

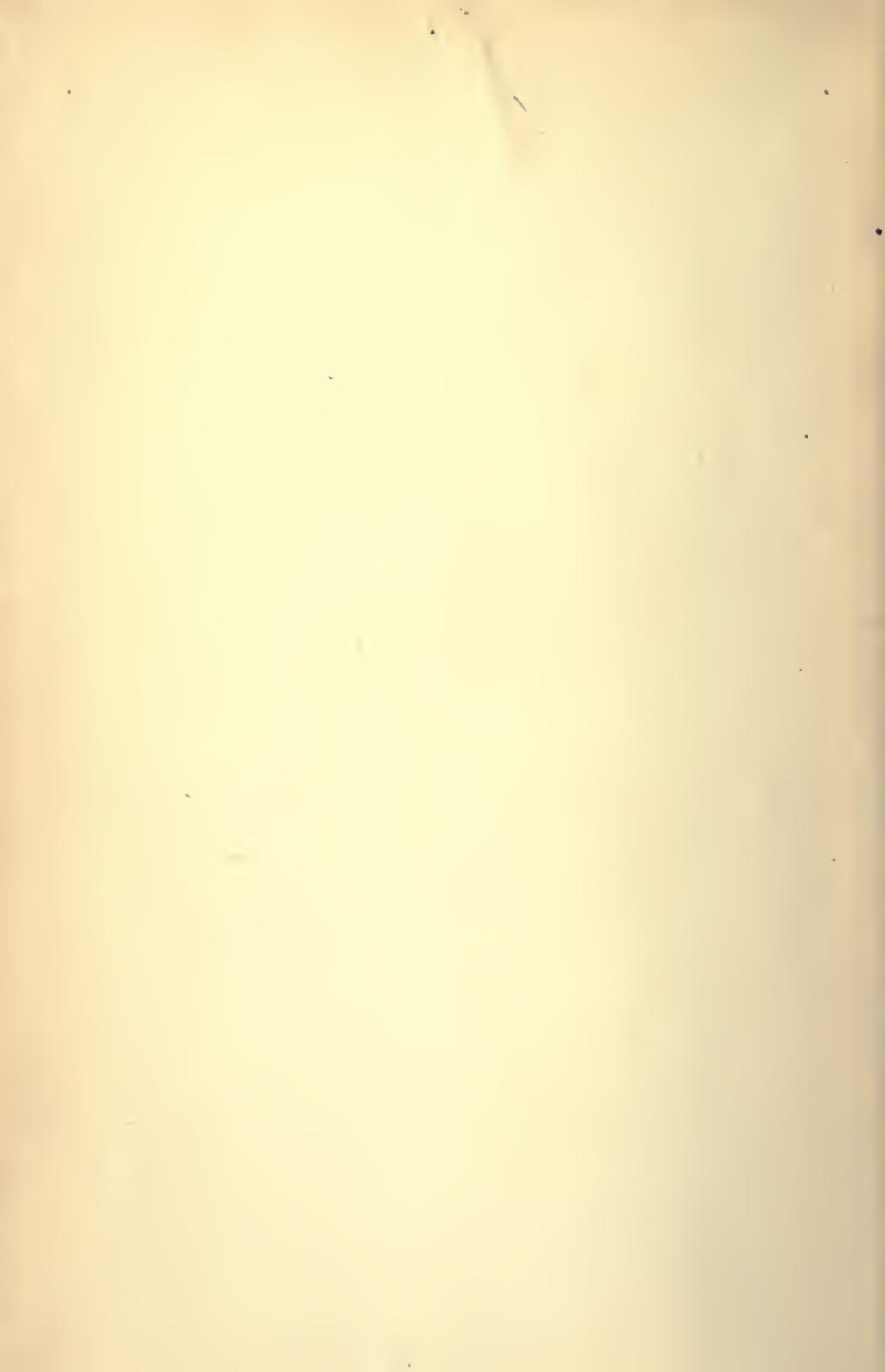
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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,  
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# CHIPS

FROM

## A GERMAN WORKSHOP.

BY

MAX MÜLLER, M. A.,

FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD

VOLUME I.

ESSAYS ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION

NEW YORK:  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,  
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TO THE MEMORY

OF

BARON BUNSEN,

MY FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR.

*et quanto diutius*  
*Abes, magis cupio tanto et magis desidero.*



## PREFACE.



MORE than twenty years have passed since my revered friend Bunsen called me one day into his library at Carlton House Terrace, and announced to me with beaming eyes that the publication of the Rig-veda was secure. He had spent many days in seeing the Directors of the East India Company, and explaining to them the importance of this work, and the necessity of having it published in England. At last his efforts had been successful, the funds for printing my edition of the text and commentary of the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans had been granted, and Bunsen was the first to announce to me the happy result of his literary diplomacy. "Now," he said, "you have got a work for life — a large block that will take years to plane and polish. But mind," he added, "let us have from time to time some chips from your workshop."

I have tried to follow the advice of my departed friend, and I have published almost every year a few articles on such subjects as had engaged my attention, while prosecuting at the same time, as far as altered circumstances would allow, my edition of the Rig-veda, and of other Sanskrit works connected with it. These

articles were chiefly published in the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews, in the "Oxford Essays," and "Macmillan's" and "Fraser's" Magazines, in the "Saturday Review," and in the "Times." In writing them my principal endeavor has been to bring out even in the most abstruse subjects the points of real interest that ought to engage the attention of the public at large, and never to leave a dark nook or corner without attempting to sweep away the cobwebs of false learning, and let in the light of real knowledge. Here, too, I owe much to Bunsen's advice; and when last year I saw in Cornwall the large heaps of copper ore piled up around the mines, like so many heaps of rubbish, while the poor people were asking for coppers to buy bread, I frequently thought of Bunsen's words, "Your work is not finished when you have brought the ore from the mine: it must be sifted, smelted, refined and coined before it can be of real use, and contribute towards the intellectual food of mankind." I can hardly hope that in this my endeavor to be clear and plain, to follow the threads of every thought to the very ends, and to place the web of every argument clearly and fully before my readers, I have always been successful. Several of the subjects treated in these essays are, no doubt, obscure and difficult: but there is no subject, I believe, in the whole realm of human knowledge, that cannot be rendered clear and intelligible, if we ourselves have perfectly mastered it. And now while the two last volumes of my edition of the

Rig-veda are passing through the press, I thought the time had come for gathering up a few armfuls of these chips and splinters, throwing away what seemed worthless, and putting the rest into some kind of shape, in order to clear my workshop for other work.

The first and second volumes which I am now publishing contain essays on the early thoughts of mankind, whether religious or mythological, and on early traditions and customs. There is to my mind no subject more absorbing than the tracing the origin and first growth of human thought;—not theoretically, or in accordance with the Hegelian laws of thought, or the Comtean epochs; but historically, and like an Indian trapper, spying for every footprint, every layer, every broken blade that might tell and testify of the former presence of man in his early wanderings and searchings after light and truth.

In the languages of mankind, in which everything new is old and everything old is new, an inexhaustible mine has been discovered for researches of this kind. Language still bears the impress of the earliest thoughts of man, obliterated, it may be, buried under new thoughts, yet here and there still recoverable in their sharp original outline. The growth of language is continuous, and by continuing our researches backward from the most modern to the most ancient strata, the very elements and roots of human speech have been reached, and with them the elements and roots of human thought. What lies beyond the beginnings of

language, however interesting it may be to the physiologist, does not yet belong to the history of man, in the true and original sense of that word. Man means the thinker, and the first manifestation of thought is speech.

But more surprising than the continuity in the growth of language, is the continuity in the growth of religion. Of religion, too, as of language, it may be said that in it everything new is old, and everything old is new, and that there has been no entirely new religion since the beginning of the world. The elements and roots of religion were there as far back as we can trace the history of man ; and the history of religion, like the history of language, shows us throughout a succession of new combinations of the same radical elements. An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a Divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope of a better life, — these are some of the radical elements of all religions. Though sometimes hidden, they rise again and again to the surface. Though frequently distorted, they tend again and again to their perfect form. Unless they had formed part of the original dowry of the human soul, religion itself would have remained an impossibility, and the tongues of angels would have been to human ears but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. If we once understand this clearly, the words of St. Augustine, which have seemed startling to many of his admir-

ers, become perfectly clear and intelligible, when he says:<sup>1</sup> “What is now called the Christian religion, has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh: from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian.” From this point of view the words of Christ too, which startled the Jews, assume their true meaning, when He said to the centurion of Capernaum: “Many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.”

During the last fifty years the accumulation of new and authentic materials for the study of the religions of the world, has been most extraordinary; but such are the difficulties in mastering these materials that I doubt whether the time has yet come for attempting to trace, after the model of the Science of Language, the definite outlines of the Science of Religion. By a succession of the most fortunate circumstances, the canonical books of three of the principal religions of the ancient world have lately been recovered, — the Veda, the Zend-Avesta, and the Tripitaka. But not only have we thus gained access to the most authentic documents from which to study the ancient religion of the Brahmans, the Zoroastrians, and the Buddhists, but by

<sup>1</sup> August. *Retr.* 1, 13. “Res ipsa, quæ nunc religio Christiana nuncupatur, erat apud antiquos, nec defuit ab initio generis humani, quousque Christus veniret in carnem, unde vera religio, quæ jam erat, cœpit appellari Christiana.”

discovering the real origin of Greek, Roman, and likewise of Teutonic, Slavonic, and Celtic mythology, it has become possible to separate the truly religious elements in the sacred traditions of these nations from the mythological crust by which they are surrounded, and thus to gain a clearer insight into the real faith of the ancient Aryan world.

If we turn to the Semitic world, we find that although but few new materials have been discovered from which to study the ancient religion of the Jews, yet a new spirit of inquiry has brought new life into the study of the sacred records of Abraham, Moses, and the Prophets; and the recent researches of Biblical scholars, though starting from the most opposite points, have all helped to bring out the historical interest of the Old Testament, in a manner not dreamt of by former theologians. The same may be said of another Semitic religion, the religion of Mohammed, since the Koran and the literature connected with it were submitted to the searching criticism of real scholars and historians. Some new materials for the study of the Semitic religions have come from the monuments of Babylon and Nineveh. The very images of Bel and Nisroch now stand before our eyes, and the inscriptions on the tablets may hereafter tell us even more of the thoughts of those who bowed their knees before them. The religious worship of the Phenicians and Carthaginians has been illustrated by Movers from the ruins of their ancient temples, and from scattered no-

tices in classical writers ; nay, even the religious ideas of the nomads of the Arabian peninsula, previous to the rise of Mohammedanism, have been brought to light by the patient researches of oriental scholars.

There is no lack of idols among the ruined and buried temples of Egypt with which to reconstruct the pantheon of that primeval country : nor need we despair of recovering more and more of the thoughts buried under the hieroglyphics of the inscriptions, or preserved in hieratic and demotic MSS., if we watch the brilliant discoveries that have rewarded the patient researches of the disciples of Champollion.

Besides the Aryan and Semitic families of religion, we have in China three recognized forms of public worship, the religion of Confucius, that of Lao-tse, and that of Fo (Buddha) ; and here, too, recent publications have shed new light, and have rendered an access to the canonical works of these religions, and an understanding of their various purports, more easy, even to those who have not mastered the intricacies of the Chinese language.

Among the Turanian nations, a few only, such as the Finns and the Mongolians, have preserved some remnants of their ancient worship and mythology, and these too have lately been more carefully collected and explained by d'Olson, Castrèn, and others.

In America, the religions of Mexico and Peru had long attracted the attention of theologians ; and of late years the impulse imparted to ethnological researches

has induced travellers and missionaries to record any traces of religious life that could be discovered among the savage inhabitants of Africa, America, and the Polynesian islands.

It will be seen from these few indications, that there is no lack of materials for the student of religion ; but we shall also perceive how difficult it is to master such vast materials. To gain a full knowledge of the Veda, or the Zend-Avesta, or the Tripitaka, of the Old Testament, the Koran, or the sacred books of China, is the work of a whole life. How then is one man to survey the whole field of religious thought, to classify the religions of the world according to definite and permanent criteria, and to describe their characteristic features with a sure and discriminating hand?

Nothing is more difficult to seize than the salient features, the traits that constitute the permanent expression and real character of a religion. Religion seems to be the common property of a large community, and yet it not only varies in numerous sects, as language does in its dialects, but it escapes our firm grasp till we can trace it to its real habitat, the heart of one true believer. We speak glibly of Buddhism and Brahmanism, forgetting that we are generalizing on the most intimate convictions of millions and millions of human souls, divided by half the world and by thousands of years.

It may be said that at all events where a religion possesses canonical books, or a definite number of

articles, the task of the student of religion becomes easier, and this, no doubt, is true to a certain extent. But even then we know that the interpretation of these canonical books varies, so much so that sects appealing to the same revealed authorities — as, for instance, the founders of the Vedânta and the Sâṅkhya systems — accuse each other of error, if not of willful error or heresy. Articles, too, though drawn up with a view to define the principal doctrines of a religion, lose much of their historical value by the treatment they receive from subsequent schools; and they are frequently silent on the very points which make religion what it is.

A few instances may serve to show what difficulties the student of religion has to contend with, before he can hope firmly to grasp the facts on which his theories are to be based.

Roman Catholic missionaries who had spent their lives in China, who had every opportunity, while staying at the court of Peking, of studying in the original the canonical works of Confucius and their commentaries, who could consult the greatest theologians then living, and converse with the crowds that thronged the temples of the capital, differed diametrically in their opinions as to the most vital points in the state religion of China. Lecomte, Fouquet, Prémare, and Bouvet thought it undeniable that Confucius, his predecessors and his disciples, had entertained the noblest ideas on the constitution of the universe, and had sacrificed

to the true God in the most ancient temple of the earth. According to Maigrot, Navarette, on the contrary, and even according to the Jesuit Longobardi, the adoration of the Chinese was addressed to inanimate tablets, meaningless inscriptions, or, in the best case, to coarse ancestral spirits and beings without intelligence.<sup>1</sup> If we believe the former, the ancient deism of China approached the purity of the Christian religion; if we listen to the latter, the absurd fetichism of the multitude degenerated amongst the educated, into systematic materialism and atheism. In answer to the peremptory texts quoted by one party, the other adduced the glosses of accredited interpreters, and the dispute of the missionaries who had lived in China and knew Chinese had to be settled in the last instance by a decision of the see of Rome.

There is hardly any religion that has been studied in its sacred literature, and watched in its external worship with greater care than the modern religion of the Hindus, and yet it would be extremely hard to give a faithful and intelligible description of it. Most people who have lived in India would maintain that the Indian religion, as believed in and practiced at present by the mass of the people, is idol worship and nothing else. But let us hear one of the mass of the people, a Hindu of Benares, who in a lecture delivered before an English and native audience defends his faith and the faith of his forefathers against such sweeping accu-

<sup>1</sup> Abel Rémusat, *Mélanges*, p. 162.

sations. "If by idolatry," he says, "is meant a system of worship which confines our ideas of the Deity to a mere image of clay or stone; which prevents our hearts from being expanded and elevated with lofty notions of the attributes of God; if this is what is meant by idolatry, we disclaim idolatry, we abhor idolatry, and deplore the ignorance or uncharitableness of those that charge us with this groveling system of worship. . . . But if, firmly believing, as we do, in the omnipresence of God, we behold, by the aid of our imagination, in the form of an image any of His glorious manifestations, ought we to be charged with identifying them with the matter of the image, whilst during those moments of sincere and fervent devotion we do not even think of matter? If at the sight of a portrait of a beloved and venerated friend no longer existing in this world, our heart is filled with sentiments of love and reverence; if we fancy him present in the picture, still looking upon us with his wonted tenderness and affection, and then indulge our feelings of love and gratitude, should we be charged with offering the grossest insult to him — that of fancying him to be no other than a piece of painted paper? . . . . We really lament the ignorance or uncharitableness of those who confound our representative worship with the Phenician, Grecian, or Roman idolatry as represented by European writers, and then charge us with polytheism in the teeth of thousands of texts in the *Purânas*, declaring in clear and unmis-

takable terms that there is but one God who manifests Himself as Brahma, Vishnu, and Rudra (Siva), in His functions of creation, preservation, and destruction.”<sup>1</sup>

In support of these statements, this eloquent advocate quotes numerous passages from the sacred literature of the Brahmans, and he sums up his view of the three manifestations of the Deity in the words of their great poet Kalidâsa, as translated by Mr. Griffith:—

“In those Three Persons the One God was shown:  
Each First in place, each Last,—not one alone;  
Of Siva, Vishnu, Brahma, each may be  
First, second, third, among the Blessed Three.”

If such contradictory views can be held and defended with regard to religious systems still prevalent amongst us, where we can cross-examine living witnesses, and appeal to chapter and verse in their sacred writings, what must the difficulty be when we have to deal with the religions of the past? I do not wish to disguise these difficulties which are inherent in a comparative study of the religions of the world. I rather dwell on them strongly, in order to show how much care and caution is required in so difficult a subject, and how much indulgence should be shown in judging of the shortcomings and errors that are unavoidable in

<sup>1</sup> The modern pandit's reply to the missionary who accuses him of polytheism is: “O, these are only various manifestations of the one God; the same as, though the sun be one in the heavens, yet he appears in multi-form reflections upon the lake. The various sects are only different entrances to the one city.” See W. W. Hunter, *Annals of Rural Bengal* p. 116.

so comprehensive a study. It was supposed at one time that a comparative analysis of the languages of mankind must transcend the powers of man: and yet by the combined and well directed efforts of many scholars, great results have here been obtained, and the principles that must guide the student of the Science of Language are now firmly established. It will be the same with the Science of Religion. By a proper division of labor, the materials that are still wanting will be collected and published and translated, and when that is done, surely man will never rest till he has discovered the purpose that runs through the religions of mankind, and till he has reconstructed the true *Civitas Dei* on foundations as wide as the ends of the world. The Science of Religion may be the last of the sciences which man is destined to elaborate; but when it is elaborated, it will change the aspect of the world, and give a new life to Christianity itself.

The Fathers of the Church, though living in much more dangerous proximity to the ancient religions of the Gentiles, admitted freely that a comparison of Christianity and other religions was useful. "If there is any agreement," Basilus remarked, "between their (the Greeks') doctrines and our own, it may benefit us to know them: if not, then to compare them and to learn how they differ, will help not a little towards confirming that which is the better of the two."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Basilus, *De legendis Græc. libris*, c. v. Εἰ μὲν οὖν ἐστί τις οἰκειότης πρὸς ἀλλήλους τοῖς λόγοις, προύργου ἂν ἡμῖν αὐτῶν ἡ γνώσις γένοιτο. εἰ δὲ μὴ, ἀλλὰ τὸ γε παράλληλα θέντας καταμαθεῖν τὸ διάφορον, οὐ μικρὸν εἰς βεβαίωσιν θελτίονος.

But this is not the only advantage of a comparative study of religions. The Science of Religion will for the first time assign to Christianity its right place among the religions of the world; it will show for the first time fully what was meant by the fullness of time; it will restore to the whole history of the world, in its unconscious progress towards Christianity, its true and sacred character.

Not many years ago great offense was given by an eminent writer who remarked that the time had come when the history of Christianity should be treated in a truly historical spirit, — in the same spirit in which we treat the history of other religions, such as Brahmanism, Buddhism, or Mohammedanism. And yet what can be truer? He must be a man of little faith, who would fear to subject his own religion to the same critical tests to which the historian subjects all other religions. We need not surely crave a tender or merciful treatment for that faith which we hold to be the only true one. We should rather challenge for it the severest tests and trials, as the sailor would for the good ship to which he intrusts his own life, and the lives of those who are most dear to him. In the Science of Religion, we can decline no comparisons, nor claim any immunities for Christianity, as little as the missionary can, when wrestling with the subtle Brahman, or the fanatical Mussulman, or the plain speaking Zulu. And if we send out our missionaries to every part of the world to face every kind of religion, to shrink from no

contest, to be appalled by no objections, we must not give way at home or within our own hearts to any misgivings, lest a comparative study of the religions of the world could shake the firm foundations on which we must stand or fall.

To the missionary, more particularly, a comparative study of the religions of mankind will be, I believe, of the greatest assistance. Missionaries are apt to look upon all other religions as something totally distinct from their own, as formerly they used to describe the languages of barbarous nations as something more like the twittering of birds than the articulate speech of men. The Science of Language has taught us that there is order and wisdom in all languages, and even the most degraded jargons contain the ruins of former greatness and beauty. The Science of Religion, I hope, will produce a similar change in our views of barbarous forms of faith and worship; and missionaries, instead of looking only for points of difference, will look out more anxiously for any common ground, any spark of the true light that may still be revived, any altar that may be dedicated afresh to the true God.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Joguth Chundra Gangooly, a native convert, says: "I know from personal experience that the Hindu Scriptures have a great deal of truth. . . . If you go to India, and examine the common sayings of the people, you will be surprised to see what a splendid religion the Hindu religion must be. Even the most ignorant women have proverbs that are full of the purest religion. Now I am not going to India to injure their feelings by saying, 'Your Scripture is all nonsense, is good for nothing; anything outside the Old and New Testament is a humbug.' No; I tell you I will appeal to the Hindu philosophers, and moralists, and poets, at the same time

And even to us at home, a wider view of the religious life of the world may teach many a useful lesson. Immense as is the difference between our own and all other religions of the world — and few can know that difference who have not honestly examined the foundations of their own as well as of other religions — the position which believers and unbelievers occupy with regard to their various forms of faith is very much the same all over the world. The difficulties which trouble us, have troubled the hearts and minds of men as far back as we can trace the beginnings of religious life. The great problems touching the relation of the Finite to the Infinite, of the human mind as the recipient, and of the Divine Spirit as the source of truth, are old problems indeed; and while watching their appearance in different countries, and their treatment under varying circumstances, we shall be able, I believe, to profit ourselves, both by the errors which others committed before us, and by the truth which they discovered. We shall know the rocks that threaten every religion in this changing and shifting world of ours, and having watched many a storm of religious controversy and many a shipwreck in distant seas, we shall face with greater calmness and prudence the troubled waters at home.

If there is one thing which a comparative study of religions places in the clearest light, it is the inevitable bringing to them my light, and reasoning with them in the spirit of Christ. That will be my work." — "A Brief Account of Joguth Chundra Gangooly, a Brahmin and a Convert to Christianity." *Christian Reformer* August, 1860.

decay to which every religion is exposed. It may seem almost like a truism, that no religion can continue to be what it was during the lifetime of its founder and its first apostles. Yet it is but seldom borne in mind that without constant reformation, *i. e.* without a constant return to its fountain-head, every religion, even the most perfect, nay the most perfect on account of its very perfection, more even than others, suffers from its contact with the world, as the purest air suffers from the mere fact of its being breathed.

Whenever we can trace back a religion to its first beginnings, we find it free from many of the blemishes that offend us in its later phases. The founders of the ancient religions of the world, as far as we can judge, were minds of a high stamp, full of noble aspirations, yearning for truth, devoted to the welfare of their neighbors, examples of purity and unselfishness. What they desired to found upon earth was but seldom realized, and their sayings, if preserved in their original form, offer often a strange contrast to the practice of those who profess to be their disciples. As soon as a religion is established, and more particularly when it has become the religion of a powerful state, the foreign and worldly elements encroach more and more on the original foundation, and human interests mar the simplicity and purity of the plan which the founder had conceived in his own heart, and matured in his communings with his God. Even those who lived with Buddha misunderstood his words, and at the Great

Council which had to settle the Buddhist canon, Asoka, the Indian Constantine had to remind the assembled priests that "what had been said by Buddha, that alone was well said;" and that certain works ascribed to Buddha, as, for instance, the instruction given to his son, Râhula, were apocryphal, if not heretical.<sup>1</sup> With every century, Buddhism, when it was accepted by nations, differing as widely as Mongols and Hindus, when its sacred writings were translated into languages as wide apart as Sanskrit and Chinese, assumed widely different aspects, till at last the Buddhism of the Shamans in the steppes of Tartary is as different from the teaching of the original Samana, as the Christianity of the leader of the Chinese rebels is from the teaching of Christ. If missionaries could show to the Brahmans, the Buddhists, the Zoroastrians, nay, even to the Mohammedans, how much their present faith differs from the faith of their forefathers and founders; if they could place in their hands and read with them in a kindly spirit the original documents on which these various religions profess to be founded, and enable them to distinguish between the doctrines of their own sacred books and the additions of later ages; an important advantage would be gained, and the choice between Christ and other Masters would be rendered far more easy to many a truth seeking soul. But for that purpose it is necessary that we too should see the beam in our own eyes, and learn to distinguish between the

<sup>1</sup> See Burnouf, *Lotus de la bonne Loi*, Appendice, No. x. § 4.

Christianity of the nineteenth century and the religion of Christ. If we find that the Christianity of the nineteenth century does not win as many hearts in India and China as it ought, let us remember that it was the Christianity of the first century in all its dogmatic simplicity, but with its overpowering love of God and man, that conquered the world and superseded religions and philosophies, more difficult to conquer than the religious and philosophical systems of Hindus and Buddhists. If we can teach something to the Brahmans in reading with them their sacred hymns, they too can teach us something when reading with us the gospel of Christ. Never shall I forget the deep despondency of a Hindu convert, a real martyr to his faith, who had pictured to himself from the pages of the New Testament what a Christian country must be, and who when he came to Europe found everything so different from what he had imagined in his lonely meditations at Benares! It was the Bible only that saved him from returning to his old religion, and helped him to discern beneath theological futilities, accumulated during nearly two thousand years, beneath pharisaical hypocrisy, infidelity, and want of charity, the buried, but still living seed, committed to the earth by Christ and His Apostles. How can a missionary in such circumstances meet the surprise and questions of his pupils, unless he may point to that seed, and tell them what Christianity was meant to be; unless he may show that, like all other religions,

Christianity, too, has had its history; that the Christianity of the nineteenth century is not the Christianity of the Middle Ages, that the Christianity of the Middle Ages was not that of the early Councils, that the Christianity of the early Councils was not that of the Apostles, and "that what has been said by Christ, that alone was well said?"

The advantages, however, which missionaries and other defenders of the faith will gain from a comparative study of religions, though important hereafter, are not at present the chief object of these researches. In order to maintain their scientific character, they must be independent of all extraneous considerations: they must aim at truth, trusting that even unpalatable truths, like unpalatable medicine, will reinvigorate the system into which they enter. To those, no doubt, who value the tenets of their religion as the miser values his pearls and precious stones, thinking their value lessened if pearls and stones of the same kind are found in other parts of the world, the Science of Religion will bring many a rude shock; but to the true believer, truth, wherever it appears, is welcome, nor will any doctrine seem the less true or the less precious, because it was seen, not only by Moses or Christ, but likewise by Buddha or Lao-tse. Nor should it be forgotten that while a comparison of ancient religions will certainly show that some of the most vital articles of faith are the common property of the whole of mankind, at least of all who seek the

Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, the same comparison alone can possibly teach us what is peculiar to Christianity, and what has secured to it that preëminent position which now it holds in spite of all obloquy. The gain will be greater than the loss, if loss there be, which I, at least, shall never admit.

There is a strong feeling, I know, in the minds of all people against any attempt to treat their own religion as a member of a class, and, in one sense, that feeling is perfectly justified. To each individual, his own religion, if he really believes in it, is something quite inseparable from himself, something unique, that cannot be compared to anything else, or replaced by anything else. Our own religion is, in that respect, something like our own language. In its form it may be like other languages; in its essence and in its relation to ourselves, it stands alone and admits of no peer or rival.

But in the history of the world, our religion, like our own language, is but one out of many; and in order to understand fully the position of Christianity in the history of the world, and its true place among the religions of mankind, we must compare it, not with Judaism only, but with the religious aspirations of the whole world, with all, in fact, that Christianity came either to destroy or to fulfill. From this point of view Christianity forms part, no doubt, of what people call profane history, but by that very fact, profane history

ceases to be profane, and regains throughout that sacred character of which it had been deprived by a false distinction. The ancient Fathers of the Church spoke on these subjects with far greater freedom than we venture to use in these days. Justin Martyr, in his "Apology" (A. D. 139), has this memorable passage ("Apol." i. 46) : "One article of our faith then is, that Christ is the first begotten of God, and we have already proved Him to be the very Logos (or universal Reason), of which mankind are all partakers; and therefore those who live according to the Logos are Christians, notwithstanding they may pass with you for Atheists; such among the Greeks were Sokrates and Herakleitos and the like; and such among the Barbarians were Abraham, and Ananias, and Azarias, and Misael, and Elias, and many others, whose actions, nay whose very names, I know, would be tedious to relate, and therefore shall pass them over. So, on the other side, those who have lived in former times in defiance of the Logos or Reason, were evil, and enemies to Christ and murderers of such as lived according to the Logos; but *they who have made or make the Logos or Reason the rule of their actions are Christians*, and men without fear and trembling." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Τὸν Χριστὸν πρωτότοκον τοῦ Θεοῦ εἶναι ἐδιδάχθημεν, καὶ προεμνήσαμεν λόγον ὄντα, οὗ πᾶν γένος ἀνθρώπων μετέσχε· καὶ οἱ μετὰ Λόγου βιώσαντες Χριστιανοὶ εἰσι, καὶ ἄθεοι ἐνομίσθησαν, οἷον ἐν Ἑλλήσι μὲν Σωκράτης καὶ Ἡράκλειτος καὶ οἱ ὁμοῖοι αὐτοῖς, ἐν βαρβάροις δὲ Ἀβραὰμ καὶ Ἀνανίας καὶ Ἀζαρίας καὶ Μισαὴλ καὶ Ἡλίας καὶ ἄλλοι πολλοί, ὧν τὰς πράξεις ἢ τὰ ὀνόματα καταλέγειν μακρὸν εἶναι ἐπιστάμενοι, γὰρ ἐν παρατιούμεθα. ὥστε καὶ οἱ προγενόμενοι ἄνευ Λόγου βιώσαντες, ἄχρηστοι κα.

“God,” says Clement (200 A. D.), “is the cause of all that is good: only of some good gifts He is the primary cause, as of the Old and New Testaments; of others the secondary, as of (Greek) philosophy. But even philosophy may have been given primarily by Him to the Greeks, before the Lord had called the Greeks also. For that philosophy, like a schoolmaster, has guided the Greeks also, as the Law did Israel, towards Christ. Philosophy, therefore, prepares and opens the way to those who are made perfect by Christ.”<sup>1</sup>

And again: “It is clear that the same God to whom we owe the Old and New Testaments, gave also to the Greeks their Greek philosophy, by which the Almighty is glorified among the Greeks.”<sup>2</sup>

And Clement was by no means the only one who spoke thus freely and fearlessly, though, no doubt, his knowledge of Greek philosophy qualified him better than many of his contemporaries to speak with authority on such subjects.

ἐχθροὶ τῷ Χριστῷ ἦσαν, καὶ φονεῖς τῶν μετὰ Λόγου βιούντων· οἱ δὲ μετὰ Λόγου βιώσαντες καὶ βιούντες Χριστιανοὶ καὶ ἄφοβοι καὶ ἀτάραχοι ὑπάρχουσιν.

<sup>1</sup> Clem. Alex. *Strom.* lib. I. cap. v. § 28. Πάντων μὲν γὰρ αἴτιος τῶν καλῶν ὁ Θεός, ἀλλὰ τῶν μὲν κατὰ προηγούμενον, ὡς τῆς τε διαθήκης τῆς παλαιᾶς καὶ τῆς νέας τῶν δὲ κατ' ἐπακολουθήμα ὡς τῆς φιλοσοφίας· τάχα δὲ καὶ προηγουμένως τοῖς Ἑλλῆσιν ἐδόθη τότε πρὶν ἢ τὸν κύριον καλέσαι καὶ τοὺς Ἑλληνας. Ἐπαιδαγωγεῖ γὰρ καὶ αὐτὴ τὸ Ἑλληνικὸν ὡς ὁ νόμος τοὺς Ἑβραίους εἰς Χριστόν. προπαρασκευάζει τοῖσιν ἢ φιλοσοφία προοδοποιούσα τὸν ὑπὸ Χριστοῦ τελειούμενον.

<sup>2</sup> *Strom.* lib. VI. cap. v. § 42. Πρὸς δὲ καὶ ὅτι ὁ αὐτὸς Θεὸς ἀμφοῖν ταῖς διαθήκαις χορηγός, ὁ καὶ τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς φιλοσοφίας δοτῆρ τοῖς Ἑλλῆσιν, δι' ἧς ὁ «αντοκράτωρ παρ' Ἑλλῆσι δοξάζεται, παρέστησεν δῆλον δὲ κἀνθένδε.

St. Augustine writes: "If the Gentiles also had possibly something divine and true in their doctrines, our Saints did not find fault with it, although for their superstition, idolatry, and pride, and other evil habits, they had to be detested, and, unless they improved, to be punished by divine judgment. For the Apostle Paul, when he said something about God among the Athenians, quoted the testimony of some of the Greeks who had said something of the same kind: and this, if they came to Christ, would be acknowledged in them, and not blamed. St. Cyprian, too, uses such witnesses against the Gentiles. For when he speaks of the Magians, he says that the chief among them, Hostanes, maintains that the true God is invisible, and that true angels sit at His throne; and that Plato agrees with this, and believes in One God, considering the others to be angels or demons; and that Hermes Trismegistus also speaks of One God, and confesses that He is incomprehensible." (Augustinus, "De Baptismo contra Donatistas," lib. VI. cap. xlv.)

Every religion, even the most imperfect and degraded, has something that ought to be sacred to us, for there is in all religions a secret yearning after the true, though unknown God. Whether we see the Papua squatting in dumb meditation before his fetich, or whether we listen to Firdusi exclaiming: "The height and the depth of the whole world have their centre in Thee, O my God! I do not know Thee what Thou art: but I know that Thou art what Thou alone canst

be," — we ought to feel that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. There are philosophers, no doubt, to whom both Christianity and all other religions are exploded errors, things belonging to the past, and to be replaced by more positive knowledge. To them the study of the religions of the world could only have a pathological interest, and their hearts could never warm at the sparks of truth that light up, like stars, the dark yet glorious night of the ancient world. They tell us that the world has passed through the phases of religious and metaphysical errors, in order to arrive at the safe haven of positive knowledge of facts. But if they would but study positive facts, if they would but read, patiently and thoughtfully, the history of the world, as it is, not as it might have been: they would see that, as in geology, so in the history of human thought, theoretic uniformity does not exist, and that the past is never altogether lost. The oldest formations of thought crop out everywhere, and if we dig but deep enough, we shall find that even the sandy desert in which we are asked to live, rests everywhere on the firm foundation of that primeval, yet indestructible granite of the human soul — religious faith.

There are other philosophers, again, who would fain narrow the limits of the Divine government of the world to the history of the Jewish and of the Christian nations, who would grudge the very name of religion to the ancient creeds of the world, and to whom the name of natural religion has almost become a term of reproach. To them, too, I should like to say that if

they would but study positive facts, if they would but read their own Bible, they would find that the greatness of Divine Love cannot be measured by human standards, and that God has never forsaken a single human soul that has not first forsaken Him. "He hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation: that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us." If they would but dig deep enough, they too would find that what they contemptuously call natural religion is in reality the greatest gift that God has bestowed on the children of man, and that without it, revealed religion itself would have no firm foundation, no living roots in the heart of man.

If by the essays here collected I should succeed in attracting more general attention towards an independent, yet reverent study of the ancient religions of the world, and in dispelling some of the prejudices with which so many have regarded the yearnings after truth embodied in the sacred writings of the Brahmans, the Zoroastrians, and the Buddhists, in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, nay, even in the wild traditions and degraded customs of Polynesian savages, I shall consider myself amply rewarded for the labor which they have cost me. That they are not free from errors, in spite of a careful revision to which they have been submitted before I published them in this collec-

tion, I am fully aware, and I shall be grateful to any one who will point them out, little concerned whether it is done in a seemly or unseemly manner, as long as some new truth is elicited, or some old error effectually exploded. Though I have thought it right in preparing these essays for publication, to alter what I could no longer defend as true, and also, though rarely, to add some new facts that seemed essential for the purpose of establishing what I wished to prove, yet in the main they have been left as they were originally published. I regret that, in consequence, certain statements of facts and opinions are repeated in different articles in almost the same words; but it will easily be seen that this could not have been avoided without either breaking the continuity of an argument, or rewriting large portions of certain essays. If what is contained in these repetitions is true and right, I may appeal to a high authority "that in this country true things and right things require to be repeated a great many times." If otherwise, the very repetition will provoke criticism and insure refutation. I have added to all the articles the dates when they were written, these dates ranging over the last fifteen years; and I must beg my readers to bear these dates in mind when judging both of the form and the matter of these contributions towards a better knowledge of the creeds and prayers, the legends and customs of the ancient world.

M. N

PARKS END, OXFORD,

October, 1867.

VOL. I.



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1.

LECTURE ON THE VEDAS,  
OR THE  
SACRED BOOKS OF THE BRAHMANS,<sup>1</sup>  
DELIVERED AT THE  
PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION, LEEDS, MARCH, 1865.



I HAVE brought with me one volume of my edition of the Veda, and I should not wonder if it were the first copy of the work which has ever reached this busy town of Leeds. Nay, I confess I have some misgivings that I may have undertaken a hopeless task, and I begin to doubt whether I shall succeed in explaining to you the interest which I feel for this ancient collection of sacred hymns, — an interest which has never failed me while devoting to the publication of this voluminous work the best twenty years of my life. Many times have I been asked, But what is the Veda? Why should it be published? What are we likely to learn from a book composed nearly four thousand years ago, and intended from the beginning for an uncultivated race of mere heathens and savages, — a book

<sup>1</sup> Some of the points touched upon in this Lecture have been more fully treated in my *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*. As the second edition of this work has been out of print for several years, I have here quoted a few passages from it in full.

which the natives of India have never published themselves, although, to the present day, they profess to regard it as the highest authority for their religion, morals, and philosophy? Are we, the people of England, or of Europe, in the nineteenth century, likely to gain any new light on religious, moral, or philosophical questions from the old songs of the Brahmans? And is it so very certain that the whole book is not a modern forgery, without any substantial claims to that high antiquity which is ascribed to it by the Hindus, so that all the labor bestowed upon it would not only be labor lost, but throw discredit on our powers of discrimination, and make us a laughing-stock among the shrewd natives of India? These and similar questions I have had to answer many times when asked by others, and some of them when asked by myself, before embarking on so hazardous an undertaking as the publication of the Rig-veda and its ancient commentary. And I believe I am not mistaken in supposing that many of those who to-night have honored me with their presence may have entertained similar doubts and misgivings when invited to listen to a Lecture "On the Vedas, or the Sacred Books of the Brahmans."

I shall endeavor, therefore, as far as this is possible within the limits of one Lecture, to answer some of these questions, and to remove some of these doubts, by explaining to you, first, what the Veda really is; and, secondly, what importance it possesses, not only to the people of India, but to ourselves in Europe, — and here again, not only to the student of Oriental languages, but to every student of history, religion, or philosophy; to every man who has once felt the charm of tracing that mighty stream of human thought on

which we ourselves are floating onward, back to its distant mountain-sources; to every one who has a heart for whatever has once filled the hearts of millions of human beings with their noblest hopes, and fears, and aspirations; to every student of mankind in the fullest sense of that full and weighty word. Whoever claims that noble title must not forget, whether he examines the highest achievements of mankind in our own age, or the miserable failures of former ages, what man is, and in whose image and after whose likeness man was made. Whether listening to the shrieks of the Shaman sorcerers of Tartary, or to the odes of Pindar, or to the sacred songs of Paul Gerhard: whether looking at the pagodas of China, or the Parthenon of Athens, or the Cathedral of Cologne; whether reading the sacred books of the Buddhists, of the Jews, or of those who worship God in spirit and in truth, we ought to be able to say, like the Emperor Maximilian, "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto;*" or, translating his words somewhat freely, "I am a man; nothing pertaining to man I deem foreign to myself." Yes, we must learn to read in the history of the whole human race something of our own history; and as in looking back on the story of our own life, we all dwell with a peculiar delight on the earliest chapters of our childhood, and try to find there the key to many of the riddles of our later life, it is but natural that the historian, too, should ponder with most intense interest over the few relics that have been preserved to him of the childhood of the human race. These relics are few indeed, and therefore very precious; and this I may venture to say, at the outset and without fear of contradiction, that there exists no literary relic that carries us

back to a more primitive, or, if you like, more childlike state in the history of man <sup>1</sup> than the Veda. As the language of the Veda, the Sanskrit, is the most ancient type of the English of the present day (Sanskrit and English are but varieties of one and the same language), so its thoughts and feelings contain in reality the first roots and germs of that intellectual growth which by an unbroken chain connects our own generation with the ancestors of the Aryan race, — with those very people who at the rising and setting of the sun listened with trembling hearts to the songs of the Veda, that told them of bright powers above, and of a life to come after the sun of their own lives had set in the clouds of the evening. Those men were the true ancestors of our race ; and the Veda is the oldest book we have in which to study the first beginnings of our language, and of all that is embodied in language. We are by nature Aryan, Indo-European, not Semitic : our spiritual kith and kin are to be found in India, Persia, Greece, Italy, Germany ; not in Mesopotamia, Egypt, or Palestine. This is a fact that ought to be clearly perceived, and constantly kept in view, in order to understand the importance which the Veda has for us, after the lapse of more than three thousand years, and after ever so many changes in our language, thought, and religion.

Whatever the intrinsic value of the Veda, if it simply contained the names of kings, the description of battles, the dates of famines, it would still be, by its

<sup>1</sup> “ In the sciences of law and society, old means not old in chronology, but in structure: that is most archaic which lies nearest to the beginning of human progress considered as a development; and that is most modern which is furthest removed from that beginning.” — J. F. McLennan, *Primitive Marriage*, 1 8

age alone, the most venerable of books. Do we ever find much beyond such matters in Egyptian hieroglyphics, or in Cuneiform inscriptions? In fact, what does the ancient history of the world before Cyrus, before 500 B. C., consist of, but meagre lists of Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian dynasties? What do the tablets of Karnak, the palaces of Nineveh, and the cylinders of Babylon tell us about the thoughts of men? All is dead and barren, nowhere a sigh, nowhere a jest, nowhere a glimpse of humanity. There has been but one oasis in that vast desert of ancient Asiatic history, the history of the Jews. Another such oasis is the Veda. Here, too, we come to a stratum of ancient thought, of ancient feelings, hopes, joys, and fears,—of ancient religion. There is perhaps too little of kings and battles in the Veda, and scarcely anything of the chronological framework of history. But poets, surely, are better than kings; hymns and prayers are more worth listening to than the agonies of butchered armies; and guesses at truth more valuable than unmeaning titles of Egyptian or Babylonian despots. It will be difficult to settle whether the Veda is “the oldest of books,” and whether some of the portions of the Old Testament may not be traced back to the same or even an earlier date than the oldest hymns of the Veda. But in the Aryan world, the Veda is certainly the oldest book, and its preservation amounts almost to a marvel.

It is nearly twenty years ago since my attention was first drawn to the Veda, while attending, in the years 1846 and 1847, the Lectures of Eugène Burnouf at the Collège de France. I was then looking out, like most young men at that time of life, for some great

work, and without weighing long the difficulties which had hitherto prevented the publication of the Veda, I determined to devote all my time to the collection of the materials necessary for such an undertaking. I had read the principal works of the later Sanskrit literature, but had found little there that seemed to be more than curious. But to publish the Veda, a work that had never before been published in India or in Europe, that occupied in the history of Sanskrit literature the same position which the Old Testament occupies in the history of the Jews, the New Testament in the history of modern Europe, the Koran in the history of Mohammedanism, — a work which fills a gap in the history of the human mind, and promises to bring us nearer than any other work to the first beginnings of Aryan language and Aryan thought, — this seemed to me an undertaking not altogether unworthy a man's life. What added to the charm of it was that it had once before been undertaken by Frederick Rosen, a young German scholar, who died in England before he had finished the first book, and that after his death no one seemed willing to carry on his work. What I had to do, first of all, was to copy not only the text, but the commentary of the Rig-veda, a work which when finished will fill six of these large volumes. The author, or rather the compiler of this commentary, Sâyana Âkârya, lived about 1400 after Christ, that is to say, about as many centuries after, as the poets of the Veda lived before, the beginning of our era. Yet through the 3,000 years which separate the original poetry of the Veda from the latest commentary, there runs an almost continuous stream of tradition, and it is from it, rather than from his own brain, that Sâyana draws his explanations

of the sacred texts. Numerous MSS., more or less complete, more or less inaccurate, of Sâyana's classical work, existed in the then Royal Library at Paris, in the Library of the East India House, then in Leadenhall Street, and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. But to copy and collate these MSS. was by no means all. A number of other works were constantly quoted in Sâyana's commentary, and these quotations had all to be verified. It was necessary first to copy these works, and to make indexes to all of them, in order to be able to find any passage that might be referred to in the larger commentary. Many of these works have since been published in Germany and France, but they were not to be procured twenty years ago. The work, of course, proceeded but slowly, and many times I doubted whether I should be able to carry it through. Lastly came the difficulty, — and by no means the smallest, — who was to publish a work that would occupy about six thousand pages in quarto, all in Sanskrit, and of which probably not a hundred copies would ever be sold. Well, I came to England in order to collect more materials at the East India House and at the Bodleian Library, and thanks to the exertions of my generous friend Baron Bunsen, and of the late Professor Wilson, the Board of Directors of the East India Company decided to defray the expenses of a work which, as they stated in their letter, "is in a peculiar manner deserving of the patronage of the East India Company, connected as it is with the early religion, history, and language of the great body of their Indian subjects." It thus became necessary for me to take up my abode in England, which has since become my second home. The first volume was published in 1849, the second in

1853, the third in 1856, the fourth in 1862. The materials for the remaining volumes are ready, so that, if I can but make leisure, there is little doubt that before long the whole work will be complete.

Now, first, as to the name. Veda means originally knowing or knowledge, and this name is given by the Brahmans not to one work, but to the whole body of their most ancient sacred literature. Veda is the same word which appears in the Greek *οἶδα*, I know, and in the English, wise, wisdom, to wit.<sup>1</sup> The name of Veda is commonly given to four collections of hymns, which are respectively known by the names of "Rig-veda," "Yagur-veda," "Sâma-veda," and "Atharva-veda;" but for our own purposes, namely for tracing the earliest growth of religious ideas in India, the only important, the only real Veda, is the Rig-veda.

The other so-called Vedas, which deserve the name of Veda no more than the Talmud deserves the name of Bible, contain chiefly extracts from the Rig-veda, together with sacrificial formulas, charms, and incantations, many of them, no doubt, extremely curious, but never likely to interest any one except the Sanskrit scholar by profession.

The Yagur-veda and Sâma-veda may be described as prayer-books, arranged according to the order of

<sup>1</sup> Sanskrit.	Greek.	Gothic.	Anglo-Saxon.	German.
véda,	οἶδα,	vait,	wât,	ich weiss.
vétiha,	οἶσθα,	vaist,	wâst,	du weisst.
véda,	οἶδε,	vait,	wât,	er weiss
vidvá,	—	vitv,	—	—
vidáthuḥ,	ἴστων,	vitvts,	—	—
v'dátuḥ,	ἴστων,	—	—	—
vidmá,	ἴσμεν,	vitum,	witon,	wir wissen.
vidá,	ἴστε,	vituth,	wite,	ihr wisset.
vidúh,	ἴσασι,	vituu,	witan,	sie wissen.

certain sacrifices, and intended to be used by certain classes of priests.

Four classes of priests were required in India at the most solemn sacrifices : —

1. The officiating priests, manual laborers, and acolytes ; who have chiefly to prepare the sacrificial ground, to dress the altar, slay the victims, and pour out the libations.
2. The choristers, who chant the sacred hymns.
3. The reciters or readers, who repeat certain hymns.
4. The overseers or bishops, who watch and superintend the proceedings of the other priests, and ought to be familiar with all the Vedas.

The formulas and verses to be muttered by the first class are contained in the *Yagur-veda-sanhitâ*.

The hymns to be sung by the second class are in the *Sâma-veda-sanhitâ*.

The *Atharva-veda* is said to be intended for the Brahman or overseer, who is to watch the proceedings of the sacrifice, and to remedy any mistake that may occur.<sup>1</sup>

Fortunately the hymns to be recited by the third class were not arranged in a sacrificial prayer-book, but were preserved in an old collection of hymns, containing all that had been saved of ancient, sacred, and popular poetry, more like the Psalms than like a ritual ; a collection made for its own sake, and not for the sake of any sacrificial performances.

I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to the *Rig-veda*, which in the eyes of the historical student is the *Veda par excellence*. Now *Rig-veda* means the *Veda*

<sup>1</sup> *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 449.

of hymns of praise, for *Rich*, which before the initial soft letter of Veda is changed to *Rig*, is derived from a root which in Sanskrit means to celebrate.

In the Rig-veda we must distinguish again between the original collection of the hymns or Mantras, called the "Sanhitâ" or the collection, being entirely metrical and poetical, and a number of prose works, called "Brâhmanas" and "Sûtras," written in prose, and giving information on the proper use of the hymns at sacrifices, on their sacred meaning, on their supposed authors, and similar topics. These works, too, go by the name of "Rig-veda": but though very curious in themselves, they are evidently of a much later period, and of little help to us in tracing the beginnings of religious life in India. For that purpose we must depend entirely on the hymns, such as we find them in the Sanhitâ or the collection of the Rig-veda.

Now this collection consists of ten books, and contains altogether 1,028 hymns. As early as about 600 B. C., we find that in the theological schools of India every verse, every word, every syllable of the Veda had been carefully counted. The number of verses as computed in treatises of that date, varies from 10,402 to 10,622; that of the words is 153,826, that of the syllables 432,000.<sup>1</sup> With these numbers, and with the description given in these early treatises of each hymn, of its metre, its deity, its number of verses, our modern MSS. of the Veda correspond as closely as could be expected.

I say our modern MSS., for all our MSS. are modern, and very modern. Few Sanskrit MSS. are more than four or five hundred years old, the fact being that

<sup>1</sup> *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, second edition, p. 219 seq.

in the damp climate of India no paper will last for more than a few centuries. How, then, you will naturally ask, can it be proved that the original hymns were composed between 1200 and 1500 before the Christian era, if our MSS. only carry us back to about the same date after the Christian era? It is not very easy to bridge over this gulf of nearly three thousand years, but all I can say is that, after carefully examining every possible objection that can be made against the date of the Vedic hymns, their claim to that high antiquity which is ascribed to them has not, as far as I can judge, been shaken. I shall try to explain on what kind of evidence these claims rest.

You know that we possess no MS. of the Old Testament in Hebrew older than about the tenth century after the Christian era; yet the Septuagint translation by itself would be sufficient to prove that the Old Testament, such as we now read it, existed in MS. previous, at least, to the third century before our era. By a similar train of argument, the works to which I referred before, in which we find every hymn, every verse, every word and syllable of the Veda accurately counted by native scholars about five or six hundred years before Christ, guarantee the existence of the Veda, such as we now read it, as far back at least as five or six hundred years before Christ. Now in the works of that period, the Veda is already considered, not only as an ancient, but as a sacred book; and, more than this, its language had ceased to be generally intelligible. The language of India had changed since the Veda was composed, and learned commentaries were necessary in order to explain to the people, then living, the true purport, nay, the proper pronunciation,

of their sacred hymns. But more than this. In certain exegetical compositions, which are generally comprised under the name of "Sûtras," and which are contemporary with, or even anterior to, the treatises on the theological statistics just mentioned, not only are the ancient hymns represented as invested with sacred authority, but that other class of writings, the Brâhmanas, standing half-way between the hymns and the Sûtras, have likewise been raised to the dignity of a revealed literature. These Brâhmanas, you will remember, are prose treatises, written in illustration of the ancient sacrifices and of the hymns employed at them. Such treatises would only spring up when some kind of explanation began to be wanted both for the ceremonial and for the hymns to be recited at certain sacrifices; and we find, in consequence, that in many cases the authors of the Brâhmanas had already lost the power of understanding the text of the ancient hymns in its natural and grammatical meaning, and that they suggested the most absurd explanations of the various sacrificial acts, most of which, we may charitably suppose, had originally some rational purpose. Thus it becomes evident that the period during which the hymns were composed must have been separated by some centuries, at least, from the period that gave birth to the Brâhmanas, in order to allow time for the hymns growing unintelligible and becoming invested with a sacred character. Secondly, the period during which the Brâhmanas were composed must be separated by some centuries from the authors of the Sûtras, in order to allow time for further changes in the language and more particularly for the growth of a new theology, which ascribed to the Brâhmanas the same excep-

tional and revealed character which the Brâhmanas themselves ascribed to the hymns. So that we want previously to 600 B. C., when every syllable of the Veda was counted, at least two strata of intellectual and literary growth, of two or three centuries each; and are thus brought to 1100 or 1200 B. C. as the earliest time when we may suppose the collection of the Vedic hymns to have been finished. This collection of hymns again contains, by its own showing, ancient and modern hymns — the hymns of the sons together with the hymns of their fathers and earlier ancestors; so that we cannot well assign a date more recent than 1200 to 1500 before our era, for the original composition of those simple hymns, which up to the present day are regarded by the Brahmans with the same feelings with which a Mohammedan regards the Koran, a Jew the Old Testament, a Christian his Gospel.

That the Veda is not quite a modern forgery can be proved, however, by more tangible evidence. Hiouen-thsang, a Buddhist pilgrim, who travelled from China to India in the years 629–645, and who, in his diary translated from Chinese into French by M. Stanislas Julien, gives the names of the four Vedas, mentions some grammatical forms peculiar to the Vedic Sanskrit, and states that at his time young Brahmans spent all their time, from the seventh to the thirtieth year of their age, in learning these sacred texts. At the time when Hiouen-thsang was travelling in India, Buddhism was clearly on the decline. But Buddhism was originally a reaction against Brahmanism, and chiefly against the exclusive privileges which the Brahmans claimed, and which from the beginning were represented by them as based on their revealed writings, the Vedas, and hence

beyond the reach of human attacks. Buddhism, whatever the date of its founder, became the state religion of India under Asoka, the Constantine of India, in the middle of the third century B. C. This Asoka was the third king of a new dynasty founded by Kāndragupta, the well-known contemporary of Alexander and Seleucus, about 315 B. C. The preceding dynasty was that of the Nandas, and it is under this dynasty that the traditions of the Brahmans place a number of distinguished scholars, whose treatises on the Veda we still possess, such as Saunaka, Kātyāyana, Āsvalāyana, and others. Their works, and others written with a similar object and in the same style, carry us back to about 600 B. C. This period of literature, which is called the Sūtra period, was preceded, as we saw, by another class of writings, the Brāhmanas, composed in a very prolix and tedious style, and containing lengthy lucubrations on the sacrifices and on the duties of the different classes of priests. Each of the three or four Vedas, or each of the three or four classes of priests, has its own Brāhmanas and its own Sūtras; and as the Brāhmanas are presupposed by the Sūtras, while no Sūtra is ever quoted by the Brāhmanas, it is clear that the period of the Brāhmana literature must have preceded the period of the Sūtra literature. There are, however, old and new Brāhmanas; and there are in the Brāhmanas themselves long lists of teachers who handed down old Brāhmanas or composed new ones; so that it seems impossible to accommodate the whole of that literature in less than two centuries, from about 800 to 600 B. C. Before, however, a single Brāhmana could have been composed, it was not only necessary that there should have been one collection of ancient

hymns, like that contained in the ten books of the Rig-veda, but the three or four classes of priests must have been established; the officiating priests and the choristers must have had their special prayer-books; nay, these prayer-books must have undergone certain changes, because the Brâhmanas presuppose different texts, called "sâkhâs," of each of these prayer-books, which are called the "Yagur-veda-sanhitâ," the "Sâma-veda-sanhitâ," and the "Atharva-veda-sanhitâ." The work of collecting the prayers for the different classes of priests, and of adding new hymns and formulas for purely sacrificial purposes, belonged probably to the tenth century B. C.; and three generations more would, at least, be required to account for the various readings adopted in the prayer-books by different sects, and invested with a kind of sacred authority, long before the composition of even the earliest among the Brâhmanas. If, therefore, the years from about 1000 to 800 B. C. are assigned to this collecting age, the time before 1000 B. C. must be set apart for the free and natural growth of what was then national and religious, but not yet sacred and sacrificial poetry. How far back this period extends it is impossible to tell; it is enough if the hymns of the Rig-veda can be traced to a period anterior to 1000 B. C.

Much in the chronological arrangement of the three periods of Vedic literature that are supposed to have followed the period of the original growth of the hymns, must of necessity be hypothetical, and has been put forward rather to invite than to silence criticism. In order to discover truth, we must be truthful ourselves, and must welcome those who point out our errors as heartily as those who approve and confirm

our discoveries. What seems, however, to speak strongly in favor of the historical character of the three periods of Vedic literature is the uniformity of style which marks the productions of each. In modern literature we find, at one and the same time, different styles of prose and poetry cultivated by one and the same author. A Goethe writes tragedy, comedy, satire, lyrical poetry, and scientific prose; but we find nothing like this in primitive literature. The individual is there much less prominent, and the poet's character disappears in the general character of the layer of literature to which he belongs. It is the discovery of such large layers of literature following each other in regular succession which inspires the critical historian with confidence in the truly historical character of the successive literary productions of ancient India. As in Greece there is an epic age of literature, where we should look in vain for prose or dramatic poetry; as in that country we never meet with real elegiac poetry before the end of the eighth century, nor with iambics before the same date; as even in more modern times rhymed heroic poetry appears in England with the Norman Conquest, and in Germany the *Minnesänger* rise and set with the Swabian dynasty, — so, only in a much more decided manner, we see in the ancient and spontaneous literature of India, an age of poets followed by an age of collectors and imitators, that age to be succeeded by an age of theological prose writers, and this last by an age of writers of scientific manuals. New wants produced new supplies, and nothing sprang up or was allowed to live, in prose or poetry, except what was really wanted. If the works of poets, collectors, imitators, theologians, and

teachers were all mixed up together, — if the Brâhmanas quoted the Sûtras, and the hymns alluded to the Brâhmanas, — an historical restoration of the Vedic literature of India would be almost an impossibility. We should suspect artificial influences, and look with small confidence on the historical character of such a literary agglomerate. But he who would question the antiquity of the Veda must explain how the layers of literature were formed that are super-imposed over the original stratum of the poetry of the Rishis; he who would suspect a literary forgery must show how, when, and for what purpose, the 1,000 hymns of the Rig-veda could have been forged, and have become the religious, moral, political, and literary life of the ancient inhabitants of India.

The idea of revelation, and I mean more particularly book-revelation, is not a modern idea, nor is it an idea peculiar to Christianity. Though we look for it in vain in the literature of Greece and Rome, we find the literature of India saturated with this idea from beginning to end. In no country, I believe, has the theory of revelation been so minutely elaborated as in India. The name for revelation in Sanskrit is “*Sruti*,” which means hearing; and this title distinguishes the Vedic hymns, and, at a later time, the Brâhmanas also, from all other works, which, however sacred and authoritative to the Hindu mind, are admitted to have been composed by human authors. The Laws of Manu, for instance, according to the Brahmanic theology, are not revelation; they are not *Sruti*, but only *Smṛiti*, which means recollection or tradition. If these laws, or any other work of authority, can be proved on any point to be at variance with a single passage of the

Veda, their authority is at once overruled. According to the orthodox views of Indian theologians, not a single line of the Veda was the work of human authors. The whole Veda is in some way or other the work of the Deity; and even those who received the revelation, or, as they express it, those who saw it, were not supposed to be ordinary mortals, but beings raised above the level of common humanity, and less liable, therefore, to error in the reception of revealed truth. The views entertained of revelation by the orthodox theologians of India are far more minute and elaborate than those of the most extreme advocates of verbal inspiration in Europe. The human element, called "paurusheyatva" in Sanskrit, is driven out of every corner or hiding-place; and as the Veda is held to have existed in the mind of the Deity before the beginning of time, every allusion to historical events, of which there are not a few, is explained away with a zeal and ingenuity worthy of a better cause.

But let me state at once that there is nothing in the hymns themselves to warrant such extravagant theories. In many a hymn, the author says plainly that he or his friends made it to please the gods; that he made it, as a carpenter makes a chariot (Rv. I. 130, 6; V. 2, 11), or like a beautiful vesture (Rv. V. 29, 15); that he fashioned it in his heart and kept it in his mind (Rv. I. 171, 2); that he expects, as his reward, the favor of the god whom he celebrates (Rv. IV. 6, 21). But though the poets of the Veda knew nothing of the artificial theories of verbal inspiration, they were not altogether unconscious of higher influences: nay, they speak of their hymns as

“god-given” (“devattam,” Rv. III. 37, 4). One poet says (Rv. VI. 47, 10): “O god (Indra) have mercy, give me my daily bread! Sharpen my mind, like the edge of iron. Whatever I now may utter, longing for thee, do thou accept it; make me possessed of God!” Another utters for the first time the famous hymn, the “Gâyatri,” which now for more than three thousand years has been the daily prayer of every Brahman, and is still repeated every morning by millions of pious worshippers: “Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine Creator: may he rouse our minds.”<sup>1</sup> This consciousness of higher influences, or of divine help in those who uttered for the first time the simple words of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving, is very different, however, from the artificial theories of verbal inspiration which we find in the later theological writings; it is indeed but another expression of that deep-felt dependence on the Deity, of that surrender and denial of all that seems to be self, which was felt more or less by every nation, but by none, I believe, more strongly, more constantly, than by the Indian. “It is He that has made it,” — namely, the prayer in which the soul of the poet has thrown off her burden, — is but a variation of, “It is He that has made us,” which is the key-note of all religion, whether ancient or modern, whether natural or revealed.

I must say no more to-night of what the Veda is, for I am very anxious to explain to you, as far as it is possible, what I consider to be the real importance of the Veda to the student of history, to the student of religion, to the student of mankind.

<sup>1</sup> “Tat Savitur varenyam bhargo devasya dhimahi, dhiyo yo nah prakrodayât.” Colebrooke, *Miscellaneous Essays*, i. 30. Many passages bearing on this subject have been collected by Dr. Muir in the third volume of his *Sanskrit Texts*, p. 114 seq.

In the study of mankind there can hardly be a subject more deeply interesting than the study of the different forms of religion; and much as I value the Science of Language for the aid which it lends us in unraveling some of the most complicated tissues of the human intellect, I confess that to my mind there is no study more absorbing than that of the Religions of the World,—the study, if I may so call it, of the various languages in which man has spoken to his Maker, and of that language in which his Maker “at sundry times and in divers manners” spake to man.

To my mind the great epochs in the world’s history are marked not by the foundation or the destruction of empires, by the migrations of races, or by French revolutions. All this is outward history, made up of events that seem gigantic and overpowering to those only who cannot see beyond and beneath. The real history of man is the history of religion—the wonderful ways by which the different families of the human race advanced towards a truer knowledge and a deeper love of God. This is the foundation that underlies all profane history: it is the light, the soul, and life of history, and without it all history would indeed be profane.

