf, A. (trans.). *The Oldest Biography of Spinoza*. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh (The Dial Press).
- de Laguna, Grace Andrus. *Speech*. New Haven: Yale University Press. Published on the Philip Hamilton McMillan Foundation.
- Dewey, John. *The Public and Its Problems*. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Keyser, Cassius J. *Mole Philosophy and Other Essays*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Silver, Abba Hillel. *Messianic Speculation in Israel*. New York: The Macmillan Co.
- Old Testament, An American Translation, The*. Edited by J. M. Powis Smith. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.
- Who's Who in Occultism, New Thought, Psychism and Spiritualism*. Edited by William C. Hartmann. Jamaica: The Occult Press.
- Adams, Raymond Dodge. *Elementary Conditions of Human Variability*. New York: Columbia University Press. Publication No. 10 of the Ernest Kempton Adams Fund for Physical Research.
- Barry, Frederick. *The Scientific Habit of Thought*. New York: Columbia University Press.
- Sedgwick, William T. *An Introduction to General Biology*. New York: Henry Holt & Co. American Science Series.
- Dudley, E. C. *The Medicine Man*. New York: J. H. Sears & Co., Inc.
- Thurston, William Robert. *Thurston's Philosophy of Marriage*. New York: Tiffany Press.
- Initiate in the New World, The*, by His Pupil. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Jernegan, Prescott F. *Man and His God*. Palo Alto: New Freedom Press.
- Smith, Gerald Birney. *Current Christian Thinking*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Williams, Reverend William A. *The Evolution of Man Scientifically Disproved*. Camden: Rev. William A. Williams, Publisher. 1928.

**Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company**

Announce the Publication  
of a Complete

# INDEX

of

# The Philosophical Review

Volume I to XXXV  
(1892-1926)

Price \$3.00

---

**LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.**

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

Publishers: G. E. STECHERT CO., New York—WILLIAMS & NORGATE, London—FELIX ALCAN, Paris—Akad. Verlagsgesellschaft, Leipzig—NICOLA ZANICHELLI, Bologna—RUIZ HERMANOS, Madrid—RENASCENCA PORTUGUESA, Porto—THE MARUZEN COMPANY, Tokyo.

# “SCIENTIA”

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC SYNTHESIS

*Published every month (each number containing 100 to 120 pages)*

Editor: EUGENIO RIGNANO

- IS THE ONLY REVIEW** the contributors to which are really international.
- IS THE ONLY REVIEW** that has a really world-wide circulation.
- IS THE ONLY REVIEW** of scientific synthesis and unification that deals with the fundamental questions of all sciences: the history of the sciences, mathematics, astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry, biology, psychology and sociology.
- IS THE ONLY REVIEW** that by means of enquiries among the most eminent scientists and authors of all countries (*On the philosophical principles of the various sciences; On the most fundamental astronomical and physical questions of current interest, and in particular on relativity; On the contribution that the different countries have given to the development of various branches of knowledge; On the more important biological questions, and in particular on vitalism; On the social question; On the great international questions raised by the World War*), studies all the main problems discussed in intellectual circles all over the world, and represents at the same time the first attempt at an international organization of philosophical and scientific progress.
- IS THE ONLY REVIEW** that among its contributors can boast of the most illustrious men of science in the whole world. A list of more than 350 of these is given in each number.
- The articles are published in the language of their authors, and every number has a supplement containing the French translation of all the articles that are not French. The review is thus completely accessible to those who know only French. (*Write for a free copy to the General Secretary of “Scientia,” Milan, sending 12 cents in stamps of your country, merely to cover packing and postage.*)

**SUBSCRIPTION: \$10.00, Post free**      **Office: Via A. De Togni 12, Milan (116)**  
**General Secretary: DR. PAOLO BONETTI.**

# SCIENCE PROGRESS

A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC  
THOUGHT, WORK, AND AFFAIRS

Edited by Lieut.-Col. Sir RONALD ROSS  
K.C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.S., N.L., D.Sc., LL.D., M.D., F.R.C.S.

*Published at the beginning of JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER*

*Each number consists of about 192 pages, contributed by authorities in their respective subjects. Illustrated. 6s net. Annual Subscription, including postage, 25s, 6d.*

SCIENCE PROGRESS owes its origin to an endeavor to found a scientific journal containing original papers and summaries of the present state of knowledge in all branches of science. The necessity for such a journal is to be found in the fact that with the specialization which necessarily accompanies the modern development of scientific thought and work, it is increasingly difficult for even the professional man of science to keep in touch with the trend of thought and the progress achieved in subjects other than those in which his immediate interests lie. This difficulty is felt by teachers and students in colleges and schools, and by the general educated public interested in scientific questions. SCIENCE PROGRESS claims to have filled this want.

JOHN MURRAY

Albemarle Street

London, W-1