On this subject there are some excellent works in English, such as Mr. Maurice’s “Lectures on the Religions of the World,” or Mr. Hardwick’s “Christ and other Masters;” in German, I need only mention Hegel’s “Philosophy of Religion,” out of many other learned treatises on the different systems of religion in the East and the West. But in all these works religions are treated very much as languages were treated during the last century. They are rudely classed,

either according to the different localities in which they prevailed, just as in Adelung's "Mithridates" you find the languages of the world classified as European, African, American, Asiatic, etc.; or according to their age, as formerly languages used to be divided into ancient and modern; or according to their respective dignity, as languages used to be treated as sacred or profane, as classical or illiterate. Now you know that the Science of Language has sanctioned a totally different system of classification; and that the Comparative Philologist ignores altogether the division of languages according to their locality, or according to their age, or according to their classical or illiterate character. Languages are now classified genealogically, *i. e.* according to their real relationship; and the most important languages of Asia, Europe, and Africa, — that is to say, of that part of the world on which what we call the history of man has been acted, — have been grouped together into three great divisions, the Aryan or Indo-European Family, the Semitic Family, and the Turanian Class. According to that division you are aware that English, together with all the Teutonic languages of the Continent, Celtic, Slavonic, Greek, Latin with its modern offshoots, such as French and Italian, Persian, and Sanskrit, are so many varieties of one common type of speech: that Sanskrit, the ancient language of the Veda, is no more distinct from the Greek of Homer, or from the Gothic of Ulphilas, or from the Anglo-Saxon of Alfred, than French is from Italian. All these languages together form one family, one whole, in which every member shares certain features in common with all the rest, and is at the same time distinguished from the rest by certain features peculiarly its own. The

same applies to the Semitic family, which comprises, as its most important members, the Hebrew of the Old Testament, the Arabic of the Koran, and the ancient languages on the monuments of Phenicia and Carthage, of Babylon and Assyria. These languages, again, form a compact family, and differ entirely from the other family, which we called Aryan or Indo-European. The third group of languages, for we can hardly call it a family, comprises most of the remaining languages of Asia, and counts among its principal members the Tungusic, Mongolic, Turkic, Samoyedic, and Finnic, together with the languages of Siam, the Malay Islands, Thibet, and Southern India. Lastly, the Chinese language stands by itself, as monosyllabic, the only remnant of the earliest formation of human speech.

Now I believe that the same division which has introduced a new and natural order into the history of languages, and has enabled us to understand the growth of human speech in a manner never dreamt of in former days, will be found applicable to a scientific study of religions. I shall say nothing to-night of the Semitic or Turanian or Chinese religions, but confine my remarks to the religions of the Aryan family. These religions, though more important in the ancient history of the world, as the religions of the Greeks and Romans, of our own Teutonic ancestors and of the Celtic and Slavonic races, are nevertheless of great importance even at the present day. For although there are no longer any worshippers of Zeus, or Jupiter, of Wodan, Esus,<sup>1</sup> or Perkunas,<sup>2</sup> the two religions of

<sup>1</sup> Mommsen, *Inscriptiones Helveticæ*, 40. Becker, *Die inschriftlichen Überreste der Keltischen Sprache*, in *Beiträge zur Vergleichenden Sprachforschung*, vol. iii. p. 341. Lucan, *Phars.*, 1, 445, "horrensque feris altaris Hesus."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. G. Bühler, *Über Parjanya*, in Benfey's *Orient und Occident*,

Aryan origin which still survive, Brahmanism and Buddhism, claim together a decided majority among the inhabitants of the globe. Out of the whole population of the world, —

31.2 per cent. are Buddhists,
13.4 per cent. are Brahmanists,
—————
44.6

which together gives us 44 per cent. for what may be called living Aryan religions. Of the remaining 56 per cent. 15.7 are Mohammedans, 8.7 per cent. non-descript Heathens, 30.7 per cent. Christians, and only 0.3 per cent. Jews.

Now, as a scientific study of the Aryan languages became possible only after the discovery of Sanskrit, a scientific study of the Aryan religion dates really from the discovery of the Veda. The study of Sanskrit brought to light the original documents of three religions, the Sacred Books of the Brahmans, the Sacred Books of the Magians, the followers of Zoroaster, and the Sacred Books of the Buddhists. Fifty years ago, these three collections of sacred writings were all but unknown, their very existence was doubted, and there was not a single scholar who could have translated a line of the Veda, a line of the Zend-Avesta, or a line of the Buddhist Tripitaka. At present large portions of these, the canonical writings of the most ancient and most important religions of the Aryan race, are published and deciphered, and we begin to see a natural progress, and almost a logical necessity, in the growth of these three systems of worship. The oldest,

vol. i. p. 214. In the Old Irish, *arg*, a drop, has been pointed out as derived from the same root as *paraganya*.

most primitive, most simple form of Aryan faith finds its expression in the Veda. The Zend-Avesta represents in its language, as well as in its thoughts, a branching off from that more primitive stem; a more or less conscious opposition to the worship of the gods of nature, as adored in the Veda, and a striving after a more spiritual, supreme, moral deity, such as Zoroaster proclaimed under the name of "Ahura mazda," or Ormuzd. Buddhism, lastly, marks a decided schism; a decided antagonism against the established religion of the Brahmans; a denial of the true divinity of the Vedic gods; and a proclamation of new philosophical and social doctrines.

Without the Veda, therefore, neither the reforms of Zoroaster nor the new teaching of Buddha would have been intelligible: we should not know what was behind them, or what forces impelled Zoroaster and Buddha to the founding of new religions; how much they received, how much they destroyed, how much they created. Take but one word in the religious phraseology of these three systems. In the Veda the gods are called Deva. This word in Sanskrit means bright, — brightness or light being one of the most general attributes shared by the various manifestations of the Deity, invoked in the Veda, as Sun, or Sky, or Fire, or Dawn, or Storm. We can see, in fact, how in the minds of the poets of the Veda, deva, from meaning bright, came gradually to mean divine. In the Zend-Avesta the same word "daêva" means evil spirit. Many of the Vedic gods, with Indra at their head, have been degraded to the position of daêvas, in order to make room for Ahura mazda, the Wise Spirit, as

the supreme deity of the Zoroastrians. In his confession of faith the follower of Zoroaster declares: "I cease to be a worshipper of the daêvas." In Buddhism, again, we find these ancient Devas, Indra and the rest, as merely legendary beings, carried about at shows, as servants of Buddha, as goblins or fabulous heroes; but no longer either worshipped or even feared by those with whom the name of Deva had lost every trace of its original meaning. Thus this one word deva marks the mutual relations of these three religions. But more than this. The same word deva is the Latin *deus*, thus pointing to that common source of language and religion, far beyond the heights of the Vedic Olympus, from which the Romans, as well as the Hindus, draw the names of their deities, and the elements of their language as well as of their religion.

The Veda, by its language and its thoughts, supplies that distant background in the history of all the religions of the Aryan race, which was missed indeed by every careful observer, but which formerly could be supplied by guess-work only. How the Persians came to worship Ormuzd; how the Buddhists came to protest against temples and sacrifices; how Zeus and the Olympian gods came to be what they are in the mind of Homer; or how such beings as Jupiter and Mars came to be worshipped by the Italian peasant, — all these questions, which used to yield material for endless and baseless speculations, can now be answered by a simple reference to the hymns of the Veda. The religion of the Veda is not the source of all the other religions of the Aryan world, nor is Sanskrit the mother of all the Aryan languages. Sanskrit, as compared to Greek and Latin, is an elder sister, not

a parent: Sanskrit is the earliest deposit of Aryan speech, as the Veda is the earliest deposit of Aryan faith. But the religion and incipient mythology of the Veda possess the same simplicity and transparency which distinguish the grammar of Sanskrit from Greek, Latin, or German grammar. We can watch in the Veda ideas and their names growing, which in Persia, Greece, and Rome we meet with only as full-grown or as fast decaying. We get one step nearer to that distant source of religious thought and language which has fed the different national streams of Persia, Greece, Rome, and Germany; and we begin to see clearly, what ought never to have been doubted, that there is no religion without God, or, as St. Augustine expressed it, that "there is no false religion which does not contain some elements of truth."

I do not wish by what I have said to raise any exaggerated expectations as to the worth of these ancient hymns of the Veda, and the character of that religion which they indicate rather than fully describe. The historical importance of the Veda can hardly be exaggerated; but its intrinsic merit, and particularly the beauty or elevation of its sentiments, have by many been rated far too high. Large numbers of the Vedic hymns are childish in the extreme: tedious, low, commonplace. The gods are constantly invoked to protect their worshippers, to grant them food, large flocks, large families, and a long life; for all which benefits they are to be rewarded by the praises and sacrifices offered day after day, or at certain seasons of the year. But hidden in this rubbish there are precious stones. Only in order to appreciate them justly, we must try to divest ourselves of the common notions about Poly

**theism**, so repugnant not only to our feelings, but to our understanding. No doubt, if we must employ technical terms, the religion of the Veda is Polytheism, not Monotheism. Deities are invoked by different names, some clear and intelligible, such as "Agni," fire; "Sûrya," the sun; "Ushas," dawn; "Maruts," the storms; "Prithivî," the earth; "Âp," the waters; "Nadî," the rivers: others such as "Varuna," "Mitra," "Indra," which have become proper names, and disclose but dimly their original application to the great aspects of nature, the sky, the sun, the day. But whenever one of these individual gods is invoked, they are not conceived as limited by the powers of others, as superior or inferior in rank. Each god is to the mind of the supplicant as good as all gods. He is felt, at the time, as a real divinity, — as supreme and absolute, — without a suspicion of those limitations which, to our mind, a plurality of gods *must* entail on every single god. All the rest disappear for a moment from the vision of the poet, and he only who is to fulfill their desires stands in full light before the eyes of the worshippers. In one hymn, ascribed to Manu, the poet says: "Among you, O gods, there is none that is small, none that is young; you are all great indeed." And this is indeed the key-note of the ancient Aryan worship. Yet it would be easy to find in the numerous hymns of the Veda, passages in which almost every important deity is represented as supreme and absolute. Thus in one hymn, Agni (fire) is called "the ruler of the universe," "the lord of men," "the wise king, the father, the brother, the son, the friend of man;" nay, all the powers and names of the other gods are dis-

tinctly ascribed to Agni. But though Agni is thus highly exalted, nothing is said to disparage the divine character of the other gods. In another hymn another god, Indra, is said to be greater than all: "The gods," it is said, "do not reach thee, Indra, nor men; thou overcomest all creatures in strength." Another god, Soma, is called the king of the world, the king of heaven and earth, the conqueror of all. And what more could human language achieve, in trying to express the idea of a divine and supreme power, than what another poet says of another god, Varuna: "Thou art lord of all, of heaven and earth; thou art the king of all, of those who are gods, and of those who are men!"

This surely is not what is commonly understood by Polytheism. Yet it would be equally wrong to call it Monotheism. If we must have a name for it, I should call it Kathenotheism. The consciousness that all the deities are but different names of one and the same godhead, breaks forth indeed here and there in the Veda. But it is far from being general. One poet, for instance, says (Rv. I. 164, 46): "They call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni; then he is the beautiful-winged heavenly Garutmat: that which is One the wise call it in divers manners: they call it Agni, Vama, Mâtariśvan." And again (Rv. X. 114, 5): "Wise poets make the beautiful-winged, though he is one, manifold by words."

I shall read you a few Vedic verses, in which the religious sentiment predominates, and in which we perceive a yearning after truth, and after the true God, untrammelled as yet by any names or any traditions<sup>1</sup> (Rv. X. 121):—

<sup>1</sup> *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 569.

1. In the beginning there arose the golden Child — He was the one born lord of all that is. He established the earth, and this sky ; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

2. He who gives life, He who gives strength ; whose command all the bright gods revere ; whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death ; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

3. He who through His power is the one king of the breathing and awakening world — He who governs all, man and beast ; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

4. He whose greatness these snowy mountains, whose greatness the sea proclaims, with the distant river — He whose these regions are, as it were His two arms ; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

5. He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm — He through whom the heaven was established, — nay, the highest heaven, — He who measured out the light in the air ; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

6. He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by His will, look up, trembling inwardly — He over whom the rising sun shines forth ; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

7. Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose He who is the sole life of the bright gods ; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

8. He who by His might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice ; He who alone is God above all gods ; —

Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?

9. May He not destroy us — He the creator of the earth ; or He, the righteous, who created the heaven ; He also created the bright and mighty waters ; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?<sup>1</sup>

The following may serve as specimens of hymns addressed to individual deities whose names have become the centres of religious thought and legendary traditions ; deities, in fact, like Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, or Minerva, no longer mere germs, but fully developed forms of early thought and language : —

#### HYMN TO INDRA (Rv. I. 53).<sup>2</sup>

1. Keep silence well !<sup>3</sup> we offer praises to the great Indra in the house of the sacrificer. Does he find treasure for those who are like sleepers ? Mean praise is not valued among the munificent.

2. Thou art the giver of horses, Indra, thou art the giver of cows, the giver of corn, the strong lord

<sup>1</sup> A last verse is added, which entirely spoils the poetical beauty and the whole character of the hymn. Its later origin seems to have struck even native critics, for the author of the Pada text did not receive it. " O Prāgāpati, no other than thou hast embraced all these created things ; may what we desired when we called on thee, be granted to us, may we be lords of riches."

<sup>2</sup> I subjoin for some of the hymns here translated, the translation of the late Professor Wilson, in order to show what kind of difference there is between the traditional rendering of the Vedic hymns, as adopted by him, and their interpretation according to the rules of modern scholarship : —

1. We ever offer fitting praise to the mighty Indra, in the dwelling of the worshipper, by which he (the deity) has quickly acquired riches, as (a thief) hastily carries (off the property) of the sleeping. Praise ill expressed is not valued among the munificent.

2. Thou Indra, art the giver of horses, of cattle, of barley, the ~~master~~

<sup>3</sup> Favete linguis.

of wealth; the old guide of man, disappointing no desires, a friend to friends:—to him we address this song.

3. O powerful Indra, achiever of many works, most brilliant god — all this wealth around here is known to be thine alone: take from it, conqueror, bring it hither! do not stint the desire of the worshipper who longs for thee!

4. On these days thou art gracious, and on these nights,<sup>1</sup> keeping off the enemy from our cows and from our stud. Tearing<sup>2</sup> the fiend night after night with the help of Indra, let us rejoice in food, freed from haters.

5. Let us rejoice, Indra, in treasure and food, in wealth of manifold delight and splendor. Let us rejoice in the blessing of the gods, which gives us the strength of offspring, gives us cows first and horses.

6. These draughts inspired thee, O lord of the brave! these were vigor, these libations, in battles,

and protector of wealth, the foremost in liberality, (the being) of many days; thou disappointest not desires (addressed to thee); thou art a friend to our friends: such an Indra we praise.

3. Wise and resplendent Indra, the achiever of great deeds, the riches that are spread around are known to be thine: having collected them, victor (over thy enemies), bring them to us: disappoint not the expectation of the worshipper who trusts in thee.

4. Propitiated by these offerings, by these libations, dispel poverty with cattle and horses: may we, subduing our adversary, and relieved from enemies by Indra, (pleased) by our libations, enjoy together abundant food.

5. Indra, may we become possessed of riches, and of food; and with energies agreeable to many, and shining around, may we prosper through thy divine favor, the source of prowess, of cattle, and of horses.

6. Those who were thy allies (the Maruts), brought thee joy: protector

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Rv. I. 112, 25, "dyúbhir aktúbhih," by day and by night; also Rv. III. 31, 16. M. M., "Todtenbestattung," p. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Professor Benfey reads "durayantah," but all MSS. that I know without exception, read "darayantah."

when for the sake of the poet, the sacrificer, thou struckest down irresistibly ten thousands of enemies.

7. From battle to battle<sup>1</sup> thou advancest bravely, from town to town thou destroyest all this with might, when thou, Indra, with Nâmî as thy friend, struckest down from afar the deceiver Namuki.

8. Thou hast slain Karîaga and Parnaya with the brightest spear of Atithigva. Without a helper thou didst demolish the hundred cities of Vaṅgrîda, which were besieged by *Rigisvan*.

9. Thou hast felled down with the chariot-wheel these twenty kings of men, who had attacked the friendless Susravas,<sup>2</sup> and gloriously the sixty thousand and ninety-nine forts.

10. Thou, Indra, hast succored Susravas with thy succors, Tûrvayâna with thy protections. Thou hast made Kutsa, Atithigva, and Âyu subject to this mighty youthful king.

of the pious, those libations and oblations (that were offered thee on slaying Vritra), yielded thee delight, when thou, unimpeded by foes, didst destroy the ten thousand obstacles opposed to him who praised thee and offered thee libations.

7. Humiliator (of adversaries), thou goest from battle to battle, and destroyest by thy might city after city: with thy foe-prostrating associate (the thunderbolt), thou, Indra, didst slay afar off the deceiver named Namuki.

8. Thou hast slain Karânga and Parnaya with thy bright gleaming spear, in the cause of Atithigva: unaided, thou didst demolish the hundred cities of Vaṅgrîda, when besieged by *Rigisvan*.

9. Thou, renowned Indra, overthrewest by thy not-to-be-overtaken chariot-wheel, the twenty kings of men, who had come against Susravas, unaided, and their sixty thousand and ninety and nine followers.

10. Thou, Indra, hast preserved Susravas by thy succor, Tûrvayâna by thy assistance: thou hast made Kutsa, Atithigva, and Âyu subject to the mighty though youthful Susravas.

<sup>1</sup> For a different translation, see Roth, in *Deutsche Monatsschrift*, p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> See Spiegel, *Erân*, p. 269, on Khai Khosru=Susravas.

11. We who in future, protected by the gods, wish to be thy most blessed friends, we shall praise thee, blessed by thee with offspring, and enjoying henceforth a longer life.

The next hymn is one of many addressed to Agni as the god of fire, not only the fire as a powerful element, but likewise the fire of the hearth and the altar, the guardian of the house, the minister of the sacrifice, the messenger between gods and men : —

#### HYMN TO AGNI (RV. II. 6).

1. Agni, accept this log which I offer to thee, accept this my service ; listen well to these my songs.

2. With this log, O Agni, may we worship thee, thou son of strength, conqueror of horses ! and with this hymn, thou high-born !

3. May we thy servants serve thee with songs, O granter of riches, thou who lovest songs and delightest in riches.

4. Thou lord of wealth and giver of wealth, be thou wise and powerful ; drive away from us the enemies !

5. He gives us rain from heaven, he gives us inviolable strength, he gives us food a thousand-fold.

6. Youngest of the gods, their messenger, their invoker, most deserving of worship, come, at our praise, to him who worships thee and longs for thy help.

7. For thou, O sage, goest wisely between these two

11. Protected by the gods, we remain, Indra, at the close of the sacrifice, thy most fortunate friends : we praise thee, as enjoying through thee excellent offspring, and a long and prosperous life.

creations (heaven and earth, gods and men), like a friendly messenger between two hamlets.

8. Thou art wise, and thou hast been pleased; perform thou, intelligent Agni, the sacrifice without interruption, sit down on this sacred grass!

The following hymn, partly laudatory, partly deprecatory, is addressed to the Maruts or Rudras, the Storm-gods:—

#### HYMN TO THE MARUTS (RV. I. 39).<sup>1</sup>

1. When you thus from afar cast forward your measure, like a blast of fire, through whose wisdom is it, through whose design? To whom do you go, to whom, ye shakers (of the earth)?

2. May your weapons be firm to attack, strong also to withstand! May yours be the more glorious strength, not that of the deceitful mortal!

3. When you overthrow what is firm, O ye men, and whirl about what is heavy, ye pass through the trees of the earth, through the clefts of the rocks.

4. No real foe of yours is known in heaven, nor in earth, ye devourers of enemies! May strength be

<sup>1</sup> Professor Wilson translates as follows:—

1. When, Maruts, who make (all things) tremble, you direct your awful (vigor) downwards from afar, as light (descends from heaven), by whose worship, by whose praise (are you attracted)? To what (place of sacrifice), to whom, indeed, do you repair?

2. Strong be your weapons for driving away (your) foes, firm in resisting them: yours be the strength that merits praise, not (the strength) of a treacherous mortal.

3. Directing Maruts, when you demolish what is stable, when you scatter what is ponderous, then you make your way through the forest (trees) of earth and the defiles of the mountains.

4. Destroyers of foes, no adversary of yours is known above the heavens,

yours, together with your race, O Rudras, to defy even now.

5. They make the rocks to tremble, they tear asunder the kings of the forest. Come on, Maruts, like madmen, ye gods, with your whole tribe.

6. You have harnessed the spotted deer to your chariots, a red deer draws as leader. Even the earth listened at your approach, and men were frightened.

7. O Rudras, we quickly desire your help for our race. Come now to us with help, as of yore, thus for the sake of the frightened Kanva.

8. Whatever fiend, roused by you or roused by mortals, attacks us, tear him from us by your power, by your strength, by your aid.

9. For you, worshipful and wise, have wholly protected Kanva. Come to us, Maruts, with your whole help, as quickly as lightnings come after the rain.

10. Bounteous givers, ye possess whole strength, whole power, ye shakers (of the earth). Send, O

nor is any) upon earth: may your collective strength be quickly exerted, sons of Rudra, to humble (your enemies).

5. They make the mountains tremble, they drive apart the forest trees. Go, divine Maruts, whither you will, with all your progeny, like these intoxicated.

6. You have harnessed the spotted deer to your chariot; the red deer yoked between them (aids to) drag the car: the firmament listens for your coming, and men are alarmed.

7. Rudras, we have recourse to your assistance for the sake of our progeny: come quickly to the timid Kanva, as you formerly came, for our protection.

8. Should any adversary, instigated by you, or by man, assail us, withhold from him food and strength and your assistance.

9. Praketasas, who are to be unreservedly worshipped, uphold (the sacrificer) Kanva: come to us, Maruts with undivided protective assistances, as the lightnings (bring) the rain.

10. Bounteous givers, you enjoy unimpaired vigor: shakers (of the

Maruts, against the proud enemy of the poets, an enemy, like an arrow.

The following is a simple prayer addressed to the Dawn : —

HYMN TO USHAS (RV. VII. 77).

1. She shines upon us, like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. When the fire had to be kindled by men, she made the light by striking down darkness.

2. She rose up, spreading far and wide, and moving everywhere. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the cows, (the mornings) the leader of the days, she shone gold-colored, lovely to behold.

3. She, the fortunate, who brings the eye of the gods, who leads the white and lovely steed (of the sun), the Dawn was seen revealed by her rays, with brilliant treasures, following every one.

4. Thou art a blessing where thou art near, drive far away the unfriendly ; make the pasture wide, give us safety ! Scatter the enemy, bring riches ! Raise up wealth to the worshipper, thou mighty Dawn.

5. Shine for us with thy best rays, thou bright Dawn, thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all, who givest us food, who givest us wealth in cows, horses, and chariots.

6. Thou daughter of the sky, thou high-born Dawn, whom the *Vasishtas* magnify with songs, give us riches high and wide : all ye gods protect us always with your blessings.

**:arth)**, you possess undiminished strength: Maruts, let loose your anger like an arrow, upon the wrathful enemy of the Rishis.

I must confine myself to shorter extracts, in order to be able to show to you that all the principal elements of real religion are present in the Veda. I remind you again that the Veda contains a great deal of what is childish and foolish, though very little of what is bad and objectionable. Some of its poets ascribe to the gods sentiments and passions unworthy of the Deity, such as anger, revenge, delight in material sacrifices; they likewise represent human nature on a low level of selfishness and worldliness. Many hymns are utterly unmeaning and insipid, and we must search patiently before we meet, here and there, with sentiments that come from the depth of the soul, and with prayers in which we could join ourselves. Yet there are such passages, and they are the really important passages, as marking the highest points to which the religious life of the ancient poets of India had reached; and it is to these that I shall now call your attention.

First of all, the religion of the Veda knows of no idols. The worship of idols in India is a secondary formation, a later degradation of the more primitive worship of ideal gods.

The gods of the Veda are conceived as immortal: passages in which the birth of certain gods is mentioned have a physical meaning: they refer to the birth of the day, the rising of the sun, the return of the year.

The gods are supposed to dwell in heaven, though several of them, as, for instance, Agni, the god of fire, are represented as living among men, or as approaching the sacrifice, and listening to the praises of their worshippers.

Heaven and earth are believed to have been made

or to have been established by certain gods. Elaborate theories of creation, which abound in the later works, the Brâhmanas, are not to be found in the hymns. What we find are such passages as :—

“Agni held the earth, he established the heaven by truthful words” (Rv. I. 67, 3).

“Varuna stemmed asunder the wide firmaments; he lifted on high the bright and glorious heaven; he stretched out apart the starry sky and the earth” (Rv. VII. 86, 1).

More frequently, however, the poets confess their ignorance of the beginning of all things, and one of them exclaims :—

“Who has seen the first-born? Where was the life, the blood, the soul of the world? Who went to ask this from any that knew it?” (Rv. I. 164, 4.)<sup>1</sup>

Or again (Rv. X. 81, 4): “What was the forest, what was the tree out of which they shaped heaven and earth? Wise men, ask this indeed in your mind, on what he stood when he held the worlds?”

I now come to a more important subject. We find in the Veda, what few would have expected to find there, the two ideas, so contradictory to the human understanding, and yet so easily reconciled in every human heart: God has established the eternal laws of right and wrong, he punishes sin and rewards virtue, and yet the same God is willing to forgive; just, yet merciful; a judge, and yet a father. Consider, for instance, the following lines (Rv. I. 41, 4): “His path is easy and without thorns, who does what is right.”

And again (Rv. I. 41, 9): “Let man fear Him who holds the four (dice), before he throws them down

<sup>1</sup> *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 26, note.

(i. e. God who holds the destinies of men in his hand) ; let no man delight in evil words!"

And then consider the following hymns, and imagine the feelings which alone could have prompted them: —

HYMN TO VARUNA (Rv. VII. 89).

1. Let me not yet, O Varuna, enter into the house of clay ; have mercy, almighty, have mercy !

2. If I go along trembling, like a cloud driven by the wind ; have mercy, almighty, have mercy !

3. Through want of strength, thou strong and bright god, have I gone wrong ; have mercy, almighty, have mercy !

4. Thirst came upon the worshipper, though he stood in the midst of the waters ; have mercy, almighty, have mercy !

5. Whenever we men, O Varuna, commit an offense before the heavenly host, whenever we break the law through thoughtlessness ; punish us not, O god, for that offense.

And again (Rv. VII. 86) : —

1. Wise and mighty are the works of him who stemmed asunder the wide firmaments (heaven and earth). He lifted on high the bright and glorious heaven ; he stretched out apart the starry sky and the earth.

2. Do I say this to my own self? How can I get unto Varuna? Will he accept my offering without displeasure? When shall I, with a quiet mind, see him propitiated?

3. I ask, O Varuna, wishing to know this my sin. I go to ask the wise. The sages all tell me the same Varuna it is who is angry with thee.

4. Was it an old sin, O Varuna, that thou wishest to destroy thy friend, who always praises thee? Tell me, thou unconquerable lord, and I will quickly turn to thee with praise, freed from sin.

5. Absolve us from the sins of our fathers, and from those which we committed with our own bodies. Release Vasisht $\bar{a}$ , O king, like a thief who has feasted on stolen oxen; release him like a calf from the rope.

6. It was not our own doing, O Varuna, it was necessity (or temptation), an intoxicating draught, passion, dice, thoughtlessness. The old is there to mislead the young; even sleep brings unrighteousness.

7. Let me without sin give satisfaction to the angry god, like a slave to his bounteous lord. The lord god enlightened the foolish; he, the wisest, leads his worshipper to wealth.

8. O lord Varuna, may this song go well to thy heart! May we prosper in keeping and acquiring! Protect us, O gods, always with your blessings!

The consciousness of sin is a prominent feature in the religion of the Veda, so is likewise the belief that the gods are able to take away from man the heavy burden of his sins. And when we read such passages as "Varuna is merciful even to him who has committed sin" (Rv. VII. 87, 7), we should surely not allow the strange name of Varuna to jar on our ears, but should remember that it is but one of the many names which men invented in their helplessness to express their ideas of the Deity, however partial and imperfect.

The next hymn, which is taken from the Atharva-veda (IV. 16), will show how near the language of

the ancient poets of India may approach to the language of the Bible : <sup>1</sup>

1. The great lord of these worlds sees as if he were near. If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all.

2. If a man stands or walks or hides, if he goes to lie down or to get up, what two people sitting together whisper, King Varuna knows it, he is there as the third.

3. This earth, too, belongs to Varuna, the king, and this wide sky with its ends far apart. The two seas (the sky and the ocean) are Varuna's loins ; he is also contained in this small drop of water.

4. He who should flee far beyond the sky, even he would not be rid of Varuna, the king. His spies proceed from heaven towards this world ; with thousand eyes they overlook this earth.

5. King Varuna sees all this, what is between heaven and earth, and what is beyond. He has counted the twinklings of the eyes of men. As a player throws the dice, he settles all things.

6. May all thy fatal nooses, which stand spread out seven by seven and threefold, catch the man who tells a lie, may they pass by him who tells the truth.

Another idea which we find in the Veda is that of *faith* : not only in the sense of trust in the gods, in their power, their protection, their kindness, but in that of belief in their existence. The Latin word

<sup>1</sup> This hymn was first pointed out by Professor Roth in a dissertation on the Atharva-veda (Tübingen, 1856), and it has since been translated and annotated by Dr. Muir, in his article on the *Vedic Theogony and Cosmogony*, p. 31.

*credo*, I believe, is the same as the Sanskrit “*śraddhâ*,” and this *śraddhâ* occurs in the Veda: —

Rv. I. 102, 2. “Sun and moon go on in regular succession, that we may see, Indra, and believe.”

Rv. I. 104, 6. “Destroy not our future offspring, O Indra, for we have believed in thy great power.”

Rv. I. 55, 5. “When Indra hurls again and again his thunderbolt, then they believe in the brilliant god.”<sup>1</sup>

A similar sentiment, namely, that men only believe in the gods when they see their signs and wonders in the sky, is expressed by another poet (Rv. VIII. 21, 14): —

“Thou, Indra, never findest a rich man to be thy friend; wine-swillers despise thee. But when thou thunderest, when thou gatherest (the clouds), then thou art called, like a father.”

And with this belief in god, there is also coupled that doubt, that true skepticism, if we may so call it, which is meant to give to faith its real strength. We find passages, even in these early hymns, where the poet asks himself, whether there is really such a god as Indra, — a question immediately succeeded by an answer, as if given to the poet by Indra himself. Thus we read (Rv. VIII. 100, 3): —

“If you wish for strength, offer to Indra a hymn of praise: a true hymn, if Indra truly exist; for some

<sup>1</sup> During violent thunder-storms the natives of New Holland are so afraid of War-ru-gu-ra, the evil spirit, that they seek shelter even in caves haunted by Ingnas, subordinate demons, which at other times they would enter on no account. There, in silent terror, they prostrate themselves with their faces to the ground, waiting until the spirit, having expended his fury, shall retire to Uta (hell) without having discovered their hiding-place. *Transactions of Ethnological Society*, vol. iii. p. 229. Oldfield, *The Aborigines of Australia*.

one says, Indra does not exist! Who has seen him? Whom shall we praise?"

Then Indra answers through the poet: —

"Here am I, O worshipper, behold me here! in might I surpass all things."

Similar visions occur elsewhere, where the poet, after inviting a god to a sacrifice, or imploring his pardon for his offenses, suddenly exclaims that he has seen the god, and that he feels that his prayer is granted. For instance: —

#### HYMN TO VARUNA (RV. I. 25).

1. However we break thy laws from day to day, men as we are, O god, Varuna,

2. Do not deliver us unto death, nor to the blow of the furious, nor to the wrath of the spiteful!

3. To propitiate thee O Varuna, we unbend thy mind with songs, as the charioteer a weary steed.

4. Away from me they flee dispirited, intent only on gaining wealth; as birds to their nests.

5. When shall we bring hither the man, who is victory to the warriors; when shall we bring Varuna, the wide-seeing, to be propitiated?

[6. They (Mitra and Varuna) take this in common; gracious, they never fail the faithful giver.]

7. He who knows the place of the birds that fly through the sky, who on the waters knows the ships; —

8. He, the upholder of order, who knows the twelve months with the offspring of each, and knows the month that is engendered afterwards; —

9. He who knows the track of the wind, of the wide, the bright, the mighty; and knows those who reside on high; —

10. He, the upholder of order, Varuṇa, sits down among his people ; he, the wise, sits there to govern.

11. From thence perceiving all wondrous things, he sees what has been and what will be done.

12. May he, the wise Âditya, make our paths straight all our days ; may he prolong our lives !

13. Varuṇa, wearing golden mail, has put on his shining cloak ; the spies sat down around him.

14. The god whom the scoffers do not provoke, nor the tormentors of men, nor the plotters of mischief ;—

15. He, who gives to men glory, and not half glory, who gives it even to our own selves ;—

16. Yearning for him, the far-seeing, my thoughts move onwards, as kine move to their pastures.

17. Let us speak together again, because my honey has been brought : that thou mayest eat what thou likest, like a friend.

18. Did I see the god who is to be seen by all, did I see the chariot above the earth ? He must have accepted my prayers.

19. O hear this my calling, Varuṇa, be gracious now ; longing for help, I have called upon thee.

20. Thou, O wise god, art lord of all, of heaven and earth : listen on thy way.

21. That I may live, take from me the upper rope, loose the middle, and remove the lowest !

In conclusion, let me tell you that there is in the Veda no trace of *metempsychosis*, or that transmigration of souls from human to animal bodies, which is generally supposed to be a distinguishing feature of Indian religion. Instead of this, we find what is really the *sine quâ non* of all real religion, a belief in

**i**mmortality, and in personal immortality. Without a belief in personal immortality, religion surely is like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss. We cannot wonder at the great difficulties felt and expressed by Bishop Warburton and other eminent divines, with regard to the supposed total absence of the doctrine of immortality or personal immortality in the Old Testament; and it is equally startling that the Sadducees who sat in the same council with the high-priest, openly denied the resurrection.<sup>1</sup> However, though not expressly asserted anywhere, a belief in personal immortality is taken for granted in several passages of the Old Testament, and we can hardly think of Abraham or Moses as without a belief in life and immortality. But while this difficulty, so keenly felt with regard to the Jewish religion, ought to make us careful in the judgments which we form of other religions, and teach us the wisdom of charitable interpretation, it is all the more important to mark that in the Veda passages occur where immortality of the soul, personal immortality and personal responsibility after death, are clearly proclaimed. Thus we read:—

“He who gives alms goes to the highest place in heaven; he goes to the gods” (Rv. I. 125, 56).

Another poet, after rebuking those who are rich and do not communicate, says:—

“The kind mortal is greater than the great in heaven!”

Even the idea, so frequent in the later literature of the Brahmans, that immortality is secured by a son, seems implied, unless our translation deceives us, in one passage of the Veda (VII. 56, 24): “Asmé

<sup>1</sup> Acts xxii. 30–xxiii. 6.

(íti) vírah marutah sushmí astu gánânâm yáh ásurah vi dhartá, apáh yéna su-kshitáye tárema, ádha svám ókah abhí vah syáma.” “O Maruts, may there be to us a strong son, who is a living ruler of men: through whom we may cross the waters on our way to the happy abode; then may we come to your own house!”

One poet prays that he may see again his father and mother after death (Rv. I. 24, 1); and the fathers (Pitris) are invoked almost like gods, oblations are offered to them, and they are believed to enjoy, in company with the gods, a life of never-ending felicity (Rv. X. 15, 16).

We find this prayer addressed to Soma (Rv. IX. 113, 7): —

“Where there is eternal light, in the world where the sun is placed, in that immortal imperishable world place me, O Soma!

“Where king Vaivasvata reigns, where the secret place of heaven is, where these mighty waters are, there make me immortal!

“Where life is free, in the third heaven of heavens, where the worlds are radiant, there make me immortal!

“Where wishes and desires are, where the bowl of the bright Soma is, where there is food and rejoicing, there make me immortal!

“Where there is happiness and delight, where joy and pleasure reside, where the desires of our desire are attained, there make me immortal!”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Professor Roth, after quoting several passages from the Veda in which a belief in immortality is expressed, remarks with great truth: “We here find, not without astonishment, beautiful conceptions on immortality expressed in unadorned language with childlike conviction. If it were necessary, we might find here the most powerful weapons against the view which

Whether the old Rishis believed likewise in a place of punishment for the wicked, is more doubtful, though vague allusions to it occur in the Rig-veda, and more distinct descriptions are found in the Atharva-veda. In one verse it is said that the dead is rewarded for his good deeds, that he leaves or casts off all evil, and glorified takes his new body (Rv. X. 14, 8).<sup>1</sup> The dogs of Yama, the king of the departed, present some terrible aspects, and Yama is asked to protect the departed from them (Rv. X. 14, 11). Again, a pit (karta) is mentioned into which the lawless are said to be hurled down (Rv. IX. 73, 8), and into which Indra casts those who offer no sacrifices (Rv. I. 121, 13). One poet prays that the Âdityas may preserve him from the destroying wolf, and from falling into the pit (Rv. II. 29, 6). In one passage we read that "those who break the commandments of Varuna and who speak lies are born for that deep place" (Rv. IV. 5, 5).<sup>2</sup>

Surely the discovery of a religion like this, as unexpected as the discovery of the jaw-bone of Abbeville, deserves to arrest our thoughts for a moment, even in the haste and hurry of this busy life. No doubt, for the daily wants of life, the old division of religions into true and false is quite sufficient; as for practical purposes we distinguish only between our own mother-

has lately been revived, and proclaimed as new, that Persia was the only birthplace of the idea of immortality, and that even the nations of Europe had derived it from that quarter. As if the religious spirit of every gifted race was not able to arrive at it by its own strength." *Journal of the German Oriental Society*, vol. iv. p. 427. See Dr. Muir's article on "Yama," in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, p. 10.

<sup>1</sup> M. M., "Die Todtenbestattung bei den Brahmanen," *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, vol. ix. p. xii.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Muir, article on "Yama," p. 18.

tongue on the one side, and all other foreign languages on the other. But, from a higher point of view, it would not be right to ignore the new evidence that has come to light; and as the study of geology has given us a truer insight into the stratification of the earth, it is but natural to expect that a thoughtful study of the original works of three of the most important religions of the world, Brahmanism, Magism, and Buddhism, will modify our views as to the growth or history of religion, as to the hidden layers of religious thought beneath the soil on which we stand. Such inquiries should be undertaken without prejudice and without fear: the evidence is placed before us; our duty is to sift it critically, to weigh it honestly, and to wait for the results.

Three of these results, to which, I believe, a comparative study of religions is sure to lead, I may state before I conclude this Lecture.

1. We shall learn that religions in their most ancient form, or in the minds of their authors, are generally free from many of the blemishes that attach to them in later times.

2. We shall learn that there is hardly one religion which does not contain some truth, some important truth; truth sufficient to enable those who seek the Lord and feel after Him, to find Him in their hour of need.

3. We shall learn to appreciate better than ever what we have in our own religion. No one who has not examined patiently and honestly the other religions of the world, can know what Christianity really is, or can join with such truth and sincerity in the words of St. Paul: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

## II.

### CHRIST AND OTHER MASTERS.<sup>1</sup>

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IN so comprehensive a work as Mr. Hardwick's "Christ and other Masters," the number of facts stated, of topics discussed, of questions raised, is so considerable that in reviewing it we can select only one or two points for special consideration. Mr. Hardwick intends to give in his work, of which the third volume has just been published, a complete panorama of ancient religion. After having discussed in the first volume what he calls the religious tendencies of our age, he enters upon an examination of the difficult problem of the unity of the human race, and proceeds to draw, in a separate chapter, the characteristic features of religion under the Old Testament. Having thus cleared his way, and established some of the principles according to which the religions of the world should be judged, Mr. Hardwick devotes the whole of the second volume to the religions of India. We find there, first of all, a short but very clear account of the religion of the Veda, as far as it is known at present. We then come to a more matter-of-fact repre-

<sup>1</sup> *Christ and other Masters.* An Historical Inquiry into some of the chief Parallelisms and Contrasts between Christianity and the Religious Systems of the Ancient World, with special reference to prevailing Difficulties and Objections. By Charles Hardwick, M. A., Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge. Parts I., II., III. Cambridge, 1858.

sentation of Brahmanism, or the religion of the Hindus, as represented in the so-called "Laws of Manu," and in the ancient portions of the two epic poems, the "Râmâyana" and "Mahâbhârata." The next chapter is devoted to the various systems of Indian philosophy, which all partake more or less of a religious character, and form a natural transition to the first subjective system of faith in India, the religion of Buddha. Mr. Hardwick afterwards discusses, in two separate chapters, the apparent and the real correspondences between Hinduism and revealed religion, and throws out some hints how we may best account for the partial glimpses of truth which exist in the Vedas, the canonical books of Buddhism, and the later Purânas. All these questions are handled with such ability, and discussed with so much elegance and eloquence, that the reader becomes hardly aware of the great difficulties of the subject, and carries away, if not quite a complete and correct, at least a very lucid picture of the religious life of ancient India. The third volume, which was published in the beginning of this year, is again extremely interesting, and full of the most varied descriptions. The religions of China are given first, beginning with an account of the national traditions, as collected and fixed by Confucius. Then follows the religious system of Laotse, or the Tao-ism of China, and lastly Buddhism again, only under that modified form which it assumed when introduced from India into China. After this sketch of the religious life of China, the most ancient centre of Eastern civilization, Mr. Hardwick suddenly transports us to the New World, and introduces us to the worship of the wild tribes of America, and to the ruins of the ancient tem-

ples in which the civilized races of that continent, especially the Mexicans, once bowed themselves down before their god or gods. Lastly we have to embark on the South Sea, and to visit the various islands which form a chain between the west coast of America and the east coast of Africa, stretching over half of the globe, and inhabited by the descendants of the once united race of the Malayo-Polynesians.

The account which Mr. Hardwick can afford to give of the various systems of religion in so short a compass as he has fixed for himself, must necessarily be very general; and his remarks on the merits and defects peculiar to each, which were more ample in the second volume, have dwindled down to much smaller dimensions in the third. He declares distinctly that he does not write for missionaries. "It is not my leading object," he says, "to conciliate the more thoughtful minds of heathendom in favor of the Christian faith. However laudable that task may be, however fitly it may occupy the highest and the keenest intellect of persons who desire to further the advance of truth and holiness among our heathen fellow-subjects, there are difficulties nearer home which may in fairness be regarded as possessing prior claims on the attention of a Christian Advocate."

We confess that we regret that Mr. Hardwick should have taken this line. If, in writing his criticism on the ancient or modern systems of Pagan religion, he had placed himself face to face with a poor helpless creature, such as the missionaries have to deal with — a man brought up in the faith of his fathers, accustomed to call his god or gods by names sacred to him from his first childhood; a man who had derived

much real help and consolation from his belief in these gods; who had abstained from committing crime, because he was afraid of the anger of a Divine Being; who had performed severe penance, because he hoped to appease the anger of the gods; who had given, not only the tenth part of all he valued most, but the half, nay, the whole of his property, as a free offering to his priests, that they might pray for him or absolve him from his sin, — if, in discussing any of the ancient or modern systems of Pagan religion, Mr. Hardwick had tried to address his arguments to such a person, we believe he would himself have felt a more human, real, and hearty interest in his subject. He would more earnestly have endeavored to find out the good elements in every form of religious belief. No sensible missionary could bring himself to tell a man who has done all that he could do, and more than many who have received the true light of the gospel, that he was excluded from all hope of salvation, and by his very birth and color handed over irretrievably to eternal damnation. It is possible to put a charitable interpretation on many doctrines of ancient heathenism, and the practical missionary is constantly obliged to do so. Let us only consider what these doctrines are. They are not theories devised by men who wish to keep out the truth of Christianity, but sacred traditions which millions of human beings are born and brought up to believe in, as we are born and brought up to believe in Christianity. It is the only spiritual food which God in his wisdom has placed within their reach. But if we once begin to think of modern heathenism, and how certain tenets of Laotse resemble the doctrines of Comte or Spinoza, our equanimity, our historical jus-

we, our Christian charity, are gone. We become advocates wrangling for victory ; we are no longer tranquil observers, compassionate friends and teachers. Mr. Hardwick sometimes addresses himself to men like Laotse or Buddha, who are now dead and gone more than two thousand years, in a tone of offended orthodoxy, which may or may not be right in modern controversy, but which entirely disregards the fact that it has pleased God to let these men and millions of human beings be born on earth without a chance of ever hearing of the existence of the gospel. We cannot penetrate into the secrets of the Divine wisdom, but we are bound to believe that God has His purpose in all things, and that He will know how to judge those to whom so little has been given. Christianity does not require of us that we should criticize, with our own small wisdom, that Divine policy which has governed the whole world from the very beginning. We pity a man who is born blind — we are not angry with him ; and Mr. Hardwick, in his arguments against the tenets of Buddha or Laotse, seems to us to treat these men too much in the spirit of a policeman who tells a poor blind beggar that he is only shamming blindness. However, if, as a Christian Advocate, Mr. Hardwick found it impossible to entertain, or at least express, any sympathy with the Pagan world, even the cold judgment of the historian would have been better than the excited pleading of a partisan. Surely it is not necessary, in order to prove that our religion is the only true religion, that we should insist on the utter falseness of all other forms of belief. We need not be frightened if we discover traces of truth, traces even of Christian truth, among the sages and lawgivers of other nations.

St. Augustine was not frightened by this discovery, and every thoughtful Christian will feel cheered by the words of that pious philosopher, when he boldly declares, that there is no religion which, among its many errors, does not contain some real and divine truth. It shows a want of faith in God, and in his inscrutable wisdom in the government of the world, if we think we ought to condemn all ancient forms of faith except the religion of the Jews. A true spirit of Christianity will rather lead us to shut our eyes against many things which are revolting to us in the religion of the Chinese, or the wild Americans, or the civilized Hindus, and to try to discover, as well as we can, how even in these degraded forms of worship a spark of light lies hidden somewhere — a spark which may lighten and warm the heart of the Gentiles, “who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality.” There is an under-current of thought in Mr. Hardwick’s book which breaks out again and again, and which has certainly prevented him from discovering many a deep lesson which may be learnt in the study of ancient religions. He uses harsh language, because he is thinking, not of the helpless Chinese, or the dreaming Hindu whose tenets he controverts, but of modern philosophers; and he is evidently glad of every opportunity where he can show to the latter that their systems are mere *rechauffés* of ancient heathenism. Thus he says, in his introduction to the third volume: —

“I may also be allowed to add, that, in the present chapters, the more thoughtful reader will not fail to recognize the proper tendency of certain current speculations, which are recommended to us on the ground

that they accord entirely with the last discoveries of science, and embody the deliberate verdicts of the oracle within us. Notwithstanding all that has been urged in their behalf, those theories are little more than a return to long-exploded errors, a resuscitation of extinct volcanoes; or at best, they merely offer to introduce among us an array of civilizing agencies, which, after trial in other countries, have been all found wanting. The governing class of China, for example, have long been familiar with the metaphysics of Spinoza. They have also carried out the social principles of M. Comte upon the largest possible scale. For ages they have been what people of the present day are wishing to become in Europe, with this difference only, that the heathen legislator who had lost all faith in God attempted to redress the wrongs and elevate the moral status of his subjects by the study of political science, or devising some new scheme of general sociology; while the positive philosopher of the present day, who has relapsed into the same positions, is in every case rejecting a religious system which has proved itself the mightiest of all civilizers, and the constant champion of the rights and dignity of men. He offers in the stead of Christianity a specious phase of paganism, by which the nineteenth century after Christ may be assimilated to the golden age of Mencius and Confucius; or, in other words, may consummate its religious freedom, and attain the highest pinnacle of human progress, by reverting to a state of childhood and of moral imbecility."

Few serious-minded persons will like the temper of this paragraph. The history of ancient religion is too important, too sacred a subject to be used as a masked battery against modern infidelity. Nor should a Chris-

tian Advocate ever condescend to defend his cause by arguments such as a pleader who is somewhat skeptical as to the merits of his case, may be allowed to use, but which produce on the mind of the Judge the very opposite effect of that which they are intended to produce. If we want to understand the religions of antiquity, we must try, as well as we can, to enter into the religious, moral, and political atmosphere of the ancient world. We must do what the historian does. We must become ancients ourselves; otherwise we shall never understand the motives and meaning of their faith. Take one instance. There are some nations who have always regarded death with the utmost horror. Their whole religion may be said to be a fight against death, and the chief object of their prayers seems to be a long life on earth. The Persian clings to life with intense tenacity, and the same feeling exists among the Jews. Other nations, on the contrary, regard death in a different light. Death is to them a passage from one life to another. No misgiving has ever entered their minds as to a possible extinction of existence, and at the first call of the priest — nay, sometimes from a mere selfish yearning after a better life — they are ready to put an end to their existence on earth. Feelings of this kind can hardly be called convictions arrived at by the individual. They are national peculiarities, and they exercise an irresistible sway over all who belong to the same nation. The loyal devotion which the Slavonic nations feel for their sovereign will make the most brutalized Russian peasant step into the place where his comrade has just been struck down, without a thought of his wife, or his mother, or his children, whom he is never to see again. He does not do this

because, by his own reflection, he has arrived at the conclusion that he is bound to sacrifice himself for his emperor or for his country; he does it because he knows that every one would do the same; and the only feeling of satisfaction in which he would allow himself to indulge is, that he was doing his duty. If, then, we wish to understand the religions of the ancient nations of the world, we must take into account their national character. Nations who value life so little as the Hindus, and some of the American and Malay nations, could not feel the same horror of human sacrifices, for instance, which would be felt by a Jew; and the voluntary death of the widow would inspire her nearest relations with no other feeling but that of compassion and regret at seeing a young bride follow her husband into a distant land. She herself would feel that, in following her husband into death, she was only doing what every other widow would do; she was only doing her duty. In India, where men in the prime of life throw themselves under the car of Jaggernâth, to be crushed to death by the idol they believe in; where the plaintiff who cannot get redress starves himself to death at the door of his judge; where the philosopher who thinks he has learnt all which this world can teach him, and who longs for absorption into the Deity, quietly steps into the Ganges, in order to arrive at the other shore of existence, — in such a country, however much we may condemn these practices, we must be on our guard, and not judge the strange religions of such strange creatures according to our own more sober code of morality. Let a man once be impressed with a belief that this life is but a prison, and that he has but to break through its walls in order to breathe the fresh

and pure air of a higher life ; let him once consider it cowardice to shrink from this act, and a proof of courage and of a firm faith in God to rush back to that eternal source from whence he came ; and let these views be countenanced by a whole nation, sanctioned by priests, and hallowed by poets, and however we may blame and loathe the custom of human sacrifices and religious suicides, we shall be bound to confess that to such a man, and to a whole nation of such men, the most cruel rites will have a very different meaning from what they would have to us. They are not mere cruelty and brutality. They contain a religious element, and presuppose a belief in immortality, and an indifference with regard to worldly pleasures, which, if directed in a different channel, might produce martyrs and heroes. Here, at least, there is no danger of modern heresy aping ancient paganism ; and we feel at liberty to express our sympathy and compassion, even with the most degraded of our brethren. The Fijians, for instance, commit almost every species of atrocity ; but we can still discover, as Wilkes remarked in his " Exploring Expedition," that the source of many of their abhorrent practices is a belief in a future state, guided by no just notions of religious or moral obligations. They immolate themselves ; they think it right to destroy their best friends to free them from the miseries of this life ; they actually consider it a duty, and perhaps a painful duty, that the son should strangle his parents, if requested to do so. Some of the Fijians, when interrupted by Europeans in the act of strangling their mother, simply replied that she was their mother, and they were her children, and they ought to put her to death. On reaching the grave the mother

sat down, when they all, including children, grandchildren, relations, and friends, took an affectionate leave of her. A rope, made of twisted tapa, was then passed twice around her neck by her sons, who took hold of it and strangled her, after which she was put into her grave, with the usual ceremonies. They returned to feast and mourn, after which she was entirely forgotten, as though she had not existed. No doubt these are revolting rites ; but the phase of human thought which they disclose is far from being simply revolting. There is in these immolations, even in their most degraded form, a grain of that superhuman faith which we admire in the temptation of Abraham ; and we feel that the time will come, nay, that it is coming, when the voice of the Angel of the Lord will reach those distant islands, and give a higher and better purpose to the wild ravings of their religion.

It is among these tribes that the missionary, if he can speak a language which they understand, gains the most rapid influence. But he must first learn himself to understand the nature of these savages, and to translate the wild yells of their devotion into articulate language. There is, perhaps, no race of men so low and degraded as the Papuas. It has frequently been asserted they had no religion at all. And yet these same Papuas, if they want to know whether what they are going to undertake is right or wrong, squat before their karwar, clasp the hands over the forehead, and bow repeatedly, at the same time stating their intentions. If they are seized with any nervous feeling during this process, it is considered as a bad sign, and the project is abandoned for a time ; if otherwise, the idol is supposed to approve. Here we have but to translate

what they in their helpless language call "nervous feeling" by our word "conscience," and we shall not only understand what they really mean, but confess, perhaps, that it would be well for us if in our own hearts the karwar occupied the same prominent place which it occupies in the cottage of every Papua.

*March 1853.*

### III.

## THE VEDA AND ZEND-AVESTA.



### THE VEDA.

THE main stream of the Aryan nations has always flowed towards the northwest. No historian can tell us by what impulse these adventurous nomads were driven on through Asia towards the isles and shores of Europe. The first start of this world-wide migration belongs to a period far beyond the reach of documentary history; to times when the soil of Europe had not been trodden by either Celts, Germans, Slavonians, Romans, or Greeks. But whatever it was, the impulse was as irresistible as the spell which, in our own times, sends the Celtic tribes towards the prairies or the regions of gold across the Atlantic. It requires a strong will, or a great amount of inertness, to be able to withstand the impetus of such national, or rather ethnical movements. Few will stay behind when all are going. But to let one's friends depart, and then to set out ourselves, — to take a road which, lead where it may, can never lead us to join those again who speak our language and worship our gods, — is a course which only men of strong individuality and great self-dependence are capable of pursuing. It was the course adopted by the southern branch of the Aryan family, the Brahmanic Aryas of India and the Zoroastrians of Iran.

At the first dawn of traditional history we see these Aryan tribes migrating across the snow of the Himâlaya southward towards the "Seven Rivers" (the Indus, the five rivers of the Penjâb, and the Sarasvatî), and ever since India has been called their home. That before this time they had been living in more northern regions, within the same precincts with the ancestors of the Greeks, the Italians, Slavonians, Germans, and Celts, is a fact as firmly established as that the Normans of William the Conqueror were the Northmen of Scandinavia. The evidence of language is irrefragable, and it is the only evidence worth listening to with regard to ante-historical periods. It would have been next to impossible to discover any traces of relationship between the swarthy natives of India and their conquerors, whether Alexander or Clive, but for the testimony borne by language. What other evidence could have reached back to times when Greece was not yet peopled by Greeks, nor India by Hindus? Yet these are the times of which we are speaking. What authority would have been strong enough to persuade the Grecian army, that their gods and their hero ancestors were the same as those of king Porus, or to convince the English soldier that the same blood might be running in his veins and in the veins of the dark Bengalese? And yet there is not an English jury nowadays, which, after examining the hoary documents of language, would reject the claim of a common descent and a spiritual relationship between Hindu, Greek, and Teuton. Many words still live in India and in England that have witnessed the first separation of the northern and southern Aryans, and these are witnesses not to be shaken by any cross-examination. The

terms for God, for house, for father, mother, son, daughter, for dog and cow, for heart and tears, for axe and tree, identical in all the Indo-European idioms, are like the watchwords of soldiers. We challenge the seeming stranger; and whether he answer with the lips of a Greek, a German, or an Indian, we recognize him as one of ourselves. Though the historian may shake his head, though the physiologist may doubt, and the poet scorn the idea, all must yield before the facts furnished by language. There was a time when the ancestors of the Celts, the Germans, the Slavonians, the Greeks and Italians, the Persians and Hindus, were living together beneath the same roof, separate from the ancestors of the Semitic and Turanian races.

It is more difficult to prove that the Hindu was the last to leave this common home, that he saw his brothers all depart towards the setting sun, and that then, turning towards the south and the east, he started alone in search of a new world. But as in his language and in his grammar he has preserved something of what seems peculiar to each of the northern dialects singly, as he agrees with the Greek and the German where the Greek and the German differ from all the rest, and as no other language has carried off so large a share of the common Aryan heirloom, — whether roots, grammar, words, myths, or legends, — it is natural to suppose that, though perhaps the eldest brother, the Hindu was the last to leave the central home of the Aryan family.

The Aryan nations, who pursued a northwesterly direction, stand before us in history as the principal nations of northwestern Asia and Europe. They have been the prominent actors in the great drama of

history, and have carried to their fullest growth all the elements of active life with which our nature is endowed. They have perfected society and morals ; and we learn from their literature and works of art the elements of science, the laws of art, and the principles of philosophy. In continual struggle with each other and with Semitic and Turanian races, these Aryan nations have become the rulers of history, and it seems to be their mission to link all parts of the world together by the chains of civilization, commerce, and religion. In a word, they represent the Aryan man in his historical character.

But while most of the members of the Aryan family followed this glorious path, the southern tribes were slowly migrating towards the mountains which gird the north of India. After crossing the narrow passes of the Hindukush or the Himâlaya, they conquered or drove before them, as it seems without much effort, the aboriginal inhabitants of the trans-Himalayan countries. They took for their guides the principal rivers of Northern India, and were led by them to new homes in their beautiful and fertile valleys. It seems as if the great mountains in the north had afterwards closed for centuries their Cyclopean gates against new immigrations, while, at the same time, the waves of the Indian Ocean kept watch over the southern borders of the peninsula. None of the great conquerors of antiquity — Sesostris, Semiramis, Nebuchadnezzar, or Cyrus — disturbed the peaceful seats of these Aryan settlers. Left to themselves in a world of their own, without a past, and without a future before them, they had nothing but themselves to ponder on. Struggles there must have been in India also. Old dynasties

were destroyed, whole families annihilated, and new empires founded. Yet the inward life of the Hindu was not changed by these convulsions. His mind was like the lotus leaf after a shower of rain has passed over it; his character remained the same — passive, meditative, quiet, and thoughtful. A people of this peculiar stamp was never destined to act a prominent part in the history of the world; nay, the exhausting atmosphere of transcendental ideas in which they lived could not but exercise a detrimental influence on the active and moral character of the Indians. Social and political virtues were little cultivated, and the ideas of the useful and the beautiful hardly known to them. With all this, however, they had what the Greek was as little capable of imagining, as they were of realizing the elements of Grecian life. They shut their eyes to this world of outward seeming and activity, to open them full on the world of thought and rest. The ancient Hindus were a nation of philosophers, such as could nowhere have existed except in India, and even there in early times alone. It is with the Hindu mind as if a seed were placed in a hot-house. It will grow rapidly, its colors will be gorgeous, its perfume rich, its fruits precocious and abundant. But never will it be like the oak growing in wind and weather, and striking its roots into real earth, and stretching its branches into real air beneath the stars and the sun of heaven. Both are experiments, — the hot-house flower and the Hindu mind; and as experiments, whether physiological or psychological, both deserve to be studied.

We may divide the whole Aryan family into two branches, the northern and the southern. The northern

nations, Celts, Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Slavonians, have each one act allotted to them on the stage of history. They have each a national character to support. Not so the southern tribes. They are absorbed in the struggles of thought, their past is the problem of creation, their future the problem of existence; and the present, which ought to be the solution of both, seems never to have attracted their attention, or called forth their energies. There never was a nation believing so firmly in another world, and so little concerned about this. Their condition on earth is to them a problem; their real and eternal life is a simple fact. Though this is said chiefly with reference to them before they were brought in contact with foreign conquerors, traces of this character are still visible in the Hindus, as described by the companions of Alexander, nay, even in the Hindus of the present day. The only sphere in which the Indian mind finds itself at liberty to act, to create, and to worship, is the sphere of religion and philosophy; and nowhere have religious and metaphysical ideas struck root so deep in the mind of a nation as in India. The shape which these ideas took amongst the different classes of society, and at different periods of civilization, naturally varies from coarse superstition to sublime spiritualism. But, taken as a whole, history supplies no second instance where the inward life of the soul has so completely absorbed all the other faculties of a people.

It was natural, therefore, that the literary works of such a nation, when first discovered in Sanskrit MSS. by Wilkins, Sir W. Jones, and others, should have attracted the attention of all interested in the history of the human race. A new page in man's biography was

laid open, and a literature as large as that of Greece or Rome was to be studied. The "Laws of Manu," the two epic poems, the "Râmâyana" and "Mahâbhârata," the six complete systems of philosophy, works on astronomy and medicine, plays, stories, fables, elegies, and lyrical effusions, were read with intense interest, on account of their age not less than their novelty.

Still this interest was confined to a small number of students, and in a few cases only could Indian literature attract the eyes of men who, from the summit of universal history, survey the highest peaks of human excellence. Herder, Schlegel, Humboldt, and Goethe, discovered what was really important in Sanskrit literature. They saw what was genuine and original, in spite of much that seemed artificial. For the artificial, no doubt, has a wide place in Sanskrit literature. Everywhere we find systems, rules and models, castes and schools, but nowhere individuality, no natural growth, and but few signs of strong originality and genius.

There is, however, one period of Sanskrit literature which forms an exception, and which will maintain its place in the history of mankind, when the names of Kalidâsa and Sakuntalâ will have been long forgotten. It is the most ancient period, the period of the Veda. There is, perhaps, a higher degree of interest attaching to works of higher antiquity; but in the Veda we have more than mere antiquity. We have ancient thought expressed in ancient language. Without insisting on the fact that even chronologically the Veda is the first book of the Aryan nations, we have in it, at all events, a period in the intellectual life of man to which there is no parallel in any other part of the

world. In the hymns of the Veda we see man left to himself to solve the riddle of this world. We see him crawling on like a creature of the earth with all the desires and weaknesses of his animal nature. Food, wealth, and power, a large family and a long life, are the theme of his daily prayers. But he begins to lift up his eyes. He stares at the tent of heaven, and asks who supports it? He opens his ears to the winds, and asks them whence and whither? He is awakened from darkness and slumber by the light of the sun, and Him whom his eyes cannot behold, and who seems to grant him the daily pittance of his existence, he calls "his life, his breath, his brilliant Lord and Protector." He gives names to all the powers of nature, and after he has called the fire "Agni," the sun-light "Indra," the storms "Maruts," and the dawn "Ushas," they all seem to grow naturally into beings like himself, nay, greater than himself. He invokes them, he praises them, he worships them. But still with all these gods around him, beneath him, and above him, the early poet seems ill at rest within himself. There, too, in his own breast, he has discovered a power that wants a name, a power nearer to him than all the gods of nature, a power that is never mute when he prays, never absent when he fears and trembles. It seems to inspire his prayers, and yet to listen to them; it seems to live in him, and yet to support him and all around him. The only name he can find for this mysterious power is "Bráhmañ;" for bráhmañ meant originally force, will, wish, and the propulsive power of creation. But this impersonal bráhmañ, too, as soon as it is named, grows into something strange and divine. It ends by being one of many gods, one of the great triad,

worshipped to the present day. And still the thought within him has no real name, that power which is nothing but itself, which supports the gods, the heavens, and every living being, floats before his mind, conceived but not expressed. At last he calls it "Âtman;" for âtman, originally breath or spirit, comes to mean Self and Self alone; Self whether divine or human; Self whether creating or suffering; Self whether one or all; but always Self, independent and free. "Who has seen the first-born," says the poet, "when he who has no bones (*i. e.* form) bore him that had bones? Where was the life, the blood, the Self of the world? Who went to ask this from any that knew it?" (Rv. I. 164, 4.) This idea of a divine Self once expressed, everything else must acknowledge its supremacy: "Self is the Lord of all things, Self is the King of all things. As all the spokes of a wheel are contained in the nave and the circumference, all things are contained in this Self; all selves are contained in this Self.<sup>1</sup> Brâhman itself is but Self."<sup>2</sup>

This Âtman also grew; but it grew, as it were, without attributes. The sun is called the Self of all that moves and rests (Rv. I. 115, 1), and still more frequently Self becomes a mere pronoun. But Âtman remained always free from myth and worship, differing in this from the Brâhman (neuter), who has his temples in India even now, and is worshipped as Brâhman (masculine), together with Vishnu and Siva, and other popular gods. The idea of the Âtman or Self, like a pure crystal, was too transparent for poetry, and therefore was handed over to philosophy, which after-

<sup>1</sup> Brihad-âraṇyaka, IV. 5 15, ed. Roer, p. 487.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 478. Kâṇḍogya-upanishad, VIII. 3, 3-4.

wards polished, and turned, and watched it as the medium through which all is seen, and in which all is reflected and known. But philosophy is later than the Veda, and it is of the Vaidik period only I have here to speak.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In writing the above, I was thinking rather of the mental process that was necessary for the production of such words as brahman, âtman, and others, than of their idiomatic use in the ancient literature of India. It might be objected, for instance, that brâhman, neut. in the sense of creative power or the principal cause of all things, does not occur in the Rig-veda. This is true. But it occurs in that sense in the Atharva-veda, and in several of the Brâhmanas. There we read of "the oldest or greatest Brâhman which rules everything that has been or will be." Heaven is said to belong to Brâhman alone (Atharva-veda X. 8, 1). In the Brâhmanas, this Brâhman is called the first-born, the self-existing, the best of the gods, and heaven and earth are said to have been established by it. Even the vital spirits are identified with it (Satapatha-brâhmana VIII. 4, 9, 3).

In other passages, again, this same Brâhman is represented as existing in man (Atharva-veda X. 7, 17), and in this very passage we can watch the transition from the neutral Brâhman into Brâhman conceived of as a masculine: —

"Ye purushe brâhma vidus te viduḥ parameshthinam,  
Yo veda parameshthinam, yas ka veda pragâpatim,  
Gyeshtham ye brâhmanam vidus, te skambham anu samviduḥ."

"They who know Brâhman in man, they know the Highest,  
He who knows the Highest, and he who knows Pragâpati (the lord of creatures),  
And they who know the oldest Brâhmana, they know the Ground."

The word Brâhmana which is here used, is a derivative form of Brâhman; but what is most important in these lines is the mixing of neuter and masculine words, of impersonal and personal deities. This process is brought to perfection by changing Brâhman, the neuter, even grammatically into Brâhman, a masculine, — a change which has taken place in the Âranyakas, where we find Brâhman used as the name of a male deity. It is this Brâhman, with the accent on the first, not, as has been supposed, brahmân the priest, that appears again in the later literature as one of the divine triad, Brâhman, Vishnu, Siva.

The word brâhman, as a neuter, is used in the Rig-veda in the sense of prayer also, originally what bursts forth from the soul, and, in one sense, what is revealed. Hence in later times brâhman is used collectively for the Veda, the sacred word.

Another word, with the accent on the last syllable, is brahmân, the man

In the Veda, then, we can study a theogony of which that of Hesiod is but the last chapter. We can study man's natural growth, and the results to which it may lead under the most favorable conditions. All was given him that nature can bestow. We see him blest with the choicest gifts of the earth, under a glowing and transparent sky, surrounded by all the grandeur and all the riches of nature, with a language "capable of giving soul to the objects of sense, and body to the abstractions of metaphysics." We have a right to expect much from him, only we must not expect in his youthful poems the philosophy of the nineteenth century, or the beauties of Pindar, or, with some again, the truths of Christianity. Few understand children, still fewer understand antiquity. If we look in the Veda for high poetical diction, for striking comparisons, for bold combinations, we shall be disappointed. These early poets thought more for themselves than for others. They sought rather, in their language, to be true to their own thought than to please the imagination of their hearers. With them it was a great work achieved for the first time, to bind thoughts and words together, to find expressions or to form new names. As to similes, we must look to the words themselves, which, if we compare their radical and their nominal meaning, will be found full of bold metaphors. No translation in any modern language can do them justice. As to beauty, we must discover it in the absence of all effort, and in the simplicity of their hearts. Prose was, at that time, unknown, as

who prays, who utters prayers, the priest, and gradually the Brahman by profession. In this sense it is frequently used in the Rig-veda (I 108, 7), but not yet in the sense of Brahman by birth or caste.

well as the distinction between prose and poetry. It was the attempted imitation of those ancient natural strains of thought which in later times gave rise to poetry in our sense of the word, that is to say, to poetry as an art, with its counted syllables, its numerous epithets, its rhyme and rhythm, and all the conventional attributes of "measured thought."

In the Veda itself, however, — even if by Veda we mean the Rig-veda only (the other three, the Sâman, Yagush, and Âtharvana, having solely a liturgical interest, and belonging to an entirely different sphere), — in the Rig-veda also, we find much that is artificial, imitated, and therefore modern, if compared with other hymns. It is true that all the 1017 hymns of the Rig-veda were comprised in a collection which existed as such before one of those elaborate theological commentaries known under the name of Brâhmana, was written, that is to say, about 800 B. C. But before the date of their collection these must have existed for centuries. In different songs the names of different kings occur, and we see several generations of royal families pass away before us with different generations of poets. Old songs are mentioned, and new songs. Poets whose compositions we possess are spoken of as the seers of olden times; their names in other hymns are surrounded by a legendary halo. In some cases, whole books or chapters may be pointed out as more modern and secondary, in thought and language. But on the whole the Rig-veda is a genuine document, even in its most modern portions not later than the time of Lycurgus; and it exhibits one of the earliest and rudest phases in the history of mankind; disclosing in its full reality a period of which in Greece we have but

traditions and names, such as Orpheus and Linus, and bringing us as near the beginnings in language, thought, and mythology as literary documents can ever bring us in the Aryan world.

Though much time and labor have been spent on the Veda, in England and in Germany, the time has not yet come for translating it as a whole. It is possible and interesting to translate it literally, or in accordance with scholastic commentaries, such as we find in India from Yâska in the fifth century B. C. down to Sâyana in the fourteenth century of the Christian era. This is what Professor Wilson has done in his translation of the first book of the Rig-veda; and by strictly adhering to this principle and excluding conjectural renderings even where they offered themselves most naturally, he has imparted to his work a definite character and a lasting value. The grammar of the Veda, though irregular, and still in a rather floating state, has almost been mastered; the etymology and the meaning of many words, unknown in the later Sanskrit, have been discovered. Many hymns, which are mere prayers for food, for cattle, or for a long life, have been translated, and can leave no doubt as to their real intention. But with the exception of these simple petitions, the whole world of Vedic ideas is so entirely beyond our own intellectual horizon, that instead of translating we can as yet only guess and combine. Here it is no longer a mere question of skillful deciphering. We may collect all the passages where an obscure word occurs, we may compare them and look for a meaning which would be appropriate to all; but the difficulty lies in finding a sense which we can appropriate, and transfer by analogy into our own lan-

guage and thought. We must be able to translate our feelings and ideas into their language at the same time that we translate their poems and prayers into our language. We must not despair even where their words seem meaningless, and their ideas barren or wild. What seems at first childish may at a happier moment disclose a sublime simplicity, and even in helpless expressions we may recognize aspirations after some high and noble idea. When the scholar has done his work, the poet and philosopher must take it up and finish it. Let the scholar collect, collate, sift, and reject; let him say what is possible or not according to the laws of the Vedic language; let him study the commentaries, the Sûtras, the Brâhmanas, and even later works, in order to exhaust all the sources from which information can be derived. He must not despise the traditions of the Brahmans, even where their misconceptions and the causes of their misconceptions are palpable. To know what a passage cannot mean is frequently the key to its real meaning; and whatever reasons may be pleaded for declining a careful perusal of the traditional interpretations of Yâska or Sâyana, they can all be traced back to an ill-concealed *argumentum paupertatis*. Not a corner in the Brâhmanas, the Sûtras, Yâska, and Sâyana should be left unexplored before we venture to propose a rendering of our own. Sâyana, though the most modern, is on the whole the most sober interpreter. Most of his etymological absurdities must be placed to Yâska's account, and the optional renderings which he allows for metaphysical, theological, or ceremonial purposes, are mostly due to his regard for the Brâhmanas. The Brâhmanas, though nearest in time to the hymns of the Rig-veda, indulge

in the most frivolous and ill-judged interpretations. When the ancient Rishi exclaims with a troubled heart, "Who is the greatest of the gods? Who shall first be praised by our songs?" — the author of the *Brâhmana* sees in the interrogative pronoun "Who" some divine name, a place is allotted in the sacrificial invocations to a god "Who," and hymns addressed to him are called "Whoish" hymns. To make such misunderstandings possible, we must assume a considerable interval between the composition of the hymns and the *Brâhmanas*. As the authors of the *Brâhmanas* were blinded by theology, the authors of the still later *Niruktas* were deceived by etymological fictions, and both conspired to mislead by their authority later and more sensible commentators, such as *Sâyana*. Where *Sâyana* has no authority to mislead him, his commentary is at all events rational; but still his scholastic notions would never allow him to accept the free interpretation which a comparative study of these venerable documents forces upon the unprejudiced scholar. We must therefore discover ourselves the real vestiges of these ancient poets; and if we follow them cautiously, we shall find that with some effort we are still able to walk in their footsteps. We shall feel that we are brought face to face and mind to mind with men yet intelligible to us, after we have freed ourselves from our modern conceits. We shall not succeed always: words, verses, nay, whole hymns in the *Rig-veda*, will and must remain to us a dead letter. But where we can inspire those early relics of thought and devotion with new life, we shall have before us more real antiquity than in all the inscriptions of Egypt or Nineveh; not only old names and dates, and kingdoms and

battles, but old thoughts, old hopes, old faith, and old errors, the old Man altogether — old now, but then young and fresh, and simple and real in his prayers and in his praises.

The thoughtful bent of the Hindu mind is visible in the Veda also, but his mystic tendencies are not yet so fully developed. Of philosophy we find but little, and what we find is still in its germ. The active side of life is more prominent, and we meet occasionally with wars of kings, with rivalries of ministers, with triumphs and defeats, with war-songs and imprecations. Moral sentiments and worldly wisdom are not yet absorbed by fantastic intuitions. Still the child betrays the passions of the man, and there are hymns, though few in number, in the Veda, so full of thought and speculation that at this early period no poet in any other nation could have conceived them. I give but one specimen, the 129th hymn of the tenth book of the Rig-veda. It is a hymn which long ago attracted the attention of that eminent scholar H. T. Colebrooke, and of which, by the kind assistance of a friend, I am enabled to offer a metrical translation. In judging it we should bear in mind that it was not written by a gnostic or by a pantheistic philosopher, but by a poet who felt all these doubts and problems as his own, without any wish to convince or to startle, only uttering what had been weighing on his mind, just as later poets would sing the doubts and sorrows of their heart.

“Nor Aught nor Naught existed; yon bright sky  
 Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched above.  
 What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?  
 Was it the water's fathomless abyss?  
 There was not death — yet was there naught immortal,

There was no confine betwixt day and night;  
 The only One breathed breathless by itself,  
 Other than It there nothing since has been.  
 Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled  
 In gloom profound — an ocean without light —  
 The germ that still lay covered in the husk  
 Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.  
 Then first came love upon it, the new spring  
 Of mind — yea, poets in their hearts discerned,  
 Pondering, this bond between created things  
 And uncreated. Comes this spark from earth  
 Piercing and all-pervading, or from heaven?  
 Then seeds were sown, and mighty powers arose —  
 Nature below, and power and will above —  
 Who knows the secret? who proclaimed it here,  
 Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?  
 The gods themselves came later into being —  
 Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?  
 He from whom all this great creation came,  
 Whether his will created or was mute,  
 The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,  
 He knows it — or perchance even He knows not."

The grammar of the Veda (to turn from the contents to the structure of the work) is important in many respects. The difference between it and the grammar of the epic poems would be sufficient of itself to fix the distance between these two periods of language and literature. Many words have preserved in these early hymns a more primitive form, and therefore agree more closely with cognate words in Greek or Latin. Night, for instance, in the later Sanskrit is *nisâ*, which is a form peculiarly Sanskritic, and agrees in its derivation neither with *nox* nor with *νύξ*. The Vaidik "nas" or "nak," night, is as near to Latin as can be. Thus mouse in the common Sanskrit is "mûshas" or "mûshikâ," both derivative forms if compared with the Latin *mus*, *muris*. The Vaidik Sanskrit has preserved the same primitive noun in the plural "mûsh-as" = Lat. *mures*. There are other words in the

Veda which were lost altogether in the later Sanskrit, while they were preserved in Greek and Latin. "Dyaus," sky, does not occur as a masculine in the ordinary Sanskrit; it occurs in the Veda, and thus bears witness to the early Aryan worship of Dyaus, the Greek Zeús. "Ushas," dawn, again in the later Sanskrit is neuter. In the Veda it is feminine; and even the secondary Vaidik form "Ushâsâ" is proved to be of high antiquity by the nearly corresponding Latin form *Aurora*. Declension and conjugation are richer in forms and more unsettled in their usage. It is a curious fact, for instance, that no subjunctive mood existed in the common Sanskrit. The Greeks and Romans had it, and even the language of the Avesta showed clear traces of it. There could be no doubt that the Sanskrit also once possessed this mood, and at last it was discovered in the hymns of the Rig-veda. Discoveries of this kind may seem trifling, but they are as delightful to the grammarian as the appearance of a star, long expected and calculated, is to the astronomer. They prove that there is natural order in language, and that by a careful induction laws can be established which enable us to guess with great probability either at the form or meaning of words where but scanty fragments of the tongue itself have come down to us.

*October, 1853.*

## THE ZEND-AVESTA

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By means of laws like that of the Correspondence of Letters, discovered by Rask and Grimm, it has been possible to determine the exact form of words in Gothic, in cases where no trace of them occurred in the literary documents of the Gothic nation. Single words which were not to be found in Ulfilas have been recovered by applying certain laws to their corresponding forms in Latin or Old High-German, and thus retranslating them into Gothic. But a much greater conquest was achieved in Persia. Here comparative philology has actually had to create and reanimate all the materials of language on which it was afterwards to work. Little was known of the language of Persia and Media previous to the "Shahnameh" of Firdusi, composed about 1000 A. D., and it is due entirely to the inductive method of comparative philology that we have now before us contemporaneous documents of three periods of Persian language, deciphered, translated, and explained. We have the language of the Zoroastrians, the language of the Achæmenians, and the language of the Sassanians, which represent the history of the Persian tongue in three successive periods — all now rendered intelligible by the aid of comparative philology, while but fifty years ago their very name and existence were questioned.

The labors of Anquetil Duperron, who first trans-

lated the Zend-Avesta, were those of a bold adventurer — not of a scholar. Rask was the first who, with the materials collected by Duperron and himself, analyzed the language of the Avesta scientifically. He proved, —

1. That Zend was not a corrupted Sanskrit, as supposed by W. Erskine, but that it differed from it as Greek, Latin, or Lithuanian differed from one another and from Sanskrit.

2. That the modern Persian was really derived from Zend as Italian was from Latin ; and

3. That the Avesta, or the works of Zoroaster, must have been reduced to writing at least previously to Alexander's conquest. The opinion that Zend was an artificial language (an opinion held by men of great eminence in oriental philology, beginning with Sir W. Jones) is passed over by Rask as not deserving of refutation.

The first edition of the Zend texts, the critical restitution of the MSS., the outlines of a Zend grammar, with the translation and philological anatomy of considerable portions of the Zoroastrian writings, were the work of the late Eugène Burnouf. He was the real founder of Zend philology. It is clear from his works, and from Bopp's valuable remarks in his "Comparative Grammar," that Zend in its grammar and dictionary is nearer to Sanskrit than any other Indo-European language. Many Zend words can be retranslated into Sanskrit simply by changing the Zend letters into their corresponding forms in Sanskrit. With regard to the Correspondence of Letters in Grimm's sense of the word, Zend ranges with Sanskrit and the classical languages. It differs from Sanskrit principally in its sibi-

lants, nasals, and aspirates. The Sanskrit *s*, for instance, is represented by the Zend *h*, a change analogous to that of an original *s* into the Greek aspirate, only that in Greek this change is not general. Thus the geographical name “hapta hendu,” which occurs in the Avesta, becomes intelligible if we retranslate the Zend *h* into the Sanskrit *s*. For “sapta sindhu,” or the Seven Rivers, is the old Vaidik name of India itself, derived from the five rivers of the Penjâb, together with the Indus, and the Sarasvatî.

Where Sanskrit differs in words or grammatical peculiarities from the northern members of the Aryan family, it frequently coincides with Zend. The numerals are the same in all these languages up to 100. The name for thousand, however, “sahasra,” is peculiar to Sanskrit, and does not occur in any of the Indo-European dialects except in Zend, where it becomes “hazanra.” In the same manner the German and Slavonic languages have a word for thousand peculiar to themselves; as also in Greek and Latin we find many common words which we look for in vain in any of the other Indo-European dialects. These facts are full of historical meaning; and with regard to Zend and Sanskrit, they prove that these two languages continued together long after they were separated from the common Indo-European stock.

Still more striking is the similarity between Persia and India in religion and mythology. Gods unknown to any Indo-European nation are worshipped under the same names in Sanskrit and Zend; and the change of some of the most sacred expressions in Sanskrit into names of evil spirits in Zend, only serves to strengthen the conviction that we have here the usual traces of a

schism which separated a community that had once been united.

Burnouf, who compared the language and religion of the Avesta principally with the later classical Sanskrit, inclined at first to the opinion that this schism took place in Persia, and that the dissenting Brahmans immigrated afterwards into India. This is still the prevailing opinion, but it requires to be modified in accordance with new facts elicited from the Veda. Zend, if compared with classical Sanskrit, exhibits in many points of grammar, features of a more primitive character than Sanskrit. But it can now be shown, and Burnouf himself admitted it, that when this is the case, the Vaidik differs on the very same points from the later Sanskrit, and has preserved the same primitive and irregular form as the Zend. I still hold, that the name of Zend was originally a corruption of the Sanskrit word "*khandas*" (*i. e.* metrical language, cf. *scandere*),<sup>1</sup> which is the name given to the language of

<sup>1</sup> The derivation of "*khandas*," metre, from the same root which yielded the Latin *scandere*, seems to me still the most plausible. An account of the various explanations of this word, proposed by Eastern and Western scholars, is to be found in Spiegel's *Grammar of the Parsi Language* (preface, and p. 205), and in his translation of the *Vendidad* (pp. 44 and 293). That initial *kh* in Sanskrit may represent an original *sk*, has never, as far as I am aware, been denied. (Curtius, *Grundzüge*, p. 60.) The fact that the root "*khand*," in the sense of stepping or striding, has not been fixed in Sanskrit as a verbal, but only as a nominal base, is no real objection either. The same thing has happened over and over again, and has been remarked as the necessary result of the dialectic growth of language by so ancient a scholar as Yâska. (*Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft* vol. viii. p. 373 seq.) That *scandere* in Latin, in the sense of scanning, is a late word, does not affect the question at all. What is of real importance simply this, that the principal Aryan nations agree in representing metre as a kind of stepping or striding. Whether this arose from the fact that ancient poetry was accompanied by dancing or rhythmic choral movements, is a question which does not concern us here. ("Carmen descendentes tripodaverunt in verba hæc: Enos Lases," etc. Orelli, *Inscript.* No. 2271.) The

the Veda by Pânini and others. When we read in Pânini's grammar that certain forms occur in *khandas*, but not in the classical language, we may almost always translate the word "*khandas*" by "Zend," for nearly all these rules apply equally to the language of the Avesta.

In mythology also, the "*nomina* and *numina*" of the Avesta appear at first sight more primitive than in *Manu* or the "*Mahâbhârata*." But if regarded from a Vaidik point of view, this relation shifts at once, and many of the gods of the Zoroastrians come out once more as mere reflections and deflections of the primitive and authentic gods of the Veda. It can now be proved, even by geographical evidence, that the Zoro-

fact remains that the people of India, Greece, and Italy agree in calling the component elements of their verses feet or steps (*πούς, pes*, Sanskrit *pad* or *pâda*; "padapañkti," a row of feet, and "gagati," *i. e. andante*, are names of Sanskrit metres). It is not too much, therefore, to say that they may have considered metre as a kind of stepping or striding, and that they may accordingly have called it "stride." If then we find the name for metre in Sanskrit "*khandas*," *i. e. skandas*, and if we find that *scando* in Latin (from which *sca(d)la*), as we may gather from *ascendo* and *descendo*, meant originally striding, and that *skand* in Sanskrit means the same as *scando* in Latin, surely there can be little doubt as to the original intention of the Sanskrit name for metre, namely, "*khandas*." Hindu grammarians derive *khandas* either from *khad*, to cover, or from *khad*, to please. Both derivations are possible, as far as the letters are concerned. But are we to accept the dogmatic interpretation of the theologians of the *Khandogas*, who tell us that the metres were called "*khandas*" because the gods, when afraid of death, covered themselves with the metres? Or of the *Vâgasaneyins*, who tell us that the *khandas* were so called because they pleased *Pragâpâti*? Such artificial interpretations only show that the Brahmins had no traditional feeling as to the etymological meaning of that word, and that we are at liberty to discover, by the ordinary means, its original intention. I shall only mention from among much that has been written on the etymology of *khandas*, a most happy remark of Professor Kuhn, who traces the Northern *skald*, poet, back to the same root as the Sanskrit *khandas*, metre. (Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. iii. p. 428.) Legerlotz, *ibid.* viii. 339. The transition of *nd* into *ld* is justified by Sanskrit *skandhas* = A.S. *sculdor*, shoulder; and German, *kind* = English, child. Grimm, *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*, p. 341.

astrians had been settled in India before they immigrated into Persia. I say the Zoroastrians, for we have no evidence to bear us out in making the same assertion of the nations of Persia and Media in general. That the Zoroastrians and their ancestors started from India during the Vaidik period can be proved as distinctly as that the inhabitants of Massilia started from Greece. The geographical traditions in the first Fargard of the "Vendidad" do not interfere with this opinion. If ancient and genuine, they would embody a remembrance preserved by the Zoroastrians, but forgotten by the Vaidik poets — a remembrance of times previous to their first common descent into the country of the Seven Rivers. If of later origin, and this is more likely, they may represent a geographical conception of the Zoroastrians after they had become acquainted with a larger sphere of countries and nations, subsequent to their emigration from the land of the Seven Rivers.<sup>1</sup>

These and similar questions of the highest importance for the early history of the Aryan language and mythology, however, must await their final decision, until the whole of the Veda and the Avesta shall have been published. Of this Burnouf was fully aware, and this was the reason why he postponed the publication of his researches into the antiquities of the Iranian nation. The same conviction is shared by Westergaard and Spiegel, who are each engaged on an edition of the Avesta, and who, though they differ on many points, agree in considering the Veda as the safest key to an understanding of the Avesta.

<sup>1</sup> The purely mythological character of this geographical chapter has been proved by M. Michel Bréal, *Journal Asiatique*, 1862.

Professor Roth, of Tübingen, has well expressed the mutual relation of the Veda and Zend-Avesta under the following simile: "The Veda," he writes, "and the Zend-Avesta are two rivers flowing from one fountain-head: the stream of the Veda is the fuller and purer, and has remained truer to its original character; that of the Zend-Avesta has been in various ways polluted, has altered its course, and cannot, with certainty, be traced back to its source."

As to the language of the Achæmenians, presented to us in the Persian text of the cuneiform inscriptions, there was no room for doubt, as soon as it became legible at all, that it was the same tongue as that of the Avesta, only in a second stage of its continuous growth. The process of deciphering these bundles of arrows by means of Zend and Sanskrit has been very much like deciphering an Italian inscription without a knowledge of Italian, simply by means of classical and mediæval Latin. It would have been impossible, even with the quick perception and patient combination of a Grotefend, to read more than the proper names and a few titles on the walls of the Persian palaces, without the aid of Zend and Sanskrit; and it seems almost providential, as Lassen remarked, that these inscriptions, which at any previous period would have been, in the eyes of either classical or oriental scholars, nothing but a quaint conglomerate of nails, wedges, or arrows, should have been rescued from the dust of centuries at the very moment when the discovery and study of Sanskrit and Zend had enabled the scholars of Europe to grapple successfully with their difficulties.

Upon a closer inspection of the language and gram-

mar of these mountain records of the Achæmenian dynasty, a curious fact came to light which seemed to disturb the historical relation between the language of Zoroaster and the language of Darius. At first, historians were satisfied with knowing that the edicts of Darius could be explained by the language of the Avesta, and that the difference between the two, which could be proved to imply a considerable interval of time, was such as to exclude forever the supposed historical identity of Darius Hystaspes and Gushtasp, the mythical pupil of Zoroaster. The language of the Avesta, though certainly not the language of Zarathustra,<sup>1</sup> displayed a grammar so much more luxuriant, and forms so much more primitive than the inscriptions, that centuries must have elapsed between the

<sup>1</sup> Spiegel states the results of his last researches into the language of the different parts of the Avesta in the following words:—

“We are now prepared to attempt an arrangement of the different portions of the Zend-Avesta in the order of their antiquity. First, we place the second part of the Yasna, as separated in respect to the language of the Zend-Avesta, yet not composed by Zoroaster himself, since he is named in the third person; and indeed everything intimates that neither he nor his disciple Gushtasp was alive. The second place must unquestionably be assigned to the Vendidad. I do not believe that the book was originally composed as it now stands: it has suffered both earlier and later interpolations; still, its present form may be traced to a considerable antiquity. The antiquity of the work is proved by its contents, which distinctly show that the sacred literature was not yet completed.

“The case is different with the writings of the last period, among which I reckon the first part of the Yasna, and the whole of the Yeshts. Among these a theological character is unmistakable, the separate divinities having their attributes and titles dogmatically fixed.

“Altogether, it is interesting to trace the progress of religion in Parsi writings. It is a significant fact, that in the oldest, that is to say, the second part of the Yasna, nothing is fixed in the doctrine regarding God. In the writings of the second period, that is in the Vendidad, we trace the advance to a theological, and, in its way, mild and scientific system. Out of this in the last place, there springs the stern and intolerant religion of the Sassanian epoch.” From the Rev. J. Murray Mitchell's Translation.

two periods represented by these two strata of language. When, however, the forms of these languages were subjected to a more searching analysis, it became evident that the phonetic system of the cuneiform inscriptions was more primitive and regular than even that of the earlier portions of the Avesta. This difficulty, however, admits of a solution; and, like many difficulties of the kind, it tends to confirm, if rightly explained, the very facts and views which at first it seemed to overthrow. The confusion in the phonetic system of the Zend grammar is no doubt owing to the influence of oral tradition. Oral tradition, particularly if confided to the safeguard of a learned priesthood, is able to preserve, during centuries of growth and change, the sacred accents of a dead language; but it is liable at least to the slow and imperceptible influences of a corrupt pronunciation. Nowhere can we see this more clearly than in the Veda, where grammatical forms that had ceased to be intelligible, were carefully preserved, while the original pronunciation of vowels was lost, and the simple structure of the ancient metres destroyed by the adoption of a more modern pronunciation. The loss of the Digamma in Homer is another case in point. There are no facts to prove that the text of the Avesta, in the shape in which the Parsis of Bombay and Yezd now possess it, was committed to writing previous to the Sassanian dynasty (226 A. D.). After that time it can indeed be traced, and to a great extent be controlled and checked by the Huzvaresh translations made under that dynasty. Additions to it were made, as it seems, even after these Huzvaresh translations; but their number is small, and we have no reason to doubt that the text

of the Avesta, in the days of Arda Virâf, was on the whole exactly the same as at present. At the time when these translations were made, it is clear from their own evidence that the language of Zarathustra had already suffered, and that the ideas of the Avesta were no longer fully understood even by the learned. Before that time we may infer, indeed, that the doctrine of Zoroaster had been committed to writing; for Alexander is said to have destroyed the books of the Zoroastrians, — Hermippus of Alexandria is said to have read them.<sup>1</sup> But whether on the revival of the Persian religion and literature, that is to say 500 years after Alexander, the works of Zoroaster were collected and restored from extant MSS., or from oral tradition, must remain uncertain, and the disturbed state of the phonetic system would rather lead us to suppose a long-continued influence of oral tradition. What the Zend language might become, if intrusted to the guardianship of memory alone, unassisted by grammatical study and archæological research, may be seen at the present day, when some of the Parsis, who are unable either to read or write, still mutter hymns and prayers in their temples, which, though to them mere sound, disclose to the experienced ear of a European scholar the time-hallowed accents of Zarathustra's speech.

Thus far the history of the Persian language had been reconstructed by the genius and perseverance of Grotefend, Burnouf, Lassen, and last, not least, by the comprehensive labors of Rawlinson, from the ante-historical epoch of Zoroaster down to the age of Darius and Artaxerxes II. It might have been expected that, after that time, the contemporaneous historians of Greece

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on the Science of Language*, First Series, p. 95.

would have supplied the sequel. Unfortunately the Greeks cared nothing for any language except their own ; and little for any other history except as bearing on themselves. The history of the Persian language after the Macedonian conquest, and during the Parthian occupation, is indeed but a blank page. The next glimpse of an authentic contemporaneous document is the inscription of Ardeshir, the founder of the new national dynasty of the Sassanians. It is written, though, it may be, with dialectic difference, in what was once called "Pehlevi," and is now more commonly known as "Huzvaresh," this being the proper title of the language of the translations of the Avesta. The legends of Sassanian coins, the bilingual inscriptions of Sassanian emperors, and the translation of the Avesta by Sassanian reformers, represent the Persian language in its third phase. To judge from the specimens given by Anquetil Duperron, it was not to be wondered at that this dialect, then called "Pelilevi," should have been pronounced an artificial jargon. Even when more genuine specimens of it became known, the language seemed so overgrown with Semitic and barbarous words, that it was expelled from the Iranian family. Sir W. Jones pronounced it to be a dialect of Chaldaic. Spiegel, however, who is now publishing the text of these translations, has established the fact that the language is truly Aryan, neither Semitic nor barbarous, but Persian in roots and grammar. He accounts for the large infusion of foreign terms by pointing to the mixed elements in the intellectual and religious life of Persia during and before that period. There was the Semitic influence of Babylonia, clearly discernible even in the characters of the Achæmenian inscriptions ; there was

the slow infiltration of Jewish ideas, customs, and expressions, working sometimes in the palaces of Persian kings, and always in the bazars of Persian cities, on high roads and in villages; there was the irresistible power of the Greek genius, which even under its rude Macedonian garb emboldened oriental thinkers to a flight into regions undreamed of in their philosophy; there were the academies, the libraries, the works of art of the Seleucidæ; there was Edessa on the Euphrates, a city where Plato and Aristotle were studied, where Christian, Jewish, and Buddhist tenets were discussed, where Ephraem Syrus taught, and Syriac translations were circulated which have preserved to us the lost originals of Greek and Christian writers. The title of the Avesta, under its Semitic form "Apestako," was known in Syria as well as in Persia, and the true name of its author, Zarathustra, is not yet changed in Syriac into the modern Zerdusht. While this intellectual stream, principally flowing through Semitic channels, was irrigating and inundating the west of Asia, the Persian language had been left without literary cultivation. Need we wonder, then, that the men, who at the rising of a new national dynasty (226) became the reformers, teachers, and prophets of Persia, should have formed their language and the whole train of their ideas on a Semitic model. Motley as their language may appear to a Persian scholar fresh from the Avesta or from Firdusi, there is hardly a language of modern Europe which, if closely sifted, would not produce the same impression on a scholar accustomed only to the pure idiom of Homer, Cicero, Ulphilas, or Cædmon. Moreover, the *soul* of the Sassanian language — I mean its grammar — is Persian, and nothing but Persian; and though

meagre when compared with the grammar of the Avesta, it is richer in forms than the later Parsi, the Deri, or the language of Firdusi. The supposition (once maintained) that Pehlevi was the dialect of the western provinces of Persia is no longer necessary. As well might we imagine (it is Spiegel's apposite remark) that a Turkish work, because it is full of Arabic words, could only have been written on the frontiers of Arabia. We may safely consider the Huzvaresh of the translations of the Avesta as the language of the Sassanian court and hierarchy. Works also like the Bundelesh and Minokhired belong by language and thought to the same period of mystic incubation, when India and Egypt, Babylonia and Greece, were sitting together and gossiping like crazy old women, chattering with toothless gums and silly brains about the dreams and joys of their youth, yet unable to recall one single thought or feeling with that vigor which once gave it life and truth. It was a period of religious and metaphysical delirium, when everything became everything; when Mâyâ and Sophia, Mitra and Christ, Virâf and Isaiah, Belus, Zarvan, and Kronos were mixed up in one jumbled system of inane speculation, from which at last the East was delivered by the positive doctrines of Mohammed, the West by the pure Christianity of the Teutonic nations.

In order to judge fairly of the merits of the Huzvaresh as a language, it must be remembered that we know it only from these speculative works, and from translations made by men whose very language had become technical and artificial in the schools. The idiom spoken by the nation was probably much less infected by this Semitic fashion. Even the translators sometimes give

the Semitic terms only as a paraphrase or more distinct expression side by side with the Persian. And, if Spiegel's opinion be right that Parsi, and not Huzvaresh, was the language of the later Sassanian empire, it furnishes a clear proof that Persian had recovered itself, had thrown off the Semitic ingredients, and again become a pure and national speech. This dialect (the Parsi) also exists in translations only; and we owe our knowledge of it to Spiegel, the author of the first Parsi grammar.

This third period in the history of the Persian language, comprehending the Huzvaresh and Parsi, ends with the downfall of the Sassanians. The Arab conquest quenched the last sparks of Persian nationality; and the fire-altars of the Zoroastrians were never to be lighted again, except in the oasis of Yezd and on the soil of that country which the Zoroastrians had quitted as the disinherited sons of Manu. Still the change did not take place at once. Mohl, in his magnificent edition of the "Shahnameh," has treated this period admirably, and it is from him that I derive the following facts. For a time, Persian religion, customs, traditions, and songs survived in the hands of the Persian nobility and landed gentry (the Dihkans) who lived among the people, particularly in the eastern provinces, remote from the capital and the seats of foreign dominion, Baghdad, Kufah, and Mosul. Where should Firdusi have collected the national strains of ancient epic poetry which he revived in the "Shahnameh" (1000 A. D.), if the Persian peasant and the Persian knight had not preserved the memory of their old heathen heroes, even under the vigilant oppression of Mohammedan zealots? True, the first collection

of epic traditions was made under the Sassanians. But this work, commenced under Nushirvan, and finished under Yezdegird, the last of the Sassanians, was destroyed by Omar's command. Firdusi himself tells us how this first collection was made by the Dihkan Danishver. "There was a Pehlevan," he says, "of the family of the Dihkans, brave and powerful, wise and illustrious, who loved to study the ancient times, and to collect the stories of past ages. He summoned from all the provinces old men who possessed portions of (*i. e.* who knew) an ancient work in which many stories were written. He asked them about the origin of kings and illustrious heroes, and how they governed the world which they left to us in this wretched state. These old men recited before him, one after the other, the traditions of the kings and the changes in the empire. The Dihkan listened, and composed a book worthy of his fame. This is the monument he left to mankind, and great and small have celebrated his name."

The collector of this first epic poem, under Yezdegird, is called a Dihkan by Firdusi. Dihkan, according to the Persian dictionaries, means (1) farmer, (2) historian; and the reason commonly assigned for this double meaning is, that the Persian farmers happened to be well read in history. Quatremère, however, has proved that the Dihkans were the landed nobility of Persia; that they kept up a certain independence, even under the sway of the Mohammedan Khalifs, and exercised in the country a sort of jurisdiction in spite of the commissioners sent from Baghdad, the seat of the government. Thus Danishver even is called a Dihkan, although he lived previous to the Arab conquest. With

him, the title was only intended to show that it was in the country and among the peasants that he picked up the traditions and songs about Jemshid, Feridun, and Rustem. Of his work, however, we know nothing. It was destroyed by Omar; and, though it survived in an Arabic translation, even this was lost in later times. The work, therefore, had to be recommenced when in the eastern provinces of Persia a national, though no longer a Zoroastrian, feeling began to revive. The governors of these provinces became independent as soon as the power of the Khalifs, after its rapid rise, began to show signs of weakness. Though the Mohammedan religion had taken root, even among the national party, yet Arabic was no longer countenanced by the governors of the eastern provinces. Persian was spoken again at their courts, Persian poets were encouraged, and ancient national traditions, stripped of their religious garb, began to be collected anew. It is said that Jacob, the son of Leis (870), the first prince of Persian blood who declared himself independent of the Khalifs, procured fragments of Danishver's epic, and had it rearranged and continued. Then followed the dynasty of the Samanians, who claimed descent from the Sassanian kings. They, as well as the later dynasty of the Gaznevites, pursued the same popular policy. They were strong because they rested on the support of a national Persian spirit. The national epic poet of the Samanians was Dakiki, by birth a Zoroastrian. Firdusi possessed fragments of his work, and has given a specimen of it in the story of Gushtasp. The final accomplishment, however, of an idea, first cherished by Nushirvan, was reserved for Mahmud the Great, the second king of the Gaznevite

dynasty. By his command collections of old books were made all over the empire. Men who knew ancient poems were summoned to the court. One of them was Ader Berzin, who had spent his whole life in collecting popular accounts of the ancient kings of Persia. Another was Serv Azad, from Merv, who claimed descent from Neriman, and knew all the tales concerning Sam, Zal, and Rustem, which had been preserved in his family. It was from these materials that Firdusi composed his great epic, the "Shahnameh." He himself declares, in many passages of his poem, that he always followed tradition. "Traditions," he says, "have been given by me; nothing of what is worth knowing has been forgotten. All that I shall say, others have said before me: they plucked before me the fruits in the garden of knowledge." He speaks in detail of his predecessors: he even indicates the sources from which he derives different episodes, and it is his constant endeavor to convince his readers that what he relates are not poetical inventions of his own. Thus only can we account for the fact, first pointed out by Burnouf, that many of the heroes in the "Shahnameh" still exhibit the traits, sadly distorted, it is true, but still unmistakable, of Vaidik deities, which had passed through the Zoroastrian schism, the Achæmenian reign, the Macedonian occupation, the Parthian wars, the Sassanian revival, and the Mohammedan conquest, and of which the Dihkans could still sing and tell, when Firdusi's poem impressed the last stamp on the language of Zarathustra. Bopp had discovered already, in his edition of *Nalas* (1832), that the Zend *Vivanhvāt* was the same as the Sanskrit *Vivasvat*; and Burnouf, in his "Observations sur la Grammaire Comparée de M

Bopp," had identified a second personage, the Zend Keresâspa with the Sanskrit Krisâsya. But the similarity between the Zend Keresâspa and the Garshasp of the "Shahnameh" opened a new and wide prospect to Burnouf, and afterwards led him on to the most striking and valuable results. Some of these were published in his last work on Zend, "Etudes sur la Langue et les Textes Zends." This is a collection of articles published originally in the "Journal Asiatique," between 1840 and 1846; and it is particularly the fourth essay, "Le Dieu Homa," which has opened an entirely new mine for researches into the ancient state of religion and tradition common to the Aryans before their schism. Burnouf showed that three of the most famous names in the "Shahnameh," Jemshid, Feridun, and Garshasp, can be traced back to three heroes mentioned in the Zend-Avesta as the representatives of the three earliest generations of mankind, Yima Kshaêta, Thraêtaona, and Keresâspa, and that the prototypes of these Zoroastrian heroes could be found again in the Yama-Trita, and Krisâsya of the Veda. He went even beyond this. He showed that, as in Sanskrit, the father of Yama is Vivasvat, the father of Yima in the Avesta is Vivanhvat. He showed that as Thraêtaona in Persia is the son of Âthwya, the patronymic of Trita in the Veda is "Âptya." He explained the transition of Thraêtaona into Feridun by pointing to the Pehlevi form of the name, as given by Nerosengh, "Fredun." This change of an aspirated dental into an aspirated labial, which by many is considered a flaw in this argument, is of frequent occurrence. We have only to think of φήρ and θήρ, of dhûma and fumus, of modern Greek φέλω and θέλω, — nay, Me-

nenius's "first complaint" would suffice to explain it. Burnouf again identified Zohâk, the King of Persia, slain by Feridun, whom even Firdusi still knows by the name of "Ash dahâk," with the Azhi dahâka, the biting serpent, as he translates it, destroyed by Thraêtaona in the Avesta; and with regard to the changes which these names, and the ideas originally expressed by them, had to undergo on the intellectual stage of the Aryan nation, he says: "Il est sans contredit fort curieux de voir une des divinités indiennes les plus vénérées, donner son nom au premier souverain de la dynastie ariopersanne; c'est un des faits qui attestent le plus évidemment l'intime union des deux branches de la grande famille qui s'est étendue, bien de siècles avant notre ère, depuis le Gange jusqu'à l'Euphrate."

The great achievements of Burnouf in this field of research have been so often ignored, and what by right belongs to him has been so confidently ascribed to others, that a faithful representation of the real state of the case, as here given, will not appear superfluous. There is no intention, while giving his due to Burnouf, to detract from the merits of other scholars. Some more minute coincidences, particularly in the story of Feridun, have subsequently been added by Roth, Benfey, and Weber. The first, particularly, has devoted two most interesting articles to the identification of Yama-Yima-Jemshid and Trita-Thraêtaona-Feridun. Trita, who has generally been fixed upon as the Vaidik original of Feridun, because Traitana, whose name corresponds more accurately, occurs but once in the Rig-veda, is represented in India as one of the many divine powers ruling the firmament, destroying darkness, and sending rain, or, as the poets of the Veda are fond of

expressing it, rescuing the cows and slaying the demons that had carried them off. These cows always move along the sky, some dark, some bright-colored. They low over their pasture; they are gathered by the winds; and milked by the bright rays of the sun, they drop from their heavy udders a fertilizing milk upon the parched and thirsty earth. But sometimes, the poet says, they are carried off by robbers and kept in dark caves near the uttermost ends of the sky. Then the earth is without rain; the pious worshipper offers up his prayer to Indra, and Indra rises to conquer the cows for him. He sends his dog to find the scent of the cattle, and after she has heard their lowing, she returns, and the battle commences. Indra hurls his thunderbolt; the Maruts ride at his side; the Rudras roar; till at last the rock is cleft asunder, the demon destroyed, and the cows brought back to their pasture. This is one of the oldest myths or sayings current among the Aryan nations. It appears again in the mythology of Italy, in Greece, in Germany. In the Avesta, the battle is fought between Thraëtaona and Azhi dahâka, the destroying serpent. Traitana takes the place of Indra in this battle in one song of the Veda; more frequently it is Trita, but other gods also share in the same honor. The demon, again, who fights against the gods is likewise called "Ahi," or the serpent, in the Veda. But the characteristic change that has taken place between the Veda and Avesta is that the battle is no longer a conflict of gods and demons for cows, nor of light and darkness for the dawn. It is the battle of a pious man against the power of evil. "Le Zoroastrisme," as Burnouf says, "en se détachant plus franchement de Dieu et de la nature, a

certainement tenu plus de compte de l'homme que n'a fait le Brahmanisme, et on peut dire qu'il a regagné en profondeur ce qu'il perdait en étendue. Il ne m'appartient pas d'indiquer ici ce qu'un système qui tend à développer les instincts les plus nobles de notre nature, et qui impose à l'homme, comme le plus important de ses devoirs, celui de lutter constamment contre le principe du mal, a pu exercer d'influence sur les destinées des peuples de l'Asie, chez lesquels il a été adopté à diverses époques. On peut cependant déjà dire que le caractère religieux et martial tout à la fois, qui paraît avec des traits si héroïques dans la plupart des Jeshts, n'a pas dû être sans action sur la mâle discipline sous laquelle ont grandi les commencements de la monarchie de Cyrus."

A thousand years after Cyrus (for Zohâk is mentioned by Moses of Khorene in the fifth century) we find all this forgotten once more, and the vague rumors about Thraêtaona and Azhi dahâka are gathered at last, and arranged and interpreted into something intelligible to later ages. Zohâk is a three-headed tyrant on the throne of Persia — three-headed, because the Vaidik Ahi was three-headed, only that one of Zohâk's heads has now become human. Zohâk has killed Jemshid of the Peshdadian dynasty: Feridun now conquers Zohâk on the banks of the Tigris. He then strikes him down with his cow-headed mace, and is on the point of killing him, when, as Firdusi says, a supernatural voice whispered in his ear, —<sup>1</sup>

"Slay him not now, his time is not yet come,  
His punishment must be prolonged awhile:  
And as he cannot now survive the wound,  
Bind him with heavy chains; convey him straight

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Atkinson's *Shahnamch*, p. 48.

Upon the mountain, there within a cave,  
 Deep, dark, and horrible, with none to soothe  
 His sufferings, let the murderer lingering die.  
 The work of heaven performing, Feridun  
 First purified the world from sin and crime.  
 Yet Feridun was not an angel, nor  
 Composed of musk and ambergris. By justice  
 And generosity he gained his fame.  
 Do thou but exercise these princely virtues,  
 And thou wilt be renowned as Feridun."

As a last stage in the myth of the Vaidik Traitana we may mention versions like those given by Sir John Malcolm and others, who see in Zohâk the representative of an Assyrian invasion lasting during the thousand years of Zohâk's reign, and who change Feridun into Arbaces the Mede, the conqueror of Sardanapalus. We may then look at the whole with the new light which Burnouf's genius has shed over it, and watch the retrograde changes of Arbaces into Feridun, of Feridun into Phredûn, of Phredûn into Thraêtaona, of Thraêtaona into Traitana, — each a separate phase in the dissolving view of mythology.

As to the language of Persia, its biography is at an end with the "Shahnameh." What follows exhibits hardly any signs of either growth or decay. The language becomes more and more encumbered with foreign words; but the grammar seems to have arrived at its lowest ebb, and withstands further change. From this state of grammatical numbness, languages recover by a secondary formation, which grows up slowly and imperceptibly at first in the speech of the people; till at last the reviving spirit rises upwards, and sweeps away, like the waters in spring, the frozen surface of an effete government, priesthood, literature, and grammar.

*October, 1853.*

#### IV.

### THE AITAREYA-BRĀHMAṆA.<sup>1</sup>

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THE Sanskrit text, with an English translation of the Aitareya-brāhmaṇa, just published at Bombay by Dr. Martin Haug, the Superintendent of Sanskrit Studies in the Poona College, constitutes one of the most important additions lately made to our knowledge of the ancient literature of India. The work is published by the Director of Public Instruction, in behalf of Government, and furnishes a new instance of the liberal and judicious spirit in which Mr. Howard bestows his patronage on works of real and permanent utility. The Aitareya-brāhmaṇa, containing the earliest speculations of the Brahmans on the meaning of their sacrificial prayers, and the purport of their ancient religious rites, is a work which could be properly edited nowhere but in India. It is only a small work of about two hundred pages, but it presupposes so thorough a familiarity with all the externals of the religion of the Brahmans, the various offices of their priests, the times and seasons of their sacred rites, the form of their innumerable sacrificial utensils, and the preparation of their offerings, that no amount of San-

<sup>1</sup> *The Aitareya-brāhmaṇam of the Rig-veda*, edited and translated by Martin Haug, Ph. D., Superintendent of Sanskrit Studies in the Poona College. Bombay, 1863. London: Trübner & Co.

skrit scholarship, such as can be gained in England, would have been sufficient to unravel the intricate speculations concerning the matters which form the bulk of the Aitareya-brāhmana. The difficulty was, not to translate the text word for word, but to gain a clear, accurate, and living conception of the subjects there treated. The work was composed by persons, and for persons, who, in a general way, knew the performance of the Vedic sacrifices as well as we know the performance of our own sacred rites. If we placed the English Prayer-book in the hands of a stranger who had never assisted at an English service, we should find that, in spite of the simplicity and plainness of its language, it failed to convey to the uninitiated a clear idea of what he ought and what he ought not to do in church. The ancient Indian ceremonial, however, is one of the most artificial and complicated forms of worship that can well be imagined; and though its details are, no doubt, most minutely described in the Brāhmanas and the Sūtras, yet, without having seen the actual site on which the sacrifices are offered, the altars constructed for the occasion, the instruments employed by different priests, — the *tout-ensemble*, in fact, of the sacred rites, — the reader seems to deal with words, but with words only, and is unable to reproduce in his imagination the acts and facts which were intended to be conveyed by them. Various attempts were made to induce some of the more learned Brahmans to edit and translate some of their own rituals, and thus enable European scholars to gain an idea of the actual performance of their ancient sacrifices, and to enter more easily into the spirit of the speculations on the mysterious mean

ing of these rituals, which are embodied in the so-called "Brāhmanas," or "the sayings of the Brahmans." But although, thanks to the enlightened exertions of Dr. Ballantyne and his associates in the Sanskrit College of Benares, Brahmans might have been found knowing English quite sufficiently for the purpose of a rough and ready translation from Sanskrit into English, such was their prejudice against divulging the secrets of their craft that none could be persuaded to undertake the ungrateful task. Dr. Haug tells us of another difficulty, which we had hardly suspected, — the great scarcity of Brahmans familiar with the ancient Vedic ritual: —

"Seeing the great difficulties, nay, impossibility of attaining to anything like a real understanding of the sacrificial art from all the numerous books I had collected, I made the greatest efforts to obtain oral information from some of those few Brahmans who are known by the name of 'Srotriyas' or 'Srautis,' and who alone are the possessors of the sacrificial mysteries as they descended from the remotest times. The task was no easy one, and no European scholar in this country before me ever succeeded in it. This is not to be wondered at; for the proper knowledge of the ritual is everywhere in India now rapidly dying out, and in many parts, chiefly in those under British rule, it has already died out."

Dr. Haug succeeded, however, at last in procuring the assistance of a real Doctor of Divinity, who had not only performed the minor Vedic sacrifices, such as the full and new moon offerings but had officiated at some of the great Soma sacrifices, now very rarely to be seen in any part of India. He was induced, we

are sorry to say by very mercenary considerations, to perform the principal ceremonies in a secluded part of Dr. Haug's premises. This lasted five days, and the same assistance was afterwards rendered by the same worthy and some of his brethren whenever Dr. Haug was in any doubt as to the proper meaning of the ceremonial treatises which give the outlines of the Vedic sacrifices. Dr. Haug was actually allowed to taste that sacred beverage, the Soma, which gives health, wisdom, inspiration, nay immortality, to those who receive it from the hands of a twice-born priest. Yet, after describing its preparation, all that Dr. Haug has to say of it is :—

“The sap of the plant now used at Poona appears whitish, has a very stringent taste, is bitter, but not sour ; it is a very nasty drink, and has some intoxicating effect. I tasted it several times, but it was impossible for me to drink more than some tea-spoonfuls.”

After having gone through all these ordeals, Dr. Haug may well say that his explanations of sacrificial terms, as given in the notes, can be relied upon as certain ; that they proceed from what he himself witnessed, and what he was able to learn from men who had inherited the knowledge from the most ancient times. He speaks with some severity of those scholars in Europe who have attempted to explain the technical terms of the Vedic sacrifices without the assistance of native priests, and without even availing themselves carefully of the information they might have gained from native commentaries.

In the preface to his edition of the Aitareya-brâhmana, Dr. Haug has thrown out some new ideas on

the chronology of Vedic literature which deserve careful consideration. Beginning with the hymns of the Rig-veda, he admits, indeed, that there are in that collection ancient and modern hymns, but he doubts whether it will be possible to draw a sharp line between what has been called the “*Khandas*” period, representing the free growth of sacred poetry, and the “*Mantra*” period, during which the ancient hymns were supposed to have been collected and new ones added, chiefly intended for sacrificial purposes. Dr. Haug maintains that some hymns of a decidedly sacrificial character should be ascribed to the earliest period of Vedic poetry. He takes, for instance, the hymn describing the horse sacrifice, and he concludes from the fact that seven priests only are mentioned in it by name, and that none of them belongs to the class of the *Udgâtars* (singers) and *Brahmans* (superintendents), that this hymn was written before the establishment of these two classes of priests. As these priests are mentioned in other Vedic hymns, he concludes that the hymn describing the horse sacrifice is of a very early date. Dr. Haug strengthens his case by a reference to the Zoroastrian ceremonial, in which, as he says, the chanters and superintendents are entirely unknown, whereas the other two classes, the *Hotars* (reciters) and *Adhvaryus* (assistants) are mentioned by the same names as “*Zaotar*” and “*Rathwiskare*.” The establishment of the two new classes of priests would, therefore, seem to have taken place in India after the Zoroastrians had separated from the *Brahmans*; and Dr. Haug would ascribe the Vedic hymns in which no more than two classes of priests are mentioned to a period preceding, others in

which the other two classes of priests are mentioned to a period succeeding, that ancient schism. We must confess, though doing full justice to Dr. Haug's argument, that he seems to us to stretch what is merely negative evidence beyond its proper limits. Surely a poet, though acquainted with all the details of a sacrifice and the titles of all the priests employed in it, might speak of it in a more general manner than the author of a manual, and it would be most dangerous to conclude that whatever was passed over by him in silence did not exist at the time when he wrote. Secondly, if there were more ancient titles of priests, the poet would most likely use them in preference to others that had been but lately introduced. Thirdly, even the ancient priestly titles had originally a more general meaning before they were restricted to their technical significance, just as in Europe *bishop* meant originally an overseer, *priest* an elder, *deacon* a minister. In several hymns, some of these titles — for instance, that of "hotar," invoker — are clearly used as appellatives, and not as titles. Lastly, one of the priests mentioned in the hymn on the horse sacrifice, the Agnimindha, is admitted by Dr. Haug himself to be the same as the Âgnîdhra; and if we take this name, like all the others, in its technical sense, we have to recognize in him one of the four Brahman priests.<sup>1</sup> We should thus lose the ground on which Dr. Haug's argument

<sup>1</sup> By an accident two lines containing the names of the sixteen priests in my *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature* (p. 469) have been misplaced. Âgnîdhra and Potri ought to range with the Brahmans, Pratihartri and Subrahmanya with the Udgâtris. See Âsval. Sûtras IV. 1 (p. 286, *Bibliotheca Indica*); and M. M., "Todtenbestattung," p. xlvi. It might be said however, that the Agnimindha was meant as one of the Hotrâsamsins, or one of the Seven Priests, the Sapta Hotris. See Haug, *Aitareya-brâhmana*, vol. i. p. 58.

is chiefly based, and should have to admit the existence of Brahman priests as early at least as the time in which the hymn on the horse sacrifice was composed. But, even admitting that allusions to a more or less complete ceremonial<sup>1</sup> could be pointed out in certain hymns, this might help us no doubt in subdividing and arranging the poetry of the second or Mantra period, but it would leave the question, whether allusions to ceremonial technicalities are to be considered as characteristics of later or earlier hymns, entirely unaffected. Dr. Haug, who holds that, in the development of the human race, sacrifice comes earlier than religious poetry, formulas earlier than prayers, Leviticus earlier than the Psalms, applies this view to the chronological arrangement of Vedic literature; and he is, therefore, naturally inclined to look upon hymns composed for sacrificial purposes, more particularly upon the invocations and formulas of the Yagur-veda, and upon the Nivids preserved in the Brāhmanas and Sūtras, as relics of greater antiquity than the free poetical effusions of the Rishis, which defy ceremonial rules, ignore the settled rank of priests and deities, and occasionally allude to subjects more appropriate for profane than for sacred poetry :—

“The first sacrifices,” he writes, “were no doubt simple offerings performed without much ceremonial. A few appropriate solemn words, indicating the giver, the nature of the offering, the deity to which, as well as the purpose for which it was offered, were sufficient. All this would be embodied in the sacrificial formulas

<sup>1</sup> Many such allusions were collected in my *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 486 seq.; some of them have lately been independently discovered by others.

known in later times principally by the name of 'Yagush,' whilst the older one appears to have been 'Yâgyâ.' The invocation of the deity by different names, and its invitation to enjoy the meal prepared, may be equally old. It was justly regarded as a kind of Yagush, and called 'Nigada' or 'Nivid.'"

In comparing these sacrificial formulas with the bulk of the Rig-veda hymns, Dr. Haug comes to the conclusion that the former are more ancient. He shows that certain of these formulas and Nivids were known to the poets of the hymns, as they undoubtedly were; but this would only prove that these poets were acquainted with these as well as with other portions of the ceremonial. It would only confirm the view advocated by others, that certain hymns were clearly written for ceremonial purposes, though the ceremonial presupposed by these hymns may in many cases prove more simple and primitive than the ceremonial laid down in the Brâhmanas and Sûtras. But if Dr. Haug tells us that the Rishis tried their poetical talent first in the composition of Yâgyâs, or verses to be recited while an offering was thrown into the fire, and that the Yâgyâs were afterwards extended into little songs, we must ask, is this fact or theory? And if we are told that "there can be hardly any doubt that the hymns which we possess are purely sacrificial, and made only for sacrificial purposes, and that those which express more general ideas, or philosophical thoughts, or confessions of sins, are comparatively late," we can only repeat our former question. Dr. Haug, when proceeding to give his proofs that the purely sacrificial poetry is more ancient than either profane songs or hymns of a more general religious

character, only produces such collateral evidence as may be found in the literary history of the Jews and the Chinese — evidence which is curious, but not convincing. Among the Aryan nations, it has hitherto been considered, as a general rule, that poetry precedes prose. Now the Yâgyâs and Nivids are prose, and though Dr. Haug calls it rhythmical prose, yet, as compared with the hymns, they are prose; and though such an argument by itself could by no means be considered as sufficient to upset any solid evidence to the contrary, yet it is stronger than the argument derived from the literature of nations who are neither of them Aryan in language or thought.

But though we have tried to show the insufficiency of the arguments advanced by Dr. Haug in support of his theory, we are by no means prepared to deny the great antiquity of some of the sacrificial formulas and invocations, and more particularly of the Nivids to which he for the first time has called attention. There probably existed very ancient Nivids or invocations, but are the Nivids which we possess the identical Nivids alluded to in the hymns? If so, why have they no accents; why do they not form part of the Sanhitâs; why were they not preserved, discussed, and analyzed with the same religious care as the metrical hymns? The Nivids which we now possess may, as Dr. Haug supposes, have inspired the Rishis with the burden of their hymns; but they may equally well have been put together by later compilers from the very hymns of the Rishis. There is many a hymn in the Sanhitâ of the Rig-veda which may be called a "Nivid," *i. e.* an invitation addressed to the gods to come to the sacrifices, and an enumeration

of the principal names of each deity. Those who believe, on more general grounds, that all religion began with sacrifice and sacrificial formulas, will naturally look on such hymns and on the Nivids as relics of a more primitive age: while others who look upon prayer, praise, and thanksgiving, and the unfettered expression of devotion and wonderment as the first germs of a religious worship, will treat the same Nivids as productions of a later age. We doubt whether this problem can be argued on general grounds. Admitting that the Jews began with sacrifice and ended with psalms, it would by no means follow that the Aryan nations did the same, nor would the chronological arrangement of the ancient literature of China help us much in forming an opinion of the growth of the Indian mind. We must take each nation by itself, and try to find out what they themselves hold as to the relative antiquity of their literary documents. On general grounds the problem whether sacrifice or prayer comes first, may be argued *ad infinitum* just like the problem whether the hen comes first or the egg. In the special case of the sacred literature of the Brahmans, we must be guided by their own tradition, which invariably places the poetical hymns of the Rig-veda before the ceremonial hymns and formulas of the Yagur-veda and Sâma-veda. The strongest argument that has yet been brought forward against this view is, that the formulas of the Yagur-veda and the sacrificial texts of the Sâma-veda contain occasionally more archaic forms of language than the hymns of the Rig-veda. It was supposed, therefore, that, although the hymns of the Rig-veda might have been composed at an earlier time, the sacrificial hymns and formulas were the first to be

collected and to be preserved in the schools by means of a strict mnemonic discipline. The hymns of the Rig-veda, some of which have no reference whatever to the Vedic ceremonial, being collected at a later time, might have been stripped, while being handed down by oral tradition, of those grammatical forms which in the course of time had become obsolete, but which, if once recognized and sanctioned in theological seminaries, would have been preserved there with the most religious care.

According to Dr. Haug, the period during which the Vedic hymns were composed extends from 1400 to 2000 B. C. The oldest hymns, however, and the sacrificial formulas he would place between 2000 and 2400 B. C. This period, corresponding to what has been called the "*Khandas*" and "*Mantra*" periods, would be succeeded by the Brāhmana period, and Dr. Haug would place the bulk of the Brāhmanas, all written in prose, between 1400 and 1200 B. C. He does not attribute much weight to the distinction made by the Brahmans themselves between revealed and profane literature, and would place the Sūtras almost contemporaneous with the Brāhmanas. The only fixed point from which he starts in his chronological arrangement is the date implied by the position of the solstitial points mentioned in a little treatise, the "*Gyotisha*," a date which has been accurately fixed by the Rev. R. Main at 1186 B. C.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Haug fully admits that such an observation was an absolute necessity for the Brahmans in regulating their calendar. —

"The proper time," he writes, "of commencing and ending their sacrifices, principally the so-called '*Satras*'

<sup>1</sup> See preface to the fourth volume of my edition of the Rig-veda.

or sacrificial sessions, could not be known without an accurate knowledge of the time of the sun's northern and southern progress. The knowledge of the calendar forms such an essential part of the ritual, that many important conditions of the latter cannot be carried out without the former. The sacrifices are allowed to commence only at certain lucky constellations, and in certain months. So, for instance, as a rule, no great sacrifice can commence during the sun's southern progress; for this is regarded up to the present day as an unlucky period by the Brahmans, in which even to die is believed to be a misfortune. The great sacrifices generally take place in spring, in the months of *Kaitra* and *Vaisâkha* (April and May). The *Sattras*, which lasted for one year, were, as one may learn from a careful perusal of the fourth book of the *Aitareya-brâhmana*, nothing but an imitation of the sun's yearly course. They were divided into two distinct parts, each consisting of six months of thirty days each; in the midst of both was the *Vishuvat*, *i. e.* 'equator or central day,' cutting the whole *Sattra* into two halves. The ceremonies were in both halves exactly the same, but they were in the latter half performed in an inverted order."

This argument of Dr. Haug's seems correct as far as the date of the establishment of the ceremonial is concerned, and it is curious that several scholars who have lately written on the origin of the Vedic calendar, and the possibility of its foreign origin, should not have perceived the intimate relation between that calendar and the whole ceremonial system of the Brahmans. Dr. Haug is, no doubt, perfectly right when he claims the invention of the *Nakshatras*, or the Lunar Zodiac of the

Brahmans, if we may so call it, for India ; he may be right, also, when he assigns the twelfth century as the earliest date for the origin of that simple astronomical system on which the calendar of the Vedic festivals is founded. He calls the theories of others, who have lately tried to claim the first discovery of the Nakshatras for China, Babylon, or some other Asiatic country, absurd, and takes no notice of the sanguine expectations of certain scholars, who imagine they will soon have discovered the very names of the Indian Nakshatras in Babylonian inscriptions. But does it follow that, because the ceremonial presupposes an observation of the solstitial points in about the twelfth century, therefore the theological works in which that ceremonial is explained, commented upon, and furnished with all kinds of mysterious meanings, were composed at that early date? We see no stringency whatever in this argument of Dr. Haug's, and we think it will be necessary to look for other anchors by which to fix the drifting wrecks of Vedic literature.

Dr. Haug's two volumes, containing the text of the Aitareya-brāhmana, translation, and notes, would probably never have been published, if they had not received the patronage of the Bombay Government. However interesting the Brāhmanas may be to students of Indian literature, they are of small interest to the general reader. The greater portion of them is simply twaddle, and what is worse, theological twaddle. No person who is not acquainted beforehand with the place which the Brāhmanas fill in the history of the Indian mind, could read more than ten pages without being disgusted. To the historian, however, and to the philosopher, they are of infinite importance : to the for-

mer as a real link between the ancient and modern literature of India ; to the latter as a most important phase in the growth of the human mind, in its passage from health to disease. Such books, which no circulating library would touch, are just the books which Governments, if possible, or Universities and learned societies, should patronize ; and if we congratulate Dr. Haug on having secured the enlightened patronage of the Bombay Government, we may congratulate Mr. Howard and the Bombay Government on having, in this instance, secured the services of a *bonâ fide* scholar like Dr. Haug.<sup>1</sup>

March, 1864.

<sup>1</sup> A few paragraphs in this review, in which allusion was made to certain charges of what might be called "literary rattening," brought by Dr. Haug against some Sanskrit scholars, and more particularly against the editor of the *Indische Studien* at Berlin, have here been omitted, as no longer of any interest. They may be seen, however, in the ninth volume of that periodical, where my review has been reprinted, though, as usual, very incorrectly. It was not I who first brought these accusations, nor should I have felt justified in alluding to them, if the evidence placed before me had not convinced me that there was some foundation for them. I am willing to admit that the language of Dr. Haug and others may have been too severe, but few will think that a very loud and boisterous denial is the best way to show that the strictures were quite undeserved. If, by alluding to these matters and frankly expressing my disapproval of them, I have given unnecessary pain, I sincerely regret it. So much for the past. As to the future, care, I trust, will be taken, — for the sake of the good fame of German scholarship, which, though living in England, I have quite as much at heart as if living in Germany, — not to give even the faintest countenance to similar suspicions. If my remarks should help in producing that result, I shall be glad to bow my head in silence under the vials of wrath that have been poured upon it.

V.  
ON THE  
STUDY OF THE ZEND-AVESTA IN  
INDIA.<sup>1</sup>

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SANSKRIT scholars resident in India enjoy considerable advantages over those who devote themselves to the study of the ancient literature of the Brahmans in this country, or in France and Germany. Although Sanskrit is no longer spoken by the great mass of the people, there are few large towns in which we do not meet with some more or less learned natives—the pandits, or, as they used to be called, pundits—men who have passed through a regular apprenticeship in Sanskrit grammar, and who generally devote themselves to the study of some special branch of Sanskrit literature, whether law, or logic, or rhetoric, or astronomy, or anything else. These men, who formerly lived on the liberality of the Rajahs and on the superstition of the people, find it more and more difficult to make a living among their own countrymen, and are glad to be employed by any civilian or officer who takes an interest in their ancient lore. Though not scholars in

<sup>1</sup> *Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees.*  
By Martin Haug, Dr. Phil. Bombay, 1862.

our sense of the word, and therefore of little use as teachers of the language, they are extremely useful to more advanced students, who are able to set them to do that kind of work for which they are fit, and to check their labors by judicious supervision. All our great Sanskrit scholars, from Sir William Jones to H. H. Wilson, have fully acknowledged their obligations to their native assistants. They used to work in Calcutta, Benares, and Bombay with a pandit at each elbow, instead of the grammar and the dictionary which European scholars have to consult at every difficult passage. Whenever an English Sahib undertook to edit or translate a Sanskrit text, these pandits had to copy and to collate MSS., to make a verbal index, to produce parallel passages from other writers, and, in many cases, to supply a translation into Hindustani, Bengali, or into their own peculiar English. In fact, if it had not been for the assistance thus fully and freely rendered by native scholars, Sanskrit scholarship would never have made the rapid progress which, during less than a century, it has made, not only in India, but in almost every country of Europe.

With this example to follow, it is curious that hardly any attempt should have been made by English residents, particularly in the Bombay Presidency, to avail themselves of the assistance of the Parsis for the purpose of mastering the ancient language and literature of the worshippers of Ormuzd. If it is remembered that, next to Sanskrit, there is no more ancient language than Zend, — and that, next to the Veda, there is, among the Aryan nations, no more primitive religious code than the Zend-Avesta, it is surprising that so little should have been done by the members of the

Indian Civil Service in this important branch of study. It is well known that such was the enthusiasm kindled in the heart of Anquetil Duperron by the sight of a fac-simile of a page of the Zend-Avesta, that in order to secure a passage to India, he enlisted as a private soldier, and spent six years (1754-1761) in different parts of Western India, trying to collect MSS. of the sacred writings of Zoroaster, and to acquire from the Dustoors a knowledge of their contents. His example was followed, though in a less adventurous spirit, by Rask, a learned Dane, who after collecting at Bombay many valuable MSS. for the Danish Government, wrote in 1826 his essay "On the Age and Genuineness of the Zend Language." Another Dane, at present one of the most learned Zend scholars in Europe, Westergaard, likewise proceeded to India (1841-1843), before he undertook to publish his edition of the religious books of the Zoroastrians. (Copenhagen, 1852.) During all this time, while French and German scholars, such as Burnouf, Bopp, and Spiegel, were hard at work in deciphering the curious remains of the Magian religion, hardly anything was contributed by English students living in the very heart of Parsiism at Bombay and Poona.

We are all the more pleased, therefore, that a young German scholar, Dr. Haug, — who through the judicious recommendation of Mr. Howard, Director of Public Instruction in the Bombay Presidency, was appointed to a Professorship of Sanskrit in the Poona College, — should have grasped the opportunity, and devoted himself to a thorough study of the sacred literature of the Parsis. He went to India well prepared for his task, and he has not disappointed the

hopes which those who knew him entertained of him on his departure from Germany. Unless he had been master of his subject before he went to Poona, the assistance of the Dustoors would have been of little avail to him. But knowing all that could be known in Europe of the Zend language and literature, he knew what questions to ask, he could check every answer, and he could learn with his eyes what it is almost impossible to learn from books, namely, the religious ceremonial and the ritual observances which form so considerable an element in the Vendidad and Vispered. The result of his studies is now before us in a volume of "Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsees," published at Bombay, 1862. It is a volume of only three hundred and sixty-eight pages, and sells in England for one guinea. Nevertheless, to the student of Zend it is one of the cheapest books ever published. It contains four Essays: 1. History of the Researches into the Sacred Writings and Religion of the Parsees from the earliest times down to the present; 2. Outline of a Grammar of the Zend Language; 3. The Zend-Avesta, or the Scripture of the Parsees; 4. Origin and Development of the Zoroastrian Religion. The most important portion is the Outline of the Zend Grammar; for, though a mere outline, it is the first systematic grammatical analysis of that curious language. In other languages, we generally begin by learning the grammar, and then make our way gradually through the literature. In Zend the grammatical terminations had first to be discovered by a careful anatomy of the literature. The Parsis themselves possessed no such work. Even their most learned priests are satisfied with

learning the Zend-Avesta by heart, and with acquiring some idea of its import by means of a Pehlevi translation, which dates from the Sassanian period, or of a Sanskrit translation of still later date. Hence the translation of the Zend-Avesta published by Anquetil Duperron, with the assistance of Dustoor Dârâb, was by no means trustworthy. It was, in fact, a French translation of a Persian rendering of a Pehlevi version of the Zend original. It was Burnouf who, aided by his knowledge of Sanskrit, and his familiarity with the principles of comparative grammar, approached, for the first time, the very words of the Zend original. He had to conquer every inch of ground for himself; and his "Commentaire sur le Yasna" is, in fact, like the deciphering of one long inscription, only surpassed in difficulty by his later decipherments of the cuneiform inscriptions of the Achæmenian monarchs of Persia. Aided by the labors of Burnouf and others, Dr. Haug has at last succeeded in putting together the *disjecta membra poetæ*, and we have now in his Outline, not indeed a grammar like that of Pânini for Sanskrit, yet a sufficient skeleton of what was once a living language, not inferior, in richness and delicacy, even to the idiom of the Vedas.

There are, at present, five editions, more or less complete, of the Zend-Avesta. The first was lithographed under Burnouf's direction, and published at Paris 1829-1843. The second edition of the text, transcribed into Roman characters, appeared at Leipzig, 1850, published by Professor Brockhaus. The third edition, in Zend characters, was given to the world by Professor Spiegel, 1851; and about the same time a fourth edition was undertaken by Professor

Westergaard, at Copenhagen, 1852 to 1854. There are one or two editions of the Zend-Avesta, published in India, with Guzerati translations, which we have not seen, but which are frequently quoted by native scholars. A German translation of the Zend-Avesta was undertaken by Professor Spiegel, far superior in accuracy to that of Anquetil Duperron, yet in the main based on the Pehlevi version. Portions of the ancient text had been minutely analyzed and translated by Dr. Haug, even before his departure for the East.

The Zend-Avesta is not a voluminous work. We still call it the Zend-Avesta, though we are told that its proper title is "Avesta Zend," nor does it seem at all likely that the now familiar name will ever be surrendered for the more correct one. Who speaks of Cassius Dio, though we are told that Dio Cassius is wrong? Nor do we feel at all convinced that the name of "Avesta Zend" is the original and only correct name. According to the Parsis, Avesta means sacred text, Zend its Pehlevi translation. But in the Pehlevi translations themselves, the original work of Zoroaster is spoken of as "Avesta Zend." Why it is so called by the Pehlevi translators, we are nowhere told by themselves, and many conjectures have, in consequence, been started by almost every Zend scholar. Dr. Haug supposes that the earliest portions of the Zend-Avesta ought to be called "Avesta," the later portions "Zend," — Zend meaning, according to him, commentary, explanation, gloss. Neither the word "Avesta" nor "Zend," however, occurs in the original Zend texts; and though "Avesta" seems to be the Sanskrit *avasthā*, the Pehlevi *apestak*, in the sense of "authorized text," the etymology of "Zend,"

as derived from a supposed zanti, Sanskrit *gnati*, knowledge, is not free from serious objections. Avesta Zend was most likely a traditional name, hardly understood even at the time of the Pehlevi translators, who retained it in their writings. It was possibly misinterpreted by them, as many other Zend words have been at their hands, and may have been originally the Sanskrit word "*khandas*,"<sup>1</sup> which is applied by the Brahmans to the sacred hymns of the Veda. Certainty on such a point is impossible; but as it is but fair to give a preference to the conjectures of those who are most familiar with the subject, we quote the following explanation of Dr. Haug:—

“The meaning of the term ‘Zend’ varied at different periods. Originally it meant the interpretation of the sacred texts descended from Zarathustra and his disciples by the successors of the prophet. In the course of time, these interpretations being regarded as equally sacred with the original texts, both were then called Avesta. Both having become unintelligible to the majority of the Zoroastrians, in consequence of their language having died out, they required a Zend or explanation again. This new Zend was furnished by the most learned priests of the Sassanian period in the shape of a translation into the vernacular language of Persia (Pehlevi) in those days, which translation being the only source to the priests of the present time whence to derive any knowledge of the old texts, is therefore the only Zend or explanation they know of. . . . The name Pazend, to be met with frequently in connection with Avesta and Zend, denotes the further explanation of the Zend doctrine. . . .

<sup>1</sup> See page 82.

The Pazend language is the same as the so-called Parsi, *i. e.* the ancient Persian, as written till about the time of Firdusi, 1000 A. D."

Whatever we may think of the nomenclature thus advocated by Dr. Haug, we must acknowledge in the fullest manner his great merit in separating for the first time the more ancient from the more modern parts of the Zend-Avesta. Though the existence of different dialects in the ancient texts was pointed out by Spiegel, and although the metrical portions of the Yasna had been clearly marked by Westergaard, it is nevertheless Haug's great achievement to have extracted these early relics, to have collected them, and to have attempted a complete translation of them, as far as such an attempt could be carried out at the present moment. His edition of the "Gâthâs" — for this is the name of the ancient metrical portions — marks an epoch in the history of Zend scholarship, and the importance of the recovery of these genuine relics of Zoroaster's religion has been well brought out by Bunsen in the least known of his books, "Gott in der Geschichte." We by no means think that the translations here offered by Dr. Haug are final. We hope, on the contrary, that he will go on with the work he has so well begun, and that he will not rest till he has removed every dark speck that still covers the image of Zoroaster's primitive faith. Many of the passages as translated by him are as clear as daylight, and carry conviction by their very clearness. Others, however, are obscure, hazy, meaningless. We feel that they must have been intended for something else, something more definite and forcible, though we cannot tell what to do with the words as they stand.

Sense, after all, is the great test of translation. We must feel convinced that there was good sense in these ancient poems, otherwise mankind would not have taken the trouble to preserve them; and if we cannot discover good sense in them, it must be either our fault, or the words as we now read them were not the words uttered by the ancient prophets of the world. The following are a few specimens of Dr. Haug's translations, in which the reader will easily discover the different hues of certainty and uncertainty, of sense and mere verbiage:—

“1. That I will ask Thee, tell me it right, thou living God! whether your friend (Sraosha) be willing to recite his own hymn as prayer to my friend (Frashaostra or Vistâspa), thou Wise! and whether he should come to us with the good mind, to perform for us true actions of friendship.

“2. That I will ask Thee, tell me it right, thou living God! How arose the best present life (this world)? By what means are the present things (the world) to be supported? That spirit, the holy (Vohu mano), O true wise spirit! is the guardian of the beings to ward off from them every evil; He is the promoter of all life.

“3. That I will ask Thee, tell me it right, thou living God! Who was in the beginning the Father and Creator of truth? Who made the sun and stars? Who causes the moon to increase and wane if not Thou? This I wish to know, except what I already know.

“4. That I will ask Thee, tell me it right, thou living God! Who is holding the earth and the skies above it? Who made the waters and the trees of the

field? Who is in the winds and storms that they so quickly run? Who is the Creator of the good-minded beings, thou Wise?"

This is a short specimen of the earliest portion of the Zend-Avesta. The following is an extract from one of the latest, the so-called "Ormuzd Yasht":—

"Zarathustra asked Ahuramazda after the most effectual spell to guard against the influence of evil spirits. He was answered by the Supreme Spirit, that the utterance of the different names of Ahuramazda protects best from evil. Thereupon Zarathustra begged Ahuramazda to communicate to him these names. He then enumerates twenty. The first is 'Ahmi,' *i. e.* 'I am;' the fourth, 'Asha - vahista,' *i. e.* 'the best purity;' the sixth, 'I am wisdom;' the eighth, 'I am knowledge;' the twelfth, 'Ahura,' *i. e.* 'living;' the twentieth, 'I am who I am, Mazdao.'"

Ahuramazda says then further:—

"If you call me at day or at night by these names, I shall come to assist and help you; the angel Serosh will then come, the genii of the waters and the trees.' For the utter defeat of the evil spirits, bad men, witches, Peris, a series of other names are suggested to Zarathustra, such as protector, guardian, spirit, the holiest, the best fire-priest," etc.

Whether the striking coincidence between one of the suggested names of Ahuramazda, namely, "I am who I am," and the explanation of the name Jehovah, Exodus iii. 14, "I am that I am," is accidental or not, must depend on the age that can be assigned to the Ormuzd Yasht. The chronological arrangement, however, of the various portions of the Zend-Avesta is as yet merely tentative, and these questions must remain for future

consideration. Dr. Haug points out other similarities between the doctrines of Zoroaster and the Old and New Testaments. "The Zoroastrian religion," he writes, "exhibits a very close affinity to, or rather identity with, several important doctrines of the Mosiac religion and Christianity, such as the personality and attributes of the devil, and the resurrection of the dead." Neither of these doctrines, however, would seem to be characteristic of the Old or New Testament, and the resurrection of the dead is certainly to be found by implication only, and is nowhere distinctly asserted, in the religious books of Moses.

There are other points on which we should join issue with Dr. Haug — as, for instance, when, on page 17, he calls the Zend the elder sister of Sanskrit. This seems to us in the very teeth of the evidence so carefully brought together by himself in his Zend grammar. If he means the modern Sanskrit, as distinguished from the Vedic, his statement would be right to some extent; but even thus, it would be easy to show many grammatical forms in the later Sanskrit more primitive than their corresponding forms in Zend. These, however, are minor points compared with the great results of his labors which Dr. Haug has brought together in these four Essays; and we feel certain that all who are interested in the study of ancient language and ancient religion will look forward with the greatest expectations to Dr. Haug's continued investigations of the language, the literature, the ceremonial, and the religion of the descendants of Zoroaster.

*December, 1862.*

## VI.

### PROGRESS OF ZEND SCHOLARSHIP.<sup>1</sup>

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THERE are certain branches of philological research which seem to be constantly changing, shifting, and, we hope, progressing. After the key to the interpretation of ancient inscriptions has been found, it by no means follows that every word can at once be definitely explained, or every sentence correctly construed. Thus it happens that the same hieroglyphic or cuneiform text is rendered differently by different scholars; nay, that the same scholar proposes a new rendering not many years after his first attempt at a translation has been published. And what applies to the decipherment of inscriptions applies with equal force to the translation of ancient texts. A translation of the hymns of the Veda, or of the Zend-Avesta, and, we may add, of the Old Testament too, requires exactly the same process as the deciphering of an inscription. The only safe way of finding the real meaning of words in the sacred texts of the Brahmans, the Zoroastrians, or the Jews, is to compare every passage in which the same word occurs, and to look for a meaning that is equally applicable to all, and can at the same time be defended on grammatical and etymological grounds. This is no doubt a

<sup>1</sup> *A Lecture on an Original Speech of Zoroaster.* By Martin Haug. Bombay, 1865.

tedious process, nor can it be free from uncertainty; but it is an uncertainty inherent in the subject itself, for which it would be unfair to blame those by whose genius and perseverance so much light has been shed on the darkest pages of ancient history. To those who are not acquainted with the efforts by which Grotefend, Burnouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson unraveled the inscriptions of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes, it may seem inexplicable, for instance, how any inscription which at one time was supposed to confirm the statement, known from Herodotus, that Darius obtained the sovereignty of Persia by the neighing of his horse, should now yield so very different a meaning. Herodotus relates that after the assassination of Smerdis, the six conspirators agreed to confer the royal dignity on him whose horse should neigh first at sunrise. The horse of Darius neighed first, and he was accordingly elected king of Persia. After his election, Herodotus states that Darius erected a stone monument containing the figure of a horseman, with the following inscription: "Darius, the son of Hystaspes, obtained the kingdom of the Persians by the virtue of his horse (giving its name), and of Oibareus, his groom." Lassen translated one of the cuneiform inscriptions, copied originally by Niebuhr from a huge slab built in the southern wall of the great platform at Persepolis, in the following manner: "Auramazdis magnus est. Is maximus est deorum. Ipse Darium regem constituit, benevolens imperium obtulit. Ex voluntate Auramazdis Darius rex sum. Generosus sum Darius rex hujus regionis Persicæ; hanc mihi Auramazdis obtulit 'hoc pomœrio ope equi (Choaspis) claræ virtutis.'" This translation was published in 1844, and the arguments by which Lassen sup-

ported it, in the sixth volume of the “*Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*,” may be read with interest and advantage even now when we know that this eminent scholar was mistaken in his analysis. The first step towards a more correct translation was made by Professor Holtzmann, who in 1845 pointed out that Smerdis was murdered at Susa, not at Persepolis; and that only six days later Darius was elected king of Persia, which happened again at Susa, and not at Persepolis. The monument, therefore, which Darius erected in the *προάστειον*, or suburb, in the place where the fortunate event which led to his elevation occurred, and the inscription recording the event *in loco*, could not well be looked for at Persepolis. But far more important was the evidence derived from a more careful analysis of the words of the inscription itself. “Niba,” which Lassen translated as *pomœrium*, occurs in three other places, where it certainly cannot mean suburb. It seems to be an adjective meaning splendid, beautiful. Besides, *nibâ* is a nominative singular in the feminine, and so is the pronoun *hyâ* which precedes, and the two words which follow it — “*uvaspâ*” and “*umar-tiyâ*.” Professor Holtzmann translated therefore the same sentence which Professor Lassen had rendered by “*hoc pomœrio ope equi (Choaspis) claræ virtutis*,” by “*quæ nitida, herbosa, celebris est*,” a translation which is in the main correct, and has been adopted afterwards both by Sir H. Rawlinson and M. Oppert. Sir H. Rawlinson translates the whole passage as follows: “This Province of Persia which Ormazd has granted to me, which is illustrious, abounding in good horses, producing good men.” Thus vanished the horse of Darius, and the curious confirmation which the

cuneiform inscription was at one time supposed to lend to the Persian legend recorded by Herodotus.

It would be easy to point out many passages of this kind, and to use them in order to throw discredit on the whole method by which these and other inscriptions have lately been deciphered. It would not require any great display of forensic or parliamentary eloquence, to convince the public at large, by means of such evidence, that all the labors of Grotefend, Burnouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson had been in vain, and to lay down once for all the general principle that the original meaning of inscriptions written in a dead language, of which the tradition is once lost, can never be recovered. Fortunately, questions of this kind are not settled by eloquent pleading or by the votes of majorities, but, on the contrary, by the independent judgment of the few who are competent to judge. The fact that different scholars should differ in their interpretations, or that the same scholar should reject his former translation, and adopt a new one that possibly may have to be surrendered again as soon as new light can be thrown on points hitherto doubtful and obscure, — all this, which in the hands of those who argue for victory and not for truth, constitutes so formidable a weapon, and appeals so strongly to the prejudices of the many, produces very little effect on the minds of those who understand the reason of these changes, and to whom each new change represents but a new step in advance in the discovery of truth.

Nor should the fact be overlooked that, if there seems to be less change in the translation of the books of the Old Testament for instance, or of Homer, it is due in a great measure to the absence of that critical

exactness at which the decipherers of ancient inscriptions and the translators of the Veda and Zend-Avesta aim in rendering each word that comes before them. If we compared the translation of the Septuagint with the Authorized Version of the Old Testament, we should occasionally find discrepancies nearly as startling as any that can be found in the different translations of the cuneiform inscriptions, or of the Veda and Zend-Avesta. In the Book of Job, the Vulgate translates the exhortation of Job's wife by "Bless God and die;" the English version by "Curse God and die;" the Septuagint by "Say some word to the Lord and die." Though, at the time when the Seventy translated the Old Testament, Hebrew could hardly be called a dead language, yet there were then many of its words the original meaning of which even the most learned rabbi would have had great difficulty in defining with real accuracy. The meaning of words changes imperceptibly and irresistibly. Even where there is a literature, and a printed literature like that of modern Europe, four or five centuries work such a change that few even of the most learned divines in England would find it easy to read and to understand accurately a theological treatise written in English four hundred years ago. The same happened, and happened to a far greater extent, in ancient languages. Nor was the sacred character attributed to certain writings any safeguard. On the contrary, greater violence is done by successive interpreters to sacred writings than to any other relics of ancient literature. Ideas grow and change, yet each generation tries to find its own ideas reflected in the sacred pages of their early prophets, and, in addition to the ordinary influ-

ences which blur and obscure the sharp features of old words, artificial influences are here at work distorting the natural expression of words which have been invested with a sacred authority. Passages in the Veda or Zend-Avesta which do not bear on religious or philosophical doctrines are generally explained simply and naturally, even by the latest of native commentators. But as soon as any word or sentence can be so turned as to support a doctrine, however modern, or a precept however irrational, the simplest phrases are tortured and mangled till at last they are made to yield their assent to ideas the most foreign to the minds of the authors of the Veda and Zend-Avesta.

To those who take an interest in these matters we may recommend a small Essay lately published by the Rev. R. G. S. Browne, — the “Mosaic Cosmogony,” — in which the author endeavors to establish a literal translation of the first chapter of Genesis. Touching the first verb that occurs in the Bible, he writes: “What is the meaning or scope of the Hebrew verb, in our Authorized Version, rendered by ‘created’? To English ears and understandings the sound comes naturally, and by long use irresistibly, as the representation of an *ex nihilo* creation. But, in the teeth of all the Rabbinical and Cabalistic fancies of Jewish commentators, and with reverential deference to modern criticism on the Hebrew Bible, it is not so. R. D. Kimchi, in his endeavor to ascertain the shades of difference existing between the terms used in the Mosaic cosmogony, has assumed that our Hebrew verb “*barâ*” has the full signification of *ex nihilo creavit*. Our own Castell, a profound and self-denying scholar, has entertained the same groundless notion. And even

our illustrious Bryan Walton was not inaccessible to this oblique ray of Rabbinical *ignis fatuus*."

Mr. Browne then proceeds to quote Gesenius, who gives as the primary meaning of *barâ*, "he cut, cut out, carved, planed down, polished;" and he refers to Lee, who characterizes it as a silly theory that "*barâ*" meant to create *ex nihilo*. In Joshua xvii. 15 and 18, the same verb is used in the sense of cutting down trees; in Psalm civ. 30 it is translated by "Thou renewest the face of the earth." In Arabic, too, according to Lane, *barâ* means properly, though not always, to create out of preëxisting matter. All this shows that the verb "*barâ*," as in the Sanskrit *tvaksh* or *taksh*,<sup>1</sup> there is no trace of the meaning assigned to it by later scholars, of a creation out of nothing. That idea in its definiteness was a modern idea, most likely called forth by the contact between Jews and Greeks at Alexandria. It was probably in contradistinction to the Greek notion of matter as co-eternal with the Creator, that the Jews, to whom Jehovah was all in all, asserted, for the first time deliberately, that God had made all things out of nothing. This became afterwards the received and orthodox view of Jewish and Christian divines, though the verb "*barâ*," so far from lending any support to this theory, would rather show that, in the minds of those whom Moses addressed and whose language he spoke, it could only have called forth the simple conception of fashioning or arranging — if, indeed, it called forth any more definite conception than the general and vague one conveyed by the *ποιεῖν* of the Septuagint. To find out how the words of the Old Testament were

<sup>1</sup> See Jurmann, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, xi. p. 338.

understood by those to whom they were originally addressed is a task attempted by very few interpreters of the Bible. The great majority of readers transfer without hesitation the ideas which they connect with words as used in the nineteenth century to the mind of Moses or his contemporaries, forgetting altogether the distance which divides their language and their thoughts from the thoughts and language of the wandering tribes of Israël.

How many words, again, there are in Homer which have indeed a traditional interpretation, as given by our dictionaries and commentaries, but the exact purport of which is completely lost, is best known to Greek scholars. It is easy enough to translate *πολέμοιο γέφυραι* by the bridges of war, but what Homer really meant by these *γέφυραι* has never been explained. It is extremely doubtful whether bridges, in our sense of the word, were known at all at the time of Homer; and even if it could be proved that Homer used *γέφυραι* in the sense of a dam, the etymology, *i. e.* the earliest history of the word, would still remain obscure and doubtful. It is easy, again, to see that *ιερός* in Greek means something like the English sacred. But how, if it did so, the same adjective could likewise be applied to a fish or to a chariot, is a question which, if it is to be answered at all, can only be answered by an etymological analysis of the word.<sup>1</sup> To say that *sacred* may mean *marvellous*, and therefore *big*, is saying nothing, particularly as Homer does not speak of catching big fish, but of catching fish in general.

These considerations — which might be carried

<sup>1</sup> On *ιερός*, the Sanskrit *ishira*, lively, see Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. ii. p. 275; vol. iii. p. 134.

much further, but which, we are afraid, have carried us away too far from our original subject — were suggested to us while reading a lecture lately published by Dr. Haug, and originally delivered by him at Bombay, in 1864, before an almost exclusive Parsi audience. In that lecture Dr. Haug gives a new translation of ten short paragraphs of the Zend-Avesta, which he had explained and translated in his “Essays on the Sacred Language of the Parsees,” published in 1862. To an ordinary reader the difference between the two translations, published within the space of two years, might certainly be perplexing, and calculated to shake his faith in the soundness of a method that can lead to such varying results. Nor can it be denied that, if scholars who are engaged in these researches are bent on representing their last translation as final and as admitting of no further improvement, the public has a right to remind them that “finality” is as dangerous a thing in scholarship as in politics. Considering the difficulty of translating the pages of the Zend-Avesta, we can never hope to have every sentence of it rendered into clear and intelligible English. Those who for the first time reduced the sacred traditions of the Zoroastrians to writing were separated by more than a thousand years from the time of their original composition. After that came all the vicissitudes to which manuscripts are exposed during the process of being copied by more or less ignorant scribes. The most ancient MSS. of the Zend-Avesta date from the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is true there is an early translation of the Zend-Avesta, the Pehlevi translation, and a later one in Sanskrit by Neriosengh. But the Pehlevi translation, which was made under the

auspices of the Sassanian kings of Persia, served only to show how completely the literal and grammatical meaning of the Zend-Avesta was lost even at that time, in the third century after Christ; while the Sanskrit translation was clearly made, not from the original, but from the Pehlevi. It is true also, that even in more modern times the Parsis of Bombay were able to give to Anquetil Duperron and other Europeans what they considered as a translation of the Zend-Avesta in modern Persian. But a scholar like Burnouf, who endeavored for the first time to give an account of every word in the Zend text, to explain each grammatical termination, to parse every sentence, and to establish the true meaning of each term by an etymological analysis and by a comparison of cognate words in Sanskrit, was able to derive but scant assistance from these traditional translations. Professor Spiegel, to whom we owe a complete edition and translation of the Zend-Avesta, and who has devoted the whole of his life to the elucidation of the Zoroastrian religion, attributes a higher value to the tradition of the Parsis than Dr. Haug. But he also is obliged to admit that he could ascribe no greater authority to these traditional translations and glosses than a Biblical scholar might allow to Rabbinical commentaries. All scholars are agreed in fact on this, that whether the tradition be right or wrong, it requires in either case to be confirmed by an independent grammatical and etymological analysis of the original text. Such an analysis is no doubt as liable to error as the traditional translation itself, but it possesses this advantage, that it gives reasons for every word that has to be translated, and for every sentence that has

to be construed. It is an excellent discipline to the mind even where the results at which we arrive are doubtful or erroneous, and it has imparted to these studies a scientific value and general interest which they could not otherwise have acquired.

We shall give a few specimens of the translations proposed by different scholars of one or two verses of the Zend-Avesta. We cannot here enter into the grammatical arguments by which each of these translations is supported. We only wish to show what is the present state of Zend scholarship, and though we would by no means disguise the fact of its somewhat chaotic character, yet we do not hesitate to affirm that, in spite of the conflict of the opinions of different scholars, and in spite of the fluctuation of systems apparently opposed to each other, progress may be reported, and a firm hope expressed that the essential doctrines of one of the earliest forms of religion may in time be recovered and placed before us in their original purity and simplicity. We begin with the Pehlevi translation of a passage in Yasna, 45 : —

“ Thus the religion is to be proclaimed ; now give an attentive hearing, and now listen, that is, keep your ear in readiness, make your works and speeches gentle. Those who have wished from nigh and far to study the religion, may now do so. For now all is manifest, that Anhuma (Ormazd) created, that Anhuma created all these beings ; that at the second time, at the (time of the) future body, Aharman does not destroy (the life of) the worlds. Aharman made evil desire and wickedness to spread through his tongue.”

Professor Spiegel, in 1859, translated the same pas-

sage, of which the Pehlevi is a running commentary rather than a literal rendering, as follows : —

“ Now I will tell you, lend me your ear, now hear what you desired, you that came from near and from afar ! It is clear, the wise (spirits) have created all things ; evil doctrine shall not for a second time destroy the world. The Evil One has made a bad choice with his tongue.”

Next follows the translation of the passage as published by Dr. Haug in 1862 : —

“ All ye, who have come from nigh and far, listen now and hearken to my speech. Now I will tell you all about that pair of spirits how it is known to the wise. Neither the ill-speaker (the devil) shall destroy the second (spiritual) life, nor that man who, being a liar with his tongue, professes the false (idoltrous) belief.”

The same scholar, in 1865, translates the same passage somewhat differently : —

“ All you that have come from near and far should now listen and hearken to what I shall proclaim. Now the wise have manifested this universe as a duality. Let not the mischief-maker destroy the second life, since he, the wicked, chose with his tongue the pernicious doctrine.”

The principal difficulty in this paragraph consists in the word which Dr. Haug translated by “ duality,” namely, “ dūm,” and which he identifies with Sanskrit “ dvam,” *i. e.* dvandvam, pair. Such a word, as far as we are aware, does not occur again in the Zend-Avesta, and hence it is not likely that the uncertainty attaching to its meaning will ever be removed. Other interpreters take it as a verb in the second person

plural, and hence the decided difference of interpretation.

The sixth paragraph of the same passage is explained by the Pehlevi translator as follows:—

“Thus I proclaimed that among all things the greatest is to worship God. The praise of purity is (due) to him who has a good knowledge, (to those) who depend on Ormazd. I hear Spentômainyu (who is) Ormazd; listen to me, to what I shall speak (unto you). Whose worship is intercourse with the Good Mind; one can know (experience) the divine command to do good through inquiry after what is good. That which is in the intellect they teach me as the best, namely, the inborn (heavenly) wisdom (that is, that the divine wisdom is superior to the human).”

Professor Spiegel translates:—

“Now I will tell you of all things the greatest. It is praise with purity of Him who is wise from those who exist. The holiest heavenly being, Ahuramazda, may hear it, He for whose praise inquiry is made from the holy spirit, may He teach me the best by his intelligence.”

Dr. Haug in 1862:—

“Thus I will tell you of the greatest of all (Sraosha), who is praising the truth, and doing good, and of all who are gathered round him (to assist him), by order of the holy spirit (Ahuramazda). The living Wise may hear me; by means of his goodness the good mind increases (in the world). He may lead me with the best of his wisdom.”

Dr. Haug in 1865:—

“I will proclaim as the greatest of all things that one should be good, praising only truth. Ahuramazda

will hear those who are bent on furthering (all that is good). May he whose goodness is communicated by the Good Mind instruct me in his best wisdom."

To those who are interested in the study of Zend, and wish to judge for themselves of the trustworthiness of these various translations, we can recommend a most useful work lately published in Germany by Dr. F. Justi, "Handbuch der Zendsprache," containing a complete dictionary, a grammar, and selections from the Zend-Avesta.

*September, 1865.*

## VII.

### GENESIS AND THE ZEND-AVESTA.<sup>1</sup>

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O THAT scholars could have the benefit of a little legal training, and learn at least the difference between what is probable and what is proven! What an advantage also, if they had occasionally to address a jury of respectable tradespeople, and were forced to acquire the art, or rather not to shrink from the effort, of putting the most intricate and delicate points in the simplest and clearest form of which they admit! What a lesson again it would be to men of independent research, if, after having amassed ever so many bags full of evidence, they had always before their eyes the fear of an impatient judge who wants to hear nothing but what is important and essential, and hates to listen to anything that is not to the point, however carefully it may have been worked out, and however eloquently it

<sup>1</sup> *Erân, das Land zwischen dem Indus und Tigris, Beiträge zur Kenntniss des Landes und seiner Geschichte.* Von Dr. Fredrich Spiegel. Berlin, 1863.

Professor Spiegel has published a reply to my article in the *Ausland*, 19th March, 1868. His chief argument is, that other scholars, such as Bohlen, Gesenius, Ewald, Delitzsch, Knobel, Windischmann, have held the same or very similar opinions. This is perfectly true, but Dr. Spiegel will forgive me for saying that the opinions of these scholars are, as he says they ought to be, well known even in England, and that we want to know what he has to say on these questions, not what others have thought before him, who were far less competent to form an opinion than the editor and translator of the Avesta.

may be laid before him ! There is hardly one book published nowadays which, if everything in it that is not to the purpose were left out, could not be reduced to half its size. If authors could make up their minds to omit everything that is only meant to display their learning, to exhibit the difficulties they had to overcome, or to call attention to the ignorance of their predecessors, many a volume of thirty sheets would collapse into a pamphlet of fifty pages, though in that form it would probably produce a much greater effect than in its more inflated appearance.

Did the writers of the Old Testament borrow anything from the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Persians, or the Indians, is a simple enough question. It is a question that may be treated quite apart from any theological theories ; for the Old Testament, whatever view the Jews may take of its origin, may surely be regarded by the historian as a really historical book, written at a certain time in the history of the world, in a language then spoken and understood, and proclaiming certain facts and doctrines meant to be acceptable and intelligible to the Jews, such as they were at that time, an historical nation, holding a definite place by the side of their more or less distant neighbors, whether Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, or Indians. It is well known that we have in the language of the New Testament the clear vestiges of Greek and Roman influences, and if we knew nothing of the historical intercourse between those two nations and the writers of the New Testament, the very expressions used by them — not only their language, but their thoughts, their allusions, illustrations, and similes — would enable us to say that some historical contact had taken place be

tween the philosophers of Greece, the lawgivers of Rome, and the people of Judea. Why, then, should not the same question be asked with regard to more ancient times? Why should there be any hesitation in pointing out in the Old Testament an Egyptian custom, or a Greek word, or a Persian conception? If Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, nothing surely would stamp his writings as more truly historical than traces of Egyptian influences that might be discovered in his laws. If Daniel prospered in the reign of Cyrus the Persian, every Persian word that could be discovered in Daniel would be most valuable in the eyes of a critical historian. The only thing which we may fairly require in investigations of this kind is that the facts should be clearly established. The subject is surely an important one, — important historically, quite apart from any theological consequences that may be supposed to follow. It is as important to find out whether the authors of the Old Testament had come in contact with the language and ideas of Babylon, Persia, or Egypt, as it is to know that the Jews, at the time of our Lord's appearance, had been reached by the rays of Greek and Roman civilization, — that in fact our Lord, his disciples, and many of his followers, spoke Greek as well as Hebrew (*i. e.* Chaldee), and were no strangers to that sphere of thought in which the world of the Gentiles, the Greeks, and Romans had been moving for centuries.

Hints have been thrown out from time to time by various writers that certain ideas in the Old Testament might be ascribed to Persian influences, and be traced back to the Zend-Avesta, the sacred writings of Zoroaster. Much progress has been made in the decipher-

ing of these ancient documents, since Anquetil Duperron brought the first instalment of MSS. from Bombay, and since the late Eugène Burnouf, in his "Commentaire sur le Yasna," succeeded in establishing the grammar and dictionary of the Zend language upon a safe basis. Several editions of the works of Zoroaster have been published in France, Denmark, and Germany; and after the labors of Spiegel, Westergaard, Haug, and others, it might be supposed that such a question as the influence of Persian ideas on the writers of the Old Testament might at last be answered either in the affirmative or in the negative. We were much pleased, therefore, on finding that Professor Spiegel, the learned editor and translator of the Avesta, had devoted a chapter of his last work, "Erân, das Land zwischen dem Indus und Tigris," to the problem in question. We read his chapter, "Avesta und die Genesis, oder die Beziehungen der Eranier zu den Semiten," with the warmest interest, and when we had finished it, we put down the book with the very exclamation with which we began our article.

We do not mean to say anything disrespectful to Professor Spiegel, a scholar brimful of learning, and one of the two or three men who know the Avesta by heart. He is likewise a good Semitic scholar, and knows enough of Hebrew to form an independent opinion on the language, style, and general character of the different books of the Old Testament. He brings together in his Essay a great deal of interesting information, and altogether would seem to be one of the most valuable witnesses to give evidence on the point in question. Yet suppose him for a moment in

a court of justice where, as in a patent case, some great issue depends on the question whether certain ideas had first been enunciated by the author of Genesis or the author of the Avesta ; suppose him subjected to a cross-examination by a brow-beating lawyer, whose business it is to disbelieve and make others disbelieve every assertion that the witness makes, and we are afraid the learned Professor would break down completely. Now it may be said that this is not the spirit in which learned inquiries should be conducted, that authors have a right to a certain respect, and may reckon on a certain amount of willingness on the part of their readers. Such a plea may, perhaps, be urged when all preliminary questions in a contest have been disposed of, when all the evidence has been proved to lie in one direction, and when even the most obstinate among the gentlemen of the jury feel that the verdict is as good as settled. But in a question like this, where everything is doubtful, or, we should rather say, where all the prepossessions are against the view which Dr. Spiegel upholds, it is absolutely necessary for a new witness to be armed from top to toe, to lay himself open to no attack, to measure his words, and advance step by step in a straight line to the point that has to be reached. A writer like Dr. Spiegel should know that he can expect no mercy ; nay, he should himself wish for no mercy, but invite the heaviest artillery against the floating battery which he has launched into the troubled waters of Biblical criticism. If he feels that his case is not strong enough, the wisest plan surely is to wait, to accumulate new strength if possible, or, if no new evidence is forthcoming, to acknowledge openly that there is no case.

M. Bréal — who, in his interesting Essay “*Hercule et Cacus*,” has lately treated the same problem, the influence of Persian ideas on the writers of the Old Testament — gives an excellent example of how a case of this kind should be argued. He begins with the apocryphal books, and he shows that the name of an evil spirit like Asmodeus, which occurs in Tobit, could be borrowed from Persia only. It is a name inexplicable in Hebrew, and it represents very closely the Parsi Eshem-dev, the Zend Aêshma daêva, the spirit of concupiscence, mentioned several times in the Avesta (*Vendidad*, c. 10), as one of the *devs* or evil spirits. Now this is the kind of evidence we want for the Old Testament. We can easily discover a French word in English, nor is it difficult to tell a Persian word in Hebrew. Are there any Persian words in Genesis, words of the same kind as Asmodeus in Tobit? No such evidence has been brought forward, and the only words we can think of which, if not Persian, may be considered of Aryan origin, are the names of such rivers as Tigris and Euphrates; and of countries such as Ophir and Havilah among the descendants of Shem, Javan, Meshech, and others among the descendants of Japhet. These names are probably foreign names, and as such naturally mentioned by the author of Genesis in their foreign form. If there are other words of Aryan or Iranian origin in Genesis, they ought to have occupied the most prominent place in Dr. Spiegel’s pleading.

We now proceed, and we are again quite willing to admit that, even without the presence of Persian words, the presence of Persian ideas might be detected by careful analysis. No doubt this is a much more

delicate process, yet, as we can discover Jewish and Christian ideas in the Koran, there ought to be no insurmountable difficulty in pointing out any Persian ingredients in Genesis, however disguised and assimilated. Only, before we look for such ideas, it is necessary to show the channel through which they could possibly have flowed either from the Avesta into Genesis, or from Genesis into the Avesta. History shows us clearly how Persian words and ideas could have found their way into such late works as Tobit, or even into the book of Daniel, whether he flourished in the reign of Darius, or in the reign of Cyrus the Persian. But how did Persians and Jews come in contact, previously to the age of Cyrus? Dr. Spiegel says that Zoroaster was born in Arran. This name is given by mediæval Mohammedan writers to the plain washed by the Araxes, and was identified by Anquetil Duperron with the name "Airyana vaêga," which the Zend-Avesta gives to the first created land of Ormuzd. The Parsis place this sacred country in the vicinity of Atropatene, and it is clearly meant as the northernmost country known to the author or authors of the Zend-Avesta. We think that Dr. Spiegel is right in defending the geographical position assigned by tradition to Airyana vaêga, against modern theories that would place it more eastward in the plain of Pamer, nor do we hesitate to admit that the name ("Airyana vaêga," *i. e.* the seed of the Aryan) might have been changed into Arran. We likewise acknowledge the force of the arguments by which he shows that the books now called Zend-Avesta were composed in the eastern, and not in the western, provinces of the Persian monarchy, though we are hardly prepared to

subscribe at once to his conclusion (p. 270) that, because Zoroaster is placed by the Avesta and by later traditions in Arran, or the western provinces, he could not possibly be the author of the Avesta, a literary production which would appear to belong exclusively to the eastern provinces. The very tradition to which Dr. Spiegel appeals represents Zoroaster as migrating from Arran to Balkh, to the court of Gustasp, the son of Lohrasp; and, as one tradition has as much value as another, we might well admit that the work of Zoroaster, as a religious teacher, began in Balkh, and from thence extended still further east. But admitting that Arran, the country washed by the Araxes, was the birthplace of Zoroaster, can we possibly follow Dr. Spiegel when he says, Arran seems to be identical with Haran, the starting-point of the Hebrew people? <sup>1</sup> Does he mean the names to be identical? Then how are the aspirate and the double *r* to be explained? how is it to be accounted for that the late mediæval corruption of Airyana vaêga, namely, Arran, should appear in Genesis? And if the dissimilarity of the two names is waived, is it possible in two lines to settle the much contested situation of Haran, and thus to determine the ancient watershed between the Semitic and Aryan nations? The Abbé Banier, more than a hun-

<sup>1</sup> See Spiegel, *Erân*, p. 274. "Der Ausgangspunct des Hebräischen Volkes, auf den seine Geschichte selbst hinweist, ist Haran, welches Land mit Arran, d. i., Airyana vaedscha identisch zu sein scheint." Professor Spiegel, in answer to my remarks, has declared that by Haran he did not mean the land of Haran, or more correctly Charan, where Terah died (supposed to be the same as the Greek Καρραι), but Haran, the son of Terah, the father of Lot, who died in the land of his nativity, in Ur of the Chaldees (Genesis xi. 28). That some of the personal names in Genesis represent towns or places rather than individuals, is clear enough, but with regard to Haran, the son of Tera, the case is more than doubtful.

ured years ago, pointed out that Haran, whither Abraham repaired, was the metropolis of Sabism, and that Magism was practiced in Ur of the Chaldees ("Mythology explained by History," vol. i. book iii. cap. 3), but the time for such vague identifications has surely passed. Dr. Spiegel having, as he believes, established the most ancient meeting-point between Abraham and Zoroaster, proceeds to argue that whatever ideas are shared in common by Genesis and the Avesta must be referred to that very ancient period when personal intercourse was still possible between Abraham and Zoroaster, the prophets of the Jews and the Iranians. Now here the counsel for the defense would remind Dr. Spiegel that Genesis was not the work of Abraham, nor, according to Dr. Spiegel's view, was Zoroaster the author of the Zend-Avesta; and that therefore the neighborly intercourse between Zoroaster and Abraham in the country of Arran had nothing to do with the ideas shared in common by Genesis and the Avesta. But even if we admitted, for argument's sake, that as Dr. Spiegel puts it, the Avesta contains Zoroastrian and Genesis Abrahamitic ideas, surely there was ample opportunity for Jewish ideas to find admission into what we call the Avesta, or for Iranian ideas to find admission into Genesis, after the date of Abraham and Zoroaster, and before the time when we find the first MSS. of Genesis and the Avesta. The Zend MSS. of the Avesta are very modern, so are the Hebrew MSS. of Genesis, which do not carry us beyond the tenth century after Christ. The text of the Avesta, however, can be checked by the Pehlevi translation, which was made under the Sassanian dynasty (226-651 A. D.), just as the text of Genesis can

be checked by the Septuagint translation, which was made in the third century before Christ. Now, it is known that about the same time and in the same place — namely at Alexandria — where the Old Testament was rendered into Greek, the Avesta also was translated into the same language, so that we have at Alexandria in the third century B. C. a well established historical contact between the believers in Genesis and the believers in the Avesta, and an easy opening for that exchange of ideas which, according to Dr. Spiegel, could have taken place nowhere but in Arran, and at the time of Abraham and Zoroaster. It might be objected that this was wrangling for victory, and not arguing for truth, and that no real scholar would admit that the Avesta, in its original form, did not go back to a much earlier date than the third century before Christ. Yet, when such a general principle is to be laid down, that all that Genesis and the Avesta share in common must belong to a time before Abraham had started for Canaan, and Zoroaster for Balkh, other possible means of later intercourse should surely not be entirely lost sight of.

For what happens? The very first tradition that is brought forward as one common to both these ancient works — namely, that of the Four Ages of the World — is confessedly found in the later writings only of the Parsis, and cannot be traced back in its definite shape beyond the time of the Sassanians (“*Erân*,” p. 275)<sup>1</sup>. Indications of it are said to be found in the

<sup>1</sup> Professor Spiegel in his latest essay (1868) writes: “It is an error if Müller believes that the division into four ages cannot be traced in the ancient writings. The period of 12,000 years is mentioned several times, and it is easy to show that the Avesta conceives the distribution of that period (into four ages) exactly in the same manner as the later heroic legend, or

earlier writings, but these indications are extremely vague. But we must advance a step further, and after reading very carefully the three pages devoted to this subject by Dr. Spiegel, we must confess we see no similarity whatever on that point between Genesis and the Avesta. In Genesis, the Four Ages have never assumed the form of a theory, as in India, Persia, or perhaps in Greece. If we say that the period from Adam to Noah is the first, that from Noah to Abraham the second, that from Abraham to the death of Jacob the third, that beginning with the exile in Egypt the fourth, we are transferring our ideas to Genesis; but we cannot say that the writer of Genesis himself laid a peculiar stress on this fourfold division. The Parsis, on the contrary, have a definite system. According to them the world is to last 12,000 years. During the first period of 3,000 years, the world was created. During the second period Gayo-maratan, the first man, lived by himself, without suffering from the attacks of evil. During the third period of 3,000 years the war between good and evil, between Ormuzd and Ahriman, began with the utmost fierceness; and it will gradually abate during the fourth period of 3,000 years which is still to elapse before the final victory of good. Where here is the similarity between Genesis and the Avesta? We are referred by Dr. Spiegel to Dr. Windischmann's "Zoroastrian Studies," and to his discovery that there are ten generations between Adam and Noah, as there are ten generations between Yima and Thraëtaona; that there are twelve generations between Shem and Isaac, as there are twelve be-

**must so conceive it." All depends on chapter and verse in the Zend-Avesta where Dr. Spiegel can show that the four ages are definitely mentioned.**

tween Thraêtaona and Manusêitra; and that there are thirteen generations between Isaac and David, as there are thirteen between Manusêitra and Zarathustra. What has the learned counsel for the defense to say to this? First, that the name of Shem is put by mistake for that of Noah. Secondly, that Yima, who is here identified with Adam, is never represented in the Avesta as the first man, but is preceded there by numerous ancestors, and surrounded by numerous subjects, who are not his offspring. Thirdly, that in order to establish in Genesis three periods of ten, twelve, and thirteen generations, it is necessary to count Isaac, who clearly belongs to the third, as a member of the second, so that in reality the number of generations is the same in one only out of the three periods, which surely proves nothing.<sup>1</sup> As to any similarity between the Four Yugas of the Brahmans and the Four Ages of the Parsis, we can only say that, if it exists, no one has as yet brought it out. The Greeks, again, who are likewise said to share the primitive doctrine of the Four Ages, believe really in five, and not in four, and separate them in a manner which does not in the least remind us of Hindu Yugas, Hebrew patriarchs, or the battle between Ormuzd and Ahriman.

We proceed to a second point — the Creation as related in Genesis and the Avesta. Here we certainly find some curious coincidences. The world is created in six days in Genesis, and in six periods in the Avesta, which six periods together form one year. In Genesis

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Spiegel says in his defense that the Septuagint and the Vulgate add one more generation after Arphaxad; but see Bunsen's remarks on this interpolation in his *Bibelwerk*, Genesis xi. 12.

the creation ends with the creation of man, so it does in the Avesta. On all other points Dr. Spiegel admits the two accounts differ, but they are said to agree again in the temptation and the fall. As Dr. Spiegel has not given the details of the temptation and the fall from the Avesta, we cannot judge of the points which he considers to be borrowed by the Jews from the Persians; but if we consult M. Bréal, who has treated the same subject more fully in his "Hercule et Cacus," we find there no more than this, that the Dualism of the Avesta, the struggle between Ormuzd and Ahriman, or the principles of light and darkness, is to be considered as the distant reflex of the grand struggle between Indra, the god of the sky, and Vritra, the demon of night and darkness, which form the constant burden of the hymns of the Rig-veda. In this view there is some truth, but we doubt whether it fully exhibits the vital principle of the Zoroastrian religion, which is founded on a solemn protest against the whole worship of the powers of nature invoked in the Vedas, and on the recognition of one supreme power, the God of Light, in every sense of the word—the spirit Ahura, who created the world and rules it, and defends it against the power of evil. That power of evil which in the most ancient portions of the Avesta has not yet received the name of "Ahriman" (*i. e.* angro mainyus), may afterwards have assumed some of the epithets which in an early period were bestowed on Vritra and other enemies of the bright gods, and among them, it may have assumed the name of serpent. But does it follow, because the principle of evil in the Avesta is called serpent, or "azhi dahâka," that therefore the serpent mentioned in the third chapter of Genesis must be

borrowed from Persia? Neither in the Veda nor in the Avesta does the serpent ever assume that subtle and insinuating form which it wears in Genesis; and the curse pronounced on it, "to be cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field," is not in keeping with the relation of Vritra to Indra, or Ahri-man to Ormuzd, who face each other almost as equals. In later books, such as 1 Chronicles xxi. 1, where Satan is mentioned as provoking David to number Israel (the very same provocation which in 2 Samuel xxiv. 1 is ascribed to the anger of the Lord moving David to number Israel and Judah), and in all the passages of the New Testament where the power of evil is spoken of as a person, we may admit the influence of Persian ideas and Persian expressions, though even here strict proof is by no means easy. As to the serpent in Paradise, it is a conception that might have sprung up among the Jews as well as among the Brahmans; and the serpent that beguiled Eve seems hardly to invite comparison with the much grander conceptions of the terrible power of Vritra and Ahri-man in the Veda and Avesta.

Dr. Spiegel next discusses the similarity between the garden of Eden and the Paradise of the Zoroastrians, and though he admits that here again he relies chiefly on the Bundeshesh, a work of the Sassanian period, he maintains that that work may well be compared to Genesis, because it contains none but really ancient traditions. We do not for a moment deny that this may be so, but in a case like the present, where everything depends on exact dates, we decline to listen to such a plea. We value Dr. Spiegel's translations from the Bundeshesh most highly, and we believe with

him (p. 283) that there is little doubt as to the Pishon being the Indus, and the Gihon the Jaxartes. The identification, too, of the Persian river-name Ranha (the Vedic Rasâ) with the Araxes, the name given by Herodotus (i. 202) to the Jaxartes, seems very ingenious and well established. But we should still like to know why and in what language the Indus was first called Pishon, and the Jaxartes, or, it may be, the Oxus, Gihon.

We next come to the two trees in the garden of Eden, the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. Dr. Windischmann has shown that the Iranians, too, were acquainted with two trees, one called "Gaokerena," bearing the white Haoma, the other called the Painless tree. We are told first that these two trees are the same as the *one fig-tree* out of which the Indians believe the world to have been created. Now, first of all, the Indians believed no such thing, and secondly, there is the same difference between one and two trees as there is between North and South. But we confess that until we know a good deal more about these two trees of the Iranians, we feel no inclination whatever to compare the Painless tree and the tree of knowledge of good and evil, though perhaps the white Haoma tree might remind us of the tree of life, considering that Haoma, as well as the Indian Soma, was supposed to give immortality to those who drank its juice. We likewise consider the comparison of the Cherubim who keep the way of the tree of life and the guardians of the Soma in the Veda and Avesta, as deserving attention, and we should like to see the etymological derivation of "Cherubim" from γρύφες, Greifen, and of "Sera-phim" from the Sanskrit "sarpa," serpents, either confirmed or refuted.

The Deluge is not mentioned in the sacred writings of the Zoroastrians, nor in the hymns of the Rig-veda. It is mentioned, however, in one of the latest Brâhmanas, and the carefully balanced arguments of Burnouf, who considered the tradition of the Deluge as borrowed by the Indians from Semitic neighbors, seem to us to be strengthened, rather than weakened, by the isolated appearance of the story of the Deluge in this one passage out of the whole of the Vedic literature. Nothing, however, has yet been pointed out to force us to admit a Semitic origin for the story of the Flood, as told in the *Satapatha-brâhmana*, and afterwards repeated in the *Mahâbhârata* and the *Purânas*: the number of days being really the only point on which the two accounts startle us by their agreement.

That Noah's ark rested upon the mountain of Ararat, and that Ararat may admit of a Persian etymology, is nothing to the point. The etymology itself is ingenious, but no more. The same remark applies to all the rest of Dr. Spiegel's arguments. Thraëtaona, who has before been compared to Noah, divided his land among his three sons, and gave Iran to the youngest, an injustice which exasperated his brothers, who murdered him. Now it is true that Noah, too, had three sons, but here the similarity ends; for that Terah had three sons, and that one of them only, Abram, took possession of the land of promise, and that of the two sons of Isaac, the youngest became the heir, is again of no consequence for our immediate purpose, though it may remind Dr. Spiegel and others of the history of Thraëtaona. We agree with Dr. Spiegel, that Zoroaster's character resembles most closely the true Semitic notion of a prophet. He is considered worthy of per-

sona. intercourse with Ormuzd; he receives from Ormuzd every word, though not, as Dr. Spiegel says, every letter of the law. But if Zoroaster was a real character, so was Abraham, and their being like each other proves in no way that they lived in the same place, or at the same time, or that they borrowed aught one from the other. What Dr. Spiegel says of the Persian name of the Deity, "Ahura," is very doubtful. Ahura, he says, as well as ahu, means lord, and must be traced back to the root *ah*, the Sanskrit *as*, which means to be, so that Ahura would signify the same as Javhe, "he who is." The root "as" no doubt means to be, but it has that meaning because it originally meant to breathe. From it, in its original sense of breathing, the Hindus formed "asu," breath, and "asura," the name of God, whether it meant the breathing one, or the giver of breath. This asura became in Zend "ahura," and if it assumed the general meaning of Lord, this is as much a secondary meaning as the meaning of demon or evil spirit, which asura assumed in the later Sanskrit of the Brâhmanas.

After this, Dr. Spiegel proceeds to sum up his evidence. He has no more to say, but he believes that he has proved the following points: a very early intercourse between Semitic and Aryan nations; a common belief shared by both in a paradise situated near the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes; the dwelling together of Abraham and Zoroaster in Haran, Arran, or Airyana vaêga. Semitic and Aryan nations, he tells us, still live together in those parts of the world, and so it was from the beginning. As the form of the Jewish traditions comes nearer to the Persian than to the Indian traditions, we are asked to believe that these two

racés lived in the closest contact before, from this ancient hearth of civilization, they started towards the West and the East — that is to say, before Abraham migrated to Canaan, and before India was peopled by the Brahmans.

We have given a fair account of Dr. Spiegel's arguments, and we need not say that we should have hailed with equal pleasure any solid facts by which to establish either the dependence of Genesis on the Zend-Avesta, or the dependence of the Zend-Avesta on Genesis. It would be absurd to resist facts where facts exist; nor can we imagine any reason why, if Abraham came into personal contact with Zoroaster, the Jewish patriarch should have learnt nothing from the Iranian prophet, or *vice versâ*. If such an intercourse could be established, it would but serve to strengthen the historical character of the books of the Old Testament, and would be worth more than all the elaborate theories that have been started on the purely miraculous origin of these books. But though we by no means deny that some more tangible points of resemblance may yet be discovered between the Old Testament and the Zend-Avesta, we must protest against having so interesting and so important a matter handled in such an unbusiness-like manner.

*April, 1864.*

## VIII.

### THE MODERN PARSIS.<sup>1</sup>

#### I.

It is not fair to speak of any religious sect by a name to which its members object. Yet the fashion of speaking of the followers of Zoroaster as Fire-worshippers is so firmly established that it will probably continue long after the last believers in Ormuzd have disappeared from the face of the earth. At the present moment, the number of the Zoroastrians has dwindled down so much that they hardly find a place in the religious statistics of the world. Berghaus in his "Physical Atlas" gives the following division of the human race according to religion : —

Buddhists . . . . .	31.2 per cent.
Christians . . . . .	30.7 "
Mohammedans . . . . .	15.7 "
Brahmanists . . . . .	13.4 "
Heathens . . . . .	8.7 "
Jews . . . . .	0.3 "

He nowhere states the number of the Fire-worshippers, nor does he tell us under what head they are comprised in his general computation. The difficulties

<sup>1</sup> *The Manners and Customs of the Parsees.* By Dadabhai Naoroji Esq. Liverpool, 1861.

*The Parsee Religion.* By Dadabhai Naoroji, Esq. Liverpool, 1861.

of a religious census are very great, particularly when we have to deal with Eastern nations. About two hundred years ago, travellers estimated the Gabars (as they are called in Persia) at eighty thousand families, or about 400,000 souls. At present the Parsis in Western India amount to about 100,000, to which, if we add 5,500 in Yezd and Kirman, we get a total of 105,500. The number of the Jews is commonly estimated at 3,600,000; and if they represent 0.3 per cent. of mankind, the Fire-worshippers could not claim at present more than about 0.01 per cent. of the whole population of the earth. Yet there were periods in the history of the world when the worship of Ormuzd threatened to rise triumphant on the ruins of the temples of all other gods. If the battles of Marathon and Salamis had been lost, and Greece had succumbed to Persia, the state religion of the empire of Cyrus, which was the worship of Ormuzd, might have become the religion of the whole civilized world. Persia had absorbed the Assyrian and Babylonian empires; the Jews were either in Persian captivity or under Persian sway at home; the sacred monuments of Egypt had been mutilated by the hands of Persian soldiers. The edicts of the great king, the king of kings, were sent to India, to Greece, to Scythia, and to Egypt; and if "by the grace of Ahuramazda" Darius had crushed the liberty of Greece, the purer faith of Zoroaster might easily have superseded the Olympian fables. Again, under the Sassanian dynasty (226-651 A. D.) the revived national faith of the Zoroastrians assumed such vigor that Shapur II., like another Diocletian, could aim at the extirpation of the Christian faith. The sufferings of the persecuted Christians in the East

were as terrible as they had ever been in the West; nor was it by the weapons of Roman emperors or by the arguments of Christian divines that the fatal blow was dealt to the throne of Cyrus and the altars of Ormuzd. The power of Persia was broken at last by the Arabs; and it is due to them that the religion of Ormuzd, once the terror of the world, is now, and has been for the last thousand years, a mere curiosity in the eyes of the historian.

The sacred writings of the Zoroastrians, commonly called the Zend-Avesta, have for about a century occupied the attention of European scholars, and, thanks to the adventurous devotion of Anquetil Duperron, and the careful researches of Rask, Burnouf, Westergaard, Spiegel, and Haug, we have gradually been enabled to read and interpret what remains of the ancient language of the Persian religion. The problem was not an easy one, and had it not been for the new light which the science of language has shed on the laws of human speech, it would have been as impossible to Burnouf as it was to Hyde, the celebrated Professor of Hebrew and Arabic at Oxford, to interpret with grammatical accuracy the ancient remnants of Zoroaster's doctrine. How that problem was solved is well known to all who take an interest in the advancement of modern scholarship. It was as great an achievement as the deciphering of the cuneiform edicts of Darius; and no greater compliment could have been paid to Burnouf and his fellow-laborers than that scholars, without inclination to test their method, and without leisure to follow these indefatigable pioneers through all the intricate paths of their researches, should have pronounced the deciphering of the ancient

Zend as well as of the ancient Persian of the Achæmenian period to be impossible, incredible, and next to miraculous.

While the scholars of Europe are thus engaged in disinterring the ancient records of the religion of Zoroaster, it is of interest to learn what has become of that religion in those few settlements where it is still professed by small communities. Though every religion is of real and vital interest in its earliest state only, yet its later development too, with all its misunderstandings, faults, and corruptions, offers many an instructive lesson to the thoughtful student of history. Here is a religion, one of the most ancient of the world, once the state religion of the most powerful empire, driven away from its native soil, deprived of political influence, without even the prestige of a powerful or enlightened priesthood, and yet professed by a handful of exiles—men of wealth, intelligence, and moral worth in Western India—with an unhesitating fervor such as is seldom to be found in larger religious communities. It is well worth the earnest endeavor of the philosopher and the divine to discover, if possible, the spell by which this apparently effete religion continues to command the attachment of the enlightened Parsis of India, and makes them turn a deaf ear to the allurements of the Brahmanic worship and the earnest appeals of Christian missionaries. We believe that to many of our readers the two pamphlets, lately published by a distinguished member of the Parsi community, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, Professor of Guzerati at University College, London, will open many problems of a more than passing interest. One is a Paper read before the Liverpool Philomathic Society, "On

the Manners and Customs of the Parsees ;” the other is a Lecture delivered before the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, “On the Parsee Religion.”

In the first of these pamphlets, we are told that the small community of Parsis, in Western India, is at the present moment divided into two parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals. Both are equally attached to the faith of their ancestors, but they differ from each other in their modes of life: the Conservatives clinging to all that is established and customary, however absurd and mischievous; the Liberals desiring to throw off the abuses of former ages, and to avail themselves, as much as is consistent with their religion and their oriental character, of the advantages of European civilization. “If I say,” writes our informant, “that the Parsees use tables, knives and forks, etc., for taking their dinners, it would be true with regard to one portion, and entirely untrue with regard to another. In one house you see in the dining-room the dinner table furnished with all the English apparatus for its agreeable purposes; next door, perhaps, you see the gentleman perfectly satisfied with his primitive good old mode of squatting on a piece of mat, with a large brass or copper plate (round, and of the size of an ordinary tray) before him, containing all the dishes of his dinner, spread on it in small heaps, and placed upon a stool about two or three inches high, with a small tinned copper cup at his side for his drinks, and his fingers for his knives and forks. He does this, not because he cannot afford to have a table, etc., but because he would not have them in preference to his ancestral mode of life, or, perhaps, the thought has not occurred to him that he need have anything of the kind.”

Instead, therefore of giving a general description of Parsi life at present, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji gives us two distinct accounts — first of the old, secondly of the new school. He describes the incidents in the daily life of a Parsi of the old school, from the moment he gets out of bed to the time of his going to rest, and the principal ceremonies from the hour of his birth to the hour of his burial. Although we can gather from the tenor of his writings that the author himself belongs to the Liberals, we must give him credit for the fairness with which he describes the party to which he is opposed. There is no sneer, no expression of contempt anywhere, even when, as in the case of the Nirang, the temptation must have been considerable. What this Nirang is we may best state in the words of the writer :

“The Nirang is the urine of cow, ox, or she-goat, and the rubbing of it over the face and hands is the second thing a Parsee does after getting out of bed. Either before applying the Nirang to the face and hands, or while it remains on the hands after being applied, he should not touch anything directly with his hands ; but, in order to wash out the Nirang, he either asks somebody else to pour water on his hands, or resorts to the device of taking hold of the pot through the intervention of a piece of cloth, such as a handkerchief or his Sudrâ, *i. e.* his *blouse*. He first pours water on one hand, then takes the pot in that hand and washes his other hand, face, and feet.”

Strange as this process of purification may appear, it becomes perfectly disgusting when we are told that women, after childbirth, have not only to undergo this sacred ablution, but have actually to drink a little of the Nirang, and that the same rite is imposed on chil-

dren at the time of their investiture with the Sudrâ and Kusti, the badges of the Zoroastrian faith. The Liberal party have completely surrendered this objectionable custom, but the old school still keep it up, though their faith, as Dadabhai Naoroji says, in the efficacy of Nirang to drive away Satan may be shaken. "The Reformers," our author writes, "maintain, that there is no authority whatever in the original books of Zurthosht for the observance of this dirty practice, but that it is altogether a later introduction. The old adduce the authority of the works of some of the priests of former days, and say the practice ought to be observed. They quote one passage from the Zend-Avesta corroborative of their opinion, which their opponents deny as at all bearing upon the point." Here, whatever our own feelings may be about the Nirang, truth obliges us to side with the old school, and if our author had consulted the ninth Fargard of the Vendidad (page 120, line 21, in Brockhaus' edition), he would have seen that both the drinking and the rubbing in of the so-called "Gaomaezo" — *i. e.* Nirang — are clearly enjoined by Zoroaster in certain purificatory rites. The custom rests, therefore, not only on the authority of a few priests of former days, but on the *ipsissima verba* of the Zend-Avesta, the revealed word of Ormuzd; and if, as Dadabhai Naoroji writes, the Reformers of the day will not go beyond abolishing and disavowing the ceremonies that have no authority in the original Zend-Avesta, we are afraid that the washing with Nirang, and even the drinking of it, will have to be maintained. A pious Parsi has to say his prayers sixteen times at least every day — first on getting out of bed, then during the Nirang operation, again when

he takes his bath, again when he cleanses his teeth, and when he has finished his morning ablutions. The same prayers are repeated whenever, during the day, a Parsi has to wash his hands. Every meal — and there are three — begins and ends with prayer, besides the grace, and before going to bed the work of the day is closed by a prayer. The most extraordinary thing is that none of the Parsis — not even their priests — understand the ancient language in which these prayers are composed. We must quote the words of our author, who is himself of the priestly caste, and who says : —

“ All prayers, on every occasion, are said, or rather recited, in the old original Zend language, neither the reciter nor the people around intended to be edified, understanding a word of it. There is no pulpit among the Parsees. On several occasions, as on the occasion of the Ghumbars, the bimestral holidays, the third day's ceremonies for the dead, and other religious or special holidays, there are assemblages in the temple ; prayers are repeated, in which more or less join, but there is no discourse in the vernacular of the people. Ordinarily, every one goes to the fire-temple whenever he likes, or, if it is convenient to him, recites his prayers himself, and as long as he likes, and gives, if so inclined, something to the priests to pray for him.”

In another passage our author says : —

“ Far from being the teachers of the true doctrines and duties of their religion, the priests are generally the most bigoted and superstitious, and exercise much injurious influence over the women especially, who, until lately, received no education at all. The priests have, however, now begun to feel their degraded position. Many of them, if they can do so, bring up their

sons in any other profession but their own. There are, perhaps, a dozen among the whole body of professional priests who lay claim to a knowledge of the Zend-Avesta: but the only respect in which they are superior to their brethren is, that they have learnt the meanings of the words of the books as they are taught, without knowing the language, either philosophically or grammatically."

Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji proceeds to give a clear and graphic description of the ceremonies to be observed at the birth and the investiture of children, at the betrothal of children, at marriages and at funerals; and he finally discusses some of the distinguishing features of the national character of the Parsis. The Parsis are monogamists. They do not eat anything cooked by a person of another religion; they object to beef, pork, or ham. Their priesthood is hereditary. None but the son of a priest can be a priest, but it is not obligatory for the son of a priest to take orders. The high-priest is called Dustoor, the others are called Mobed.

The principal points for which the Liberals among the Parsis are, at the present moment, contending, are the abolition of the filthy purifications by means of Nirang, the reduction of the large number of obligatory prayers; the prohibition of early betrothal and marriage; the suppression of extravagance at weddings and funerals; the education of women, and their admission into general society. A society has been formed, called "the Rahanumae Mazdiashna," *i. e.* the Guide of the Worshippers of God. Meetings are held, speeches made, tracts distributed. A counter society, too, has been started called "the True Guides;" and we readily believe what Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji

tells us — that, as in Europe, so in India, the Reformers have found themselves strengthened by the intolerant bigotry and the weakness of the arguments of their opponents. The Liberals have made considerable progress, but their work is as yet but half done, and they will never be able to carry out their religious and social reforms successfully, without first entering on a critical study of the Zend-Avesta, to which, as yet, they profess to appeal as the highest authority in matters of faith, law, and morality.

We propose, in another article, to consider the state of religion among the Parsis of the present day.

*August, 1862.*

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## II.

THE so-called Fire-worshippers certainly do not worship the fire, and they naturally object to a name which seems to place them on a level with mere idolaters. All they admit is that in their youth they are taught to face some luminous object while worshipping God (p. 7), and that they regard the fire, like other great natural phenomena, as an emblem of the Divine power (p. 26). But they assure us that they never ask assistance or blessings from an unintelligent material object, nor is it even considered necessary to turn the face to any emblem whatever in praying to Ormuzd. The most honest, however, among the Parsis, and those who would most emphatically protest against the idea of their ever paying divine honors to the sun or the fire, admit the existence of some kind of national instinct — an indescribable awe felt by

every Parsi with regard to light and fire. The fact that the Parsis are the only Eastern people who entirely abstain from smoking is very significant; and we know that most of them would rather not blow out a candle, if they could help it. It is difficult to analyze such a feeling, but it seems, in some respects, similar to that which many Christians have about the cross. They do not worship the cross, but they have peculiar feelings of reverence for it, and it is intimately connected with some of their most sacred rites.

But although most Parsis would be very ready to tell us what they do not worship, there are but few who could give a straightforward answer if asked what they do worship and believe. Their priests, no doubt, would say that they worship Ormuzd and believe in Zoroaster, his prophet; and they would appeal to the Zend-Avesta, as containing the Word of God, revealed by Ormuzd to Zoroaster. If more closely pressed, however, they would have to admit that they cannot understand one word of the sacred writings in which they profess to believe, nor could they give any reason why they believe Zoroaster to have been a true prophet, and not an impostor. "As a body," says Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, "the priests are not only ignorant of the duties and objects of their own profession, but are entirely uneducated, except that they are able to read and write, and that, also, often very imperfectly. They do not understand a single word of their prayers and recitations, which are all in the old Zend language."

What, then, do the laity know about religion? What makes the old teaching of Zoroaster so dear to them that, in spite of all differences of opinion among them-

selves, young and old seem equally determined never to join any other religious community? Incredible as it may sound, we are told by the best authority, by an enlightened yet strictly orthodox Parsi, that there is hardly a man or a woman who could give an account of the faith that is in them. "The whole religious education of a Parsi child consists in preparing by rote a certain number of prayers in Zend, without understanding a word of them — the knowledge of the doctrines of their religion being left to be picked up from casual conversation." A Parsi, in fact, hardly knows what his faith is. The Zend-Avesta is to him a sealed book; and though there is a Guzerati translation of it, that translation is not made from the original, but from a Pehlevi paraphrase, nor is it recognized by the priests as an authorized version. Till about five-and-twenty years ago, there was no book from which a Parsi of an inquiring mind could gather the principles of his religion. At that time, and, as it would seem, chiefly in order to counteract the influence of Christian missionaries, a small Dialogue was written in Guzerati — a kind of Catechism, giving, in the form of questions and answers, the most important tenets of Parsiism. We shall quote some passages from this Dialogue, as translated by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. The subject of it is thus described: —

*A few Questions and Answers to acquaint the Children of the holy Zarthosti Community with the Subject of the Mazdiashna Religion, i. e. the Worship of God.*

*Question.* Whom do we, of the Zarthosti community, believe in?

*Answer.* We believe in only one God, and do not believe in any besides Him.

Q. Who is that one God ?

A. The God who created the heavens, the earth, the angels, the stars, the sun, the moon, the fire, the water, or all the four elements, and all things of the two worlds ; that God we believe in. Him we worship, him we invoke, him we adore.

Q. Do we not believe in any other God ?

A. Whoever believes in any other God but this, is an infidel, and shall suffer the punishment of hell.

Q. What is the form of our God ?

A. Our God has neither face nor form, color nor shape, nor fixed place. There is no other like him. He is himself singly such a glory that we cannot praise or describe him ; nor our mind comprehend him.

So far, no one could object to this Catechism, and it must be clear that the Dualism, which is generally mentioned as the distinguishing feature of the Persian religion — the belief in two Gods, Ormuzd, the principle of good, and Ahriman, the principle of evil — is not countenanced by the modern Parsis. Whether it exists in the Zend-Avesta is another question, which, however, cannot be discussed at present.<sup>1</sup>

The Catechism continues : —

Q. What is our religion ?

A. Our religion is “Worship of God.”

Q. Whence did we receive our religion ?

A. God’s true prophet — the true Zurthost (Zoroaster) Asphantamân Anoshirwân — brought the religion to us from God.

Here it is curious to observe that not a single ques-

<sup>1</sup> See page 137.

tion is asked as to the claim of Zoroaster to be considered a true prophet. He is not treated as a divine being, nor even as the son of Ormuzd. Plato, indeed, speaks of Zoroaster as the son of Oromazes ("Alc." i. p. 122 a), but this is a mistake, not countenanced, as far as we are aware, by any of the Parsi writings, whether ancient or modern. With the Parsis, Zoroaster is simply a wise man, a prophet favored by God, and admitted into God's immediate presence; but all this, on his own showing only, and without any supernatural credentials, except some few miracles recorded of him in books of doubtful authority. This shows, at all events, how little the Parsis have been exposed to controversial discussions; for as this is so weak a point in their system that it would have invited the attacks of every opponent, we may be sure that the Dustoors would have framed some argument in defense, if such defense had ever been needed.

The next extract from the Catechism treats of the canonical books:—

*Q.* What religion has our prophet brought us from God?

*A.* The disciples of our prophet have recorded in several books that religion. Many of these books were destroyed during Alexander's conquest; the remainder of the books were preserved with great care and respect by the Sassanian kings. Of these again, the greater portion were destroyed at the Mohammedan conquest by Khalif Omar, so that we have now very few books remaining; namely, the Vendidad, the Yazashné, the Vispered, the Khordeli Avesta, the Vistasp Nusk, and a few Pehlevi books. Resting our

faith upon these few books, we now remain devoted to our good Mazdiashna religion. We consider these books as heavenly books, because God sent the tidings of these books to us through the holy Zurthost.

Here, again, we see theological science in its infancy. "We consider these books as heavenly books because God sent the tidings of these books to us through the holy Zurthost," is not very powerful logic. It would have been more simple to say, "We consider them heavenly books because we consider them heavenly books." However, whether heavenly or not, these few books exist. They form the only basis of the Zoroastrian religion, and the principal source from which it is possible to derive any authentic information as to its origin, its history, and its real character.

That the Parsis are of a tolerant character with regard to such of their doctrines as are not of vital importance, may be seen from the following extract: —

*Q.* Whose descendants we are?

*A.* Of Gayomars. By his progeny was Persia populated.

*Q.* Was Gayomars the first man?

*A.* According to our religion he was so, but the wise men of our community, of the Chinese, the Hindus, and several other nations, dispute the assertion, and say that there was human population on the earth before Gayomars.

The moral precepts which are embodied in this Catechism do the highest credit to the Parsis: —

*Q.* What commands has God sent us through his prophet, the exalted Zurthost?

A. To know God as one ; to know the prophet, the exalted Zurthost, as the true prophet ; to believe the religion and the Avesta brought by him as true beyond all manner of doubt ; to believe in the goodness of God ; not to disobey any of the commands of the Mazdiashna religion ; to avoid evil deeds ; to exert oneself in good deeds ; to pray five times in the day ; to believe on the reckoning and justice on the fourth morning after death ; to hope for heaven and to fear hell ; to consider doubtless the day of general destruction and resurrection ; to remember always that God has done what he willed, and shall do what he wills ; to face some luminous object while worshipping God.

Then follow several paragraphs which are clearly directed against Christian missionaries, and more particularly against the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice and prayer : —

“Some deceivers [the Catechism says], with the view of acquiring exaltation in this world, have set themselves up as prophets, and, going among the laboring and ignorant people, have persuaded them that, ‘If you commit sin, I shall intercede for you, I shall plead for you, I shall save you,’ and thus deceive them ; but the wise among the people know the deceit.”

This clearly refers to Christian missionaries, but whether Roman Catholic or Protestant is difficult to say. The answer given by the Parsis is curious and significant : —

“If any one commit sin,” they reply, “under the belief that he shall be saved by somebody, both the deceiver as well as the deceived shall be damned to the day of Rastâ Khez. . . . There is no savior. In the other world you shall receive the return according to your actions. . . . Your savior is your deeds, and God himself. He is the pardoner and the giver. If you repent your sins and reform, and if the Great Judge consider you worthy of pardon, or would be merciful to you, He alone can and will save you.”

It would be a mistake to suppose that the whole doctrine of the Parsis is contained in the short Guzerati Catechism, translated by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji; still less can it be comprised in the fragmentary extracts here given. Their sacred writings, the Yasna, Vispered, and Vendidad, the productions of much earlier ages, contain many ideas, both religious and mythological, which belong to the past, to the childhood of our race, and which no educated Parsi could honestly profess to believe in now. This difficulty of reconciling the more enlightened faith of the present generation with the mythological phraseology of their old sacred writings is solved by the Parsis in a very simple manner. They do not, like Roman Catholics, prohibit the reading of the Zend-Avesta; nor do they, like Protestants, encourage a critical study of their sacred texts. They simply ignore the originals of their sacred writings. They repeat them in their prayers without attempting to understand them, and they acknowledge the insufficiency of every translation of the Zend-Avesta that has yet been made, either in Pehlevi, Sanskrit, Guzerati, French, or German. Each Parsi

has to pick up his religion as best he may. Till lately, even the Catechism did not form a necessary part of a child's religious education. Thus the religious belief of the present Parsi communities is reduced to two or three fundamental doctrines; and these, though professedly resting on the teaching of Zoroaster, receive their real sanction from a much higher authority. A Parsi believes in one God, to whom he addresses his prayers. His morality is comprised in these words, — pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds. Believing in the punishment of vice and the reward of virtue, he trusts for pardon to the mercy of God. There is a charm, no doubt, in so short a creed; and if the whole of Zoroaster's teaching were confined to this, there would be some truth in what his followers say of their religion, namely, that "it is for all, and not for any particular nation."

If now we ask again, how it is that neither Christians, nor Hindus, nor Mobammedans have had any considerable success in converting the Parsis, and why even the more enlightened members of that small community, though fully aware of the many weak points of their own theology, and deeply impressed with the excellence of the Christian religion, morals, and general civilization, scorn the idea of ever migrating from the sacred ruins of their ancient faith, we are able to discover some reasons; though they are hardly sufficient to account for so extraordinary a fact.

First, the very compactness of the modern Parsi creed accounts for the tenacity with which the exiles of Western India cling to it. A Parsi is not troubled with many theological problems or difficulties. Though he professes a general belief in the sacred writings of

Zoroaster, he is not asked to profess any belief in the stories incidentally mentioned in the Zend-Avesta. If it is said in the Yasna that Zoroaster was once visited by Homa, who appeared before him in a brilliant supernatural body, no doctrine is laid down as to the exact nature of Homa. It is said that Homa was worshipped by certain ancient sages, Vivanzvat, Âthwya, and Thrita, and that, as a reward for their worship, great heroes were born as their sons. The fourth who worshipped Homa was Pourushaspa, and he was rewarded by the birth of his son Zoroaster. Now the truth is, that Homa is the same as the Sanskrit Soma, well known from the Veda as an intoxicating beverage used at the great sacrifices, and afterwards raised to the rank of a deity. The Parsis are fully aware of this, but they do not seem in the least disturbed by the occurrence of such "fables and endless genealogies." They would not be shocked if they were told, what is a fact, that most of these old wives' fables have their origin in the religion which they most detest, the religion of the Veda, and that the heroes of the Zend-Avesta are the same who, with slightly changed names, appear again as Jemshid, Feridun, Gershâsp, etc., in the epic poetry of Firdusi.

Another fact which accounts for the attachment of the Parsis to their religion is its remote antiquity and its former glory. Though age has little to do with truth, the length of time for which any system has lasted seems to offer a vague argument in favor of its strength. It is a feeling which the Parsi shares in common with the Jew and the Brahman, and which even the Christian missionary appeals to when confronting the systems of later prophets.

Thirdly, it is felt by the Parsis that in changing their religion, they would not only relinquish the heirloom of their remote forefathers, but of their own fathers; and it is felt as a dereliction of filial piety to give up what was most precious to those whose memory is most precious and almost sacred to themselves.

If in spite of all this, many people, most competent to judge, look forward with confidence to the conversion of the Parsis, it is because, in the most essential points, they have already, though unconsciously, approached as near as possible to the pure doctrines of Christianity. Let them but read the Zend-Avesta, in which they profess to believe, and they will find that their faith is no longer the faith of the Yasna, the Vendidad, and the Vispered. As historical relics, these works, if critically interpreted, will always retain a prominent place in the great library of the ancient world. As oracles of religious faith, they are defunct, and a mere anachronism in the age in which we live.

On the other hand, let missionaries read their Bible, and let them preach that Christianity which once conquered the world,—the genuine and unshackled gospel of Christ and the Apostles. Let them respect native prejudices, and be tolerant with regard to all that can be tolerated in a Christian community. Let them consider that Christianity is not a gift to be pressed on unwilling minds, but the highest of all privileges which natives can receive at the hands of their present rulers. Natives of independent and honest character cannot afford at present to join the ranks of converts without losing that true caste which no man ought to lose, namely, self-respect. They are

driven to prop up their tottering religions, rather than profess a faith which seems dictated to them by their conquerors. Such feelings ought to be respected. Finally, let missionaries study the sacred writings on which the faith of the Parsis is professedly founded. Let them examine the bulwarks which they mean to overthrow. They will find them less formidable from within than from without. But they will also discover that they rest on a foundation which ought never to be touched, — a faith in one God, the Creator, the **Ruler**, and the Judge of the world.

*August, 1862.*

## IX.

### BUDDHISM.<sup>1</sup>

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IF the words of St. Paul, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," may be supposed to refer to spiritual things, and, more especially, to religious doctrines, it must be confessed that few only, whether theologians or laymen, have ever taken to heart the Apostle's command. How many candidates for holy orders are there who could give a straightforward answer if asked to enumerate the principal religions of the world, or to state the names of their founders, and the titles of the works which are still considered by millions of human beings as the sacred authorities for their religious belief? To study such books as the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Zend-Avesta of the Parsis, the Kings of the Confucians, the Tao-te-King of the Taoists, the Vedas of the Brahmans, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Sûtras of the Jains, or the Granth of the Sikhs, would be considered by many mere waste of time. Yet St. Paul's command is very clear and simple; and to maintain that it referred to the heresies of his own time only, or to the philosophical systems of the Greeks and Romans, would be to narrow

<sup>1</sup> *Le Bouddha et sa Religion.* Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1860.

the horizon of the Apostle's mind, and to destroy the general applicability of his teaching to all times and to all countries. Many will ask what possible good could be derived from the works of men who must have been either deceived or deceivers, nor would it be difficult to quote some passages in order to show the utter absurdity and worthlessness of the religious books of the Hindus and Chinese. But this was not the spirit in which the Apostle of the Gentiles addressed himself to the Epicureans and Stoics, nor is this the feeling with which a thoughtful Christian and a sincere believer in the divine government of the world is likely to rise from a perusal of any of the books which he knows to be or to have been the only source of spiritual light and comfort to thousands and thousands among the dwellers on earth.

Many are the advantages to be derived from a careful study of other religions, but the greatest of all is that it teaches us to appreciate more truly what we possess in our own. When do we feel the blessings of our own country more warmly and truly than when we return from abroad? It is the same with regard to religion. Let us see what other nations have had and still have in the place of religion; let us examine the prayers, the worship, the theology even of the most highly civilized races,—the Greeks, the Romans, the Hindus, the Persians,—and we shall then understand more thoroughly what blessings are vouchsafed to us in being allowed to breathe from the first breath of life the pure air of a land of Christian light and knowledge. We are too apt to take the greatest blessings as matters of course, and even religion forms no exception. We have done so little to gain our religion, we have

suffered so little in the cause of truth, that however highly we prize our own Christianity, we never prize it highly enough until we have compared it with the religions of the rest of the world.

This, however, is not the only advantage ; and we think that M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire has formed too low an estimate of the benefits to be derived from a thoughtful study of the religions of mankind when he writes of Buddhism . “ Le seul, mais immense service que le Bouddhisme puisse nous rendre, c’est par son triste contraste de nous faire apprécier mieux encore la valeur inestimable de nos croyances en nous montrant tout ce qu’il en coûte à l’humanité qui ne les partage point.” This is not all. If a knowledge of other countries, and a study of the manners and customs of foreign nations, teach us to appreciate what we have at home, they likewise form the best cure of that national conceit and want of sympathy with which we are too apt to look on all that is strange and foreign. The feeling which led the Hellenic races to divide the whole world into Greeks and Barbarians is so deeply engrained in human nature that not even Christianity has been able altogether to remove it. Thus when we cast our first glance into the labyrinth of the religions of the world, all seems to us darkness, self-deceit, and vanity. It sounds like a degradation of the very name of religion to apply it to the wild ravings of Hindu Yogins or the blank blasphemies of Chinese Buddhists. But as we slowly and patiently wend our way through the dreary prisons, our own eyes seem to expand, and we perceive a glimmer of light where all was darkness at first. We learn to understand the saying of one who more than anybody had a right to speak with authority

on this subject, that "there is no religion which does not contain a spark of truth." Those who would limit the riches of God's goodness and forbearance and long suffering, and would hand over the largest portion of the human race to inevitable perdition, have never adduced a tittle of evidence from the gospel or from any other trustworthy source in support of so unhallowed a belief. They have generally appealed to the devilries and orgies of heathen worship; they have quoted the blasphemies of oriental Sufis and the immoralities sanctioned by the successors of Mohammed; but they have seldom, if ever, endeavored to discover the true and original character of the strange forms of faith and worship which they call the work of the devil. If the Indians had formed their notions of Christianity from the soldiers of Cortez and Pizarro, or if the Hindus had studied the principles of Christian morality in the lives of Clive and Warren Hastings; or, to take a less extreme case, if a Mohammedan, settled in England, were to test the practical working of Christian charity by the spirit displayed in the journals of our religious parties, their notions of Christianity would be about as correct as the ideas which thousands of educated Christians entertain of the diabolical character of heathen religion. Even Christianity has been depraved into Jesuitism and Mormonism, and if we, as Protestants, claim the right to appeal to the gospel as the only test by which our faith is to be judged, we must grant a similar privilege to Mohammedans and Buddhists, and to all who possess a written and, as they believe, revealed authority for the articles of their faith.

But though no one is likely to deny the necessity of studying each religion in its most ancient form and

from its original documents, before we venture to pronounce our verdict, the difficulties of this task are such that in them more than in anything else, must be sought the cause why so few of our best thinkers and writers have devoted themselves to a critical and historical study of the religions of the world. All important religions have sprung up in the East. Their sacred books are written in Eastern tongues, and some of them are of such ancient date that those even who profess to believe in them, admit that they are unable to understand them without the help of translations and commentaries. Until very lately the sacred books of three of the most important religions, those of the Brahmans, the Buddhists, and the Parsis, were totally unknown in Europe. It was one of the most important results of the study of Sanskrit, or the ancient language of India, that through it the key, not only to the sacred books of the Brahmans, the Vedas, but likewise to those of the Buddhists and Zoroastrians, was recovered. And nothing shows more strikingly the rapid progress of Sanskrit scholarship than that even Sir William Jones, whose name has still, with many, a more familiar sound than the names of Colebrook, Burnouf, and Lassen, should have known nothing of the Vedas; that he should never have read a line of the canonical books of the Buddhists, and that he actually expressed his belief that Buddha was the same as the Teutonic deity Wodan or Odin, and Sâkya, another name of Buddha, the same as Shishac, king of Egypt. The same distinguished scholar never perceived the intimate relationship between the language of the Zend-Avesta and Sanskrit, and he declared the whole of the Zoroastrian writings to be modern forgeries.

Even at present we are not yet in possession of complete edition, much less of any trustworthy translation, of the Vedas; we only possess the originals of a few books of the Buddhist canon; and though the text of the Zend-Avesta has been edited in its entirety, its interpretation is beset with greater difficulties than that of the Vedas or the Tripitaka. A study of the ancient religions of China, those of Confucius and Laotse, presupposes an acquaintance with Chinese, a language which it takes a life to learn thoroughly; and even the religion of Mohammed, though more accessible than any other Eastern religion, cannot be fully examined except by a master of Arabic. It is less surprising, therefore, than it might at first appear, that a comprehensive and scholarlike treatment of the religions of the world should still be a desideratum. Scholars who have gained a knowledge of the language, and thereby free access to original documents, find so much work at hand which none but themselves can do, that they grudge the time for collecting and arranging, for the benefit of the public at large, the results which they have obtained. Nor need we wonder that critical historians should rather abstain from the study of the religions of antiquity than trust to mere translations and second-hand authorities.

Under these circumstances we feel all the more thankful if we meet with a writer like M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who has acquired a knowledge of Eastern languages sufficient to enable him to consult original texts and to control the researches of other scholars, and who at the same time commands that wide view of the history of human thought which enables him to assign to each system its proper place, to perceive its

most salient features, and to distinguish between what is really important and what is not, in the lengthy lucubrations of ancient poets and prophets. M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire is one of the most accomplished scholars of France; and his reputation as the translator of Aristotle has made us almost forget that the Professor of Greek Philosophy at the Collège de France<sup>1</sup> is the same as the active writer in the "Globe" of 1827, and the "National" of 1830; the same who signed the protest against the July "ordonnances," and who in 1848 was Chief Secretary of the Provisional Government. If such a man takes the trouble to acquire a knowledge of Sanskrit, and to attend, in the same college where he was professor, the lectures of his own colleague, the late Eugène Burnouf, his publications on Hindu philosophy and religion will naturally attract a large amount of public interest. The Sanskrit scholar by profession works and publishes chiefly for the benefit of other Sanskrit scholars. He is satisfied with bringing to light the ore which he has extracted by patient labor from among the dusty MSS. of the East India House. He seldom takes the trouble to separate the metal from the ore, to purify or to strike it into current coin. He is but too often apt to forget no lasting addition is ever made to the treasury of human knowledge unless the results of special research are translated into the universal language of science, and rendered available to every person of intellect and education. A division of labor seems most conducive to this end. We want a class of in-

<sup>1</sup> M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire resigned the chair of Greek literature at the Collège de France after the *coup d'état* of 1851, declining to take the oath of allegiance to the existing government

terpreters, men such as M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who are fully competent to follow and to control the researches of professional students, and who at the same time have not forgotten the language of the world.

In his work on Buddhism, of which a second edition has just appeared, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire has undertaken to give to the world at large the really trustworthy and important results which have been obtained by the laborious researches of oriental scholars, from the original documents of that interesting and still mysterious religion. It was a task of no ordinary difficulty, for although these researches are of very recent date, and belong to a period of Sanskrit scholarship posterior to Sir W. Jones and Colebrook, yet such is the amount of evidence brought together by the combined industry of Hodgson, Turnour, Csoma de Körös, Stanislas Julien, Foucaux, Fausböll, Spence Hardy, but above all, of the late Eugène Burnouf, that it required no common patience and discrimination to compose from such materials so accurate, and at the same time so lucid and readable a book on Buddhism as that which we owe to M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. The greater part of it appeared originally in the "Journal des Savants," the time-honored organ of the French Academy, which counts on its staff the names of Cousin, Flourens, Villemain, Biot, Mignet, Littré, etc., and admits as contributors sixteen only of the most illustrious members of that illustrious body, *la crème de la crème*.

Though much had been said and written about Buddhism, — enough to frighten priests by seeing themselves anticipated in auricular confession, beads,

and tonsure by the Lamas of Thibet,<sup>1</sup> and to disconcert philosophers by finding themselves outbid in positivism and nihilism by the inmates of Chinese monasteries, — the real beginning of an historical and critical study of the doctrines of Buddha dates from the year 1824. In that year Mr. Hodgson announced the fact that the original documents of the Buddhist canon had been preserved in Sanskrit in the monasteries of Nepal. Before that time our information on Buddhism had been derived at random from China, Japan, Burmah, Thibet, Mongolia, and Tartary; and though it was known that the Buddhist literature in all these countries professed itself to be derived, directly or indirectly, from India, and that the technical terms of that religion, not excepting the very name of Buddha, had their etymology in Sanskrit only, no hope was entertained that the originals of these various translations could ever be recovered. Mr. Hodgson, who settled in Nepal in 1821, as political resident of the East India Company, and whose eyes were always open, not only to the natural history of that little-explored country, but likewise to its antiquities, its languages, and traditions, was not long before he discovered that his friends,

<sup>1</sup> The late Abbé Huc pointed out the similarities between the Buddhist and Roman Catholic ceremonials with such *naïveté*, that, to his surprise, he found his delightful *Travels in Thibet* placed on the "Index." "On ne peut s'empêcher d'être frappé," he writes, "de leur rapport avec le Catholicisme. La crosse, la mitre, la dalmatique, la chape ou pluvial, que les grands Lamas portent en voyage, ou lorsqu'ils font quelque cérémonie hors du temple; l'office à deux choeurs, la psalmodie, les exorcismes, l'encensoir soutenu par cinq chaînes, et pouvant s'ouvrir et se fermer à volonté; les bénédictions données par les Lamas en étendant la main droite sur la tête des fidèles; le chapelet, le célibat ecclésiastique, les retraites spirituelles, le culte des saints, les jeûnes, les processions, les litanies, l'eau bénite; voilà autant de rapports que les Boudhistes ont avec nous." He might have added tonsure, relics, and the confessional.

the priests of Nepal, possessed a complete literature of their own. That literature was not written in the spoken dialects of the country, but in Sanskrit. Mr. Hodgson procured a catalogue of all the works, still in existence, which formed the Buddhist canon. He afterwards succeeded in procuring copies of these works, and he was able in 1824 to send about sixty volumes to the Asiatic Society of Bengal. As no member of that society seemed inclined to devote himself to the study of these MSS., Mr. Hodgson sent two complete collections of the same MSS. to the Asiatic Society of London and the Société Asiatique of Paris. Before alluding to the brilliant results which the last-named collection produced in the hands of Eugène Burnouf, we must mention the labors of other students which preceded the publication of Burnouf's researches.

Mr. Hodgson himself gave to the world a number of valuable essays written on the spot, and afterwards collected under the title of "Illustrations of the Literature and Religion of the Buddhists," Serampore, 1841. He established the important fact, in accordance with the traditions of the priests of Nepal, that some of the Sanskrit documents which he recovered had existed in the monasteries of Nepal ever since the second century of our era, and that the whole of that collection had, five or six hundred years later, when Buddhism became definitely established in Thibet, been translated into the language of that country. As the art of printing had been introduced from China into Thibet, there was less difficulty in procuring complete copies of the Thibetan translation of the Buddhist canon. The real difficulty was to find a person acquainted with the

language. By a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, however, it so happened that about the same time when Mr. Hodgson's discoveries began to attract the attention of oriental scholars at Calcutta, a Hungarian, of the name of Alexander Csoma de Körös, arrived there. He had made his way from Hungary to Thibet on foot, without any means of his own, and with the sole object of discovering somewhere in Central Asia the native home of the Hungarians. Arrived in Thibet, his enthusiasm found a new vent in acquiring a language which no European before his time had mastered, and in exploring the vast collection of the canonical books of the Buddhists, preserved in that language. Though he arrived at Calcutta almost without a penny, he met with a hearty welcome from the members of the Asiatic Society, and was enabled with their assistance to publish the results of his extraordinary researches. People have complained of the length of the sacred books of other nations, but there are none that approach in bulk to the sacred canon of the Thibetans. It consists of two collections, commonly called the "Kanjur" and "Tanjur." The proper spelling of their names is Bkah-hgyur, pronounced Kah-gyur, and Bstan-hgyur, pronounced Tan-gyur. The Kanjur consists, in its different editions, of 100, 102, or 108 volumes folio. It comprises 1,083 distinct works. The Tanjur consists of 225 volumes folio, each weighing from four to five pounds in the edition of Peking. Editions of this colossal code were printed at Peking, Lhassa, and other places. The edition of the Kanjur published at Peking, by command of the Emperor Khian-Lung, sold for £600. A copy of the Kanjur was bartered for 7,000 oxen by the Buriates, and the same tribe paid

1,200 silver rubles for a complete copy of the Kanjur and Tanjur together.<sup>1</sup> Such a jungle of religious literature — the most excellent hiding-place we should think, for Lamas and Dalai-Lamas — was too much even for a man who could travel on foot from Hungary to Thibet. The Hungarian enthusiast, however, though he did not translate the whole, gave a most valuable analysis of this immense bible, in the twentieth volume of the "Asiatic Researches," sufficient to establish the fact that the principal portion of it was a translation from the same Sanskrit originals which had been discovered in Nepal by Mr. Hodgson. Csoma de Körös died soon after he had given to the world the first fruits of his labors, — a victim to his heroic devotion to the study of ancient languages and religions.

It was another fortunate coincidence that, contemporaneously with the discoveries of Hodgson and Csoma de Körös, another scholar, Schmidt of St. Petersburg, had so far advanced in the study of the Mongolian language, as to be able to translate portions of the Mongolian version of the Buddhist canon, and thus forward the elucidation of some of the problems connected with the religion of Buddha.

It never rains but it pours. Whereas for years, nay, for centuries, not a single original document of the Buddhist religion had been accessible to the scholars of Europe, we witness, in the small space of ten years, the recovery of four complete Buddhist literatures. In addition to the discoveries of Hodgson in Nepal, of Csoma de Körös in Thibet, and of Schmidt in Mongolia, the Honorable George Turnour suddenly

<sup>1</sup> *Die Religion des Buddha*, von Köppen, vol. ii. p. 282.

presented to the world the Buddhist literature of Ceylon, composed in the sacred language of that island, the ancient Pâli. The existence of that literature had been known before. Since 1826 Sir Alexander Johnston had been engaged in collecting authentic copies of the Mahâvansa, the Râgâvali, and the Râgaratnâkarî. These copies were translated at his suggestion from Pâli into modern Singhalese and thence into English. The publication was intrusted to Mr. Edward Upham, and the work appeared in 1833, under the title of "Sacred and Historical Works of Ceylon," dedicated to William IV. Unfortunately, whether through fraud or through misunderstanding, the priests who were to have procured an authentic copy of the Pâli originals and translated them into the vernacular language, appear to have formed a compilation of their own from various sources. The official translators by whom this mutilated Singhalese abridgment was to have been rendered into English, took still greater liberties; and the "Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon" had hardly been published before Burnouf, then a mere beginner in the study of Pâli, was able to prove the utter uselessness of that translation. Mr. Turnour, however, soon made up for this disappointment. He set to work in a more scholarlike spirit, and after acquiring himself a knowledge of the Pâli language, he published several important essays on the Buddhist canon, as preserved in Ceylon. These were followed by an edition and translation of the Mahâvansa, or the history of Ceylon, written in the fifth century after Christ, and giving an account of the island from the earliest times to the beginning of the fourth century A. D. Several continuations of that history are in ex-

istence, but Mr. Turnour was prevented by an early death from continuing his edition beyond the original portion of that chronicle. The exploration of the Ceylonese literature has since been taken up again by the Rev. D. J. Gogerly (died 1862), whose essays are unfortunately scattered about in Singhalese periodicals and little known in Europe; and by the Rev. Spence Hardy, for twenty years Wesleyan missionary in Ceylon. His two works, "Eastern Monachism" and "Manual of Buddhism," are full of interesting matter, but as they are chiefly derived from Singhalese, and even more modern sources, they require to be used with caution.<sup>1</sup>

In the same manner as the Sanskrit originals of Nepal were translated by Buddhist missionaries into Thibetan, Mongolian, and, as we shall soon see, into Chinese and Mandshu,<sup>2</sup> the Pâli originals of Ceylon were carried to Burmah and Siam, and translated there into the languages of those countries. Hardly anything has as yet been done for exploring the literature of these two countries, which open a promising field for any one ambitious to follow in the footsteps of Hodgson, Csoma, and Turnour.

A very important collection of Buddhist MSS. has lately been brought from Ceylon to Europe by M. Grimblot, and is now deposited in the Imperial Library at Paris. This collection, to judge from a report published in 1866 in the "Journal des Savants," by M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, consists of no less than

<sup>1</sup> The same author has lately published another valuable work, *The Legends and Theories of the Buddhists*. London, 1866. He died in 1868.

<sup>2</sup> *Mélanges Asiatiques*, vol. ii. p. 373.

eighty-seven works; and, as some of them are represented by more than one copy, the total number of MSS. amounts to one hundred and twenty-one. They fill altogether 14,000 palm leaves, and are written partly in Singhalese, partly in Burmese characters. Next to Ceylon, Burmah and Siam would seem to be the two countries most likely to yield large collections of Pâli MSS., and the MSS. which now exist in Ceylon may, to a considerable extent, be traced back to these two countries. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Tamil conquerors of Ceylon are reported to have burnt every Buddhist book they could discover, in the hope of thus destroying the vitality of that detested religion. Buddhism, however, though persecuted, —or, more probably, because persecuted, —remained the national religion of the island, and in the eighteenth century it had recovered its former ascendancy. Missions were then sent to Siam to procure authentic copies of the sacred documents; priests properly ordained were imported from Burmah; and several libraries, which contain both the canonical and the profane literature of Buddhism, were founded at Dadala, Ambagapitya, and other places.

The sacred canon of the Buddhists is called the "Tripitaka," *i. e.* the three baskets. The first basket contains all that has reference to morality, or Vinaya; the second contains the Sûtras, *i. e.* the discourses of Buddha; the third includes all works treating of dogmatic philosophy or metaphysics. The second and third baskets are sometimes comprehended under the general name of "Dharma," or law, and it has become usual to apply to the third basket the name of "Abhidharma," or by-law. The first and second pitakas

contain each five separate works; the third contains seven. M. Grimblot has secured MSS. of nearly every one of these works, and he has likewise brought home copies of the famous commentaries of Buddhaghosha. These commentaries are of great importance; for although Buddhaghosha lived as late as 430 A. D., he is supposed to have been the translator of more ancient commentaries, brought in 316 B. C. to Ceylon from Magadha by Mahinda, the son of Asoka, translated by him from Pâli into Singhalese, and retranslated by Buddhaghosha into Pâli, the original language both of the canonical books and of their commentaries. Whether historical criticism will allow to the commentaries of Buddhaghosha the authority due to documents of the fourth century before Christ, is a question that has yet to be settled. But even as a collector of earlier traditions and as a writer of the fifth century after Christ, his authority would be considerable with regard to the solution of some of the most important problems of Indian history and chronology. Some scholars who have written on the history of Buddhism have clearly shown too strong an inclination to treat the statements contained in the commentaries of Buddhaghosha as purely historical, forgetting the great interval of time by which he is separated from the events which he relates. No doubt if it could be proved that Buddhaghosha's works were literal translations of the so-called "Attakathâs" or commentaries brought by Mahinda to Ceylon, this would considerably enhance their historical value. But the whole account of these translations rests on tradition, and if we consider the extraordinary precautions taken, according to tradition, by the LXX. translators of the Old Testament, and then ob-

serve the discrepancies between the chronology of the Septuagint and that of the Hebrew text, we shall be better able to appreciate the risk of trusting to oriental translations, even to those that pretend to be literal. The idea of a faithful literal translation seems altogether foreign to oriental minds. Granted that Mahinda translated the original Pâli commentaries into Singhalese, there was nothing to restrain him from inserting anything that he thought likely to be useful to his new converts. Granted that Buddhaghosha translated these translations back into Pâli, why should he not have incorporated any facts that were then believed and had been handed down by tradition from generation to generation? Was he not at liberty, — nay, would he not have felt it his duty, to explain apparent difficulties, to remove contradictions, and to correct palpable mistakes? In our time, when even the contemporaneous evidence of Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, or Jornandes is sifted by the most uncompromising skepticism, we must not expect a more merciful treatment for the annals of Buddhism. Scholars engaged in special researches are too willing to acquiesce in evidence, particularly if that evidence has been discovered by their own efforts and comes before them with all the charms of novelty. But, in the broad daylight of historical criticism, the prestige of such a witness as Buddhaghosha soon dwindles away, and his statements as to kings and councils eight hundred years before his time are in truth worth no more than the stories told of Arthur by Geoffrey of Monmouth, or the accounts we read in Livy of the early history of Rome,

One of the most important works of M. Grimblot's

collection, and one that we hope will soon be published, is a history of Buddhism in Ceylon, called the "Dīpavansa." The only work of the same character which has hitherto been known is the "Mahāvansa," published by the Honorable George Turnour. But this is professedly based on the "Dīpavansa," and is probably of a much later date. Mahânâma, the compiler of the "Mahāvansa," lived about 500 A. D. His work was continued by later chroniclers to the middle of the eighteenth century. Though Mahânâma wrote towards the end of the fifth century after Christ, his own share of the chronicle seems to have ended with the year 302 A. D., and a commentary which he wrote on his own chronicle likewise breaks off at that period. The exact date of the "Dīpavansa" is not yet known; but as it also breaks off with the death of Mâhasena in 302 A. D., we cannot ascribe to it, for the present, any higher authority than could be commanded by a writer of the fourth century after Christ.

We now return to Mr. Hodgson. His collections of Sanskrit MSS. had been sent, as we saw, to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta from 1824 to 1839, to the Royal Asiatic Society in London in 1835, and to the Société Asiatique of Paris in 1837. They remained dormant at Calcutta and in London. At Paris, however, these Buddhist MSS. fell into the hands of Burnouf. Unappalled by their size and tediousness, he set to work, and was not long before he discovered their extreme importance. After seven years of careful study, Burnouf published, in 1844, his "Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme." It is this work which laid the foundation for a systematic study of the religion of Buddha. Though acknowledging the great value of the

researches made in the Buddhist literatures of Thibet, Mongolia, China, and Ceylon, Burnouf showed that Buddhism, being of Indian origin, ought to be studied first of all in the original Sanskrit documents, preserved in Nepal. Though he modestly called his work an "Introduction to the History of Buddhism," there are few points of importance on which his industry has not brought together the most valuable evidence, and his genius shed a novel and brilliant light. The death of Burnouf in 1851 put an end to a work which, if finished according to the plan sketched out by the author in the preface, would have been the most perfect monument of oriental scholarship. A volume published after his death, in 1852, contains a translation of one of the canonical books of Nepal, with notes and appendices, the latter full of the most valuable information on some of the more intricate questions of Buddhism. Though much remained to be done, and though a very small breach only had been made in the vast pile of Sanskrit MSS. presented by Mr Hodgson to the Asiatic Societies of Paris and London, no one has been bold enough to continue what Burnouf left unfinished. The only important additions to our knowledge of Buddhism since his death are an edition of the "Lalita-Vistara," or the life of Buddha, prepared by a native, the learned Babu Rajendralal Mitra; an edition of the Pâli original of the "Dhammapadam," by Dr. Fausböll, a Dane; and last, not least, the excellent translation by M. Stanislas Julien, of the life and travels of Hiouen-Thsang. This Chinese pilgrim had visited India from 629 to 645 A. D., for the purpose of learning Sanskrit, and translating from Sanskrit into Chinese some important works on the religion

and philosophy of the Buddhists; and his account of the geography, the social, religious, and political state of India at the beginning of the seventh century is invaluable for studying the practical working of that religion at a time when its influence began to decline, and when it was soon to be supplanted by modern Brahmanism and Mohammedanism.

It was no easy task for M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire to make himself acquainted with all these works. The study of Buddhism would almost seem to be beyond the power of any single individual, if it required a practical acquaintance with all the languages in which the doctrines of Buddha have been written down. Burnouf was probably the only man who, in addition to his knowledge of Sanskrit, did not shrink from acquiring a practical knowledge of Thibetan, Pâli, Singhalese, and Burmese, in order to prepare himself for such a task. The same scholar had shown, however, that though it was impossible for a Thibetan, Mongolian, or Chinese scholar to arrive, without a knowledge of Sanskrit, at a correct understanding of the doctrines of Buddha, a knowledge of Sanskrit was sufficient for entering into their spirit, for comprehending their origin and growth in India, and their modification in the different countries where they took root in later times. Assisted by his familiarity with Sanskrit, and bringing into the field, as a new and valuable auxiliary, his intimate acquaintance with nearly all the systems of philosophy and religion of both the ancient and modern worlds, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire has succeeded in drawing a picture, both lively and correct, of the origin, the character, the strong as well as weak points, of the religion of Buddha. He has become the first historian

of Buddhism. He has not been carried away by a temptation which must have been great for one who is able to read in the past the lessons for the present or the future. He has not used Buddhism either as a bugbear or as a *beau idéal*. He is satisfied with stating in his preface that many lessons might be learned by modern philosophers from a study of Buddhism, but in the body of the work he never perverts the chair of the historian into the pulpit of the preacher.

“This book may offer one other advantage,” he writes, “and I regret to say that at present it may seem to come opportunely. It is the misfortune of our times that the same doctrines which form the foundation of Buddhism meet at the hands of some of our philosophers with a favor which they ill deserve. For some years we have seen systems arising in which metempsychosis and transmigration are highly spoken of, and attempts are made to explain the world and man without either a God or a Providence, exactly as Buddha did. A future life is refused to the yearnings of mankind, and the immortality of the soul is replaced by the immortality of works. God is dethroned, and in His place they substitute man, the only being, we are told, in which the Infinite becomes conscious of itself. These theories are recommended to us sometimes in the name of science, or of history, or philology, or even of metaphysics; and though they are neither new or very original, yet they can do much injury to feeble hearts. This is not the place to examine these theories, and their authors are both too learned and too sincere to deserve to be condemned summarily and without discussion. But it is well that they should know by the example, too little known, of Buddhism,

what becomes of man if he depends on himself alone, and if his meditations, misled by a pride of which he is hardly conscious, bring him to the precipice where Buddha was lost. I am well aware of all the differences, and I am not going to insult our contemporary philosophers by confounding them indiscriminately with Buddha, although addressing to both the same reproof. I acknowledge willingly all their additional merits, which are considerable. But systems of philosophy must always be judged by the conclusions to which they lead, whatever road they may follow in reaching them ; and their conclusions, though obtained by different means, are not therefore less objectionable. Buddha arrived at his conclusions 2,400 years ago. He proclaimed and practiced them with an energy which is not likely to be surpassed, even if it be equaled. He displayed a childlike intrepidity which no one can exceed, nor can it be supposed that any system in our days could again acquire so powerful an ascendancy over the souls of men. It would be useful, however, if the authors of these modern systems would just cast a glance at the theories and destinies of Buddhism. It is not philosophy in the sense in which we understand this great name, nor is it religion in the sense of ancient Paganism, of Christianity, or of Mohammedanism ; but it contains elements of all worked up into a perfectly independent doctrine which acknowledges nothing in the universe but man, and obstinately refuses to recognize anything else, though confounding man with nature in the midst of which he lives. Hence all those aberrations of Buddhism which ought to be a warning to others. Unfortunately, if people rarely profit by their own faults, they profit yet more rarely by the faults of others." (" Introduction," p. vii.)

But though M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire does not write history merely for the sake of those masked batteries which French writers have used with so much skill at all times, but more particularly during the late years of Imperial sway, it is clear, from the remarks just quoted, that our author is not satisfied with simply chronicling the dry facts of Buddhism, or turning into French the tedious discourses of its founder. His work is an animated sketch, giving too little rather than too much. It is just the book which was wanted to dispel the erroneous notions about Buddhism, which are still current among educated men, and to excite an interest which may lead those who are naturally frightened by the appalling proportions of Buddhist literature, and the uncouth sounds of Buddhist terminology, to a study of the quartos of Burnouf, Turnour, and others. To those who may wish for more detailed information on Buddhism, than could be given by M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, consistently with the plan of his work, we can strongly recommend the work of a German writer, "Die Religion des Buddha," von Köppen, Berlin, 1857. It is founded on the same materials as the French work, but being written by a scholar and for scholars, it enters on a more minute examination of all that has been said or written on Buddha and Buddhism. In a second volume the same learned and industrious student has lately published a history of Buddhism in Thibet.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's work is divided into three portions. The first contains an account of the origin of Buddhism, a life of Buddha, and an examination of Buddhist ethics and metaphysics. In the second he describes the state of Buddhism in India

in the seventh century of our era, from the materials supplied by the travels of Hiouen-Thsang. The third gives a description of Buddhism as actually existing in Ceylon, and as lately described by an eye witness, the Rev. Spence Hardy. We shall confine ourselves chiefly to the first part, which treats of the life and teaching of Buddha.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, following the example of Burnouf, Lassen, and Wilson, accepts the date of the Ceylonese era 543 B. C. as the date of Buddha's death. Though we cannot enter here into long chronological discussions, we must remark, that this date was clearly obtained by the Buddhists of Ceylon by calculation, not by historical tradition, and that it is easy to point out in that calculation a mistake of about seventy years. The more plausible date of Buddha's death is 477 B. C. For the purposes, however, which M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire had in view, this difference is of small importance. We know so little of the history of India during the sixth and fifth centuries B. C., that the stage on which he represents Buddha as preaching and teaching would have had very much the same background, the same costume and accessories, for the sixth as for the fifth century B. C.

In the life of Buddha, which extends from pp. 1 to 79, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire follows almost exclusively the "Lalita-Vistara." This is one of the most popular works of the Buddhists. It forms part of the Buddhist canon; and as we know of a translation into Chinese, which M. Stanislas Julien ascribes to the year 76 A. D., we may safely refer its original composition to an ante-Christian date. It has been published in San-

skrit by Babu Rajendralal Mittra; and we owe to M. Foucaux an edition of the same work in its Thibetan translation, the first Thibetan text printed in Europe. From specimens that we have seen, we should think it would be highly desirable to have an accurate translation of the Chinese text, such as M. Stanislas Julien alone is able to give us.<sup>1</sup> Few people, however, except scholars, would have the patience to read this work either in its English or French translation, as may be seen from the following specimen, containing the beginning of Babu Rajendralal Mittra's version: —

“Om! Salutation to all Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, Âryas, Srâvakas, and Pratyeka Buddhas of all times, past, present, and future; who are adored throughout the furthest limits of the ten quarters of the globe. Thus hath it been heard by me, that once on a time Bhagavat sojourned in the garden of Anâthapindada,

<sup>1</sup> The advantages to be derived from these Chinese translations have been pointed out by M. Stanislas Julien. The analytical structure of that language imparts to Chinese translations the character almost of a gloss; and though we need not follow implicitly the interpretations of the Sanskrit originals, adopted by the Chinese translators, still their antiquity would naturally impart to them a considerable value and interest. The following specimens were kindly communicated to me by M. Stanislas Julien: —

“Je ne sais si je vous ai communiqué autrefois les curieux passages qui suivent: On lit dans le Lotus français, p. 271, l. 14, C'est que c'est une chose difficile à rencontrer que la naissance d'un bouddha, aussi difficile à rencontrer que la fleur de l'Udumbara, que l'introduction du col d'une tortue dans l'ouverture d'un joug formé par le grand océan.

“Il y a en chinois: un bouddha est difficile à rencontrer, comme les fleurs Udumbara et Palâça; et en outre comme si une tortue borgne voulait rencontrer un trou dans un bois flottant (litt. le trou d'un bois flottant.)

“Lotus français, p. 39, l. 110 (les créatures), enchaînées par la concupiscence comme par la queue du Yak, perpétuellement aveuglées en ce monde par les désirs, elles ne cherchent pas le Buddha.

“Il y a en chinois. Profondément attachées aux cinq désirs — Elles aiment comme le Yak aime sa queue. Par la concupiscence et l'amour elles s'aveuglent elles-mêmes,” etc.

at *Getavana*, in *Srâvastî*, accompanied by a venerable body of 12,000 *Bhikshukas*. There likewise accompanied him 32,000 *Bodhisattvas*, all linked together by unity of caste, and perfect in the virtues of *pâramitâ*; who had made their command over *Bodhisattva* knowledge a pastime, were illumined with the light of *Bodhisattva dhâranîs*, and were masters of the *dhâranîs* themselves; who were profound in their meditations, all submissive to the lord of *Bodhisattvas*, and possessed absolute control over *samâdhi*; great in self-command, refulgent in *Bodhisattva* forbearance, and replete with the *Bodhisattva* element of perfection. Now then, *Bhagavat* arriving in the great city of *Srâvastî*, sojourned therein, respected, venerated, revered, and adored, by the fourfold congregation; by kings, princes, their counselors, prime ministers, and followers; by retinues of *kshatriyas*, *brâhmanas*, householders, and ministers; by citizens, foreigners, *srâmanas*, *brâhmanas*, recluses, and ascetics; and although regaled with all sorts of edibles and sauces, the best that could be prepared by purveyors, and supplied with cleanly mendicant apparel, begging pots, couches, and pain-asuaging medicaments, the benevolent lord, on whom had been showered the prime of gifts and applauses, remained unattached to them all, like water on a lotus leaf; and the report of his greatness as the venerable, the absolute Buddha, the learned and well-behaved, the god of happy exit, the great knower of worlds, the valiant, the all-controlling charioteer, the teacher of gods and men, the quinocular lord Buddha fully manifest spread far and wide in the world. And *Bhagavat*, having by his own power acquired all knowledge regarding this world and the next, comprising *devas*,

mâras, brâhmyas (followers of Brahmâ),  râmanas, and brâhmanas, as subjects, that is both gods and men, sojourned here, imparting instructions in the true religion, and expounding the principles of a brahma karyya, full and complete in its nature, holy in its import, pure and immaculate in its character, auspicious is its beginning, auspicious its middle, auspicious its end."

The whole work is written in a similar style, and where fact and legend, prose and poetry, sense and nonsense, are so mixed together, the plan adopted by M. Barth lemy Saint-Hilaire, of making two lives out of one, the one containing all that seems possible, the other what seems impossible, would naturally recommend itself. It is not a safe process, however, to distill history out of legend by simply straining the legendary through the sieve of physical possibility. Many things are possible, and may yet be the mere inventions of later writers; and many things which sound impossible have been reclaimed as historical, after removing from them the thin film of mythological phraseology. We believe that the only use which the historian can safely make of the "Lalita-Vistara," is to employ it, not as evidence of facts which actually happened, but in illustration of the popular belief prevalent at the time when it was committed to writing. Without therefore adopting the division of fact and fiction in the life of Buddha, as attempted by M. Barth lemy Saint-Hilaire, we yet believe that in order to avoid a repetition of childish absurdities, we shall best consult the interest of our readers if we follow his example, and give a short and rational abstract of the life of Buddha as handed down by tradition, and committed to writing not later than the first century B. C.

Buddha, or more correctly, the Buddha, — for Buddha is an appellative meaning Enlightened, — was born at Kapilavastu, the capital of a kingdom of the same name, situated at the foot of the mountains of Nepal, north of the present Oude. His father, the king of Kapilavastu, was of the family of the *Sākya*s, and belonged to the clan of the Gautamas. His mother was *Mâyâdêvi*, daughter of king *Suprabuddha*, and need we say that she was as beautiful as he was powerful and just? Buddha was therefore by birth of the *Kshatriya*, or warrior caste, and he took the name of *Sākya* from his family, and that of *Gautama* from his clan, claiming a kind of spiritual relationship with the honored race of *Gautama*. The name of Buddha, or the Buddha, dates from a later period of his life, and so probably does the name *Siddhârtha* (he whose objects have been accomplished), though we are told that it was given him in his childhood. His mother died seven days after his birth, and the father confided the child to the care of his deceased wife's sister, who, however, had been his wife even before the mother's death. The child grew up a most beautiful and most accomplished boy, who soon knew more than his masters could teach him. He refused to take part in the games of his playmates, and never felt so happy as when he could sit alone, lost in meditation, in the deep shadows of the forest. It was there that his father found him when he had thought him lost, and in order to prevent the young prince from becoming a dreamer, the king determined to marry him at once. When the subject was mentioned by the aged ministers to the future heir to the throne, he demanded seven days for reflection, and convinced at last that not even marriage

could disturb the calm of his mind, he allowed the ministers to look out for a princess. The princess selected was the beautiful Gopâ, the daughter of Dandapâni. Though her father objected at first to her marrying a young prince who was represented to him as deficient in manliness and intellect, he gladly gave his consent when he saw the royal suitor distancing all his rivals, both in feats of arms and power of mind. Their marriage proved one of the happiest, but the prince remained, as he had been before, absorbed in meditation on the problems of life and death. "Nothing is stable on earth," he used to say, "nothing is real. Life is like the spark produced by the friction of wood. It is lighted and is extinguished,— we know not whence it came or whither it goes. It is like the sound of a lyre, and the wise man asks in vain from whence it came and whither it goes. There must be some supreme intelligence where we could find rest. If I attained it, I could bring light to man ; if I were free myself, I could deliver the world." The king, who perceived the melancholy mood of the young prince, tried everything to divert him from his speculations : but all was in vain. Three of the most ordinary events that could happen to any man, proved of the utmost importance in the career of Buddha. We quote the description of these occurrences from M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire : —

"One day when the prince with a large retinue, was driving through the eastern gate of the city on the way to one of his parks, he met on the road an old man, broken and decrepit. One could see the veins and muscles over the whole of his body ; his teeth chattered, he was covered with wrinkles, bald, and hardly

able to utter hollow and unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick, and all his limbs and joints trembled. 'Who is that man?' said the prince to his coachman. 'He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth chatter, his body is wasted away; leaning on his stick he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?'

" 'Sir,' replied the coachman, 'that man is sinking under old age; his senses have become obtuse, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support and useless, and people have abandoned him, like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends, will come to the same state; this is the appointed end of all creatures.'

" 'Alas!' replied the prince, 'are creatures so ignorant, so weak and foolish, as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing the old age which awaits them! As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn my chariot quickly. What have I, the future prey of old age, — what have I to do with pleasure?' And the young prince returned to the city without going to his park.

" Another time the prince was driving through the southern gate to his pleasure garden, when he perceived on the road a man suffering from illness, parched with fever, his body wasted, covered with mud, without a friend, without a home, hardly able to breathe, and frightened at the sight of himself and the approach

of death. Having questioned his coachman, and received from him the answer which he expected, the young prince said, 'Alas! health is but the sport of a dream, and the fear of suffering must take this frightful form. Where is the wise man who, after having seen what he is, could any longer think of joy and pleasure?' The prince turned his chariot and returned to the city.

"A third time he was driving to his pleasure garden through the western gate, when he saw a dead body on the road, lying on a bier, and covered with a cloth. The friends stood about, crying, sobbing; tearing their hair, covering their heads with dust, striking their breasts, and uttering wild cries. The prince, again calling his coachman to witness this painful scene, exclaimed, 'O woe to youth, which must be destroyed by old age! Woe to health, which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life, where a man remains so short a time! If there were no old age, no disease, no death; if these could be made captive forever!' Then betraying for the first time his intentions, the young prince said, 'Let us turn back, I must think how to accomplish deliverance.'

"A last meeting put an end to his hesitation. He was driving through the northern gate on the way to his pleasure gardens, when he saw a mendicant who appeared outwardly calm, subdued, looking downwards, wearing with an air of dignity his religious vestment, and carrying an alms-bowl.

"'Who is this man?' asked the prince.

"'Sir,' replied the coachman, 'this man is one of those who are called *bnikshus*, or mendicants. He has

renounced all pleasures, all desires, and leads a life of austerity. He tries to conquer himself. He has become a devotee. Without passion, without envy, he walks about asking for alms.'

“ ‘This is good and well said,’ replied the prince. ‘The life of a devotee has always been praised by the wise. It will be my refuge, and the refuge of other creatures; it will lead us to a real life, to happiness and immortality.’

“ With these words the young prince turned his chariot and returned to the city.”

After having declared to his father and his wife his intention of retiring from the world, Buddha left his palace one night when all the guards that were to have watched him were asleep. After travelling the whole night, he gave his horse and his ornaments to his groom, and sent him back to Kapilavastu. “A monument,” remarks the author of the “*Lalita-Vistara*” (p. 270), “is still to be seen on the spot where the coachman turned back.” Hiouen-Thsang (II. 330) saw the same monument at the edge of a large forest, on his road to Kusinâgara, a city now in ruins, and situated about fifty miles E. S. E. from Gorakpur.<sup>1</sup>

Buddha first went to Vaisâlî, and became the pupil of a famous Brahman, who had gathered round him 300 disciples. Having learnt all that the Brahman could teach him, Buddha went away disappointed. He had not found the road to salvation. He then tried another Brahman at Râgagriha, the capital of Magadha

<sup>1</sup> The geography of India at the time of Buddha, and later at the time of Fabian and Hiouen-Thsang, has been admirably treated by M. L. Vivien de Saint-Martin, in his *Mémoire Analytique sur la Carte de l'Asie Centrale et de l'Inde*, in the third volume of M. Stanislas Julien's *Pèlerins Bouddhistes*.

or Behar, who had 700 disciples, and there too he looked in vain for the means of deliverance. He left him, followed by five of his fellow-students, and for six years retired into solitude, near a village named Uruvilva, subjecting himself to the most severe penances, previous to his appearing in the world as a teacher. At the end of this period, however, he arrived at the conviction that asceticism, far from giving peace of mind and preparing the way to salvation, was a snare and a stumbling-block in the way of truth. He gave up his exercises, and was at once deserted as an apostate by his five disciples. Left to himself, he now began to elaborate his own system. He had learnt that neither the doctrines nor the austerities of the Brahmans were of any avail for accomplishing the deliverance of man, and freeing him from the fear of old age, disease, and death. After long meditations and ecstatic visions, he at last imagined that he had arrived at that true knowledge which discloses the cause, and thereby destroys the fear, of all the changes inherent in life. It was from the moment when he arrived at this knowledge, that he claimed the name of Buddha, the Enlightened. At that moment we may truly say that the fate of millions of millions of human beings trembled in the balance. Buddha hesitated for a time whether he should keep his knowledge to himself, or communicate it to the world. Compassion for the sufferings of man prevailed, and the young prince became the founder of a religion which, after more than 2,000 years, is still professed by 455,000,000 of human beings.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Though truth is not settled by majorities, it would be interesting to know which religion counts at the present moment the largest numbers of

The further history of the new teacher is very simple. He proceeded to Benares, which at all times was the principal seat of learning in India, and the first converts he made were the five fellow-students who had left him when he threw off the yoke of the Brahmanical observances. Many others followed; but as the "Lalita-Vistara" breaks off at Buddha's arrival at Benares, we have no further consecutive account of the rapid progress of his doctrine. From what we can gather from scattered notices in the Buddhist canon, he was invited by the king of Magadha, Bimbisâra, to his capital, Râgagriha. Many of his lectures are represented as having been delivered at the monastery of Kalantaka, with which the king or some rich merchant had presented him; others on the Vulture Peak, one of the five hills that surrounded the ancient capital.

Three of his most famous disciples, Sâriputra, Kâtyâyana, and Maudgalyâyana, joined him during his stay in Magadha, where he enjoyed for many years the friendship of the king. That king was afterwards as-

believers. Berghaus, in his *Physical Atlas* gives the following division of the human race according to religion:—

Buddhists	. . . . .	31.2 per cent.
Christians	. . . . .	30.7 "
Mohammedans	. . . . .	15.7 "
Brahmanists	. . . . .	13.4 "
Heathens	. . . . .	8.7 "
Jews	. . . . .	0.3 "

As Berghaus does not distinguish the Buddhists in China from the followers of Confucius and Laotse, the first place on the scale belongs really to Christianity. It is difficult in China to say to what religion a man belongs, as the same person may profess two or three. The emperor himself, after sacrificing according to the ritual of Confucius, visits a Tao-ssé temple, and afterwards bows before an image of Fo in a Buddhist chapel. *Mélanges Asiatiques de St. Pétersbourg*, vol. ii. p. 374.

sassinated by his son, *Agâtasatru*, and then we hear of Buddha as settled for a time at *Srâvastî*, north of the Ganges, where *Anâthapindada*, a rich merchant, had offered him and his disciples a magnificent building for their residence. Most of Buddha's lectures or sermons were delivered at *Srâvastî*, the capital of Kosala; and the king of Kosala himself, *Prasênagit*, became a convert to his doctrine. After an absence of twelve years we are told that Buddha visited his father at *Kapilavastu*, on which occasion he performed several miracles, and converted all the *Sâkyas* to his faith. His own wife became one of his followers, and, with his aunt, offers the first instance of female Buddhist devotees in India. We have fuller particulars again of the last days of Buddha's life. He had attained the good age of three-score and ten, and had been on a visit to *Râgagriha*, where the king, *Agâtasatru*, the former enemy of Buddha, and the assassin of his own father, had joined the congregation, after making a public confession of his crimes. On his return he was followed by a large number of disciples, and when on the point of crossing the Ganges, he stood on a square stone, and turning his eyes back towards *Râgagriha*, he said, full of emotion, "This is the last time that I see that city." He likewise visited *Vaisâlî*, and after taking leave of it, he had nearly reached the city of *Kusinâgara*, when his vital strength began to fail. He halted in a forest, and while sitting under a *sâl* tree, he gave up the ghost, or, as a Buddhist would say, entered into *Nirvâna*.

This is the simple story of Buddha's life. It reads much better in the eloquent pages of *M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire*, than in the turgid language of the Bud

dhists. If a critical historian, with the materials we possess, entered at all on the process of separating truth from falsehood, he would probably cut off much of what our biographer has left. Professor Wilson, in his *Essay on Buddha and Buddhism*, considers it doubtful whether any such person as Buddha ever actually existed. He dwells on the fact that there are at least twenty different dates assigned to his birth, varying from 2420 to 453 B. C. He points out that the clan of the *Sâkyas* is never mentioned by early Hindu writers, and he lays much stress on the fact that most of the proper names of the persons connected with Buddha suggest an allegorical signification. The name of his father means, he whose food is pure; that of his mother signifies illusion; his own secular appellation, *Siddhârtha*, he by whom the end is accomplished. Buddha itself means, the Enlightened, or, as Professor Wilson translates it less accurately, he by whom all is known. The same distinguished scholar goes even further, and maintaining that *Kapilavastu*, the birthplace of Buddha, has no place in the geography of the Hindus, suggests that it may be rendered, the substance of *Kapila*; intimating, in fact, the *Sânkhya* philosophy, the doctrine of *Kapila Muni*, upon which the fundamental elements of Buddhism, the eternity of matter, the principles of things, and the final extinction, are supposed to be planned. "It seems not impossible," he continues, "that *Sâkyas* Muni is an unreal being, and that all that is related of him is as much a fiction, as is that of his preceding migrations, and the miracles that attended his birth, his life, and his departure." This is going far beyond *Niebuhr*, far even beyond *Strauss*. If an allegorica.

name had been invented for the father of Buddha, one more appropriate than "Clean-food" might surely have been found. His mother is not the only queen known by the name of "Mâyâ," "Mâyâdêvî," or "Mâyâvatî." Why, if these names were invented, should his wife have been allowed to keep the prosaic name of "Gopâ" (cowherdess), and his father-in-law, that of "Dandapâni," "Stick-hand?" As to his own name, "Siddhârtha," the Thibetans maintain that it was given him by his parent, whose wish (ârtha) had been fulfilled (siddha), as we hear of "Désirés" and "Dieudonnés" in French. One of the ministers of Dasârtha had the same name. It is possible also that Buddha himself assumed it in after life, as was the case with many of the Roman surnames. As to the name of Buddha, no one ever maintained that it was more than a title, "the Enlightened," changed from an appellative into a proper name, just like the name of "Christos, the Anointed," or "Mohammed, the Expected."<sup>1</sup> "Kapilavastu" would be a most extraordinary compound to express "the substance of the Sânkhya philosophy." But all doubt on the subject is removed by the fact that both Fahian in the fifth, and Hiouen-Thsang in the seventh centuries visited the real ruins of that city.

Making every possible allowance for the accumulation of fiction which is sure to gather round the life of the founder of every great religion, we may be satisfied that Buddhism, which changed the aspect, not only of India, but of nearly the whole of Asia, had a real founder; that he was not a Brahman by birth, but belonged to the second or royal caste; that being of a

<sup>1</sup> See Sprenger, *Das Leben des Mohammed*, 1861, vol. i. p. 155.

meditative turn of mind, and deeply impressed with the frailty of all created things, he became a recluse, and sought for light and comfort in the different systems of Brâhman philosophy and theology. Dissatisfied with the artificial systems of their priests and philosophers, convinced of the uselessness, nay of the pernicious influence, of their ceremonial practices and bodily penances, shocked, too, by their worldliness and pharisaical conceit, which made the priesthood the exclusive property of one caste, and rendered every sincere approach of man to his Creator impossible without their intervention, Buddha must have produced at once a powerful impression on the people at large, when breaking through all the established rules of caste, he assumed the privileges of a Brahman, and throwing away the splendor of his royal position, travelled about as a beggar, not shrinking from the defiling contact of sinners and publicans. Though when we now speak of Buddhism, we think chiefly of its doctrines, the reform of Buddha had originally much more of a social than of a religious character. Buddha swept away the web with which the Brahmans had encircled the whole of India. Beginning as the destroyer of an old, he became the founder of a new religion. We can hardly understand how any nation could have lived under a system like that of the Brahmanic hierarchy, which coiled itself round every public and private act, and would have rendered life intolerable to any who had forfeited the favor of the priests. That system was attacked by Buddha. Buddha might have taught whatever philosophy he pleased, and we should hardly have heard his name. The people would not have minded him, and his system would only have been a

drop in the ocean of philosophical speculation, by which India was deluged at all times. But when a young prince assembled round him people of all castes, of all ranks ; when he defeated the Brahmans in public disputations ; when he declared the sacrifices by which they made their living not only useless but sinful ; when, instead of severe penance or excommunications inflicted by the Brahmans sometimes for the most trifling offenses, he only required public confession of sin and a promise to sin no more ; when the charitable gifts hitherto monopolized by the Brahmans began to flow into new channels, supporting hundreds and thousands of Buddhist mendicants, more had been achieved than probably Buddha himself had ever dreamt of ; and he whose meditations had been how to deliver the soul of man from misery and the fear of death, had delivered the people of India from a degrading thralldom and from priestly tyranny.

The most important element of the Buddhist reform has always been its social and moral code, not its metaphysical theories. That moral code, taken by itself, is one of the most perfect which the world has ever known. On this point all testimonies from hostile and from friendly quarters agree. Spence Hardy, a Wesleyan missionary, speaking of the "Dhamma Padam," or the "Footsteps of the Law," admits that a collection might be made from the precepts of this work, which in the purity of its ethics could hardly be equaled from any other heathen author. M. Laboulaye, one of the most distinguished members of the French Academy, remarks in the "Débats" of the 4th of April, 1853 : "It is difficult to comprehend how men not assisted by revelation could have soared so high, and approached

so near to the truth." Besides the five great commandments not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to lie, not to get drunk, every shade of vice, hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greediness, gossiping, cruelty to animals, is guarded against by special precepts. Among the virtues recommended, we find not only reverence of parents, care for children, submission to authority, gratitude, moderation in time of prosperity, submission in time of trial, equanimity at all times, but virtues unknown in any heathen system of morality, such as the duty of forgiving insults and not rewarding evil with evil. All virtues, we are told, spring from Maitrî, and this Maitrî can only be translated by charity and love. "I do not hesitate," says Burnouf,<sup>1</sup> "to translate by charity the word 'Maitrî;' it does not express friendship or the feeling of particular affection which a man has for one or more of his fellow-creatures, but that universal feeling which inspires us with good-will towards all men and constant willingness to help them." We add one more testimony from the work of M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire :—

"Je n'hésite pas à ajouter," he writes, "que, sauf le Christ tout seul, il n'est point, parmi les fondateurs de religion, de figure plus pure ni plus touchante que celle du Bouddha. Sa vie n'a point de tâche. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction; et si la théorie qu'il préconise est fautive, les exemples personnels qu'il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu'il prêche; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur, ne se démentent point un seul instant; il abandonne à vingt-neuf ans la cour

<sup>1</sup> Burnouf, *Lotus de la bonne Loi*, p. 300.

du roi son père pour se faire religieux et mendiant ; il prépare silencieusement sa doctrine par six années de retraite et de méditation ; il la propage par la seule puissance de la parole et de la persuasion, pendant plus d'un demi-siècle ; et quand il meurt entre les bras de ses disciples, c'est avec la sérénité d'un sage qui a pratiqué le bien toute sa vie, et qui est assuré d'avoir trouvé le vrai." (Page v.)

There still remain, no doubt, some blurred and doubtful pages in the history of the prince of Kapilavastu ; but we have only to look at the works on ancient philosophy and religion published some thirty years ago, in order to perceive the immense progress that has been made in establishing the true historical character of the founder of Buddhism. There was a time when Buddha was identified with Christ. The Manichæans were actually forced to adjure their belief that Buddha, Christ, and Mani were one and the same person.<sup>1</sup> But we are thinking rather of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when elaborate books were written, in order to prove that Buddha had been in reality the Thoth of the Egyptians, that he was Mercury, or Wodan, or Zoroaster, or Pythagoras. Even Sir W. Jones, as we saw, identified Buddha, first with Odin, and afterwards with Shishak, "who either in person or by a colony from Egypt imported into India the mild heresy of the ancient Bauddhas." Now we know that neither Egypt nor the Walhalla of Germany, neither Greece nor Persia, could have produced either the man himself or his doctrine. He is the offspring of India in mind and soul. His doctrine, by the very antago-

<sup>1</sup> Neander, *History of the Church*, vol. i. p. 817: Τὸν Ζαραδάν καὶ Βουδάν καὶ τὸν Χριστὸν καὶ τὸν Μανιχαῖον ἕνα καὶ τὸν αὐτὸν εἶναι.

nism in which it stands to the old system of Brahmanism, shows that it could not have sprung up in any country except India. The ancient history of Brahmanism leads on to Buddhism, with the same necessity with which mediæval Romanism led to Protestantism. Though the date of Buddha is still liable to small chronological oscillations, his place in the intellectual annals of India is henceforth definitely marked: Buddhism became the state religion of India at the time of Asoka; and Asoka, the Buddhist Constantine, was the grandson of Kāndragupta, the contemporary of Seleucus Nicator. The system of the Brahmans had run its course. Their ascendancy, at first purely intellectual and religious, had gradually assumed a political character. By means of the system of caste this influence pervaded the whole social fabric, not as a vivifying leaven, but as a deadly poison. Their increasing power and self-confidence are clearly exhibited in the successive periods of their ancient literature. It begins with the simple hymns of the Veda. These are followed by the tracts, known by the name of Brâhmanas, in which a complete system of theology is elaborated and claims advanced in favor of the Brahmans, such as were seldom conceded to any hierarchy. The third period in the history of their ancient literature is marked by their Sûtras or Aphorisms, curt and dry formularies, showing the Brahmans in secure possession of all their claims. Such privileges as they then enjoyed are never enjoyed for any length of time. It was impossible for anybody to move or to assert his freedom of thought and action without finding himself impeded on all sides by the web of the Brahmanic law; nor was there anything in their relig-

ion to satisfy the natural yearnings of the human heart after spiritual comfort. What was felt by Buddha, had been felt more or less intensely by thousands; and this was the secret of his success. That success was accelerated, however, by political events. *Kandragupta* had conquered the throne of Magadha, and acquired his supremacy in India in defiance of the Brahmanic law. He was of low origin, a mere adventurer, and by his accession to the throne an important mesh had been broken in the intricate system of caste. Neither he nor his successors could count on the support of the Brahmans, and it is but natural that his grandson, *Asoka*, should have been driven to seek support from the sect founded by Buddha. Buddha, by giving up his royal station, had broken the law of caste as much as *Kandragupta* by usurping it. His school, though it had probably escaped open persecution until it rose to political importance, could never have been on friendly terms with the Brahmans of the old school. The *parvenu* on the throne saw his natural allies in the followers of Buddha, and the mendicants, who by their unostentatious behavior had won golden opinions among the lower and middle classes, were suddenly raised to an importance little dreamt of by their founder. Those who see in Buddhism, not a social but chiefly a religious and philosophical reform, have been deceived by the later Buddhist literature, and particularly by the controversies between Buddhists and Brahmans, which in later times led to the total expulsion of the former from India, and to the political reestablishment of Brahmanism. These, no doubt, turn chiefly on philosophical problems, and are of the most abstruse and intricate

character. But such was not the teaching of **Buddha**. If we may judge from "the four verities," which Buddha inculcated from the first day that he entered on his career as a teacher, his philosophy of life was very simple. He proclaims that there was nothing but sorrow in life ; that sorrow is produced by our affections, that our affections must be destroyed in order to destroy the root of sorrow, and that he could teach mankind how to eradicate all the affections, all passions, all desires. Such doctrines were intelligible ; and considering that Buddha received people of all castes, who, after renouncing the world and assuming their yellow robes, were sure of finding a livelihood from the charitable gifts of the people, it is not surprising that the number of his followers should have grown so rapidly. If Buddha really taught the metaphysical doctrines which are ascribed to him by subsequent writers — and this is a point which it is impossible to settle — not one in a thousand among his followers would have been capable of appreciating those speculations. They must have been reserved for a few of his disciples, and they would never have formed the nucleus for a popular religion.

Nearly all who have written on Buddhism, and M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire among the rest, have endeavored to show that these metaphysical doctrines of Buddha were borrowed from the earlier systems of Brahmanic philosophy, and more particularly from the Sâmkhya system. The reputed founder of that system is Kapila ; and we saw before how Professor Wilson actually changed the name of Kapilavastu, the birthplace of Buddha, into a mere allegory, — "Kapilavastu" meaning, according to him, the substance of Kapila or

of the Sâṅkhya philosophy. This is not all. Mr. Spence Hardy (p. 132) quotes a legend in which it is said that Buddha was in a former existence the ascetic Kapila; that the Sâkyā princes came to his hermitage, and that he pointed out to them the proper place for founding a new city, which city was named after him Kapilavastu. But we have looked in vain for any definite similarities between the system of Kapila, as known to us in the Sâṅkhya-sûtras, and the Abhidharma, or the metaphysics of the Buddhists. Such similarities would be invaluable. They would probably enable us to decide whether Buddha borrowed from Kapila or Kapila from Buddha, and thus determine the real chronology of the philosophical literature of India, as either prior or subsequent to the Buddhist era. There are certain notions which Buddha shares in common not only with Kapila, but with every Hindu philosopher. The idea of transmigration; the belief in the continuing effects of our good and bad actions, extending from our former to our present and from our present to our future lives; the sense that life is a dream or a burden; the admission of the uselessness of religious observances after the attainment of the highest knowledge, — all these belong, so to say, to the national philosophy of India. We meet with these ideas everywhere, in the poetry, the philosophy, the religion of the Hindus. They cannot be claimed as the exclusive property of any system in particular. But if we look for more special coincidences between Buddha's doctrines and those of Kapila or other Indian philosophers, we look in vain. At first it might seem as if the very first aphorism of Kapila, namely, "the complete cessation of pain, which is of three kinds, is the highest aim of

man," was merely a philosophical paraphrase of the events which, as we saw, determined Buddha to renounce the world in search of the true road to salvation. But though the starting-point of Kapila and Buddha is the same, a keen sense of human misery and a yearning after a better state, their roads diverge so completely and their goals are so far apart, that it is difficult to understand how, almost by common consent, Buddha is supposed either to have followed in the footsteps of Kapila, or to have changed Kapila's philosophy into a religion. Some scholars imagine that there was a more simple and primitive philosophy, which was taught by Kapila, and that the Sûtras which are now ascribed to him are of later date. It is impossible either to prove or to disprove such a view. At present we know Kapila's philosophy from his Sûtras only,<sup>1</sup> and these Sûtras seem to us posterior, not anterior, to Buddha. Though the name of Buddha is not mentioned in the Sûtras, his doctrines are clearly alluded to and controverted in several parts of them.

It has been said that Buddha and Kapila were both atheists, and that Buddha borrowed his atheism from Kapila. But atheism is an indefinite term, and may mean very different things. In one sense every Indian philosopher was an atheist, for they all perceived that the gods of the populace could not claim the attributes that belong to a Supreme Being. But all the important philosophical systems of the Brahmans admit, in some form or other, the existence of an Absolute and

<sup>1</sup> Of Kapila's Sûtras, together with the commentary of Vigñāna Bhikshu, a new edition was published in 1856, by Dr. Fitz-Edward Hall, in the *Bibliotheca Indica*. An excellent translation of the Aphorisms, with illustrative extracts from the commentaries, was printed for the use of the Benares College, by Dr. Ballantyne.

Supreme Being, the source of all that exists, or seems to exist. Kapila, when accused of atheism, is not accused of denying the existence of an Absolute Being. He is accused of denying the existence of Îsvara, which in general means the Lord, but which, in the passage where it occurs, refers to the Îsvara of the Yogins, or mystic philosophers. They maintained that in an ecstatic state man possesses the power of seeing God face to face, and they wished to have this ecstatic intuition included under the head of sensuous perceptions. To this Kapila demurred. "You have not proved the existence of your Lord," he says, "and therefore I see no reason why I should alter my definition, of sensuous preception in order to accommodate your ecstatic visions." The commentator narrates that this strong language was used by Kapila in order to silence the wild talk of the Mystics, and that, though he taunted his adversaries with having failed to prove the existence of their Lord, he himself did not deny the existence of a Supreme Being. Kapila, however, went further. He endeavored to show that all the attributes which the Mystics ascribed to their Lord are inappropriate. He used arguments very similar to those which have lately been used with such ability by a distinguished Bampton Lecturer. The supreme lord of the Mystics, Kapila argued, is either absolute and unconditioned ("mukta"), or he is bound and conditioned ("baddha"). If he is absolute and unconditioned, he cannot enter into the condition of a Creator; he would have no desires which could instigate him to create. If, on the contrary, he is represented as active, and entering on the work of creation, he would no longer be the absolute and unchangeable

Being which we are asked to believe in. Kapila, like the preacher of our own days, was accused of paving the road to atheism, but his philosophy was nevertheless admitted as orthodox, because, in addition to sensuous perception and inductive reasoning, Kapila professed emphatically his belief in revelation, *i. e.* in the Veda, and allowed to it a place among the recognized instruments of knowledge. Buddha refused to allow to the Vedas any independent authority whatever, and this constituted the fundamental difference between the two philosophers.

Whether Kapila's philosophy was really in accordance with the spirit of the Veda, is quite a different question. No philosophy, at least nothing like a definite system, is to be found in the sacred hymns of the Brahmans; and though the Vedânta philosophy does less violence to the passages which it quotes from the Veda, the authors of the Veda would have been as much surprised at the consequences deduced from their words by the Vedântin, as by the strange meaning attributed to them by Kapila. The Vedânta philosopher, like Kapila, would deny the existence of a Creator in the usual sense of the word. He explained the universe as an emanation from Brahman, which is all in all. Kapila admitted two principles, an absolute Spirit and Nature, and he looked upon the universe as produced by a reflection of Nature thrown on the mirror of the absolute Spirit. Both systems seem to regard creation, or the created world, as a misfortune, as an unfortunate accident. But they maintain that its effects can be neutralized, and that emancipation from the bonds of earthly existence is possible by means of philosophy. The Vedânta philosopher imagines he is

free when he has arrived at the knowledge that nothing exists but Brahman ; that all phenomena are merely the result of ignorance ; that after the destruction of that ignorance, and of its effects, all is merged again in Brahman, the true source of being, thought, and happiness. Kapila taught that the spirit became free from all mundane fetters as soon as it perceived that all phenomena were only passing reflections produced by nature upon the spirit, and as soon as it was able to shut its eyes to those illusory visions. Both systems, therefore, and the same applies to all the other philosophical systems of the Brahmans, admitted an absolute or self-existing Being as the cause of all that exists or seems to exist. And here lies the specific difference between Kapila and Buddha. Buddha, like Kapila, maintained that this world had no absolute reality ; that it was a snare and an illusion. The words, " All is perishable, all is miserable, all is void," must frequently have passed his lips. But we cannot call things unreal unless we have a conception of something that is real. Where, then, did Buddha find a reality in comparison with which this world might be called unreal ? What remedy did he propose as an emancipation from the sufferings of this life ? Difficult as it seems to us to conceive it, Buddha admits of no real cause of this unreal world. He denies the existence not only of a Creator, but of any Absolute Being. According to the metaphysical tenets, if not of Buddha himself, at least of his sect, there is no reality anywhere, neither in the past nor in the future. True wisdom consists in perceiving the nothingness of all things, and in a desire to become nothing, to be blown out, to enter into Nirvâna. Emancipation is obtained by total extinction, not by

absorption in Brahman, or by a recovery of the soul's true estate. If to be is misery, not to be must be felicity, and this felicity is the highest reward which Buddha promised to his disciples. In reading the Aphorisms of Kapila, it is difficult not to see in his remarks on those who maintain that all is void, covert attacks on Buddha and his followers. In one place (I. 43) Kapila argues that if people believed in the reality of thought only, and denied the reality of external objects, they would soon be driven to admit that nothing at all exists, because we perceive our thoughts in the same manner as we perceive external objects. This naturally leads him to an examination of that extreme doctrine, according to which all that we perceive is void, and all is supposed to perish, because it is the nature of things that they should perish. Kapila remarks in reference to this view (I. 45), that it is a mere assertion of persons who are "not enlightened," in Sanskrit "a-buddha," a sarcastic expression in which it is very difficult not to see an allusion to Buddha, or to those who claimed for him the title of "the Enlightened." Kapila then proceeds to give the best answer that could be given to those who taught that complete annihilation must be the highest aim of man, as the only means of a complete cessation of suffering. "It is not so," he says; "for if people wish to be free from suffering, it is they themselves who wish to be free, just as in this life it is they themselves who wish to enjoy happiness. There must be a permanent soul in order to satisfy the yearnings of the human heart, and if you deny that soul, you have no right to speak of the highest aim of man."

Whether the belief in this kind of Nirvâna *i. e.* in a

total extinction of being, personality, and consciousness, was at any time shared by the large masses of the people, is difficult either to assert or deny. We know nothing in ancient times of the religious convictions of the millions. We only know what a few leading spirits believed, or professed to believe. That certain individuals should have spoken and written of total extinction as the highest aim of man, is intelligible. Job cursed the day on which he was born, and Solomon praised the "dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive." "Yea, better is he than both they," he said, "which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun." Voltaire said in his own flippant way, "On aime la vie, mais le néant ne laisse pas d'avoir du bon ;" and a modern German philosopher, who has found much favor with those who profess to despise Kant, Schelling, and Hegel, writes, "Considered in its objective value, it is more than doubtful that life is preferable to the Nothing. I should say even, that if experience and reflection could lift up their voices they would recommend to us the Nothing. We are what ought not to be, and we shall therefore cease to be." Under peculiar circumstances, in the agonies of despair, or under the gathering clouds of madness, such language is intelligible ; but to believe, as we are asked to believe, that one half of mankind had yearned for total annihilation, would be tantamount to a belief that there is a difference in kind between man and man. Buddhist philosophers, no doubt, held this doctrine, and it cannot be denied that it found a place in the Buddhist canon. But even among the different schools of Buddhist philosophers, very different views are adopted as

to the true meaning of "Nirvâna;" and with the modern Buddhists of Burmah, "Nigban," as they call it, is defined simply as freedom from old age, disease, and death. We do not find fault with M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire for having so emphatically pressed the charge of nihilism against Buddha himself. In one portion of the Buddhist canon the most extreme views of nihilism are put into his mouth. All we can say is that that canon is later than Buddha, and that in the same canon <sup>1</sup> the founder of Buddhism, after having entered into Nirvâna is still spoken of as living, nay, as showing himself to those who believe in him. Buddha, who denied the existence, or at least the divine nature of the gods worshipped by the Brahmans, was raised himself to the rank of a deity by some of his followers <sup>2</sup> (the Aisvarikas), and we need not wonder, therefore, if his Nirvâna too was gradually changed into an Elysian field. And finally, if we may argue from human nature, such as we find it at all times and in all countries, we confess that we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the reformer of India, the teacher of so perfect a code of morality, the young prince who gave up all he had in order to help those whom he saw afflicted in mind, body, or estate, should have cared much about speculations which he knew would either be misunderstood, or not understood at all, by those whom he wished to benefit; that he should have thrown away one of the most powerful weapons

<sup>1</sup> *L'enfant égaré*, par Ph. Ed. Foucaux, p. 19.

<sup>2</sup> How early this took place, we see from Clemens of Alexandria, *Strom.* I. p. 305, A. B. (ed. Colon. 1688); *Megasthenis Indica*, ed. Schwanbeck, p. 139, εἰσὶ δὲ τῶν Ἰνδῶν οἱ τοῖς Βουττα (σὶνε Βουτα) πειθομενοι παραγγέλμασιν, ὅτι δι' ὑπερβολὴν σεμνότητος ὡς θεὸν τιμήκασι.

in the hands of every religious teacher, — the belief in a future life ; and should not have seen, that if this life was sooner or later to end in nothing, it was hardly worth the trouble which he took himself, or the sacrifices which he imposed on his disciples.

*April, 1862*

## X.

### BUDDHIST PILGRIMS.<sup>1</sup>

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M. STANISLAS JULIEN has commenced the publication of a work entitled, "Voyages des Pèlerins Bouddhistes." The first volume, published in the year 1853, contains the biography of Hiouen-thsang, who, in the middle of the seventh century A. D., travelled from China through Central Asia to India. The second, which has just reached us, gives us the first portion of Hiouen-thsang's own diary.

There are not many books of travel which can be compared to these volumes. Hiouen-thsang passed through countries which few had visited before him. He describes parts of the world which no one has explored since, and where even our modern maps contain hardly more than the ingenious conjectures of Alexander von Humboldt. His observations are minute; his geographical, statistical, and historical remarks most accurate and trustworthy. The chief object of his travels was to study the religion of Buddha, the great reformer of India. Some Chinese pilgrims visited India before, several after, his time. Hiouen-thsang,

<sup>1</sup> *Voyages des Pèlerins Bouddhistes.* Vol I. *Histoire de la Vie de Hiouen-thsang, et de ses Voyages dans l'Inde, depuis l'an 629 jusqu'en 645, par Hoeïï et Yen-thsang; traduite du Chinois par Stanislas Julien.* Vol. II. *Mémoires sur les Contrées Occidentales, traduits du Sanscrit en Chinois, en l'an 648, par Hiouen-thsang, et du Chinois en Français, par Stanislas Julien.* Paris 1853-1857: B. Duprat. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

however, is considered by the Chinese themselves as the most distinguished of these pilgrims, and M. Stanislas Julien has rightly assigned to him the first place in his collection.

In order to understand what Hiouen-thsang was, and to appreciate his life and his labors, we must first cast a glance at the history of a religion which, however unattractive and even mischievous it may appear to ourselves, inspired her votary with the true spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice. That religion has now existed for 2,400 years. To millions and millions of human beings it has been the only preparation for a higher life placed within their reach. And even at the present day it counts in Asia a more numerous array of believers than any other faith, not excluding Mohammedanism or Christianity. The religion of Buddha took its origin in India about the middle of the sixth century B. C., but it did not assume its political importance till about the time of Alexander's invasion. We know little, therefore, of its first origin and spreading, because the canonical works on which we must chiefly rely for information belong to a much later period, and are strongly tinged with a legendary character. The very existence of such a being as Buddha, the son of Suddhodana, king of Kapilavastu, has been doubted. But what can never be doubted is this, that Buddhism, such as we find it in Russia<sup>1</sup> and Sweden,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See W. Spottiswoode's *Tarantasse Journey*, p. 220, "Visit to the Buddhist Temple."

<sup>2</sup> The only trace of the influence of Buddhism among the Kудic races, the Fins, Laps, etc., is found in the name of their priests and sorcerers, the Shamans. "Shaman" is supposed to be a corruption of "Sramana," a name applied to Buddha, and to Buddhist priests in general. The ancient mythological religion of the Kудic races has nothing in common with Buddhism. See Castren's *Lectures on Finnish Mythology*, 1853. Finland

on the very threshold of European civilization, in the north of Asia, in Mongolia, Tartary, China, Thibet, Nepal, Siam, Burmah, and Ceylon, had its origin in India. Doctrines similar to those of Buddha existed in that country long before his time. We can trace them like meandering roots below the surface long before we reach the point where the roots strike up into a stem, and the stem branches off again into fruit-bearing branches. What was original and new in Buddha was his changing a philosophical system into a practical doctrine; his taking the wisdom of the few, and coining as much of it as he thought genuine for the benefit of the many; his breaking with the traditional formalities of the past, and proclaiming for the first time, in spite of castes and creeds, the equality of the rich and the poor, the foolish and the wise, the "twice-born" and the outcast. Buddhism, as a religion and as a political fact, was a reaction against Brahmanism, though it retained much of that more primitive form of faith and worship. Buddhism, in its historical growth, presupposes Brahmanism, and, however hostile the mutual relation of these two religions may have been at different periods of Indian history, it can be shown, without much difficulty, that the latter was but a natural consequence of the former.

The ancient religion of the Aryan inhabitants of India had started, like the religion of the Greeks, the

was ceded by Sweden to Russia in 1809. See the Author's *Survey of Languages*, second edition, p. 116. Shamanism found its way from India to Siberia *via* Thibet, China, and Mongolia. Rules on the formation of magic figures, on the treatment of diseases by charms, on the worship of evil spirits, on the acquisition of supernatural powers, on charms, incantations, and other branches of Shaman witchcraft, are found in the Stan-gyour, or the second part of the Thibetan canon, and in some of the late Tantras of the Nepalese collection.

Romans, the Germans, Slaves, and Celts, with a simple and intelligible mythological phraseology. In the Veda — for there is but one real Veda — the names of all the so-called gods or Devas betray their original physical character and meaning without disguise. The fire was praised and invoked by the name of “Agni” (*ignis*); the earth by the name of “Prithvî” (the broad); the sky by the name of “Dyu” (Jupiter), and afterwards of “Indra;” the firmament and the waters by the name of “Varuna,” or *Oûparós*. The sun was invoked by many names, such as “Sûrya,” “Savitri,” “Vishnu,” or “Mitra;” and the dawn rejoiced in such titles as “Ushas,” “Urvasî,” “Ahanâ,” and “Sûryâ.” Nor was the moon forgotten. For though it is mentioned but rarely under its usual name of “Kandra,” it is alluded to under the more sacred appellation of “Soma;” and each of its four phases had received its own denomination. There is hardly any part of nature, if it could impress the human mind in any way with the ideas of a higher power, of order, eternity, or beneficence, — whether the winds, or the rivers, or the trees, or the mountains, — without a name and representative in the early Hindu Pantheon. No doubt there existed in the human mind, from the very beginning, something, whether we call it a suspicion, an innate idea, an intuition, or a sense of the Divine. What distinguishes man from the rest of the animal creation is chiefly that ineradicable feeling of dependence and reliance upon some higher power, a consciousness of bondage, from which the very name of “religion” was derived. “It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.” The presence of that power was felt everywhere, and nowhere more clearly

and strongly than in the rising and setting of the sun, in the change of day and night, of spring and winter, of birth and death. But, although the Divine presence was felt everywhere, it was impossible in that early period of thought, and with a language incapable as yet of expressing anything but material objects, to conceive the idea of God in its purity and fullness, or to assign to it an adequate and worthy expression. Children cannot think the thoughts of men, and the poets of the Veda could not speak the language of Aristotle. It was by a slow process that the human mind elaborated the idea of one absolute and supreme Godhead; and by a still slower process that the human language matured a word to express that idea. A period of growth was inevitable, and those who, from a mere guess of their own, do not hesitate to speak authoritatively of a primeval revelation, which imparted to the Pagan world the idea of the Godhead in all its purity, forget that, however pure and sublime and spiritual that revelation might have been, there was no language capable as yet of expressing the high and immaterial conceptions of that Heaven-sent message. The real history of religion, during the earliest mythological period, represents to us a slow process of fermentation in thought and language, with its various interruptions, its overflowings, its coolings, its deposits, and its gradual clearing from all extraneous and foreign admixture. This is not only the case among the Indo-European or Aryan races in India, in Greece, and in Germany. In Peru, and wherever the primitive formations of the intellectual world crop out, the process is exactly the same. "The religion of the sun," as it has been boldly said by the author of the "Spanish

Conquest in America," "was inevitable." It was like a deep furrow which that heavenly luminary drew, in its silent procession from east to west, over the virgin mind of the gazing multitude; and in the impression left there by the first rising and setting of the sun, there lay the dark seed of a faith in a more than human being, the first intimation of a life without beginning, of a world without end. Manifold seed fell afterwards into the soil once broken. Something divine was discovered in everything that moved and lived. Names were stammered forth in anxious haste, and no single name could fully express what lay hidden in the human mind and wanted expression — the idea of an absolute, and perfect, and supreme, and immortal Essence. Thus a countless host of nominal gods was called into being, and for a time seemed to satisfy the wants of a thoughtless multitude. But there were thoughtful men at all times, and their reason protested against the contradictions of a mythological phraseology, though it had been hallowed by sacred customs and traditions. That rebellious reason had been at work from the very first, always ready to break the yoke of names and formulas which no longer expressed what they were intended to express. The idea which had yearned for utterance was the idea of a supreme and absolute Power, and that yearning was not satisfied by such names as "Kronos," "Zeus," and "Apollon." The very sound of such a word as "God," used in the plural, jarred on the ear, as if we were to speak of two universes, or of a single twin. There are many words, as Greek and Latin grammarians tell us, which, if used in the plural, have a different meaning from what they have in the singular. The Latin "ædes"

means a temple; if used in the plural it means a house. "Deus" and θεός ought to be added to the same class of words. The idea of supreme perfection excluded limitation, and the idea of God excluded the possibility of many gods. This may seem language too abstract and metaphysical for the early times of which we are speaking. But the ancient poets of the Vedic hymns have expressed the same thought with perfect clearness and simplicity. In the Rig-veda (I. 164, 46) we read:—

"That which is one the sages speak of in many ways — they call it 'Agni,' 'Yama,' 'Mâtarisvan.'"

Besides the plurality of gods, which was sure to lead to their destruction, there was a taint of mortality which they could not throw off. They all derived their being from the life of nature. The god who represented the sun was liable, in the mythological language of antiquity, to all the accidents which threatened the solar luminary. Though he might rise in immortal youth in the morning, he was conquered by the shadows of the night, and the powers of winter seemed to overthrow his heavenly throne. There is nothing in nature free from change, and the gods of nature fell under the thralldom of nature's laws. The sun must set, and the solar gods and heroes must die. There must be one God, there must be one unchanging Deity; this was the silent conviction of the human mind. There are many gods, liable to all the vicissitudes of life; this was everywhere the answer of mythological religion.

It is curious to observe in how many various ways these two opposite principles were kept for a time from open conflict, and how long the heathen temples re-

sisted the enemy which was slowly and imperceptibly undermining their very foundations. In Greece this mortal element, inherent in all gods, was eliminated to a great extent by the conception of heroes. Whatever was too human in the ancient legends told of Zeus and Apollon was transferred to so-called half-gods or heroes, who were represented as the sons or favorites of the gods, and who bore their fate under a slightly altered name. The twofold character of Herakles as a god and as a hero is acknowledged even by Herodotus, and some of his epithets would have been sufficient to indicate his solar and originally divine character. But, in order to make some of the legends told of the solar deity possible or conceivable, it was necessary to represent Herakles as a more human being, and to make him rise to the seat of the Immortals only after he had endured toils and sufferings incompatible with the dignity of an Olympian god. We find the same idea in Peru, only that there it led to different results. A thinking, or, as he was called, a freethinking Inca<sup>1</sup> remarked that this perpetual travelling of the sun was a sign of servitude,<sup>2</sup> and he threw doubts upon the divine nature of such an unquiet thing as that great luminary appeared to him to be. And this misgiving led to a tradition which, even should it be unfounded in history, had some truth in itself, that there was in Peru an earlier worship, that of an invisible Deity, the Creator of the world, Pachacamac. In Greece, also, there are signs of a similar craving after the "Unknown

<sup>1</sup> Helps, *The Spanish Conquest*, vol. iii. p. 503 : "Que cosa tam inquieta non le parecia ser Dios."

<sup>2</sup> On the servitude of the gods, see the "Essay on Comparative Mythology," *Oxford Essays*, 1856, p. 69.

God." A supreme God was wanted, and Zeus, the stripling of Creta, was raised to that rank. He became God above all gods — *ἀπάντων κύριος*, as Pindar calls him. Yet more was wanted than a mere Zeus; and thus a supreme Fate or Spell was imagined before which all the gods, and even Zeus, had to bow. And even this Fate was not allowed to remain supreme, and there was something in the destinies of man which was called *ὑπέρμωρον*, or "beyond Fate." The most awful solution, however, of the problem belongs to Teutonic mythology. Here, also, some heroes were introduced; but their death was only the beginning of the final catastrophe. "All gods must die." Such is the last word of that religion which had grown up in the forests of Germany, and found a last refuge among the glaciers and volcanoes of Iceland. The death of Sigurd, the descendant of Odin, could not avert the death of Balder, the son of Odin; and the death of Balder was soon to be followed by the death of Odin himself, and of all the immortal gods.

All this was inevitable, and Prometheus, the man of forethought, could safely predict the fall of Zeus. The struggles by which reason and faith overthrow tradition and superstition vary in different countries and at different times; but the final victory is always on their side. In India the same antagonism manifested itself, but what there seemed a victory of reason threatened to become the destruction of all religious faith. At first there was hardly a struggle. On the primitive mythological stratum of thought two new formations arose, — the Brahmanical philosophy and the Brahmanical ceremonial; the one opening the widest avenues of philosophical thought, the other fencing all

religious feeling within the narrowest barriers. Both derived their authority from the same source. Both professed to carry out the meaning and purpose of the Veda. Thus we see on the one side, the growth of a numerous and powerful priesthood, and the establishment of a ceremonial which embraced every moment of a man's life from his birth to his death. There was no event which might have moved the heart to a spontaneous outpouring of praise or thanksgiving, which was not regulated by priestly formulas. Every prayer was prescribed, every sacrifice determined. Every god had his share, and the claims of each deity on the adoration of the faithful were set down with such punctiliousness, the danger of offending their pride was represented in such vivid colors, that no one would venture to approach their presence without the assistance of a well-paid staff of masters of divine ceremonies. It was impossible to avoid sin without the help of the Brahmans. They alone knew the food that might properly be eaten, the air which might properly be breathed, the dress which might properly be worn. They alone could tell what god should be invoked, what sacrifice be offered; and the slightest mistake of pronunciation, the slightest neglect about clarified butter, or the length of the ladle in which it was to be offered, might bring destruction upon the head of the unassisted worshipper. No nation was ever so completely priest-ridden as the Hindus under the sway of the Brahmanic law. Yet, on the other side, the same people were allowed to indulge in the most unrestrained freedom of thought, and in the schools of their philosophy the very names of their gods were never mentioned. Their existence was neither denied nor as-

serted; they were of no greater importance in the system of the world of thought than trees or mountains, men or animals; and to offer sacrifices to them with a hope of rewards, so far from being meritorious, was considered as dangerous to that emancipation to which a clear perception of philosophical truth was to lead the patient student. There was one system which taught that there existed but one Being, without a second; that everything else which seemed to exist was but a dream and illusion, and that this illusion might be removed by a true knowledge of the one Being. There was another system which admitted two principles, — one a subjective and self-existent mind, the other matter, endowed with qualities. Here the world, with its joys and sorrows, was explained as the result of the subjective Self, reflecting itself in the mirror of matter; and final emancipation was obtained by turning away the eyes from the play of nature, and being absorbed in the knowledge of the true and absolute Self. A third system started with the admission of atoms, and explained every effect, including the elements and the mind, animals, men, and gods, from the concurrence of these atoms. In fact, as M. Cousin remarked many years ago, the history of the philosophy of India is “un abrégé de l’histoire de la philosophie.” The germs of all these systems are traced back to the Vedas, Brâhmanas, and the Upanishads, and the man who believed in any of them was considered as orthodox as the devout worshipper of the gods; the one was saved by knowledge and faith, the other by works and faith.

Such was the state of the Hindu mind when Buddhism arose; or, rather, such was the state of the

Hindu mind which gave rise to Buddhism. Buddha himself went through the school of the Brahmans. He performed their penances, he studied their philosophy, and he at last claimed the name of "the Buddha," or "the Enlightened," when he threw away the whole ceremonial, with its sacrifices, superstitions, penances, and castes, as worthless, and changed the complicated systems of philosophy into a short doctrine of salvation. This doctrine of salvation has been called pure Atheism and Nihilism, and it no doubt was liable to both charges in its metaphysical character, and in that form in which we chiefly know it. It was Atheistic, not because it denied the existence of such gods as Indra and Brahma. Buddha did not even condescend to deny their existence. But it was called Atheistic, like the Sâmkhya philosophy, which admitted but one subjective Self, and considered creation as an illusion of that Self, imaging itself for a while in the mirror of nature. As there was no reality in creation, there could be no real Creator. All that seemed to exist was the result of ignorance. To remove that ignorance was to remove the cause of all that seemed to exist. How a religion which taught the annihilation of all existence, of all thought, of all individuality and personality, as the highest object of all endeavors, could have laid hold of the minds of millions of human beings, and how at the same time, by enforcing the duties of morality, justice, kindness, and self-sacrifice, it could have exercised a decided beneficial influence, not only on the natives of India, but on the lowest barbarians of Central Asia, is a riddle which no one has been able to solve. We must distinguish, it seems, between Buddhism as a religion, and Buddhism as a

philosophy. The former addressed itself to millions, the latter to a few isolated thinkers. It is from these isolated thinkers, however, and from their literary compositions, that we are apt to form our notions of what Buddhism was, while, as a matter of fact, not one in a thousand would have been capable of following these metaphysical speculations. To the people at large Buddhism was a moral and religious, not a philosophical reform. Yet even its morality has a metaphysical tinge. The morality which it teaches is not a morality of expediency and rewards. Virtue is not enjoined because it necessarily leads to happiness. No; virtue is to be practiced, but happiness is to be shunned, and the only reward for virtue is that it subdues the passions, and thus prepares the human mind for that knowledge which is to end in complete annihilation. There are ten commandments which Buddha imposes on his disciples.<sup>1</sup> They are —

1. Not to kill.
2. Not to steal.
3. Not to commit adultery.
4. Not to lie.
5. Not to get intoxicated.
6. To abstain from unseasonable meals.
7. To abstain from public spectacles.
8. To abstain from expensive dresses.
9. Not to have a large bed.
10. Not to receive silver or gold.

The duties of those who embraced a religious life were more severe. They were not allowed to wear any dress except rags collected in cemeteries, and these rags

<sup>1</sup> See Burnouf, *Lotus de la bonne Loi*, p. 444. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire *Du Bouddhisme*, p. 132. Ch. F. Neumann, *Catechism of the Shamans*.

they had to sew together with their own hands. A yellow cloak was to be thrown over these rags. Their food was to be extremely simple, and they were not to possess anything, except what they could get by collecting alms from door to door in their wooden bowls. They had but one meal in the morning, and were not allowed to touch any food after midday. They were to live in forests, not in cities, and their only shelter was to be the shadow of a tree. There they were to sit, to spread their carpet, but not to lie down, even during sleep. They were allowed to enter the nearest city or village in order to beg, but they had to return to their forest before night, and the only change which was allowed, or rather prescribed, was when they had to spend some nights in the cemeteries, there to meditate on the vanity of all things. And what was the object of all this asceticism? Simply to guide each individual towards that path which would finally bring him to *Nirvâna*, to utter extinction or annihilation. The very definition of virtue was that it helped man to cross over to the other shore, and that other shore was not death, but cessation of all being. Thus charity was considered a virtue; modesty, patience, courage, contemplation, and science, all were virtues, but they were practiced only as a means of arriving at deliverance. Buddha himself exhibited the perfection of all these virtues. His charity knew no bounds. When he saw a tigress starved, and unable to feed her cubs, he is said to have made a charitable oblation of his body to be devoured by them. Hiouen-thsang visited the place on the banks of the Indus where this miracle was supposed to have happened, and he remarks that the soil is still red there from the blood of Buddha, and

that the trees and flowers have the same color.<sup>1</sup> As to the modesty of Buddha, nothing could exceed it. One day, king Prasenagit, the protector of Buddha, called on him to perform miracles, in order to silence his adversaries, the Brahmans. Buddha consented. He performed the required miracles ; but he exclaimed, " Great king, I do not teach the law to my pupils, telling them, Go, ye saints, and before the eyes of the Brahmans and householders perform, by means of your supernatural powers, miracles greater than any man can perform. I tell them, when I teach them the law, Live, ye saints, hiding your good works and showing your sins." And yet all this self-sacrificing charity, all this self-sacrificing humility, by which the life of Buddha was distinguished throughout, and which he preached to the multitudes that came to listen to him, had, we are told, but one object, and that object was final annihilation. It is impossible almost to believe it, and yet when we turn away our eyes from the pleasing picture of that high morality which Buddha preached for the first time to all classes of men, and look into the dark pages of his code of religious metaphysics, we can hardly find another explanation. Fortunately, the millions who embraced the doctrines of Buddha, and were saved by it from the depths of barbarism, brutality, and selfishness, were unable to fathom the meaning of his metaphysical doctrines. With them the Nirvâna to which they aspired, became only a relative deliverance from the miseries of human life ; nay, it took the bright colors of a paradise, to be regained by the pious worshipper of Buddha. But was this the meaning of Buddha himself? In his " Four

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. p. 89; vol. ii. p. 167.

Verities" he does not, indeed, define "Nirvâna," except by cessation of all pain; but when he traces the cause of pain, and teaches the means of destroying not only pain itself, but the cause of pain, we shall see that his Nirvâna assumes a very different meaning. His "Four Verities" are very simple. The first asserts the existence of pain; the second asserts that the cause of pain lies in sin; the third asserts that pain may cease by Nirvâna; the fourth shows the way that leads to Nirvâna. This way to Nirvâna consists in eight things; right faith (orthodoxy), right judgment (logic), right language (veracity), right purpose (honesty), right practice (religious life), right obedience (lawful life), right memory, and right meditation. All these precepts might be understood as part of a simply moral code, closing with a kind of mystic meditation on the highest object of thought, and with a yearning after deliverance from all worldly ties. Similar systems have prevailed in many parts of the world, without denying the existence of an absolute Being, or of a something towards which the human mind tends, in which it is absorbed or even annihilated. Awful as such a mysticism may appear, yet it leaves still something that exists, it acknowledges a feeling of dependence in man. It knows of a first cause, though it may have nothing to predicate of it except that it is τὸ κινῶν ἀκίνητόν. A return is possible from that desert. The first cause may be called to life again. It may take the names of "Creator," "Preserver," "Ruler;" and when the simplicity and helplessness of the child have reëntered the heart of man, the name of father will come back to the lips which had uttered in vain all the names of a philosophical despair. But from the

Nirvâna of the Buddhist metaphysician there is no return. He starts from the idea that the highest object is to escape pain. Life in his eyes is nothing but misery; birth the cause of all evil, from which even death cannot deliver him, because he believes in an eternal cycle of existence, or in transmigration. There is no deliverance from evil, except by breaking through the prison walls, not only of life, but of existence, and by extirpating the last cause of existence. What, then, is the cause of existence? The cause of existence, says the Buddhist metaphysician, is attachment—an inclination towards something; and this attachment arises from thirst or desire. Desire presupposes perception of the object desired; perception presupposes contact; contact, at least a sentient contact, presupposes the senses; and, as the senses can only perceive what has form and name, or what is distinct, distinction is the real cause of all the effects which end in existence, birth, and pain. Now, this distinction is itself the result of conceptions or ideas; but these ideas, so far from being, as in Greek philosophy, the true and everlasting forms of the Absolute, are here represented as mere illusions, the effects of ignorance (“avidyâ”). Ignorance, therefore, is really the primary cause of all that seems to exist. To know that ignorance, as the root of all evil, is the same as to destroy it, and with it all effects that flowed from it. In order to see how this doctrine affects the individual, let us watch the last moments of Buddha as described by his disciples: He enters into the first stage of meditation when he feels freedom from sin, acquires a knowledge of the nature of all things, and has no desire except that of Nirvâna. But he still feels pleas-

ure ; he even uses his reasoning and discriminating powers. The use of these powers ceases in the second stage of meditation, when nothing remains but a desire after Nirvâna, and a general feeling of satisfaction, arising from his intellectual perfection. That satisfaction, also, is extinguished in the third stage. Indifference succeeds ; yet there is still self-consciousness, and a certain amount of physical pleasure. These last remnants are destroyed in the fourth stage ; memory fades away, all pleasure and pain are gone, and the doors of Nirvâna now open before him. After having passed these four stages once, Buddha went through them a second time, but he died before he attained again to the fourth stage. We must soar till higher, and though we may feel giddy and disgusted, we must sit out this tragedy till the curtain falls. After the four stages of meditation <sup>1</sup> are passed, the Buddha (and every being is to become a Buddha) enters into the infinity of space ; then into the infinity of intelligence ; and thence he passes into the region of nothing. But even here there is no rest. There is still something left, — the idea of the nothing in which he rejoices. That also must be destroyed, and it is destroyed in the fourth and last region, where there is not even the idea of a nothing left, and where there is complete rest, undisturbed by nothing, or what is not nothing.<sup>2</sup> There are few persons who will take the trouble of reasoning out such hallucinations ; least of all, persons who are accustomed to the sober language of

<sup>1</sup> These "four stages" are described in the same manner in the canonical books of Ceylon and Nepal, and may therefore safely be ascribed to that original form of Buddhism, from which the Southern and the Northern schools branched off at a later period. See Burnouf, *Lotus de la bonne Loi* n. 80.

<sup>2</sup> See Burnouf, *Lotus de la bonne Loi*, p. 814.

Greek philosophy; and it is the more interesting to hear the opinion which one of the best Aristotelian scholars of the present day, after a patient examination of the authentic documents of Buddhism, has formed of its system of metaphysics. M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, in a review on Buddhism, published in the "Journal des Savants," says:—

"Buddhism has no God; it has not even the confused and vague notion of a Universal Spirit in which the human soul, according to the orthodox doctrine of Brahmanism, and the Sâmkhya philosophy, may be absorbed. Nor does it admit nature, in the proper sense of the word, and it ignores that profound division between spirit and matter which forms the system and the glory of Kapila. It confounds man with all that surrounds him, all the while preaching to him the laws of virtue. Buddhism, therefore, cannot unite the human soul, which it does not even mention, with a God, whom it ignores; nor with nature, which it does not know better. Nothing remained but to annihilate the soul; and in order to be quite sure that the soul may not reappear under some new form in this world, which has been cursed as the abode of illusion and misery, Buddhism destroys its elements, and never gets tired of glorying in this achievement. What more is wanted? If this is not the absolute nothing, what is Nirvâna?"

Such religion, we should say, was made for a madhouse. But Buddhism was an advance, if compared with Brahmanism; it has stood its ground for centuries, and if truth could be decided by majorities, the show of hands, even at the present day, would be in favor of Buddha. The metaphysics of Buddhism, like

the metaphysics of most religions, not excluding our own Gnosticism and Mysticism, were beyond the reach of all except a few hardened philosophers or ecstatic dreamers. Human nature could not be changed. Out of the very nothing it made a new paradise; and he who had left no place in the whole universe for a Divine Being, was deified himself by the multitudes who wanted a person whom they could worship, a king whose help they might invoke, a friend before whom they could pour out their most secret griefs. And there remained the code of a pure morality, proclaimed by Buddha. There remained the spirit of charity, kindness, and universal pity with which he had inspired his disciples.<sup>1</sup> There remained the simplicity of the ceremonial he had taught, the equality of all men which he had declared, the religious toleration which he had preached from the beginning. There remained much, therefore, to account for the rapid strides which his doctrine made from the mountain peaks of Ceylon to the Tundras of the Samoyedes, and we shall see in the simple story of the life of Hiouen-thsang that Buddhism, with all its defects, has had its heroes, its martyrs, and its saints.

Hiouen-thsang, born in China more than a thousand years after the death of Buddha, was a believer in Buddhism. He dedicated his whole life to the study

<sup>1</sup> See the *Dhammapadam* a Pâli work on Buddhist ethics, lately edited by V. Fausböll, a distinguished pupil of Professor Westergaard, at Copenhagen. The Rev. Spence Hardy (*Eastern Monachism*, p. 169) writes: "A collection might be made from the precepts of this work, that in the purity of its ethics could scarcely be equaled from any other heathen author." Mr. Knighton, when speaking of the same work in his *History of Ceylon* (p. 77), remarks: "In it we have exemplified a code of morality, and a list of precepts, which, for pureness, excellence, and wisdom, is only second to that of the Divine Lawgiver himself."

of that religion ; travelling from his native country to India, visiting every place mentioned in Buddhist history or tradition, acquiring the ancient language in which the canonical books of the Buddhists were written, studying commentaries, discussing points of difficulty, and defending the orthodox faith at public councils against disbelievers and schismatics. Buddhism had grown and changed since the death of its founder, but it had lost nothing of its vitality. At a very early period a proselytizing spirit awoke among the disciples of the Indian reformer, an element entirely new in the history of ancient religions. No Jew, no Greek, no Roman, no Brahman ever thought of converting people to his own national form of worship. Religion was looked upon as private or national property. It was to be guarded against strangers. The most sacred names of the gods, the prayers by which their favor could be gained, were kept secret. No religion, however, was more exclusive than that of the Brahmans. A Brahman was born, nay, twice-born. He could not be made. Not even the lowest caste, that of the *Sûdras*, would open its ranks to a stranger. Here lay the secret of Buddha's success. He addressed himself to castes and outcasts. He promised salvation to all ; and he commanded his disciples to preach his doctrine in all places and to all men. A sense of duty, extending from the narrow limits of the house, the village, and the country to the widest circle of mankind ; a feeling of sympathy and brotherhood towards all men ; the idea, in fact, of humanity, was in India first pronounced by Buddha. In the third Buddhist Council, the acts of which have been preserved to us in the "*Mahavansa*,"<sup>1</sup> we hear of missionaries be-

<sup>1</sup> *Mahavansa*, ed. G. Turnour, Ceylon, 1837, p. 71.

ing sent to the chief countries beyond India. This Council, we are told, took place 308 B. C., 235 years after the death of Buddha, in the 17th year of the reign of the famous king Asoka, whose edicts have been preserved to us on rock inscriptions in various parts of India. There are sentences in these inscriptions of Asoka which might be read with advantage by our own missionaries, though they are now more than 2,000 years old. Thus it is written on the rocks of Girnar, Dhauri, and Kapurdigiri : —

“Piyadasi, the king beloved of the gods, desires that the ascetics of all creeds might reside in all places. All these ascetics profess alike the command which people should exercise over themselves, and the purity of the soul. But people have different opinions, and different inclinations.”

And again : —

“A man ought to honor his own faith only ; but he should never abuse the faith of others. It is thus that he will do no harm to anybody. There are even circumstances where the religion of others ought to be honored. And in acting thus, a man fortifies his own faith, and assists the faith of others. He who acts otherwise, diminishes his own faith, and hurts the faith of others.”

Those who have no time to read the voluminous works of the late E. Burnouf on Buddhism, his “Introduction à l’Histoire du Bouddhisme,” and his translation of “Le Lotus de la bonne Loi,” will find a very interesting and lucid account of these councils, and edicts, and missions, and the history of Buddhism in general, in a work lately published by Mrs. Speir, “Life in Ancient India.” Buddhism spread in the

south to Ceylon, in the north to Kashmir, the Hinna-  
layan countries, Thibet, and China. One Buddhist mis-  
sionary is mentioned in the Chinese annals as early as  
217 B. C.;<sup>1</sup> and about the year 120 B. C. a Chinese  
general, after defeating the barbarous tribes north of  
the Desert of Gobi, brought back as a trophy a golden  
statue, the statue of Buddha.<sup>2</sup> It was not, however,  
till the year 66 A. D. that Buddhism was officially rec-  
ognized by the Emperor Ming-ti<sup>3</sup> as a third state re-  
ligion in China. Ever since, it has shared equal  
honors with the doctrines of Confucius and Lao-tse, in  
the celestial empire, and it is but lately that these three  
established religions have had to fear the encroach-  
ments of a new rival in the creed of the Chief of the  
rebels.

After Buddhism had been introduced into China,  
the first care of its teachers was to translate the sacred  
works from Sanskrit, in which they were originally  
written, into Chinese. We read of the Emperor  
Ming-ti,<sup>4</sup> of the dynasty of Han, sending Tsai-in and  
other high officials to India, in order to study there the  
doctrine of Buddha. They engaged the services of two  
learned Buddhists, Matânga and Tchou-fa-lan, and  
some of the most important Buddhist works were  
translated by them into Chinese. "The Life of Bud-  
dha," the "Lalita-Vistara,"<sup>5</sup> a Sanskrit work which,  
on account of its style and language, had been referred  
by oriental scholars to a much more modern period of

<sup>1</sup> See *Foe Koue Ki*, p. 41, and xxxviii. preface.

<sup>2</sup> See *Foe Koue Ki*, p. 41.

<sup>3</sup> *Lalita-Vistara*, ed. Foucaux, p. xvii. n.

<sup>4</sup> *Lalita-Vistara*, p. 17.

<sup>5</sup> Two parts of the Sanskrit text have been published in the *Bibliotheca Indica*.

Indian literature, can now safely be ascribed to an ante-Christian era, if, as we are told by Chinese scholars, it was translated from Sanskrit into Chinese, as one of the canonical books of Buddhism, as early as the year 76 A. D. The same work was translated also into Thibetan; and an edition of it — the first Thibetan work printed in Europe — published in Paris by M. E. Foucaux, reflects high credit on that distinguished scholar, and on the Government which supports these studies in the most liberal and enlightened spirit. The intellectual intercourse between the Indian peninsula and the northern continent of Asia remained uninterrupted for many centuries. Missions were sent from China to India, to report on the political and geographical state of the country, but the chief object of interest which attracted public embassies and private pilgrims across the Himalayan mountains was the religion of Buddha. About three hundred years after the public recognition of Buddhism by the Emperor Ming-ti, the great stream of Buddhist pilgrims began to flow from China to India. The first account which we possess of these pilgrimages refers to the travels of Fahian, who visited India towards the end of the fourth century. His travels have been translated by Rémusat, but M. Julien promises a new and more correct translation. After Fahian, we have the travels of Hœi-seng and Song-yun, who were sent to India, in 518, by command of the Empress, with a view of collecting sacred books and relics. Of Hiouen-thsang, who follows next in time, we possess, at present, eight out of twelve books; and there is reason to hope that the last four books of his Journal will soon follow in M. Julien's translation.<sup>1</sup> After Hiouen-thsang, the chief works of

<sup>1</sup> They have since been published.

Chinese pilgrims are the "Itineraries" of the fifty-six monks, published in 730, and the travels of Khi-nie, who visited India in 964, at the head of three hundred pilgrims. India was for a time the Holy Land of China. There lay the scene of the life and death of the great teacher; there were the monuments commemorating the chief events of his life; there the shrines where his relics might be worshipped; there the monasteries where tradition had preserved his sayings and his doings; there the books where his doctrine might be studied in its original purity; there the schools where the tenets of different sects which had sprung up in the course of time might best be acquired.

Some of the pilgrims and envoys have left us accounts of their travels, and, in the absence of anything like an historical literature in India itself, these Chinese works are of the utmost importance for gaining an insight into the social, political, and religious history of that country from the beginning of our era to the time of the Mohammedan conquest. The importance of Mohammedan writers, so far as they treat on the history of India during the Middle Ages, was soon recognized, and in a memoir lately published by the most eminent Arabic scholar of France, M. Reinaud, new and valuable historical materials have been collected, — materials doubly valuable in India, where no native historian has ever noted down the passing events of the day. But, although the existence of similar documents in Chinese was known, and although men of the highest literary eminence — such as Humboldt, Biot, and others — had repeatedly urged the necessity of having a translation of the early travels of the Chinese Pil-

grims, it seemed almost as if our curiosity was never to be satisfied. France has been the only country where Chinese scholarship has ever flourished, and it was a French scholar, Abel Rémusat, who undertook at last the translation of one of the Chinese Pilgrims. Rémusat died before his work was published, and his translation of the travels of Fahian, edited by M. Landresse, remained for a long time without being followed up by any other. Nor did the work of that eminent scholar answer all expectations. Most of the proper names, the names of countries, towns, mountains, and rivers, the titles of books, and the whole Buddhistic phraseology, were so disguised in their Chinese dress that it was frequently impossible to discover their original form.

The Chinese alphabet was never intended to represent the sound of words. It was in its origin a hieroglyphic system, each word having its own graphic representative. Nor would it have been possible to write Chinese in any other way. Chinese is a monosyllabic language. No word is allowed more than one consonant and one vowel, — the vowels including diphthongs and nasal vowels. Hence the possible number of words is extremely small and the number of significative sounds in the Chinese language, is said to be no more than 450. No language, however, could be satisfied with so small a vocabulary, and in Chinese, as in other monosyllabic dialects, each word, as it was pronounced with various accents and intonations, was made to convey a large number of meanings; so that the total number of words, or rather of ideas, expressed in Chinese, is said to amount to 43,496. Hence a graphic representation of the mere sound of words would have been perfectly

useless, and it was absolutely necessary to resort to hieroglyphical writing, enlarged by the introduction of determinative signs. Nearly the whole immense dictionary of Chinese — at least twenty-nine thirtieths — consists of combined signs, one part indicating the general sound, the other determining its special meaning. With such a system of writing it was possible to represent Chinese, but impossible to convey either the sound or the meaning of any other language. Besides, some of the most common sounds — such as *r*, *b*, *d*, and the short *a* — are unknown in Chinese.

How, then, were the translators to render Sanskrit names in Chinese? The most rational plan would have been to select as many Chinese signs as there were Sanskrit letters, and to express one and the same letter in Sanskrit always by one and the same sign in Chinese; or, if the conception of a consonant without a vowel, and of a vowel without a consonant, was too much for a Chinese understanding, to express at least the same syllabic sound in Sanskrit, by one and the same syllabic sign in Chinese. A similar system is adopted at the present day, when the Chinese find themselves under the necessity of writing the names of Lord Palmerston or Sir John Bowring; but, instead of adopting any definite system of transcribing, each translator seems to have chosen his own signs for rendering the sounds of Sanskrit words, and to have chosen them at random. The result is that every Sanskrit word as transcribed by the Chinese Buddhists is a riddle which no ingenuity is able to solve. Who could have guessed that “Fo-to,” or more frequently “Fo,” was meant for Buddha? “Ko-lo-keou-lo” for Râhula, the son of Buddha? “Po-lo-naï” for Ben-

ares ? “ Heng-ho ” for Ganges ? “ Niepan ” for Nirvâna ? “ Chamen ” for Sramana ? “ Feïto ” for Veda ? “ Tcha-li ” for Kshattriya ? “ Siu-to-lo ” for Sûdra ? “ Fan ” or “ Fan-lon-mo ” for Brahma ? Sometimes, it is true the Chinese endeavored to give, besides the sounds, a translation of the meaning of the Sanskrit words. But the translation of proper names is always very precarious, and it required an intimate knowledge of Sanskrit and Buddhist literature to recognize from these awkward translations the exact form of the proper names for which they were intended. If, in a Chinese translation of “ Thukydidés,” we read of a person called “ Leader of the people,” we might guess his name to have been “ Demagogos,” or “ Lao-egos,” as well as “ Agesilaos.” And when the name of the town of Sravasti was written “ Che-wei,” which means in Chinese “ where one hears,” it required no ordinary power of combination to find that the name of Sravasti was derived from a Sanskrit noun, “ sravas ” (Greek κλέος, Lat. *cluo*), which means “ hearing,” or “ fame,” and that the etymological meaning of the name of “ Sravasti ” was intended by the Chinese “ Che-wei.” Besides these names of places and rivers, of kings and saints, there was the whole strange phraseology of Buddhism, of which no dictionary gives any satisfactory explanation. How was even the best Chinese scholar to know that the words which usually mean “ dark shadow ” must be taken in the technical sense of “ Nirvâna,” or “ becoming absorbed in the Absolute,” that “ return-purity ” had the same sense, and that a third synonymous expression was to be recognized in a phrase which, in ordinary Chinese would have the sense of “ transport-figure-crossing-age ? ” **A**

monastery is called "origin-door," instead of "black-door." The voice of Buddha is called "the voice of the dragon;" and his doctrine goes by the name of "the door of expedients."

Tedious as these details may seem, it was almost a duty to state them, in order to give an idea of the difficulties which M. Stanislas Julien had to grapple with. Oriental scholars labor under great disadvantages. Few people take an interest in their works, or, if they do, they simply accept the results, but they are unable to appreciate the difficulty with which these results were obtained. Many persons who have read the translation of the cuneiform inscriptions are glad, no doubt, to have the authentic and contemporaneous records of Darius and Xerxes. But if they followed the process by which scholars such as Grotefend, Bournouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson arrived at their results, they would see that the discovery of the alphabet, the language, the grammar, and the meaning of the inscriptions of the Achæmenian dynasty deserves to be classed with the discoveries of a Kepler, a Newton, or a Faraday. In a similar manner, the mere translation of a Chinese work into French seems a very ordinary performance; but M. Stanislas Julien, who has long been acknowledged as the first Chinese scholar in Europe, had to spend twenty years of incessant labor in order to prepare himself for the task of translating the "Travels of Hiouen-thsang." He had to learn Sanskrit, no very easy language; he had to study the Buddhist literature written in Sanskrit, Pâli, Thibetan, Mongolian, and Chinese. He had to make vast indices of every proper name connected with Buddhism. Thus only could he shape his own tools, and accom-

plish what at last he did accomplish. Most persons will remember the interest with which the travels of M. M. Huc and Gabet were read a few years ago, though these two adventurous missionaries were obliged to renounce their original intention of entering India by way of China and Thibet, and were not allowed to proceed beyond the famous capital of Lhassa. If, then it be considered that there was a traveller who had made a similar journey twelve hundred years earlier; who had succeeded in crossing the deserts and mountain passes which separate China from India; who had visited the principal cities of the Indian Peninsula, at a time of which we have no information, from native or foreign sources, as to the state of that country; who had learned Sanskrit, and made a large collection of Buddhist works; who had carried on public disputations with the most eminent philosophers and theologians of the day; who had translated the most important works on Buddhism from Sanskrit into Chinese, and left an account of his travels, which still existed in the libraries of China, — nay, which had been actually printed and published, — we may well imagine the impatience with which all scholars interested in the ancient history of India, and in the subject of Buddhism, looked forward to the publication of so important a work. Hiouen-thsang's name had first been mentioned in Europe by Abel Rémusat and Klaproth. They had discovered some fragments of his travels in a Chinese work on foreign countries and foreign nations. Rémusat wrote to China to procure, if possible, a complete copy of Hiouen-thsang's works. He was informed by Morrison that they were out of print. Still, the few specimens which he had given at

the end of his translation of the "Foe Koue K1 had whetted the appetite of oriental scholars. M. Stanislas Julien succeeded in procuring a copy of Hiouen-thsang in 1838; and after nearly twenty years spent in preparing a translation of the Chinese traveller, his version is now before us. If there are but few who know the difficulty of a work like that of M. Stanislas Julien, it becomes their duty to speak out, though, after all, perhaps the most intelligible eulogium would be that in a branch of study where there are no monopolies and no patents, M. Stanislas Julien is acknowledged to be the only man in Europe who could produce the article which he has produced in the work before us.

We shall devote the rest of our space to a short account of the life and travels of Hiouen-thsang. Hiouen-thsang was born in a provincial town of China, at a time when the empire was in a chronic state of revolution. His father had left the public service, and had given most of his time to the education of his four children. Two of them distinguished themselves at a very early age, — one of them was Hiouen-thsang, the future traveller and theologian. The boy was sent to school at a Buddhist monastery, and, after receiving there the necessary instruction, partly from his elder brother, he was himself admitted as a monk at the early age of thirteen. During the next seven years, the young monk travelled about with his brother from place to place, in order to follow the lectures of some of the most distinguished professors. The horrors of war frequently broke in upon his quiet studies, and forced him to seek refuge in the more distant provinces of the empire. At the age of twenty he took priest's orders, and had then already become famous by his

vast knowledge. He had studied the chief canonical books of the Buddhist faith, the records of Buddha's life and teaching, the systems of ethics and metaphysics; and he was versed in the works of Confucius and Lao-tse. But still his own mind was agitated by doubts. Six years he continued his studies in the chief places of learning in China, and where he came to learn he was frequently asked to teach. At last, when he saw that none, even the most eminent theologians, were able to give him the information he wanted, he formed his resolve of travelling to India. The works of earlier pilgrims, such as Fahian and others, were known to him. He knew that in India he should find the originals of the works which in their Chinese translation left so many things doubtful in his mind; and though he knew from the same sources the dangers of his journey, yet, "the glory," as he says, "of recovering the Law, which was to be a guide to all men and the means of their salvation, seemed to him worthy of imitation." In common with several other priests, he addressed a memorial to the Emperor to ask leave for their journey. Leave was refused, and the courage of his companions failed. Not that of Hiouen-thsang. His own mother had told him that, soon before she gave birth to him, she had seen her child travelling to the Far West in search of the Law. He was himself haunted by similar visions, and having long surrendered worldly desires, he resolved to brave all dangers, and to risk his life for the only object for which he thought it worth while to live. He proceeded to the Yellow River, the Hoang-ho, and to the place where the caravans bound for India used to meet, and, though the Governor had sent strict orders not to allow any

one to cross the frontier, the young priest, with the assistance of his co-religionists, succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the Chinese "douaniers." Spies were sent after him. But so frank was his avowal, and so firm his resolution, which he expressed in the presence of the authorities, that the Governor himself tore his hue and cry to pieces, and allowed him to proceed. Hitherto he had been accompanied by two friends. They now left him, and Hiouen-thsang found himself alone, without a friend and without a guide. He sought for strength in fervent prayer. The next morning a person presented himself, offering his services as a guide. This guide conducted him safely for some distance, but left him when they approached the desert. There were still five watch-towers to be passed, and there was nothing to indicate the road through the desert, except the hoof-marks of horses, and skeletons. The traveller followed this melancholy track, and, though misled by the "mirage" of the desert, he reached the first tower. Here the arrows of the watchmen would have put an end to his existence and his cherished expedition; but the officer in command, himself a zealous Buddhist, allowed the courageous pilgrim to proceed, and gave him letters of recommendation to the officers of the next towers. The last tower, however, was guarded by men inaccessible to bribes, and deaf to reasoning. In order to escape their notice, Hiouen-thsang had to make a long détour. He passed through another desert, and lost his way. The bag in which he carried his water burst, and then even the courage of Hiouen-thsang failed. He began to retrace his steps. But suddenly he stopped. "I took an oath," he said, "never to make a step backward till

I had reached India. Why, then, have I come here? It is better I should die proceeding to the West than return to the East and live." Four nights and five days he travelled through the desert without a drop of water. He had nothing to refresh himself except his prayers, — and what were they? Texts from a work which taught that there was no god, no Creator, no creation, — nothing but mind, minding itself. It is incredible in how exhausted an atmosphere the divine spark within us will glimmer on, and even warm the dark chambers of the human heart. Comforted by his prayers, Hiouen-tsang proceeded, and arrived after some time at a large lake. He was in the country of the Oïgour Tartars. They received him well, nay, too well. One of the Tartar Khans, himself a Buddhist, sent for the Buddhist pilgrim, and insisted on his staying with him to instruct his people. Remonstrances proved of no avail. But Hiouen-tsang was not to be conquered. "I know," he said "that the king, in spite of his power, has no power over my mind and my will;" and he refused all nourishment in order to put an end to his life *Θανῶμαι καὶ ἐλευθερήσομαι*. Three days he persevered, and at last the Khan, afraid of the consequences, was obliged to yield to the poor monk. He made him promise to visit him on his return to China, and then to stay three years with him. At last, after a delay of one month, during which the Khan and his Court came daily to hear the lessons of their pious guest, the traveller continued his journey with a numerous escort, and with letters of introduction from the Khan to twenty-four princes whose territories the little caravan had to pass. Their way lay through what is now called Dsungary, across the

Musur-dabaghan mountains, the northern portion of the Belur-tag, the Yaxartes valley, Bactria, and Kabulistân. We cannot follow them through all the places they passed, though the accounts which he gives of their adventures are most interesting, and the description of the people most important. Here is a description of the Musur-dabaghan mountains:—

“The top of the mountain rises to the sky. Since the beginning of the world the snow has been accumulating, and is now transformed into vast masses of ice, which never melt, either in spring or summer. Hard and brilliant sheets of snow are spread out till they are lost in the infinite, and mingled with the clouds. If one looks at them, the eyes are dazzled by the splendor. Frozen peaks hang down over both sides of the road, some hundred feet high, and twenty feet or thirty feet thick. It is not without difficulty and danger that the traveller can clear them or climb over them. Besides, there are squalls of wind, and tornadoes of snow which attack the pilgrims. Even with double shoes, and in thick furs, one cannot help trembling and shivering.”

During the seven days that Hiouen-thsang crossed these Alpine passes he lost fourteen of his companions.

What is most important, however, in this early portion of the Chinese traveller is the account which he gives of the high degree of civilization among the tribes of Central Asia. We had gradually accustomed ourselves to believe in an early civilization of Egypt, of Babylon, of China, of India; but now that we find the hordes of Tartary possessing in the seventh century the chief arts and institutions of an advanced society, we shall soon have to drop the name of barbarians altogether. The theory of M. Oppert, who

ascribes the original invention of the cuneiform letters and a civilization anterior to that of Babylon and Nineveh to a Turanian or Scythian race, will lose much of its apparent improbability ; for no new wave of civilization had reached these countries between the cuneiform period of their literature and history and the time of Hiouen-thsang's visit. In the kingdom of Okini, on the western frontier of China, Hiouen-thsang found an active commerce, gold, silver, and copper coinage ; monasteries, where the chief works of Buddhism were studied, and an alphabet, derived from Sanskrit. As he travelled on he met with mines, with agriculture, including pears, plums, peaches, almonds, grapes, pomegranates, rice, and wheat. The inhabitants were dressed in silk and woolen materials. There were musicians in the chief cities who played on the flute and the guitar. Buddhism was the prevailing religion, but there were traces of an earlier worship, the Bactrian fire-worship. The country was everywhere studded with halls, monasteries, monuments, and statues. Samarkand formed at that early time a kind of Athens, and its manners were copied by all the tribes in the neighborhood. Balkh, the old capital of Bactria, was still an important place on the Oxus, well fortified, and full of sacred buildings. And the details which our traveller gives of the exact circumference of the cities, the number of their inhabitants, the products of the soil, the articles of trade, can leave no doubt in our minds that he relates what he had seen and heard himself. A new page in the history of the world is here opened, and new ruins pointed out, which would reward the pickaxe of a Layard.

But we must not linger. Our traveller, as we said,

had entered India by way of Kabul. Shortly before he arrived at Pou-lou-cha-pou-lo, *i. e.* the Sanskrit Purushapura, the modern Peshawer, Hiouen-thsang heard of an extraordinary cave where Buddha had formerly converted a dragon, and had promised his new pupil to leave him his shadow, in order that, whenever the evil passions of his dragon-nature should revive, the aspect of his master's shadowy features might remind him of his former vow. This promise was fulfilled, and the dragon-cave became a famous place of pilgrimage. Our traveller was told that the roads leading to the cave were extremely dangerous, and infested by robbers; that for three years none of the pilgrims had ever returned from the cave. But he replied, "It would be difficult during a hundred thousand Kalpas to meet one single time with the true shadow of Buddha; how could I, having come so near, pass on without going to adore it?" He left his companions behind, and after asking in vain for a guide, he met at last with a boy who showed him to a farm belonging to a convent. Here he found an old man who undertook to act as his guide. They had hardly proceeded a few miles when they were attacked by five robbers. The monk took off his cap and displayed his ecclesiastical robes. "Master," said one of the robbers, "where are you going?" Hiouen-thsang replied, "I desire to adore the shadow of Buddha." "Master," said the robber, "have you not heard that these roads are full of bandits?" "Robbers are men," Hiouen-thsang exclaimed; "and at present, when I am going to adore the shadow of Buddha, even though the roads were full of wild beasts, I should walk on without fear.

Surely, then, I ought not to fear you, as you are men whose heart is possessed of pity." The robbers were moved by these words, and opened their hearts to the true faith. After this little incident, Hiouen-thsang proceeded with his guide. He passed a stream rushing down between two precipitous walls of rock. In the rock itself there was a door which opened. All was dark. But Hiouen-thsang entered, advanced towards the east, then moved fifty steps backwards, and began his devotions. He made one hundred salutations, but he saw nothing. He reproached himself bitterly with his former sins, he cried, and abandoned himself to utter despair, because the shadow of Buddha would not appear before him. At last, after many prayers and invocations, he saw on the eastern wall a dim light, of the size of a saucepan, such as the Buddhist monks carry in their hands. But it disappeared. He continued praying, full of joy and pain, and again he saw a light, which vanished like lightning. Then he vowed, full of devotion and love, that he would never leave the place till he had seen the shadow of the "Venerable of the age." After two hundred prayers, the cave was suddenly bathed in light, and the shadow of Buddha, of a brilliant white color, rose majestically on the wall, as when the clouds suddenly open and, all at once, display the marvelous image of the "Mountain of Light." A dazzling splendor lighted up the features of the divine countenance. Hiouen-thsang was lost in contemplation and wonder, and would not turn his eyes away from the sublime and incomparable object. . . . After he awoke from his trance, he called in six men, and commanded them to light a fire in the cave, in order

to burn incense ; but, as the approach of the light made the shadow of Buddha disappear, the fire was extinguished. Then five of the men saw the shadow, but the sixth saw nothing. The old man who had acted as guide was astounded when Hiouen-thsang told him the vision. "Master," he said, "without the sincerity of your faith, and the energy of your vows, you could not have seen such a miracle."

This is the account given by Hiouen-thsang's biographers. But we must say, to the credit of Hiouen-thsang himself, that in the "Si-yu-ki," which contains his own diary, the story is told in a different way. The cave is described with almost the same words. But afterwards the writer continues : "Formerly, the shadow of Buddha was seen in the cave, bright, like his natural appearance, and with all the marks of his divine beauty. One might have said, it was Buddha himself. For some centuries, however, it can no longer be seen completely. Though one does see something, it is only a feeble and doubtful resemblance. If a man prays with sincere faith, and if he has received from above a hidden impression, he sees the shadow clearly, but he cannot enjoy the sight for any length of time."

From Peshawar, the scene of this extraordinary miracle, Hiouen-thsang proceeded to Kashmir, visited the chief towns of Central India, and arrived at last in Magadha, the Holy Land of the Buddhists. Here he remained five years, devoting all his time to the study of Sanskrit and Buddhist literature, and inspecting every place hallowed by the recollections of the past. He then passed through Bengal, and proceeded to the south, with a view of visiting Ceylon, the chief seat of Buddhism. Baffled in that wish, he crossed the penin-

sula from east to west, ascended the Malabar coast, reached the Indus, and, after numerous excursions to the chief places of Northwestern India, returned to Magadha, to spend there, with his old friends, some of the happiest years of his life. The route of his journeyings is laid down in a map drawn with exquisite skill by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. At last he was obliged to return to China, and passing through the Penjab, Kabulistan, and Bactria, he reached the Oxus, followed its course nearly to its sources on the plateau of Pamir, and, after staying some time in the three chief towns of Turkistan, Khasgar, Yarkand, and Khoten, he found himself again, after sixteen years of travels, dangers, and studies, in his own native country. His fame had spread far and wide, and the poor pilgrim, who had once been hunted by imperial spies and armed policemen, was now received with public honors by the Emperor himself. His entry into the capital was like a triumph. The streets were covered with carpets, flowers were scattered, and banners flying. Soldiers were drawn up, the magistrates went out to meet him, and all the monks of the neighborhood marched along in solemn procession. The trophies that adorned this triumph, carried by a large number of horses, were of a peculiar kind. First, 150 grains of the dust of Buddha; secondly a golden statue of the great Teacher; thirdly, a similar statue of sandal-wood; fourthly, a statue of sandal-wood, representing Buddha as descending from heaven; fifthly, a statue of silver; sixthly, a golden statue of Buddha conquering the dragons; seventhly, a statue of sandal-wood, representing Buddha as a preacher; lastly, a collection of 657 works in 520 volumes. The Emperor

received the traveller in the Phœnix Palace, and, full of admiration for his talents and wisdom, invited him to accept a high office in the Government. This Hiouen-thsang declined. "The soul of the administration," he said, "is still the doctrine of Confucius;" and he would dedicate the rest of his life to the Law of Buddha. The Emperor thereupon asked him to write an account of his travels, and assigned him a monastery where he might employ his leisure in translating the works he had brought back from India. His travels were soon written and published, but the translation of the Sanskrit MSS. occupied the whole rest of his life. It is said that the number of works translated by him, with the assistance of a large staff of monks, amounted to 740, in 1,335 volumes. Frequently he might be seen meditating on a difficult passage, when suddenly it seemed as if a higher spirit had enlightened his mind. His soul was cheered, as when a man walking in darkness sees all at once the sun piercing the clouds and shining in its full brightness; and, unwilling to trust to his own understanding, he used to attribute his knowledge to a secret inspiration of Buddha and the Bodhisattvas. When he found that the hour of death approached, he had all his property divided among the poor. He invited his friends to come and see him, and to take a cheerful leave of that impure body of Hiouen-thsang. "I desire," he said, "that whatever rewards I may have merited by good works may fall upon other people. May I be born again with them in the heaven of the blessed, be admitted to the family of Mi-le, and serve the Buddha of the future, who is full of kindness and affection. When I descend again upon earth to pass through other forms of existence, I desire at every new

birth to fulfill my duties towards Buddha, and arrive at the last at the highest and most perfect intelligence. He died in the year 664 — about the same time that Mohammedanism was pursuing its bloody conquests in the East, and Christianity began to shed its pure light over the dark forests of Germany.

It is impossible to do justice to the character of so extraordinary a man as Hiouen-thsang in so short a sketch as we have been able to give. If we knew only his own account of his life and travels, — the volume which has just been published at Paris, — we should be ignorant of the motives which guided him and of the sufferings which he underwent. Happily, two of his friends and pupils had left an account of their teacher, and M. Stanislas Julien has acted wisely in beginning his collection of the Buddhist Pilgrims with the translation of that biography. There we learn something of the man himself, and of that silent enthusiasm which supported him in his arduous work. There we see him braving the dangers of the desert, scrambling along glaciers, crossing over torrents, and quietly submitting to the brutal violence of Indian Thugs. There we see him rejecting the tempting invitations of khans, kings, and emperors, and quietly pursuing among strangers, within the bleak wall of the cell of a Buddhist college, the study of a foreign language, the key to the sacred literature of his faith. There we see him rising to eminence, acknowledged as an equal by his former teachers, as a superior by the most distinguished scholars of India; the champion of the orthodox faith, an arbiter at councils, the favorite of Indian kings. In his own work there is hardly a word about all this. We do not wish to disguise his weaknesses, such as they

appear in the same biography. He was a credulous man, easily imposed upon by crafty priests, still more easily carried away by his own superstitions; but he deserved to have lived in better times, and we almost grudge so high and noble a character to a country not our own, and to a religion unworthy of such a man. Of selfishness we find no trace in him. His whole life belonged to the faith in which he was born, and the object of his labor was not so much to perfect himself as to benefit others. He was an honest man. And strange, and stiff, and absurd, and outlandish as his outward appearance may seem, there is something in the face of that poor Chinese monk, with his yellow skin and his small oblique eyes, that appeals to our sympathy; something in his life, and the work of his life, that places him by right among the heroes of Greece, the martyrs of Rome, the knights of the crusades, the explorers of the Arctic regions; something that makes us feel it a duty to inscribe his name on the roll of the "forgotten worthies" of the human race. There is a higher consanguinity than that of the blood which runs through our veins, — that of the blood which makes our hearts beat with the same indignation and the same joy. And there is a higher nationality than that of being governed by the same imperial dynasty, — that of our common allegiance to the Father and Ruler of all mankind.

It is but right to state that we owe the publication, at least of the second volume of M. Julien's work, to the liberality of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. We have had several opportunities of pointing out the creditable manner in which that body has patronized literary and scientific works con-

ned with the East, and we congratulate the Chairman, Colonel Sykes, and the President of the Board of Control, Mr. Vernon Smith, on the excellent choice they have made in this instance. Nothing can be more satisfactory than that nearly the whole edition of a work which would have remained unpublished without their liberal assistance, has been sold in little more than a month.

*April, 1857*

## XI.

### THE MEANING OF NIRVÂNA.

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*To the Editor of "THE TIMES."*

SIR, — Mr. Francis Barham, of Bath, has protested in a letter, printed in "The Times" of the 24th of April, against my interpretations of "Nirvâna," or the *summum bonum* of the Buddhists. He maintains that the Nirvâna in which the Buddhists believe, and which they represent as the highest goal of their religion and philosophy, means union and communion with God, or absorption of the individual soul by the divine essence, and not, as I tried to show in my article on the "Buddhist Pilgrims," utter annihilation.

I must not take up much more of your space with so abstruse a subject as Buddhist metaphysics; but at the same time I cannot allow Mr. Barham's protest to pass unnoticed. The authorities which he brings forward against my account of Buddhism, and particularly against my interpretation of Nirvâna, seem formidable enough. There is Neander, the great Church historian; Creuzer, the famous scholar; and Huc, the well-known traveller and missionary, — all interpreting, as Mr. Barham says, the Nirvâna of the Buddhists in the sense of an apotheosis of the human soul, as it was taught in the Vedânta philosophy of the Brahmans, the Sufism

of the Persians, and the Christian mysticism of Eckhart and Tauler, and not in the sense of absolute annihilation.

Now, with regard to Neander and Creuzer, I must observe that their works were written before the canonical books of the Buddhists composed in Sanskrit had been discovered, or at least before they had been sent to Europe, and been analyzed by European scholars. Besides, neither Neander nor Creuzer was an oriental scholar, and their knowledge of the subject could only be second-hand. It was in 1824 that Mr. Brian Houghton Hodgson, then resident at the Court of Nepal, gave the first intimation of the existence of a large religious literature written in Sanskrit, and preserved by the Buddhists of Nepal as the canonical books of their faith. It was in 1830 and 1835 that the same eminent scholar and naturalist presented the first set of these books to the Royal Asiatic Society in London. In 1837 he made a similar gift to the Société Asiatique of Paris, and some of the most important works were transmitted by him to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It was in 1844 that the late Eugène Burnouf published, after a careful study of these documents, his classical work, "Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien," and it is from this book that our knowledge of Buddhism may be said to date. Several works have since been published, which have added considerably to the stock of authentic information on the doctrine of the great Indian reformer. There is Burnouf's translation of "Le Lotus de la bonne Loi," published after the death of that lamented scholar, together with numerous essays, in 1852. There are two interesting works by the Rev. Spence

Hardy, — “Eastern Monachism,” London, 1850, and “A Manual of Buddhism,” London, 1853; and there are the publications of M. Stanislas Julien, E. Foucaux, the Honorable George Turnour, Professor H. H. Wilson, and others, alluded to in my article on the “Buddhist Pilgrims.” It is from these works alone that we can derive correct and authentic information on Buddhism, and not from Neander’s “History of the Christian Church,” or from Creuzer’s “Symbolik.”

If any one will consult these works, he will find that the discussions on the true meaning of Nirvâna are not of modern date, and that, at a very early period, different philosophical schools among the Buddhists of India, and different teachers who spread the doctrine of Buddhism abroad, propounded every conceivable opinion as to the orthodox explanation of this term. Even in one and the same school we find different parties maintaining different views on the meaning of Nirvâna. There is the school of the Svâbhâvikas, which still exists in Nepal. The Svâbhâvikas maintain that nothing exists but nature, or rather substance, and that this substance exists by itself (“svabhâvât”), without a Creator or a Ruler. It exists, however, under two forms: in the state of Pravritti, as active, or in the state of Nirvritti, as passive. Human beings, who, like everything else, exist “svabhâvât,” “by themselves,” are supposed to be capable of arriving at Nirvritti, or passiveness, which is nearly synonymous with Nirvâna. But here the Svâbhâvikas branch off into two sects. Some believe that Nirvritti is repose, others that it is annihilation; and the former add, “were it even annihilation (‘sûnyatâ’), it would still be good, man being otherwise doomed to an eternal

nigration through all the forms of nature ; the more desirable of which are little to be wished for ; and the less so, at any price to be shunned.”<sup>1</sup>

What was the original meaning of Nirvâna may perhaps best be seen from the etymology of this technical term. Every Sanskrit scholar knows that Nirvâna means originally the blowing out, the extinction of light, and not absorption. The human soul, when it arrives at its perfection, is blown out,<sup>2</sup> if we use the phraseology of the Buddhists, like a lamp ; it is not absorbed, as the Brahmans say, like a drop in the ocean. Neither in the system of Buddhist philosophy, nor in the philosophy from which Buddha is supposed to have borrowed, was there any place left for a Divine Being by which the human soul could be absorbed. Sânkhya philosophy, in its original form, claims the name of “an-îsvara,” “lordless,” or “atheistic,” as its distinctive title. Its final object is not absorption in God, whether personal or impersonal, but “Moksha,” deliverance of the soul from all pain and illusion, and recovery by the soul of its true nature. It is doubtful whether the term “Nirvâna” was coined by Buddha. It occurs in the literature of the Brahmans as a synonyme of “Moksha,” deliverance ; “Nirvritti,” cessation ; “Apavarga,” release ; “Nihsreyas,” *summum bonum*. It is used in this sense in the Mahâbhârata, and it is explained in the Amara-Kosha as having the meaning of “blowing out, applied to a fire and to a sage.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Burnouf, *Introduction*, p. 441; Hodgson, *Asiatic Researches*, vol. xvi.

<sup>2</sup> “Calm,” “without wind,” as Nirvâna is sometimes explained, is expressed in Sanskrit by “Nirvâta.” See Amara-Kosha, *sub voce*.

<sup>3</sup> Different views of the Nirvâna, as conceived by the Tîrthakas, or the

Unless, however, we succeed in tracing this term in works anterior to Buddha, we may suppose that it was invented by him in order to express that meaning of the *summum bonum* which he was the first to preach, and which some of his disciples explained in the sense of absolute annihilation.

The earliest authority to which we can go back, if we want to know the original character of Buddhism, is the Buddhist Canon, as settled after the death of Buddha at the first Council. It is called "Tripitaka," or the "Three Baskets : " the first containing the Sûtras, or the discourses of Buddha ; the second, the Vinaya, or his code of morality ; the third, the Abhidharma, or the system of metaphysics. The first was compiled by Ananda, the second by Upâli, the third by Kâsyapa — all of them the pupils and friends of Buddha. It may be that these collections, as we now possess them, were finally arranged, not at the first, but at the third Council. Yet, even then, we have no earlier, no more authentic documents from which we could form an opinion as to the original teaching of Buddha ; and the Nirvâna, as taught in the metaphysics of Kasyapa, and particularly in the Pragnâ-pâramitâ, is annihilation, not absorption. Buddhism, therefore, if tested by its own canonical books, cannot be freed from the charge of Nihilism, whatever may have been its character in the mind of its founder, and whatever changes it may have undergone in later times, and among races less inured to metaphysical discussions than the Hindus.

The ineradicable feeling of dependence on something

Brahmans, may be seen in an extract from the *Lankâvatâra*, translated by Burnouf, p. 514.

else, which is the life-spring of all religion, was completely numbed in the early Buddhist metaphysicians, and it was only after several generations had passed away, and after Buddhism had become the creed of millions, that this feeling returned with increased warmth, changing, as I said in my article, the very Nothing into a paradise, and deifying the very Buddha who had denied the existence of a Deity. That this has been the case in China we know from the interesting works of the Abbé Hue, and from other sources, such as the "Catechism of the Shamans, or the Laws and Regulations of the Priesthood of Buddha in China," translated by Ch. F. Neumann, London, 1831. In India, also, Buddhism, as soon as it became a popular religion, had to speak a more human language than that of metaphysical Pyrrhonism. But, if it did so, it was because it was shamed into it. This we may see from the very nicknames which the Brahmans apply to their opponents, the Bauddhas. They call them Nâstikas — those who maintain that there is nothing; Sûnyavadins — those who maintain that there is a universal void.

The only ground, therefore, on which we may stand, if we wish to defend the founder of Buddhism against the charges of Nihilism and Atheism, is this, that, as some of the Buddhists admit, the "Basket of Metaphysics" was rather the work of his pupils, not of Buddha himself.<sup>1</sup> This distinction between the authentic words of Buddha and the canonical books in general, is men-

<sup>1</sup> See Burnouf, *Introduction*, p. 41. "Abuddhoktam abhidharma-sâstram." *Ib.* p. 454. According to the Thibetan Buddhists, however, Buddha propounded the Abhidharma when he was fifty-one years old *Asiatic Researches*, vol. xx. p. 339.

tioned more than once. The priesthood of Ceylon, when the manifest errors with which their canonical commentaries abound were brought to their notice, retreated from their former position, and now assert that it is only the express words of Buddha that they receive as undoubted truth.<sup>1</sup> There is a passage in a Buddhist work which reminds us somewhat of the last page of Dean Milman's "History of Christianity," and where we read:—

"The words of the priesthood are good; those of the Rahats (saints) are better; but those of the All-knowing are the best of all."

This is an argument which Mr. Francis Barham might have used with more success, and by which he might have justified, if not the first disciples, at least the original founder of Buddhism. Nay, there is a saying of Buddha's which tends to show that all metaphysical discussion was regarded by him as vain and useless. It is a saying mentioned in one of the MSS. belonging to the Bodleian Library. As it has never been published before, I may be allowed to quote it in the original: "Sadasad vikâram na sahaté;" "The ideas of being and not being do not admit of discussion;" a tenet which, if we consider that it was enunciated before the time of the Eleatic philosophers of Greece, and long before Hegel's Logic, might certainly have saved us many an intricate and indigestible argument.

A few passages from the Buddhist writings of Nepal and Ceylon will best show that the *horror nihili* was not felt by the metaphysicians of former ages in the same degree as it is felt by ourselves. The famous

<sup>1</sup> *Eastern Monachism*, p. 171.

hymn which resounds in heaven when the luminous rays of the smile of Buddha penetrate through the clouds, is "All is transitory, all is misery, all is void, all is without substance." Again, it is said in the *Pragnâ pâramitâ*,<sup>1</sup> that Buddha began to think that he ought to conduct all creatures to perfect Nirvâna. But he reflected that there are really no creatures which ought to be conducted, nor creatures that conduct; and, nevertheless, he did conduct all creatures to perfect Nirvâna. "Then," continues the text, "why is it said that there are neither creatures which arrive at complete Nirvâna, nor creatures which conduct there? Because it is illusion which makes creatures what they are. It is as if a clever juggler, or his pupil, made an immense number of people to appear on the high road, and after having made them to appear, made them to disappear again. Would there be anybody who had killed, or murdered, or annihilated, or caused them to vanish? No. And it is the same with Buddha. He conducts an immense, innumerable, infinite number of creatures to complete Nirvâna, and yet there are neither creatures which are conducted, nor creatures that conduct. If a Bodhisattva, on hearing this explanation of the Law, is not frightened, then it may be said that he has put on the great armor."<sup>2</sup>

Soon after, we read: "The name of 'Buddha' is nothing but a word. The name of 'Bodhisattva' is nothing but a word. The name of 'Perfect Wisdom' ('Pragnâ-pâramitâ') is nothing but a word. The name is indefinite, as if one says 'I,' for 'I' is something indefinite because it has no limits."

Burnouf gives the gist of the whole *Pragnâ-pâra-*

<sup>1</sup> Burnouf, *Introduction*, p. 462.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* p. 473.

mitâ in the following words: "The highest Wisdom, or what is to be known, has no more real existence than he who has to know, or the Bodhisattva; no more than he who does know, or the Buddha." But Burnouf remarks that nothing of this kind is to be found in the Sûtras, and that Gautama Sâkyamuni, the son of Suddhodana, would never have become the founder of a popular religion if he had started with similar absurdities. In the Sûtras the reality of the objective world is denied; the reality of form is denied; the reality of the individual, or the "I," is equally denied. But the existence of a subject, of something like the Purusha, the thinking substance of the Sâmkhya philosophy, is spared. Something at least exists with respect to which everything else may be said not to exist. The germs of the ideas, developed in the Pragnâ-parâmitâ, may indeed be discovered here and there in the Sûtras.<sup>1</sup> But they had not yet ripened into that poisonous plant which soon became an indispensable narcotic in the schools of the later Buddhists. Buddha himself, however, though, perhaps, not a Nihilist, was certainly an Atheist. He does not deny distinctly either the existence of gods, or that of God; but he ignores the former, and he is ignorant of the latter. Therefore, if Nirvâna in his mind was not yet complete annihilation, still less could it have been absorption into a Divine essence. It was nothing but selfishness, in the metaphysical sense of the word — a relapse into that being which is nothing but itself. / This is the most charitable view which we can take of the Nirvâna, even as conceived by Buddha himself, and it is the view which Burnouf derived from the canonical books

<sup>1</sup> Burnouf, *Introduction*, p. 520.

of the Northern Buddhists. On the other hand, Mr. Spence Hardy, who in his works follows exclusively the authority of the Southern Buddhists, the Pâli and Singhalese works of Ceylon, arrives at the same result. We read in his work: "The Rahat (Arhat), who has reached Nirvâna, but is not yet a Pratyekabuddha, or a Supreme Buddha, says: 'I await the appointed time for the cessation of existence. I have no wish to live; I have no wish to die. Desire is extinct.'"

In a very interesting dialogue between Milinda and Nâgasena, communicated by Mr. Spence Hardy, Nirvâna is represented as something which has no antecedent cause, no qualities, no locality. It is something of which the utmost we may assert is, that it is.

"*Nâgasena.* Can a man, by his natural strength, go from the city of Sâgal to the forest of Himâla?"

"*Milinda.* Yes.

"*Nâgasena.* But could any man, by his natural strength, bring the forest of Himâla to this city of Sâgal?"

"*Milinda.* No.

"*Nâgasena.* In like manner, though the fruition of the paths may cause the accomplishment of Nirvâna, no cause by which Nirvâna is produced can be declared. The path that leads to Nirvâna may be pointed out, but not any cause for its production. Why? because that which constitutes Nirvâna is beyond all computation, — a mystery, not to be understood. . . . It cannot be said that it is produced, nor that it is not produced; that it is past, or future, or present. Nor can it be said that it is the seeing of the eye, or the hearing

of the ear, or the smelling of the nose, or the tasting of the tongue, or the feeling of the body.

“*Milinda*. Then you speak of a thing that is not; you merely say that Nirvâna is Nirvâna;—therefore there is no Nirvâna.

“*Nâgasena*. Great king, Nirvâna is.”

Another question also, whether Nirvâna is something different from the beings that enter into it, has been asked by the Buddhists themselves:—

“*Milinda*. Does the being who acquires it, attain something that has previously existed?—or is it his own product, a formation peculiar to himself?

“*Nâgasena*. Nirvâna does not exist previously to its reception; nor is it that which was brought into existence. Still to the being who attains it, there is Nirvâna.”

In opposition, therefore, to the more advanced views of the Nihilistic philosophers of the North, Nâgasena maintains the existence of Nirvâna, and of the being that has entered Nirvâna. He does not say that Buddha is a mere word. When asked by king Milinda, whether the all-wise Buddha exists, he replies:—

“*Nâgasena*. He who is the most meritorious (Bhagavat) does exist.

“*Milinda*. Then can you point out to me the place in which he exists?

“*Nâgasena*. Our Bhagavat has attained Nirvâna, where there is no repetition of birth. We cannot say that he is here, or that he is there. When a fire is extinguished, can it be said that it is here, or that it is there? Even so, our Buddha has attained extinction

(Nirvâna). He is like the sun that has set behind the Astagiri mountain. It cannot be said that he is here, or that he is there: but we can point him out by the discourses he delivered. In them he lives."

.At the present moment, the great majority of Buddhists would probably be quite incapable of understanding the abstract speculation of their ancient masters. The view taken of Nirvâna in China, Mongolia, and Tartary may probably be as gross as that which most of the Mohammedans form of their paradise. But, in the history of religion, the historian must go back to the earliest and most original documents that are to be obtained. Thus only may he hope to understand the later developments which, whether for good or evil, every form of faith has had to undergo.

*April 1857.*

XII.

CHINESE TRANSLATIONS

OF

SANSKRIT TEXTS.<sup>1</sup>

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WELL might M. Stanislas Julien put *εἰρηκα* on the title-page of his last work, in which he explains his method of deciphering the Sanskrit words which occur in the Chinese translations of the Buddhist literature of India. We endeavored to explain the laborious character and the important results of his researches on this subject on a former occasion, when reviewing his translation of the "Life and Travels of the Buddhist Pilgrim Hiouen-thsang." At that time, however, M. Julien kept the key of his discoveries to himself. He gave us the results of his labors without giving us more than a general idea of the process by which those results had been obtained. He has now published his "Méthode pour déchiffrer et transcrire les noms sanscrits qui se rencontrent dans les livres chinois," and he has given to the public his Chinese-Sanskrit dictionary, the work of sixteen years of arduous labor, containing all the Chinese characters which are used for representing phonetically the technical terms and proper names of the Buddhist literature of India.

<sup>1</sup> *Méthode pour déchiffrer et transcrire les noms sanscrits qui se rencontrent dans les livres chinois.* Par M. Stanislas Julien, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1861.

In order fully to appreciate the labors and discoveries of M. Julien in this remote field of oriental literature, we must bear in mind that the doctrine of Buddha arose in India about two centuries before Alexander's invasion. It became the state religion of India soon after Alexander's conquest, and it produced a vast literature, which was collected into a canon at a council held about 246 B. C. Very soon after that council, Buddhism assumed a proselytizing character. It spread in the south to Ceylon, in the north to Kashmir, the Himalayan countries, Thibet, and China. In the historical annals of China, on which, in the absence of anything like historical literature in the Sanskrit, we must mainly depend for information on the spreading of Buddhism, one Buddhist missionary is mentioned as early as 217 B. C. ; and about the year 120 B. C. a Chinese general, after defeating the barbarous tribes north of the desert of Gobi, brought back as a trophy a golden statue, — the statue of Buddha. It was not, however, till the year 65 A. D. that Buddhism was officially recognized by the Chinese Emperor as a third state religion. Ever since, it has shared equal honors with the doctrines of Confucius and Lao-tse in the Celestial Empire ; and it is but lately that these three established religions have had to fear the encroachments of a new rival in the creed of the Chief of the rebels.

Once established in China, and well provided with monasteries and benefices, the Buddhist priesthood seems to have been most active in its literary labors. Immense as was the Buddhist literature of India, the Chinese swelled it to still more appalling proportions. The first thing to be done was to translate the canon-

ical books. This seems to have been the joint work of Chinese who had acquired a knowledge of Sanskrit during their travels in India, and of Hindus who settled in Chinese monasteries in order to assist the native translators. The translation of books which profess to contain a new religious doctrine is under all circumstances a task of great difficulty. It was so particularly when the subtle abstractions of the Buddhist religion had to be clothed in the solid, matter-of-fact idiom of the Chinese. But there was another difficulty which it seemed almost impossible to overcome. Many words, not only proper names, but the technical terms also of the Buddhist creed, had to be preserved in Chinese. They were not to be translated, but to be transliterated. But how was this to be effected with a language which, like Chinese, had no phonetic alphabet? Every Chinese character is a word; it has both sound and meaning; and it is unfit, therefore, for the representation of the sound of foreign words. In modern times, certain characters have been set apart for the purpose of writing the proper names and titles of foreigners; but such is the peculiar nature of the Chinese system of writing, that even with this alphabet it is only possible to represent approximatively the pronunciation of foreign words. In the absence, however, of even such an alphabet, the translators of the Buddhist literature seem to have used their own discretion — or rather indiscretion — in appropriating, without any system, whatever Chinese characters seemed to them to come nearest to the sound of Sanskrit words. Now the whole Chinese language consists in reality of about four hundred words, or significative sounds, all monosyllabic. Each of these monosyllabic sounds embraces a large number

of various meanings, and each of these various meanings is represented by its own sign. Thus it has happened that the Chinese dictionary contains 43,496 signs, whereas the Chinese language commands only four hundred distinct utterances. Instead of being restricted, therefore, to one character which always expresses the same sound, the Buddhist translators were at liberty to express one and the same sound in a hundred different ways. Of this freedom they availed themselves to the fullest extent. Each translator, each monastery, fixed on its own characters for representing the pronunciation of Sanskrit words. There are more than twelve hundred Chinese characters employed by various writers in order to represent the forty-two simple letters of the Sanskrit alphabet. The result has been that even the Chinese were, after a time, unable to read — *i. e.* to pronounce — these random transliterations. What, then, was to be expected from Chinese scholars in Europe? Fortunately, the Chinese, to save themselves from their own perplexities, had some lists drawn up, exhibiting the principles followed by the various translators in representing the proper names, the names of places, and the technical terms of philosophy and religion which they had borrowed from the Sanskrit. With the help of these lists, and after sixteen years consecrated to the study of the Chinese translations of Sanskrit works and of other original compositions of Buddhist authors, M. Julien at last caught up the thread that was to lead him through this labyrinth; and by means of his knowledge of Sanskrit, which he acquired solely for that purpose, he is now able to do what not even the most learned among the Buddhists in China could accomplish, — he is able to restore the exact form

and meaning of every word transferred from Sanskrit into the Buddhist literature of China.

Without this laborious process, which would have tired out the patience and deadened the enthusiasm of most scholars, the treasures of the Buddhist literature preserved in Chinese were really useless. Abel Rémusat, who during his lifetime was considered the first Chinese scholar in Europe, attempted, indeed, a translation of the travels of Fahian, a Buddhist pilgrim, who visited India about the end of the fourth century after Christ. It was in many respects a most valuable work, but the hopelessness of reducing the uncouth Chinese terms to their Sanskrit originals made it most tantalizing to look through its pages. Who was to guess that "Ho-kia-lo" was meant for the Sanskrit "Vyâkarana," in the sense of sermons; "Po-to" for the Sanskrit "Avadâna," parables; "Kia-ye-i" for the Sanskrit "Kâsyapiyas," the followers of Kâsyapa? In some instances, Abel Rémusat, assisted by Chézy, guessed rightly; and later Sanskrit scholars, such as Burnouf, Lassen, and Wilson, succeeded in reëstablishing, with more or less certainty the original forms of a number of Sanskrit words, in spite of their Chinese disguises. Still there was no system, and therefore no certainty, in these guesses, and many erroneous conclusions were drawn from fragmentary translations of Chinese writers on Buddhism, which even now are not yet entirely eliminated from the works of oriental scholars. With M. Julien's method, mathematical certainty seems to have taken the place of learned conjectures; and whatever is to be learnt from the Chinese on the origin, the history, and the true character of Buddha's doctrine may now be had in an authentic and unambiguous form.

But even after the principal difficulties have been cleared away through the perseverance of M. Stanislas Julien, and after we have been allowed to reap the fruits of his labors in his masterly translation of the "Voyages des Pèlerins Bouddhistes," there still remains one point that requires some elucidation. How was it that the Chinese, whose ears no doubt are of the same construction as our own, should have made such sad work of the Sanskrit names which they transcribed with their own alphabet? Much may be explained by the defects of their language. Such common sounds as *v*, *g*, *r*, *b*, *d*, and short *a*, are unknown in Chinese as initials; no compound consonants are allowed, every consonant being followed by a vowel; and the final letters are limited to a very small number. This, no doubt, explains, to a great extent, the distorted appearance of many Sanskrit words when written in Chinese. Thus, "Buddha" could only be written "Fo-to." There was no sign for an initial *b*, nor was it possible to represent a double consonant, such as *ddh*. "Fo-to" was the nearest approach to "Buddha" of which Chinese, when written, was capable. But was it so in speaking? Was it really impossible for Fahian and Hiouen-thsang, who had spent so many years in India, and who were acquainted with all the intricacies of Sanskrit grammar, to distinguish between the sounds of "Buddha" and "Fo-to?" We cannot believe this. We are convinced that Hiouen-thsang, though he wrote, and could not but write "Fo-to" with the Chinese characters, pronounced "Buddha" just as we pronounce it, and that it was only among the unlearned that "Fo-to" became at last the recognized name of the founder of Buddhism, abbreviated even to the

monosyllabic "Fo," which is now the most current appellation of "the Enlightened." In the same manner the Chinese pilgrims wrote "Niepan," but they pronounced Nirvâna; they wrote "Fan-lon-mo," and pronounced Brahma.

Nor is it necessary that we should throw all the blame of these distortions on the Chinese. On the contrary, it is almost certain that some of the discrepancies between the Sanskrit of their translations and the classical Sanskrit of Pânini were due to the corruption which, at the time when Buddhism arose, and still more at the time when Buddhism spread to China, had crept into the spoken language of India. Sanskrit had ceased to be the spoken language of the people previous to the time of Asoka. The edicts which are still preserved on the rocks of Dhauli, Girnar, and Kapurdigiri are written in a dialect which stands to Sanskrit in the same relation as Italian to Latin. Now it is true, no doubt, that the canonical books of the Buddhists are written in a tolerably correct Sanskrit, very different from the Italianized dialect of Asoka. But that Sanskrit was, like the Greek of Alexandria, like the Latin of Hungary, a learned idiom, written by the learned for the learned; it was no longer the living speech of India. Now it is curious that in many of the canonical Buddhist works which we still possess, the text which is written in Sanskrit prose is from time to time interrupted by poetical portions, called "Gâthâs" or ballads, in which the same things are told in verse which had before been related in prose. The dialect of these songs or ballads is full of what grammarians would call irregularities; that is to say, full of those changes which every language undergoes

in the mouths of the people. In character these corruptions are the same as those which have been observed in the inscriptions of Asoka, and which afterwards appear in Pâli and the modern Prâkrit dialects of India. Various conjectures have been started to explain the amalgamation of the correct prose text and the free and easy poetical version of the same events, as embodied in the sacred literature of the Buddhists. Burnouf, the first who instituted a critical inquiry into the history and literature of Buddhism, supposed that there was, besides the canon fixed by the three convocations, another digest of Buddhist doctrines composed in the popular style, which may have developed itself, as he says, subsequently to the preaching of Sâkyâ, and which would thus be intermediate between the regular Sanskrit and the Pâli. He afterwards, however, inclines to another view, namely, that these Gâthâs were written out of India by men to whom Sanskrit was no longer familiar, and who endeavored to write in the learned language, which they ill understood, with the freedom which is imparted by the habitual use of a popular but imperfectly determined dialect. Other Sanskrit scholars have proposed other solutions of this strange mixture of correct prose and incorrect poetry in the Buddhist literature; but none of them was satisfactory. The problem seems to have been solved at last by a native scholar, Babu Rajendralal, a curious instance of the reaction of European antiquarian research on the native mind of India. Babu Rajendralal reads Sanskrit, of course, with the greatest ease. He is a pandit by profession, but he is at the same time a scholar and critic in our sense of the word. He has edited Sanskrit texts after a care-

ful collation of MSS., and in his various contributions to the "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal," he has proved himself completely above the prejudices of his class, freed from the erroneous views on the history and literature of India in which every Brahman is brought up, and thoroughly imbued with those principles of criticism which men like Colebrook, Lassen, and Burnouf have followed in their researches into the literary treasures of his country. His English is remarkably clear and simple, and his arguments would do credit to any Sanskrit scholar in England. We quote from his remarks on Burnouf's account of the Gâthâs, as given in that scholar's "Histoire du Budhisme Indien:" —

"Burnouf's opinion on the origin of the Gâthâs, we venture to think, is founded on a mistaken estimate of Sanskrit style. The poetry of the Gâthâ has much artistic elegance which at once indicates that it is not the composition of men who were ignorant of the first principles of grammar. The authors display a great deal of learning, and discuss the subtlest questions of logic and metaphysics with much tact and ability, and it is difficult to conceive that men who were perfectly familiar with the most intricate forms of Sanskrit logic, who have expressed the most abstruse metaphysical ideas in precise and often in beautiful language, who composed with ease and elegance in *Ârya*, *Totaka*, and other difficult measures, were unacquainted with the rudiments of the language in which they wrote, and were unable to conjugate the verb *to be* in all its forms. . . . The more reasonable conjecture appears to be that the Gâthâ is the production of bards who were contemporaries or immediate successors of *Sâkyâ*, who

recounted to the devout congregations of the prophet of Magadha the sayings and doings of their great teacher in popular and easy flowing verses, which in course of time came to be regarded as the most authentic source of all information connected with the founder of Buddhism. The high estimation in which the ballads and improvisations of bards are held in India, and particularly in the Buddhist writings, favors this supposition; and the circumstance that the poetical portions are generally introduced in corroboration of the narration of the prose, with the words, 'Thereof this may be said,' affords a strong presumptive evidence."

Now this, from the pen of a native scholar, is truly remarkable. The spirit of Niebuhr seems to have reached the shores of India, and this ballad theory comes out more successfully in the history of Buddha than in the history of Romulus. The absence of anything like cant in the mouth of a Brahman speaking of Buddhism, the *bête noire* of all orthodox Brahmans, is highly satisfactory; and our Sanskrit scholars in Europe will have to pull hard if, with such men as Babu Rajendralal in the field, they are not to be distanced in the race of scholarship.

We believe, then, that Babu Rajendralal is right, and we look upon the dialect of the Gâthâs as a specimen of the Sanskrit spoken by the followers of Buddha about the time of Asoka and later. And this will help us to understand some of the peculiar changes which the Sanskrit of the Chinese Buddhists must have undergone, even before it was disguised in the strange dress of the Chinese alphabet. The Chinese pilgrims did not hear the Sanskrit pronounced as it was pronounced in the Parishads, according to the

strict rules of their Śikshâ, or phonetics. They heard it as it was spoken in Buddhist monasteries, as it was sung in the Gâthâs of Buddhist minstrels, as it was preached in the Vyâkaranas, or sermons of Buddhist friars. For instance. In the Gâthâs a short *a* is frequently lengthened. We find “nâ” instead of “na,” no. The same occurs in the Sanskrit of the Chinese Buddhists. (See Julien, “Méthode,” pp. 18, 21.) We find there, also, “vistâra” instead of “vistara,” etc. In the dialect of the Gâthâs, nouns ending in consonants, and therefore irregular, are transferred to the easier declension in *a*. The same process takes place in modern Greek, and in the transition of Latin into Italian; it is, in fact, a general tendency of all languages which are carried on by the stream of living speech. Now this transition from one declension to another had taken place before the Chinese had appropriated the Sanskrit of the Buddhist books. The Sanskrit “nabhas” becomes “nabha” in the Gâthâs; locative “nabhe,” instead of “nabhasi.” If, therefore, we find in Chinese “lo-che” for the Sanskrit “ragas,” dust, we may ascribe the change of *r* into *l* to the inability of the Chinese to pronounce or to write an *r*. We may admit that the Chinese alphabet offered nothing nearer to the sound of “ga” than “tche”; but the dropping of the final *s* has no excuse in Chinese, and finds its real explanation in the nature of the Gâthâ dialect. Thus the Chinese “Fan-lan-mo” does not represent the correct Sanskrit “Brahman,” but the vulgar form “Brahma.” The Chinese “so-po” for “sarva,” all; “tho-mo” for “dharma,” law, find no explanation in the dialect of the Gâthâs; but the suppression of the *r* before *v* and *m*, is of frequent occurrence in

the inscriptions of Asoka. The omission of the initial *s* in words like “sthâna,” place, “sthavira,” an elder, is likewise founded on the rules of Pâli and Prâkrit, and need not be placed to the account of the Chinese translators. In the inscription of Girnar, “sthavira” is even reduced to “thaira.” The *s* of the nominative is frequently dropped in the dialect of the Gâthâs, or changed into *o*. Hence we might venture to doubt whether it is necessary to give to the character 1780 of M. Julien’s list, which generally has the value of “ta,” a second value “sta.” This *s* is only wanted to supply the final *s* of “kas,” the interrogative pronoun, in such a sentence as “kas tadgunaḥ?” what is the use of this? Now here we are inclined to believe that the final *s* of “kas” had long disappeared in the popular language of India, before the Chinese came to listen to the strange sounds and doctrines of the disciples of Buddha. They probably heard “ka tadguna,” or “ka tagguna,” and this they represented as best they could by the Chinese “kia-to-kieou-na.”

With these few suggestions we leave the work of M. Stanislas Julien. It is in reality a work done once for all — one huge stone and stumbling-block effectually rolled, away which for years had barred the approach to some most valuable documents of the history of the East. Now that the way is clear, let us hope that others will follow, and that we shall soon have complete and correct translations of the travels of Fahian and other Buddhist pilgrims whose works are like so many Murray’s “Handbooks of India,” giving us an insight into the social, political, and religious state of that country at a time when we look in vain for any other historical documents.

### XIII.

## THE WORKS OF CONFUCIUS.<sup>1</sup>

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IN reviewing the works of missionaries, we have repeatedly dwelt on the opportunities of scientific usefulness which are open to the messengers of the gospel in every part of the world. We are not afraid of the common objection that missionaries ought to devote their whole time and powers to the one purpose for which they are sent out and paid by our societies. Missionaries cannot always be engaged in teaching, preaching, converting, and baptizing the heathen. A missionary, like every other human creature, ought to have his leisure hours; and if those leisure hours are devoted to scientific pursuits, to the study of the languages or the literature of the people among whom he lives, to a careful description of the scenery and antiquities of the country, the manners, laws, and customs of its inhabitants, their legends, their national poetry, or popular stories, or again, to the cultivation of any branch of natural science, he may rest assured that he is not neglecting the sacred trust which he accepted, but is only bracing and invigorating his mind, and keeping it from that stagnation which is the inevitable result

<sup>1</sup> *The Chinese Classics; with a Translation, Critical and Exegetical Notes.* By James Legge, D. D., of the London Missionary Society. Hong Kong, 1861.

of a too monotonous employment. The staff of missionaries which is spread over the whole globe supplies the most perfect machinery that could be devised for the collection of all kinds of scientific knowledge. They ought to be the pioneers of science. They should not only take out,—they should also bring something home; and there is nothing more likely to increase and strengthen the support on which our missionary societies depend, nothing more sure to raise the intellectual standard of the men selected for missionary labor, than a formal recognition of this additional duty. There may be exceptional cases where missionaries are wanted for constant toil among natives ready to be instructed, and anxious to be received as members of a Christian community. But, as a general rule, the missionary abroad has more leisure than a clergyman at home, and time sits heavy on the hands of many whose congregations consist of no more than ten or twenty souls. It is hardly necessary to argue this point, when we can appeal to so many facts. The most successful missionaries have been exactly those whose names are remembered with gratitude, not only by the natives among whom they labored, but also by the savants of Europe; and the labors of the Jesuit missionaries in India and China, of the Baptist missionaries at Serampore, of Gogerly and Spence Hardy in Ceylon, of Caldwell in Tinnevely, of Wilson in Bombay, of Moffat, Krapf, and last, but not least, of Livingstone, will live not only in the journals of our academies, but likewise in the annals of the missionary Church.

The first volume of an edition of the Chinese Classics, which we have just received from the Rev. Dr. J. Legge, of the London Missionary Society, is a new

proof of what can be achieved by missionaries, if encouraged to devote part of their time and attention to scientific and literary pursuits. We do not care to inquire whether Dr. Legge has been successful as a missionary. Even if he had not converted a single Chinese, he would, after completing the work which he has just begun, have rendered most important aid to the introduction of Christianity into China. He arrived in the East towards the end of 1839, having received only a few months' instruction in Chinese from Professor Kidd in London. Being stationed at Malacca, it seemed to him then — and he adds, “that the experience of twenty-one years has given its sanction to the correctness of the judgment” — that he could not consider himself qualified for the duties of his position until he had thoroughly mastered the classical books of the Chinese, and investigated for himself the whole field of thought through which the sages of China had ranged, and in which were to be found the foundations of the moral, social, and political life of the people. He was not able to pursue his studies without interruption, and it was only after some years, when the charge of the Anglo-Chinese College had devolved upon him, that he could procure the books necessary to facilitate his progress. After sixteen years of assiduous study, Dr. Legge had explored the principal works of Chinese literature; and he then felt that he could render the course of reading through which he had passed more easy to those who were to follow after him, by publishing, on the model of our editions of the Greek and Roman Classics, a critical text of the Classics of China, together with a translation and explanatory notes. His materials were ready, but there was the difficulty of

finding the funds necessary for so costly an undertaking. Scarcely, however, had Dr. Legge's wants become known among the British and other foreign merchants in China, than one of them, Mr. Joseph Jardine, sent for the Doctor, and said to him, "I know the liberality of the merchants in China, and that many of them would readily give their help to such an undertaking; but you need not have the trouble of canvassing the community. If you are prepared to undertake the toil of the publication, I will bear the expense of it. We make our money in China, and we should be glad to assist in whatever promises to be a benefit to it." The result of this combination of disinterested devotion on the part of the author, and enlightened liberality on the part of his patron, lies now before us in a splendid volume of text, translation, and commentary, which, if the life of the editor is spared (and the sudden death of Mr. Jardine from the effects of the climate is a warning how busily death is at work among the European settlers in those regions), will be followed by at least six other volumes.

The edition is to comprise the books now recognized as of highest authority by the Chinese themselves. These are the five Kings and the four Shoos. 'King' means the warp threads of a web, and its application to literary compositions rests on the same metaphor as the Latin word *textus*, and the Sanskrit "Sûtra," meaning a yarn, and a book. "Shoo" simply means writings. The five Kings are: 1. The Yih, or the Book of Changes; 2. The Shoo, or the Book of History; 3. The She, or the Book of Poetry; 4. The Le Ke, or Record of Rites; and 5. The Chun Tsew, or Spring and Autumn; a chronicle extending from 721

to 480 B. C. The four Shoos consist of: 1. The *Lun Yu*, or *Digested Conversations between Confucius and his disciples*; 2. *Ta Hëo*, or *Great Learning*, commonly attributed to one of his disciples; 3. The *Chung Yung*, or *Doctrine of the Mean*, ascribed to the grandson of Confucius; 4. Of the works of Mencius, who died 288 B. C.

The authorship of the five *Kings* is loosely attributed to Confucius; but it is only the fifth, or "the *Spring and Autumn*," which can be claimed as the work of the philosopher. The *Yih*, the *Shoo*, and the *She King* were not composed, but only compiled by him, and much of the *Le Ke* is clearly from later hands. Confucius, though the founder of a religion and a reformer, was thoroughly conservative in his tendencies, and devotedly attached to the past. He calls himself a transmitter, not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients (p. 59). "I am not one who was born in the possession of knowledge," he says; "I am one who is fond of antiquity, and earnest in seeking it there" (p. 65). The most frequent themes of his discourses were the ancient songs, the history, and the rules of propriety established by ancient sages (p. 64). When one of his contemporaries wished to do away with the offering of a lamb as a meaningless formality, Confucius reproved him with the pithy sentence, "You love the sheep, I love the ceremony." There were four things, we are told, which Confucius taught, — letters, ethics, devotion of soul, and truthfulness (p. 66). When speaking of himself, he said, "At fifteen, I had my mind bent on learning. At thirty, I stood firm. At forty, I had no doubt. At fifty, I knew the decrees of Heaven. At sixty, my ear was an obedient organ

for the reception of truth. At seventy, I could follow what my heart desired, without transgressing what was right" (p. 10). Though this may sound like boasting, it is remarkable how seldom Confucius himself claims any superiority above his fellow-creatures. He offers his advice to those who are willing to listen, but he never speaks dogmatically; he never attempts to tyrannize over the minds or hearts of his friends. If we read his biography, we can hardly understand how a man whose life was devoted to such tranquil pursuits, and whose death scarcely produced a ripple on the smooth and silent surface of the Eastern world, could have left the impress of his mind on millions and millions of human beings — an impress which even now, after 2,339 years, is clearly discernible in the national character of the largest empire of the world. Confucius died in 478 B. C., complaining that of all the princes of the empire there was not one who would adopt his principles and obey his lessons. After two generations, however, his name had risen to be a power — the rallying point of a vast movement of national and religious regeneration. His grandson speaks of him as the ideal of a sage, as the sage is the ideal of humanity at large. Though Tze-tze claims no divine honor for his grand-sire, he exalts his wisdom and virtue beyond the limits of human nature. This is a specimen of the language which he applies to Confucius: —

“He may be compared to heaven and earth in their supporting and containing, their overshadowing and curtaining all things; he may be compared to the four seasons in their alternating progress, and to the sun and moon in their successive shining. . . . Quick in apprehension, clear in discernment, of far reaching in-

tellect and all-embracing knowledge, he was fitted to exercise rule; magnanimous, generous, benign, and mild, he was fitted to exercise forbearance; impulsive, energetic, firm, and enduring, he was fitted to maintain a firm hold; self-adjusted, grave, never swerving from the Mean, and correct, he was fitted to command reverence; accomplished, distinctive, concentrative, and searching, he was fitted to exercise discrimination. . . . All-embracing and vast, he was like heaven; deep and active as a fountain, he was like the abyss. . . . Therefore his fame overspreads the Middle Kingdom and extends to all barbarous tribes. Wherever ships and carriages reach, wherever the strength of man penetrates, wherever the heavens overshadow and the earth sustains, wherever the sun and moon shine, wherever frost and dews fall, all who have blood and breath unfeignedly honor and love him. Hence it is said, — He is the equal of Heaven” (p. 53).

This is certainly very magnificent phraseology, but it will hardly convey any definite impression to the minds of those who are not acquainted with the life and teaching of the great Chinese sage. These may be studied now by all who can care for the history of human thought, in the excellent work of Dr. Legge. The first volume, just published, contains the Confucian Analects, the Great Learning, and the Doctrine of the Mean, or the First, Second, and Third Shoo, and will, we hope, soon be followed by the other Chinese Classics.<sup>1</sup> We must here confine ourselves to giving a few of the sage’s sayings, selected from thousands that

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Legge has since published: vol. ii. containing the works of Mencius; vol. iii. part 1, containing the first part of the Shoo King; vol. iii. part 2, containing the fifth part of the Shoo King.

are to be found in the Confucian Analects. Their interest is chiefly historical, as throwing light on the character of one of the most remarkable men in the history of the human race. But there is besides this a charm in the simple enunciation of simple truths; and such is the fear of truism in our modern writers that we must go to distant times and distant countries if we wish to listen to that simple Solomonic wisdom which is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Confucius shows his tolerant spirit when he says, "The superior man is catholic, and no partisan. The mean man is a partisan and not catholic" (p. 14).

There is honest manliness in his saying, "To see what is right, and not to do it, is want of courage" (p. 18).

His definition of knowledge, though less profound than that of Socrates, is nevertheless full of good sense: —

"The Master said, 'Shall I teach you what knowledge is? When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it, — this is knowledge'" (p. 15).

Nor was Confucius unacquainted with the secrets of the heart: "It is only the truly virtuous man," he says in one place, "who can love or who can hate others" (p. 30). In another place he expresses his belief in the irresistible charm of virtue: "Virtue is not left to stand alone," he says; "he who practices it will have neighbors." He bears witness to the hidden connection between intellectual and moral excellence: "It is not easy," he remarks, "to find a man who has learned

for three years without coming to be good" (p. 76) In his ethics, the golden rule of the gospel, "Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do to you," is represented as almost unattainable. Thus we read, "Tsze-Kung said, 'What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men.' The Master said, 'Tsze, you have not attained to that.'" The Brahmans, too, had a distant perception of the same truth, which is expressed, for instance, in the Hitopadesa in the following words: "Good people show mercy unto all beings, considering how like they are to themselves." On subjects which transcend the limits of human understanding, Confucius is less explicit; but his very reticence is remarkable, when we consider the recklessness with which oriental philosophers launch into the deep waters of religious metaphysics. Thus we read (p. 107): —

"Ke Loo asked about serving the spirits of the dead. The Master said, 'While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve their spirits?'"

"Ke Loo added, 'I venture to ask about death.' He was answered, 'While you do not know life, how can you know about death?'"

And again (p. 190): —

"The Master said, 'I would prefer not speaking.'

"Tsze-Kung said, 'If you, Master, do not speak, what shall we, your disciples, have to record?'"

"The Master said, 'Does Heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are continually being produced; but does Heaven say anything?'"

*November, 1861.*

## XIV.

### POPOL VUH.

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A BOOK called "Popol Vuh,"<sup>1</sup> and pretending to be the original text of the sacred writings of the Indians of Central America, will be received by most people with a skeptical smile. The Aztec children, who were shown all over Europe as descendants of a race to whom, before the Spanish conquest, divine honors were paid by the natives of Mexico, and who turned out to be unfortunate creatures that had been tampered with by heartless speculators, are still fresh in the memory of most people; and the "Livre des Sauvages,"<sup>2</sup> lately published by the Abbé Domenech, under the auspices of Count Walewsky, has somewhat lowered the dignity of American studies in general. Still, those who laugh at the "Manuscrit Pictographique Américain" discovered by the French Abbé in the library of the French Arsenal, and edited by him with so much care as a precious relic of the old Redskins of North America, ought not to forget that

<sup>1</sup> *Popol Vuh: le Livre Sacré et les Mythes de l'Antiquité Américaine, avec les Livres Héroïques et Historiques des Quichés.* Par l'Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg. Paris: Durand, 1681.

<sup>2</sup> *Manuscrit Pictographique Américain, précédé d'une Notice sur l'Idéographie des Peaux-Rouges.* Par l'Abbé Em. Domenech. Ouvrage publié sous les auspices de M. le Ministre d'Etat et de la Maison de l'Empereur. Paris, 1860.

there would be nothing at all surprising in the existence of such MS., containing genuine pictographic writing of the Red Indians. The German critic of Abbé Domenech, M. Petzholdt,<sup>1</sup> assumes much too triumphant an air in announcing his discovery that the "Manuscrit Pictographique" was the work of a German boy in the backwoods of America. He ought to have acknowledged that the Abbé himself had pointed out the German scrawls on some of the pages of his MS.; that he had read the names of Anna and Maria; and that he never claimed any great antiquity for the book in question. Indeed, though M. Petzholdt tells us very confidently that the whole book is the work of a naughty, nasty, and profane little boy, the son of German settlers in the backwoods of America, we doubt whether anybody who takes the trouble to look through all the pages will consider this view as at all satisfactory, or even as more probable than that of the French Abbé. We know what boys are capable of in pictographic art from the occasional defacements of our walls and railings; but we still feel a little skeptical when M. Petzholdt assures us that there is nothing extraordinary in a boy filling a whole volume with these elaborate scrawls. If M. Petzholdt had taken the trouble to look at some of the barbarous hieroglyphics that have been collected in North America, he would have understood more readily how the Abbé Domenech, who had spent many years among the Red Indians, and had himself copied several of their inscriptions, should have taken the

<sup>1</sup> *Das Buch der Wilden im Lichte Französischer Civilisation. Mit Proben aus dem in Paris als "Manuscrit Pictographique Américain," veröffentlichten Schmierbuche eines Deutsch-Amerikanischen Hinterwälder Jungen.* Von J. Petzholdt. Dresden, 1861.

pages preserved in the library of the *Arséna*l at Paris as genuine specimens of American pictography. There is a certain similarity between these scrawls and the figures scratched on rocks, tombstones, and trees by the wandering tribes of North America; and though we should be very sorry to indorse the opinion of the enthusiastic Abbé, or to start any conjecture of our own as to the real authorship of the "*Livre des Sauvages*," we cannot but think that M. Petzholdt would have written less confidently, and certainly less scornfully, if he had been more familiar than he seems to be with the little that is known of the picture-writing of the Indian tribes. As a preliminary to the question of the authenticity of the "*Popol Vuh*," a few words on the pictorial literature of the Red Indians of North America will not be considered out of place. The "*Popol Vuh*" is not indeed a "*Livre des Sauvages*," but a literary composition in the true sense of the word. It contains the mythology and history of the civilized races of Central America, and comes before us with credentials that will bear the test of critical inquiry. But we shall be better able to appreciate the higher achievements of the South after we have examined, however cursorily, the rude beginnings in literature among the savage races of the North.

Colden, in his "*History of the Five Nations*," informs us that when, in 1696, the Count de Frontenac marched a well-appointed army into the Iroquios country, with artillery and all other means of regular military offense, he found, on the banks of the Onondaga, now called Oswego River, a tree, on the trunk of which the Indians had depicted the French army,

and deposited two bundles of cut rushes at its foot, consisting of 1,434 pieces; an act of symbolical defiance on their part, which was intended to warn their Gallic invaders that they would have to encounter this number of warriors.

This warlike message is a specimen of Indian picture-writing. It belongs to the lowest stage of graphic representation, and hardly differs from the primitive way in which the Persian ambassadors communicated with the Greeks, or the Romans with the Carthaginians. Instead of the lance and the staff of peace between which the Carthaginians were asked to choose, the Red Indians would have sent an arrow and a pipe, and the message would have been equally understood. This, though not yet *peindre la parole*, is nevertheless a first attempt at *parler aux yeux*. It is a first beginning which may lead to something more perfect in the end. We find similar attempts at pictorial communication among other savage tribes, and they seem to answer every purpose. In Freycinet and Arago's "Voyage to the Eastern Ocean," we are told of a native of the Carolina Islands, a Tamor of Sathoual, who wished to avail himself of the presence of a ship to send a trader at Botta, M. Martinez, some shells which he had promised to collect in exchange for a few axes and some other articles. He expressed to the captain, who gave him a piece of paper to make the drawing, and satisfactorily executed the commission. The figure of a man at the top denoted the ship's captain, who by his outstretched hands represented his office as a messenger between the parties. The rays or ornaments on his head denote rank or authority. The vine beneath him is a type of friendship. In the left column are depicted

the number and kinds of shells sent ; in the right column the things wished for in exchange, namely, seven fish-hooks, three large and four small, two axes, and two pieces of iron.

The inscriptions which are found on the Indian graveboards mark a step in advance. Every warrior has his crest, which is called his "totem," and is painted on his tombstone. A celebrated war-chief, the Adjeta-tig of Wabojeeg, died on Lake Superior, about 1793. He was of the clan of the Addik, or American reindeer. The fact is symbolized by the figure of the deer. The reversed position denotes death. His own personal name, which was White Fisher, is not noticed. But there are seven transverse strokes on the left, and these have a meaning, namely, that he had led seven war parties. Then there are three perpendicular lines below his crest, and these again are readily understood by every Indian. They represent the wounds received in battle. The figure of a Moose's head is said to relate to a desperate conflict with an enraged animal of this kind ; and the symbols of the arrow and the pipe are drawn to indicate the chief's influence in war and peace

There is another graveboard of the ruling chief of Sandy Lake on the Upper Mississippi. Here the reversed bird denotes his family name or clan, the Crane. Four transverse lines above it denote that he had killed four of his enemies in battle. An analogous custom is mentioned by Aristotle ("Politica," vii. 2, p. 220, ed. Götting). Speaking of the Iberians, he states that they placed as many obelisks round the grave of a warrior as he had killed enemies in battle.

But the Indians went further ; and though they

never arrived at the perfection of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, they had a number of symbolic emblems which were perfectly understood by all their tribes. *Eating* is represented by a man's hand lifted to his mouth. *Power over man* is symbolized by a line drawn in the figure from the mouth to the heart; *power* in general by a head with two horns. A circle drawn around the body at the abdomen denotes *full means of subsistence*. A boy drawn with waved lines from each ear and lines leading to the heart represents a *pupil*. A figure with a plant as head, and two wings, denotes a *doctor* skilled in medicine, and endowed with the power of ubiquity. A tree with human legs, a *herbalist* or *professor of botany*. *Night* is represented by a finely crossed or barred sun, or a circle with human legs. *Rain* is figured by a dot or semicircle filled with water and placed on the head. The heaven with three disks of the sun is understood to mean three days' journey, and a landing after a voyage is represented by a tortoise. Short sentences, too, can be pictured in this manner. A prescription, ordering abstinence from food for two, and rest for four days, is written by drawing a man with two bars on the stomach and four across the legs. We are told even of war-songs and love songs composed in this primitive alphabet; but it would seem as if, in these cases, the reader required even greater poetical imagination than the writer. There is one war-song consisting of four pictures, —

1. The sun rising.
2. A figure pointing with one hand to the earth and the other extended to the sky.
3. The moon with two human legs.

4. A figure personifying the Eastern woman, *i. e.* the evening star.

These four symbols are said to convey to the Indian the following meaning: —

I am rising to seek the war path;  
The earth and the sky are before me;  
I walk by day and by night;  
And the evening star is my guide.

The following is a specimen of a love song: —

1. Figure representing a god (monedo) endowed with magic power.

2. Figure beating the drum and singing; lines from his mouth.

3. Figure surrounded by a secret lodge.

4. Two bodies joined with one continuous arm.

5. A woman on an island.

6. A woman asleep; lines from his ear towards her.

7. A red heart in a circle.

This poem is intended to express these sentiments:

1. It is my form and person that make me great.

2. Hear the voice of my song, it is my voice.

3. I shield myself with secret coverings.

4. All your thoughts are known to me, blush!

5. I could draw you hence were you ever so far, —

6. Though you were on the other hemisphere.

7. I speak to your naked heart.

All we can say is, that if the Indians can read this writing, they are greater adepts in the mysteries of love than the judges of the old *Cours d'amour*. But it is much more likely that these war-songs and love-songs are known to the people beforehand, and that their writings are only meant to revive what exists in

the memory of the reader. It is a kind of mnemonic writing, and it has been used by missionaries for similar purposes, and with considerable success. Thus, in a translation of the Bible in the Massachusetts language by Eliot, the verses from 25 to 32 in the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs, are expressed by "an ant, a coney, a locust, a spider, a river (symbol of motion), a lion, a greyhound, a he-goat and king, a man foolishly lifting himself to take hold of the heavens." No doubt these symbols would help the reader to remember the proper order of the verses, but they would be perfectly useless without a commentary or without a previous knowledge of the text.

We are told that the famous Testéra, brother of the chamberlain of François I., who came to America eight or nine years after the taking of Mexico, finding it impossible to learn the language of the natives, taught them the Bible history and the principal doctrines of the Christian religion, by means of pictures, and that these diagrams produced a greater effect on the minds of the people, who were accustomed to this style of representation, than all other means employed by the missionaries. But here again, unless these pictures were explained by interpreters, they could by themselves convey no meaning to the gazing crowds of the natives. The fullest information on this subject is to be found in a work by T. Baptiste, "*Hiéroglyphes de la conversion, où par des estampes et des figures on apprend aux naturels à desirer le ciel.*"

There is no evidence to show that the Indians of the North ever advanced beyond the rude attempts which we have thus described, and of which numerous specimens may be found in the voluminous work of

Schoolcraft, published by authority of Congress, "Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States," Philadelphia, 1851-1855. There is no trace of anything like literature among the wandering tribes of the North, and until a real "Livre des Sauvages" turns up to fill this gap, they must continue to be classed among the illiterate races.<sup>1</sup>

It is very different if we turn our eyes to the people of Central and South America, to the races who formed the population of Mexico, Guatemala, and Peru, when conquered by the Spaniards. The Mexican hieroglyphics published by Lord Kingsborough are not to be placed in the same category with the totems and the pictorial scratches of the Red-skins. They are, first of all, of a much more artistic character, more conventional in their structure, and hence more definite in their meaning. They are colored, written on paper, and in many respects quite on a level with the hieroglyphic inscriptions and hieratic papyri of Egypt. Even the conception of speaking to the ear through the eye, of expressing sound by means of outlines, was familiar to the Mexicans, though they seem to have applied their phonetic signs to the writing of the names of places and persons only. The principal object, indeed, of the Mexican hieroglyphic manuscripts was not to convey new information, but rather to remind the reader by means of mnemonic artifices of what he had learnt beforehand. This is acknowledged by the best authorities, by men who knew the Indians shortly after their first intercourse with Europeans, and whom we may safely trust in what they tell

<sup>1</sup> *Manuscrit Pictographique* pp. 26, 29.

as of the oral literature and hieroglyphic writings of the natives. Acosta, in his "Historia natural y moral," vi. 7, tells us that the Indians were still in the habit of reciting from memory the addresses and speeches of their ancient orators, and numerous songs composed by their national poets. As it was impossible to acquire these by means of hieroglyphics or written characters such as were used by the Mexicans, care was taken that those speeches and poems should be learnt by heart. There were colleges and schools for that purpose, where these and other things were taught to the young by the aged in whose memory they seemed to be engraved. The young men who were brought up to be orators themselves had to learn the ancient compositions word by word; and when the Spaniards came and taught them to read and write the Spanish language, the Indians soon began to write for themselves, a fact attested by many eye-witnesses.

Las Casas, the devoted friend of the Indians, writes as follows:—

"It ought to be known that in all the republics of this country, in the kingdoms of New Spain and elsewhere, there was amongst other professions, that of the chroniclers and historians. They possessed a knowledge of the earliest times, and of all things concerning religion, the gods, and their worship. They knew the founders of cities, and the early history of their kings and kingdoms. They knew the modes of election and the right of succession; they could tell the number and characters of their ancient kings, their works, and memorable achievements whether good or bad, and whether they had governed well or ill. They knew the men renowned for virtue and heroism in

former days, what wars they had waged, and how they had distinguished themselves ; who had been the earliest settlers, what had been their ancient customs, their triumphs and defeats. They knew, in fact, whatever belonged to history ; and were able to give an account of all the events of the past. . . . These chroniclers had likewise to calculate the days, months, and years ; and though they had no writing like our own, they had their symbols and characters through which they understood everything ; they had their great books, which were composed with such ingenuity and art that our alphabet was really of no great assistance to them. . . . Our priests have seen those books, and I myself have seen them likewise, though many were burnt at the instigation of the monks, who were afraid that they might impede the work of conversion. Sometimes when the Indians who had been converted had forgotten certain words, or particular points of the Christian doctrine, they began — as they were unable to read our books — to write very ingeniously with their own symbols and characters, drawing the figures which corresponded either to the ideas or to the sounds of our words. I have myself seen a large portion of the Christian doctrine written in figures and images, which they read as we read the characters of a letter ; and this is a very extraordinary proof of their genius. . . . There never was a lack of those chroniclers. It was a profession which passed from father to son, highly respected in the whole republic ; each historian instructed two or three of his relatives. He made them practice constantly, and they had recourse to him whenever a doubt arose on a point of history. . . . **But not these young historians only went to consult him ;**

kings, princes, and priests came to ask his advice. Whenever there was a doubt as to ceremonies, precepts of religion, religious festivals, or anything of importance in the history of the ancient kingdoms, every one went to the chroniclers to ask for information."

In spite of the religious zeal of Dominican and Franciscan friars, a few of these hieroglyphic MSS. escaped the flames, and may now be seen in some of our public libraries, as curious relics of a nearly extinct and forgotten literature. The first collection of these MSS. and other American antiquities was due to the zeal of the Milanese antiquarian, Boturini, who had been sent by the Pope in 1736 to regulate some ecclesiastical matters, and who devoted the eight years of his stay in the New World to rescuing whatever could be rescued from the scattered ruins of ancient America. Before, however, he could bring these treasures safe to Europe, he was despoiled of his valuables by the Spanish Viceroy; and when at last he made his escape with the remnants of his collection, he was taken prisoner by an English cruiser, and lost everything. The collection, which remained at Mexico, became the subject of several lawsuits, and after passing through the hands of Veytia and Gama, who both added to it considerably, it was sold at last by public auction. Humboldt, who was at that time passing through Mexico, acquired some of the MSS., which he gave to the Royal Museum at Berlin. Others found their way into private hands, and after many vicissitudes they have mostly been secured by the public libraries or private collectors of Europe. The most valuable part of that unfortunate shipwreck is now in the hands of M. Aubin, who was sent to Mexico in 1830 by the

French Government, and who devoted nearly twenty years to the same work which Boturini had commenced a hundred years before. He either bought the dispersed fragments of the collections of Boturini, Gama, and Pichardo, or procured accurate copies; and he has brought to Europe, what is, if not the most complete, at least the most valuable and most judiciously arranged collection of American antiquities. We likewise owe to M. Aubin the first accurate knowledge of the real nature of the ancient Mexican writing; and we look forward with confident hope to his still achieving in his own field as great a triumph as that of Champollion, the decipherer of the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

One of the most important helps towards the deciphering of the hieroglyphic MSS. of the Americans is to be found in certain books which, soon after the conquest of Mexico, were written down by natives who had learnt the art of alphabetic writing from their conquerors, the Spaniards. Ixtlilxochitl, descended from the royal family of Tetzcuco, and, employed as interpreter by the Spanish Government, wrote the history of his own country from the earliest time to the arrival of Cortez. In writing this history he followed the hieroglyphic paintings as they had been explained to him by the old chroniclers. Some of these very paintings, which formed the text-book of the Mexican historian, have been recovered by M. Aubin; and as they helped the historian in writing his history, that history now helps the scholar in deciphering their meaning. It is with the study of works like that of Ixtlilxochitl that American philology ought to begin. They are to the student of American antiquities what Manetho is to the student of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or Berosus to

the decipherer of the cuneiform inscriptions. They are written in dialects not more than three hundred years old, and still spoken by large numbers of natives, with such modifications as three centuries are certain to produce. They give us whatever was known of history, mythology, and religion among the people whom the Spaniards found in Central and South America in the possession of most of the advantages of a long-established civilization. Though we must not expect to find in them what we are accustomed to call history, they are nevertheless of great historical interest, as supplying the vague outlines of a distant past, filled with migrations, wars, dynasties, and revolutions, such as were cherished in the memory of the Greeks at the time of Solon, and believed in by the Romans at the time of Cato. They teach us that the New World which was opened to Europe a few centuries ago, was in its own eyes an old world, not so different in character and feelings from ourselves as we are apt to imagine when we speak of the Red-skins of America, or when we read the accounts of the Spanish conquerors, who denied that the natives of America possessed human souls, in order to establish their own right of treating them like wild beasts.

The "Popol Vuh," or the sacred book of the people of Guatemala, of which the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg has just published the original text, together with a literal French translation, holds a very prominent rank among the works composed by natives in their own native dialects, and written down by them with the letters of the Roman alphabet. There are but two works that can be compared to it in their importance to the student of American antiquities and

American languages, namely, the "Codex Chinalpocá" in Nahuatl, the ancient written language of Mexico, and the "Codex Cakchiquel" in the dialect of Guatemala. These, together with the work published by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg under the title of "Popol Vuh," must form the starting-point of all critical inquiries into the antiquities of the American people.

The first point which has to be determined with regard to books of this kind is whether they are genuine or not; whether they are what they pretend to be, — compositions about three centuries old, founded on the oral traditions and the pictographic documents of the ancient inhabitants of America, and written in the dialects as spoken at the time of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro. What the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg has to say on this point amounts to this, — The manuscript was first discovered by Father Francisco Ximenes towards the end of the seventeenth century. He was curé of Santo-Tomas Chichicastenango, situated about three leagues south of Santa-Cruz del Quiché, and twenty-two leagues northeast of Guatemala. He was well acquainted with the languages of the natives of Guatemala, and has left a dictionary of their three principal dialects, his "Tesoro de las Lenguas Quiché, Cakchiquel y Tzutuhil." This work, which has never been printed, fills two volumes, the second of which contains the copy of the MS. discovered by Ximenes. Ximenes likewise wrote a history of the province of the preachers of San-Vincente de Chiapas y Guatemala, in four volumes. Of this he left two copies. But three volumes only were still in existence when the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg visited Guatemala, and they

are said to contain valuable information on the history and traditions of the country. The first volume contains the Spanish translation of the manuscript which occupies us at present. The Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg copied that translation in 1855. About the same time a German traveller, Dr. Scherzer, happened to be at Guatemala, and had copies made of the works of Ximenes. These were published at Vienna, in 1856.<sup>1</sup> The French Abbé, however, was not satisfied with a mere reprint of the text and its Spanish translation by Ximenes, a translation which he characterizes as untrustworthy and frequently unintelligible. During his travels in America, he acquired a practical knowledge of several of the native dialects, particularly of the Quiché, which is still spoken in various dialects by about six hundred thousand people. As a priest he was in daily intercourse with these people; and it was while residing among them and able to consult them like living dictionaries, that, with the help of the MSS. of Ximenes, he undertook his own translation of the ancient chronicles of the Quichés. From the time of the discovery of Ximenes, therefore, to the time of the publication of the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, all seems clear and satisfactory. But there is still a century to be accounted for, from the end of the sixteenth century, when the original is supposed to have been written, to the end of the seventeenth, when it was first discovered by Ximenes at Chichicastenango. These years are not bridged over. We may appeal, however, to the authority of the MS. itself, which carries the royal dynasties down to the Spanish Conquest, and ends

<sup>1</sup> Mr. A. Helps was the first to point out the importance of this work in his excellent *History of the Spanish Conquest in America*.

with the names of the two princes, Don Juan de Rojas and Don Juan Cortes, the sons of Tecum and Tepepul. These princes, though entirely subject to the Spaniards, were allowed to retain the insignia of royalty to the year 1558, and it is shortly after their time that the MS. is supposed to have been written. The author himself says in the beginning that he wrote "after the word of God ('chabal Dios') had been preached, in the midst of Christianity; and that he did so because people could no longer see the 'Popol Vuh,' wherein it was clearly shown that they came from the other side of the sea, the account of our living in the land of shadow, and how we saw light and life." There is no attempt at claiming for his work any extravagant age or mysterious authority. It is acknowledged to have been written when the Castilians were the rulers of the land; when bishops were preaching the word of Dios, the new God; when the ancient traditions of the people were gradually dying out. Even the title of "Popol Vuh," which the Abbé Basseur de Bourbourg has given to this work, is not claimed for it by its author. He says that he wrote when the "Popol Vuh" was no longer to be seen. Now "Popol Vuh" means the book of the people, and referred to the traditional literature in which all that was known about the early history of the nation, their religion and ceremonies, was handed down from age to age.

It is to be regretted that the Abbé Basseur de Bourbourg should have sanctioned the application of this name to the Quiché MS. discovered by Father Ximenes, and that he should apparently have translated it by "Livre sacré" instead of "Livre national," or "Libro del comun," as proposed by Ximenes. Such

small inaccuracies are sure to produce great confusion. Nothing but a desire to have a fine sounding title could have led the editor to commit this mistake, for he himself confesses that the work published by him has no right to the title of "Popol Vuh," and that "Popol Vuh" does not mean "Livre sacré." Nor is there any more reason to suppose, with the learned Abbé, that the first two books of the Quiché MS. contain an almost literal transcript of the "Popol Vuh," or that the "Popol Vuh" was the original of the "Teo-Amoxtli," or the sacred book of the Toltecs. All we know is, that the author wrote his anonymous work because the "Popol Vuh" — the national book, or the national tradition — was dying out, and that he comprehended in the first two sections the ancient traditions common to the whole race, while he devoted the last two to the historical annals of the Quichés, the ruling nation at the time of the Conquest in what is now the republic of Guatemala. If we look at the MS. in this light, there is nothing at all suspicious in its character and its contents. The author wished to save from destruction the stories which he had heard as a child of his gods and his ancestors. Though the general outline of these stories may have been preserved partly in the schools, partly in the pictographic MSS., the Spanish Conquest had thrown everything into confusion, and the writer had probably to depend chiefly on his own recollections. To extract consecutive history from these recollections, is simply impossible. All is vague, contradictory, miraculous, absurd. Consecutive history is altogether a modern idea, of which few only of the ancient nations had any conception. If we had the exact words of the "Popol Vuh," we should probably

find no more history there than we find in the Quiché MS. as it now stands. Now and then, it is true, one imagines one sees certain periods and landmarks, but in the next page all is chaos again. It may be difficult to confess that with all the traditions of the early migrations of Cecrops and Danaus into Greece, with the Homeric poems of the Trojan War, and the genealogies of the ancient dynasties of Greece, we know nothing of Greek history before the Olympiads, and very little even then. Yet the true historian does not allow himself to indulge in any illusions on this subject, and he shuts his eyes even to the most plausible reconstructions.

The same applies with a force increased a hundred-fold to the ancient history of the aboriginal races of America, and the sooner this is acknowledged, the better for the credit of American scholars. Even the traditions of the migrations of the Chichimecs, Colhuas, and Nahuas, which form the staple of all American antiquarians, are no better than the Greek traditions about Pelasgians, Æolians, and Ionians; and it would be a mere waste of time to construct out of such elements a systematic history, only to be destroyed again sooner or later by some Niebuhr, Grote, or Lewis.

But if we do not find history in the stories of the ancient races of Guatemala, we do find materials for studying their character, for analyzing their religion and mythology, for comparing their principles of morality, their views of virtue, beauty, and heroism, to those of other races of mankind. This is the charm, the real and lasting charm, of such works as that presented to us for the first time in a trustworthy trans-

lation by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg. Unfortunately there is one circumstance which may destroy even this charm. It is just possible that the writers of this and other American MSS. may have felt more or less consciously the influence of European and Christian ideas, and if so, we have no sufficient guarantee that the stories they tell represent to us the American mind in its pristine and genuine form. There are some coincidences between the Old Testament and the Quiché MS. which are certainly startling. Yet even if a Christian influence has to be admitted, much remains in these American traditions which is so different from anything else in the national literatures of other countries, that we may safely treat it as the genuine growth of the intellectual soil of America. We shall give, in conclusion, some extracts to bear out our remarks; but we ought not to part with Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg without expressing to him our gratitude for his excellent work, and without adding a hope that he may be able to realize his plan of publishing a "Collection of documents written in the indigenous languages, to assist the student of the history and philology of ancient America," a collection of which the work now published is to form the first volume.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE "POPOL VUH."

The Quiché MS. begins with an account of the creation. If we read it in the literal translation of the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, with all the uncouth names of divine and other beings that have to act their parts in it, it does not leave any very clear impression on our minds. Yet after reading it again and again, some salient features stand out more distinctly, and

make us feel that there was a groundwork of noble conceptions which has been covered and distorted by an aftergrowth of fantastic nonsense. We shall do best for the present to leave out all proper names, which only bewilder the memory, and which convey no distinct meaning even to the scholar. It will require long-continued research before it can be determined whether the names so profusely applied to the Deity were intended as the names of so many distinct personalities, or as the names of the various manifestations of one and the same Power. At all events, they are of no importance to us till we can connect more distinct ideas than it is possible to gather from the materials now on hand, with such inharmonious sounds as Tzakol, Bitol, Alom, Qaholom, Hun-Ahpu-Vuch, Gucumatz, Quax-Cho, etc. Their supposed meanings are in some cases very appropriate, such as the Creator, the Fashioner, the Begetter, the Vivifier, the Ruler, the Lord of the green planisphere, the Lord of the azure surface, the Heart of heaven ; in other cases we cannot fathom the original intention of such names as the feathered serpent, the white boar, *le tireur de sarbacane au sarigue*, and others ; and they therefore sound to our ears simply absurd. Well, the Quichés believed that there was a time when all that exists in heaven and earth was made. All was then in suspense, all was calm and silent ; all was immovable, all peaceful, and the vast space of the heavens was empty. There was no man, no animal, no shore, no trees ; heaven alone existed. The face of the earth was not to be seen ; there was only the still expanse of the sea and the heaven above. Divine Beings were on the waters like a growing light. Their voice was heard as they meditated and consulted, and

when the dawn arose, man appeared. Then the waters were commanded to retire, the earth was established, that she might bear fruit and that the light of day might shine on heaven and earth.

“ For, they said, we shall receive neither glory nor honor from all we have created until there is a human being — a being endowed with reason. ‘ Earth,’ they said, and in a moment the earth was formed. Like a vapor it rose into being, mountains appeared from the waters like lobsters, and the great mountains were made. Thus was the creation of the earth, when it was fashioned by those who are the Heart of heaven, the Heart of the earth ; for thus were they called who first gave fertility to them, heaven and earth being still inert and suspended in the midst of the waters.”

Then follows the creation of the brute world, and the disappointment of the gods when they command the animals to tell their names and to honor those who had created them. Then the gods said to the animals :

“ You will be changed, because you cannot speak. We have changed your speech. You shall have your food and your dens in the woods and crags ; for our glory is not perfect, and you do not invoke us, There will be beings still that can salute us ; we shall make them capable of obeying. Do your task ; as to your flesh, it will be broken by the tooth.”

Then follows the creation of man. His flesh was made of earth (*terre glaise*). But man was without cohesion or power, inert and aqueous ; he could not turn his head, his sight was dim, and though he had the gift of speech, he had no intellect. He was soon consumed again in the water.

And the gods consulted a second time how to create

beings that should adore them, and after some magic ceremonies, men were made of wood, and they multiplied. But they had no heart, no intellect, no recollection of their Creator; they did not lift up their heads to their Maker, and they withered away and were swallowed up by the waters.

Then follows a third creation, man being made of a tree called "tzité," woman of the marrow of a reed called "sibac." They, too, did neither think nor speak before him who had made them, and they were likewise swept away by the waters and destroyed. The whole nature — animals, trees, and stones — turned against men to revenge the wrongs they had suffered at their hands, and the only remnant of that early race is to be found in small monkeys which still live in the forests.

Then follows a story of a very different character, and which completely interrupts the progress of events. It has nothing to do with the creation, though it ends with two of its heroes being changed into sun and moon. It is a story very much like the fables of the Brahmans or the German Märchen. Some of the principal actors in it are clearly divine beings who have been brought down to the level of human nature, and who perform feats and tricks so strange and incredible that in reading them we imagine ourselves in the midst of the Arabian Nights. In the struggles of the two favorite heroes against the cruel princes of Xibalba, there may be reminiscences of historical events; but it would be perfectly hopeless to attempt to extricate these from the mass of fable by which they are surrounded. The chief interest of the American tale consists in the points of similarity which it exhibits

with the tales of the Old World. We shall mention two only — the repeated resuscitation of the chief heroes, who, even when burnt and ground to powder and scattered on the water, are born again as fish and changed into men; and the introduction of animals endowed with reason and speech. As in the German tales, certain peculiarities in the appearance and natural habits of animals are frequently accounted for by events that happened “once upon a time,” — for instance, the stumpy tail of the bear, by his misfortune when he went out fishing on the ice; so we find in the American tales, “that it was when the two principal heroes (Hun-Ahpu and Xbalanqué) had caught the rat and were going to strangle it over the fire, that *le rat commença à porter une queue sans poil*. Thus, because a certain serpent swallowed a frog who was sent as a messenger, therefore *aujourd’hui encore les serpents engloutissent les crapauds*.”

The story, which well deserves the attention of those who are interested in the origin and spreading of popular tales, is carried on to the end of the second book, and it is only in the third that we hear once more of the creation of man.

Three attempts, as we saw, had been made and had failed. We now hear again that before the beginning of dawn, and before the sun and moon had risen, man had been made, and that nourishment was provided for him which was to supply his blood, namely, yellow and white maize. Four men are mentioned as the real ancestors of the human race, or rather of the race of the Quichés. They were neither begotten by the gods nor born of woman, but their creation was a wonder wrought by the Creator.

They could reason and speak, their sight was unlimited, and they knew all things at once. When they had rendered thanks to their Creator for their existence, the gods were frightened and they breathed a cloud over the eyes of men that they might see a certain distance only, and not be like the gods themselves. Then while the four men were asleep, the gods gave them beautiful wives, and these became the mothers of all tribes, great and small. These tribes, *both white and black*, lived and spread in the East. They did not yet worship the gods, but only turned their faces up to heaven, hardly knowing what they were meant to do here below. Their features were sweet, so was their language, and their intellect was strong.

We now come to a most interesting passage, which is intended to explain the confusion of tongues. No nation, except the Jews, has dwelt much on the problem why there should be many languages instead of one. Grimm, in his "Essay on the Origin of Language," remarks: "It may seem surprising that neither the ancient Greeks nor the ancient Indians attempted to propose or to solve the question as to the origin and the multiplicity of human speech. Holy Writ strove to solve at least one of these riddles, that of the multiplicity of languages, by means of the tower of Babel. I know only one other poor Esthonian legend which might be placed by the side of this biblical solution. 'The old god,' they say, 'when men found their first seats too narrow, resolved to spread them over the whole earth, and to give to each nation its own language. For this purpose he placed a caldron of water on the fire, and commanded the

different races to approach it in order, and to select for themselves the sounds which were uttered by the singing of the water in its confinement and torture.' ”

Grimm might have added another legend which is current among the Thlinkithians, and was clearly framed in order to account for the existence of different languages. The Thlinkithians are one of the four principal races inhabiting Russian America. They are called Kaljush, Koljush, or Kolosh by the Russians, and inhabit the coast from about 60° to 45° N. Lat., reaching therefore across the Russian frontier as far as the Columbia River, and they likewise hold many of the neighboring islands. Weniaminow estimates their number, both in the Russian and English colonies, at 20,000 to 25,000. They are evidently a decreasing race, and their legends, which seem to be numerous and full of original ideas, would well deserve the careful attention of American ethnologists. Wrangel suspected a relationship between them and the Aztecs of Mexico. These Thlinkithians believe in a general flood or deluge, and that men saved themselves in a large floating building. When the waters fell, the building was wrecked on a rock, and by its own weight burst into two pieces. Hence arose the difference of languages. The Thlinkithians with their language remained on one side; on the other side were all the other races of the earth.<sup>1</sup>

Neither the Esthonian nor the Thlinkithian legend, however, offers any striking points of coincidence with the Mosaic accounts. The analogies, therefore, as well as the discrepancies, between the ninth chapter of

<sup>1</sup> Holmberg, *Ethnographische Skizzen über die Völker des Russischen Amerika*. Helsingfors, 1855.

Genesis and the chapter here translated from the Quiché MS. require special attention : -

“ All had but one language, and they did not invoke as yet either wood or stones ; they only remembered the word of the Creator, the Heart of heaven and earth.

“ And they spoke while meditating on what was hidden by the spring of day ; and full of the sacred word, full of love, obedience, and fear, they made their prayers, and lifting their eyes up to heaven, they asked for sons and daughters : —

“ ‘ Hail ! O Creator and Fashioner, thou who seest and hearest us ! do not forsake us, O God, who art in heaven and earth, Heart of the sky, Heart of the earth ! Give us offspring and descendants as long as the sun and dawn shall advance. Let there be seed and light. Let us always walk on open paths, on roads where there is no ambush. Let us always be quiet and in peace with those who are ours. May our lives run on happily. Give us a life secure from reproach. Let there be seed for harvest, and let there be light.’

“ They then proceeded to the town of Tulan, where they received their gods.

“ And when all the tribes were there gathered together, their speech was changed, and they did not understand each other after they arrived at Tulan. It was there that they separated, and some went to the East, others came here. Even the language of the four ancestors of the human race became different. ‘ Alas,’ they said, ‘ we have left our language. How has this happened ? We are ruined ! How could we have been led into error ? We had but one language

when we came to Tulan ; our form of worship was but one. What we have done is not good,' replied all the tribes in the wood, and under the lianas."

The rest of the work, which consists altogether of four books, is taken up with an account of the migrations of the tribes from the East, and their various settlements. The four ancestors of the race seem to have had a long life, and when at last they came to die, they disappeared in a mysterious manner, and left to their sons what is called the Hidden Majesty, which was never to be opened by human hands. What it was we do not know. There are many subjects of interest in the chapters which follow, only we must not look there for history, although the author evidently accepts as truly historical what he tells us about the successive generations of kings. But when he brings us down at last, after sundry migrations, wars, and rebellions, to the arrival of the Castilians, we find that between the first four ancestors of the human or of the Quiché race and the last of their royal dynasties, there intervene only fourteen generations, and the author, whoever he was, ends with the confession : —

" This is all that remains of the existence of Quiché ; for it is impossible to see the book in which formerly the kings could read everything, as it has disappeared. It is over with all those of Quiché ! It is now called Santa Cruz ! "

*March, 1862.*

## XV.

### SEMITIC MONOTHEISM.<sup>1</sup>

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A WORK such as M. Renan's "*Histoire Générale et Système Comparé des Langues Sémitiques*" can only be reviewed chapter by chapter. It contains a survey not only, as its title would lead us to suppose, of the Semitic languages, but of the Semitic languages and nations; and considering that the whole history of the civilized world has hitherto been acted by two races only, the Semitic and the Aryan, with occasional interruptions produced by the inroads of the Turanian race, M. Renan's work comprehends in reality half of the history of the ancient world. We have received as yet the first volume only of this important work, and before the author had time to finish the second, he was called upon to publish a second edition of the first, which appeared in 1858, with important additions and alterations.

In writing the history of the Semitic race it is necessary to lay down certain general characteristics common to all the members of that race, before we can speak of nations so widely separated from each other as the

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire Générale et Système Comparé des Langues Sémitiques*. Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Seconde édition. Paris, 1858.

*Nouvelles Considérations sur le Caractère Général des Peuples Sémitiques et en particulier sur leur Tendance au Monothéisme*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris, 1859.

Jews, the Babylonians, Phenicians, Carthaginians, and Arabs, as one race or family. The most important bond which binds these scattered tribes together into one ideal whole is to be found in their language. There can be as little doubt that the dialects of all the Semitic nations are derived from one common type as there is about the derivation of French, Spanish, and Italian from Latin, or of Latin, Greek, German, Celtic, Slavonic, and Sanskrit from the primitive idiom of the ancestors of the Aryan race. The evidence of language would by itself be quite sufficient to establish the fact that the Semitic nations descended from common ancestors, and constitute what, in the science of language may be called a distinct race. But M. Renan was not satisfied with the single criterion of the relationship of the Semitic tribes, and he has endeavored to draw, partly from his own observations, partly from the suggestions of other scholars, such as Ewald and Lassen, a more complete portrait of the Semitic man. This was no easy task. It was like drawing the portrait of a whole family, omitting all that is peculiar to each individual member, and yet preserving the features which constitute the general family likeness. The result has been what might be expected. Critics most familiar with one or the other branch of the Semitic family have each and all protested that they can see no likeness in the portrait. It seems to some to contain features which it ought not to contain, whereas others miss the very expression which appears to them most striking.

The following is a short abstract of what M. Renan considers the salient points in the Semitic character :—

“ Their character,” he says, “ is religious rather than political, and the mainspring of their religion is the conception of the unity of God. Their religious phraseology is simple, and free from mythological elements. Their religious feelings are strong, exclusive, intolerant, and sustained by a fervor which finds its peculiar expression in prophetic visions. Compared to the Aryan nations, they are found deficient in scientific and philosophical originality. Their poetry is chiefly subjective or lyrical, and we look in vain among their poets for excellence in epic and dramatic compositions. Painting and the plastic arts have never arrived at a higher than the decorative stage. Their political life has remained patriarchal and despotic, and their inability to organize on a large scale has deprived them of the means of military success. Perhaps the most general feature of their character is a negative one, — their inability to perceive the general and the abstract, whether in thought, language, religion, poetry, or politics; and, on the other hand, a strong attraction towards the individual and personal, which makes them monotheistic in religion, lyrical in poetry, monarchical in politics, abrupt in style, and useless for speculation.”

One cannot look at this bold and rapid outline of the Semitic character without perceiving how many points it contains which are open to doubt and discussion. We shall confine our remarks to one point, which, in our mind, and, as far as we can see, in M. Renan's mind likewise, is the most important of all, namely, the supposed monotheistic tendency of the Semitic race. M. Renan asserts that this tendency belongs to the race by instinct, — that it forms the rule, not the

exception ; and he seems to imply that without it the human race would never have arrived at the knowledge or worship of the One God.

If such a remark had been made fifty years ago, it would have roused little or no opposition. "Semitic" was then used in a more restricted sense, and hardly comprehended more than the Jews and Arabs. Of this small group of people it might well have been said, with such limitations as are tacitly implied in every general proposition on the character of individuals or nations, that the work set apart for them by a Divine providence in the history of the world was the preaching of a belief in one God. Three religions have been founded by members of that more circumscribed Semitic family, — the Jewish, the Christian, the Moham-  
medan ; and all three proclaim, with the strongest accent, the doctrine that there is but one God.

Of late, however, not only have the limits of the Semitic family been considerably extended, so as to embrace several nations notorious for their idolatrous worship, but the history of the Jewish and Arab tribes has been explored so much more fully, that even there traces of a wide-spreading tendency to polytheism have come to light.

The Semitic family is divided by M. Renan into two great branches, differing from each other in the form of their monotheistic belief, yet both, according to their historian, imbued from the beginning with the instinctive faith in one God : —

1. The nomad branch, consisting of Arabs, Hebrews, and the neighboring tribes of Palestine, commonly called the descendants of Terah ; and
2. The political branch, including the nations of Phenicia, of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Yemen.

Can it be said that all these nations, comprising the worshippers of Elohim, Jehovah, Sabaoth, Moloch, Nis-roch, Rimmon, Nebo, Dagon, Ashtaroth, Baal or Bel, Baal-peor, Baal-zebub, Chemosh, Milcom, Adrammelech, Annamelech, Nibhaz and Tartak, Ashima, Nergal, Succoth-benoth, the Sun, Moon, planets, and all the host of heaven, were endowed with a monotheistic instinct? M. Renan admits that monotheism has always had its principal bulwark in the nomadic branch, but he maintains that it has by no means been so unknown among the members of the political branch as is commonly supposed. But where are the criteria by which, in the same manner as their dialects, the religions of the Semitic races could be distinguished from the religions of the Aryan and Turanian races? We can recognize any Semitic dialect by the triliteral character of its roots. Is it possible to discover similar radical elements in all the forms of faith, primary or secondary, primitive or derivative, of the Semitic tribes? M. Renan thinks that it is. He imagines that he hears the key-note of a pure monotheism through all the wild shoutings of the priests of Baal and other Semitic idols, and he denies the presence of that key-note in any of the religious systems of the Aryan nations, whether Greeks or Romans, Germans or Celts, Hindus or Persians. Such an assertion could not but rouse considerable opposition, and so strong seems to have been the remonstrances addressed to M. Renan by several of his colleagues in the French Institute that without awaiting the publication of the second volume of his great work, he has thought it right to publish part of it as a separate pamphlet. In his "Nouvelles Considérations sur le Caractère Général des Peuples Sémitiques, et en

particulier sur leur Tendance au Monothéisme, he endeavors to silence the objections raised against the leading idea of his history of the Semitic race. It is an essay which exhibits not only the comprehensive knowledge of the scholar, but the warmth and alacrity of the advocate. With M. Renan the monotheistic character of the descendants of Shem is not only a scientific tenet, but a moral conviction. He wishes that his whole work should stand or fall with this thesis, and it becomes, therefore, all the more the duty of the critic, to inquire whether the arguments which he brings forward in support of his favorite idea are valid or not.

It is but fair to M. Renan that, in examining his statements, we should pay particular attention to any slight modifications which he may himself have adopted in his last memoir. In his history he asserts with great confidence, and somewhat broadly, that "le monothéisme résume et explique tous les caractères de la race Sémitique." In his later pamphlet he is more cautious. As an experienced pleader he is ready to make many concessions in order to gain all the more readily our assent to his general proposition. He points out himself with great candor the weaker points of his argument, though, of course, only in order to return with unabated courage to his first position, — that of all the races of mankind the Semitic race alone was endowed with the instinct of monotheism. As it is impossible to deny the fact that the Semitic nations, in spite of this supposed monotheistic instinct, were frequently addicted to the most degraded forms of a polytheistic idolatry, and that even the Jews, the most monotheistic of all, frequently pro-

voked the anger of the Lord by burning incense to other gods, M. Renan remarks that when he speaks of a nation in general he only speaks of the intellectual aristocracy of that nation. He appeals in self-defense to the manner in which historians lay down the character of modern nations. "The French," he says, "are repeatedly called '*une nation spirituelle*,' and yet no one would wish to assert either that every Frenchman is *spirituel*, or that no one could be *spirituel* who is not a Frenchman." Now, here we may grant to M. Renan that if we speak of "*esprit*" we naturally think of the intellectual minority only, and not of the whole bulk of a nation; but if we speak of religion, the case is different. If we say that the French believe in one God only, or that they are Christians, we speak not only of the intellectual aristocracy of France but of every man, woman, and child born and bred in France. Even if we say that the French are Roman Catholics, we do so only because we know that there is a decided majority in France in favor of the unreformed system of Christianity. But if, because some of the most distinguished writers of France have paraded their contempt for all religious dogmas we were to say broadly that the French are a nation without religion, we should justly be called to order for abusing the legitimate privileges of generalization. The fact that Abraham, Moses, Elijah, and Jeremiah were firm believers in one God could not be considered sufficient to support the general proposition that the Jewish nation was monotheistic by instinct. And if we remember that among the other Semitic races we should look in vain for even four such names, the case would seem to be desperate to any one but M. Renan.

We cannot believe that M. Renan would be satisfied with the admission that there had been among the Jews a few leading men who believed in one God, or that the existence of but one God was an article of faith not quite unknown among the other Semitic races; yet he has hardly proved more. He has collected, with great learning and ingenuity, all traces of monotheism in the annals of the Semitic nations; but he has taken no pains to discover the traces of polytheism, whether faint or distant, which are disclosed in the same annals. In acting the part of an advocate he has for a time divested himself of the nobler character of the historian.

If M. Renan had looked with equal zeal for the scattered vestiges both of a monotheistic and of a polytheistic worship, he would have drawn, perhaps, a less striking, but we believe a more faithful portrait of the Semitic man. We may accept all the facts of M. Renan, for his facts are almost always to be trusted; but we cannot accept his conclusions, because they would be in contradiction to other facts which M. Renan places too much in the background, or ignores altogether. Besides there is something in the very conclusions to which he is driven by his too partial evidence which jars on our ears, and betrays a want of harmony in the premises on which he builds. Taking his stand on the fact that the Jewish race was the first of all the nations of the world to arrive at the knowledge of one God, M. Renan proceeds to argue that, if their monotheism had been the result of a persevering mental effort, — if it had been a discovery like the philosophical or scientific discoveries of the Greeks, it would be necessary to admit that the Jews surpassed all other nations of the world in intellect and vigor of speculation. This, he admits, is contrary to fact: —

“ Apart la supériorité de son culte, le peuple juif n'en a aucune autre ; c'est un des peuples les moins doués pour la science et la philosophie parmi les peuples de l'antiquité ; il n'a une grande position ni politique ni militaire. Ses institutions sont purement conservatrices ; les prophètes, qui représentent excellemment son génie, sont des hommes essentiellement réactionnaires, se reportant toujours vers un idéal antérieur. Comment expliquer, au sein d'une société aussi étroite et aussi peu développée, une révolution d'idées qu'Athènes et Alexandrie n'ont pas réussi à accomplir ? ”

M. Renan then defines the monotheism of the Jews, and of the Semitic nations in general, as the result of a low, rather than of a high state of intellectual cultivation : “ I'l s'en faut,” he writes (p. 40), “ que le monothéisme soit le produit d'une race qui a des idées exaltées en fait de religion ; c'est en réalité le fruit d'une race qui a peu de besoins religieux. C'est comme *minimum* de religion, en fait de dogmes et en fait de pratiques extérieures, que le monothéisme est surtout accommodé aux besoins des populations nomades.”

But even this *minimum* of religious reflection, which is required, according to M. Renan, for the perception of the unity of God, he grudges to the Semitic nations, and he is driven in the end (p. 73) to explain the Semitic Monotheism as the result of a *religious instinct*, analogous to the instinct which led each race to the formation of its own language.

Here we miss the clearness and precision which distinguish most of M. Renan's works. It is always dangerous to transfer expressions from one branch of knowledge to another. The word “instinct” has its legitimate application in natural history, where it is

used of the unconscious acts of unconscious beings. We say that birds build their nests by instinct, that fishes swim by instinct, that cats catch mice by instinct ; and, though no natural philosopher has yet explained what instinct is, yet we accept the term as a conventional expression for an unknown power working in the animal world.

If we transfer this word to the unconscious acts of conscious beings, we must necessarily alter its definition. We may speak of an instinctive motion of the arm, but we only mean a motion which has become so habitual as to require no longer any special effort of the will.

If, however, we transfer the word to the conscious thoughts of conscious beings, we strain the word beyond its natural capacities, we use it in order to avoid other terms which would commit us to the admission either of innate ideas or inspired truths. We use a word in order to avoid a definition. It may sound more scientific to speak of a monotheistic instinct rather than of the inborn image or the revealed truth of the One living God ; but is instinct less mysterious than revelation ? Can there be an instinct without an instigation or an instigator ? And whose hand was it that instigated the Semitic mind to the worship of one God ? Could the same hand have instigated the Aryan mind to the worship of many gods ? Could the monotheistic instinct of the Semitic race, if an instinct, have been so frequently obscured, or the polytheistic instinct of the Aryan race, if an instinct, so completely annihilated, as to allow the Jews to worship on all the high places round Jerusalem, and the Greeks and Romans to become believers in Christ ? Fishes never fly, and cats

never catch frogs. These are the difficulties into which we are led; and they arise simply and solely from our using words for their sound rather than for their meaning. We begin by playing with words, but in the end the words will play with us.

There are, in fact, various kinds of monotheism, and it becomes our duty to examine more carefully what they mean and how they arise. There is one kind of monotheism, though it would more properly be called theism, or henotheism, which forms the birthright of every human being. What distinguishes man from all other creatures, and not only raises him above the animal world, but removes him altogether from the confines of a merely natural existence, is the feeling of sonship inherent in and inseparable from human nature. That feeling may find expression in a thousand ways, but there breathes through all of them the inextinguishable conviction, "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." That feeling of sonship may with some races manifest itself in fear and trembling, and it may drive whole generations into religious madness and devil worship. In other countries it may tempt the creature into a fatal familiarity with the Creator, and end in an apotheosis of man, or a headlong plunging of the human into the divine. It may take, as with the Jews, the form of a simple assertion that "Adam was the son of God," or it may be clothed in the mythological phraseology of the Hindus, that Manu, or man, was the descendant of Svayambhu, the Self-existing. But, in some form or other, the feeling of dependence on a higher Power breaks through in all the religions of the world, and explains to us the meaning of St. Paul, "that God, though in times past He suf-

ferred all nations to walk in their own ways, nevertheless He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons filling our hearts with food and gladness."

This primitive intuition of God and the ineradicable feeling of dependence on God, could only have been the result of a primitive revelation, in the truest sense of that word. Man, who owed his existence to God, and whose being centred and rested in God, saw and felt God as the only source of his own and of all other existence. By the very act of the creation, God had revealed Himself. There He was, manifested in His works, in all His majesty and power, before the face of those to whom He had given eyes to see and ears to hear, and into whose nostrils He had breathed the breath of life, even the Spirit of God.

This primitive intuition of God, however, was in itself neither monotheistic nor polytheistic, though it might become either, according to the expression which it took in the languages of man. It was this primitive intuition which supplied either the subject or the predicate in all the religions of the world, and without it no religion, whether true or false, whether revealed or natural, could have had even its first beginning. It is too often forgotten by those who believe that a polytheistic worship was the most natural unfolding of religious life, that polytheism must everywhere have been preceded by a more or less conscious theism. In no language does the plural exist before the singular. No human mind could have conceived the idea of gods without having previously conceived the idea of a god. It would be, however, quite as great a mistake to imagine, because the idea of a god must exist previously

to that of gods, that therefore a belief in One God preceded everywhere the belief in many gods. A belief in God as exclusively One, involves a distinct negation of more than one God, and that negation is possible only after the conception, whether real or imaginary, of many gods.

The primitive intuition of the Godhead is neither monotheistic nor polytheistic, and it finds its most natural expression in the simplest and yet the most important article of faith, — that God is God. This must have been the faith of the ancestors of mankind previously to any division of race or confusion of tongues. It might seem, indeed, as if in such a faith the oneness of God, though not expressly asserted, was implied, and that it existed, though latent, in the first revelation of God. History, however, proves that the question of oneness was yet undecided in that primitive faith, and that the intuition of God was not yet secured against the illusions of a double vision. There are, in reality, two kinds of oneness which, when we enter into metaphysical discussions, must be carefully distinguished, and which for practical purposes are well kept separate by the definite and indefinite articles. There is one kind of oneness which does not exclude the idea of plurality; there is another which does. When we say that Cromwell was a Protector of England, we do not assert that he was the only protector. But if we say that he was the Protector of England, it is understood that he was the only man who enjoyed that title. If, therefore, an expression had been given to that primitive intuition of the Deity, which is the mainspring of all later religion, it would have been, — “There is a God,” but not yet “There is but ‘One

God.'” The latter form of faith, the belief in One God, is properly called monotheism, whereas the term of henotheism would best express the faith in a single god.

We must bear in mind that we are here speaking of a period in the history of mankind when, together with the awakening of ideas, the first attempts only were being made at expressing the simplest conceptions by means of a language most simple, most sensuous, and most unwieldy. There was as yet no word sufficiently reduced by the wear and tear of thought to serve as an adequate expression for the abstract idea of an immaterial and supernatural Being. There were words for walking and shouting, for cutting and burning, for dog and cow, for house and wall, for sun and moon, for day and night. Every object was called by some quality which had struck the eye as most peculiar and characteristic. But what quality should be predicated of that Being of which man knew as yet nothing but its existence? Language possessed as yet no auxiliary verbs. The very idea of being without the attributes of quality or action, had never entered into the human mind. How then was that Being to be called which had revealed its existence, and continued to make itself felt by everything that most powerfully impressed the awakening mind, but which as was yet known only like a subterraneous spring by the waters which it poured forth with inexhaustible strength? When storm and lightning drove a father with his helpless family to seek refuge in the forests, and the fall of mighty trees crushed at his side those who were most dear to him, there were, no doubt, feelings of terror and awe, of helplessness and dependence, in the human heart which

burst forth in a shriek for pity or help from the only Being that could command the storm. But there was no name by which He could be called. There might be names for the storm-wind and the thunderbolt, but these were not the names applicable to Him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens, which were of old. Again, when after a wild and tearful night the sun dawned in the morning, smiling on man — when after a dreary and death-like winter spring came again with its sunshine and flowers, there were feelings of joy and gratitude, of love and adoration in the heart of every human being, but though there were names for the sun and the spring, for the bright sky and the brilliant dawn, there was no word by which to call the source of all this gladness, the giver of light and life.

At the time when we may suppose that the first attempts at finding a name for God were made, the divergence of the languages of mankind had commenced. We cannot dwell here on the causes which led to the multiplicity of human speech; but whether we look on the confusion of tongues as a natural or supernatural event, it was an event which the science of language has proved to have been inevitable. The ancestors of the Semitic and the Aryan nations had long become unintelligible to each other in their conversations on the most ordinary topics, when they each in their own way began to look for a proper name for God. Now one of the most striking differences between the Aryan and the Semitic forms of speech was this, — In the Semitic languages the roots expressive of the predicates which were to serve as the proper names of any subjects, remained so distinct within the body of a word, that those who used the word were

unable to forget its predicative meaning, and retained in most cases a distinct consciousness of its appellative power. In the Aryan languages, on the contrary, the significative element, or the root of a word, was apt to become so completely absorbed by the derivative elements, whether prefixes or suffixes, that most substantives ceased almost immediately to be appellative, and were changed into mere names or proper names. What we mean can best be illustrated by the fact that the dictionaries of Semitic languages are mostly arranged according to their roots. When we wish to find the meaning of a word in Hebrew or Arabic we first look for its root, whether trilateral or biliteral, and then look in the dictionary for that root and its derivatives. In the Aryan languages, on the contrary, such an arrangement would be extremely inconvenient. In many words it is impossible to detect the radical element. In others after the root is discovered, we find that it has not given birth to any other derivatives which would throw their converging rays of light on its radical meaning. In other cases, again, such seems to have been the boldness of the original name-giver that we can hardly enter into the idiosyncrasy which assigned such a name to such an object.

This peculiarity of the Semitic and Aryan languages must have had the greatest influence on the formation of their religious phraseology. The Semitic man would call on God in adjectives only, or in words which always conveyed a predicative meaning. Every one of his words was more or less predicative, and he was therefore restricted in his choice to such words as expressed some one or other of the abstract qualities of the Deity. The Aryan man was less fettered in his

choice. Let us take an instance. Being startled by the sound of thunder, he would at first express his impression by the single phrase, "It thunders," — *βροντᾶ*. Here the idea of God is understood rather than expressed, very much in the same manner as the Semitic proper names "Zabd" (present), "Abd" (servant), "Aus" (present), are habitually used for "Abd-allah," "Zabd-allah," "Aus-allah," — the servant of God, the gift of God. It would be more in accordance with the feelings and thoughts of those who first used these so-called impersonal verbs to translate them by "He thunders," "He rains," "He snows." Afterwards, instead of the simple impersonal verb "He thunders," another expression naturally suggested itself. The thunder came from the sky, the sky was frequently called "Dyaus" (the bright one), in Greek *Ζεὺς*; and though it was not the bright sky which thundered, but the dark, yet "Dyaus" had already ceased to be an expressive predicate; it had become a traditional name, and hence there was nothing to prevent an Aryan man from saying "Dyaus," or "the sky thunders," in Greek *Ζεὺς βροντᾶ*. Let us here mark the almost irresistible influence of language on the mind. The word "Dyaus," which at first meant "bright," had lost its radical meaning, and now meant simply "sky." It then entered into a new stage. The idea which had first been expressed by the pronoun or the termination of the third person, "He thunders," was taken up into the word "Dyaus," or "sky." "He thunders," and "Dyaus thunders," became synonymous expressions; and by the mere habit of speech "He" became "Dyaus," and "Dyaus" became "He." Henceforth "Dyaus" remained as an appellative of that unseen

though ever present Power, which had revealed its existence to man from the beginning, but which remained without a name long after every beast of the field and every fowl of the air had been named by Adam.

Now, what happened in this instance with the name of "Dyaus," happened again and again with other names. When men felt the presence of God in the great and strong wind, in the earthquake, or the fire, they said at first, "He storms," "He shakes," "He burns." But they likewise said, the storm ("Marut") blows, the fire ("Agni") burns, the subterraneous fire ("Vulcanus") upheaves the earth. And after a time the result was the same as before, and the words meaning originally wind or fire were used, under certain restrictions, as names of the unknown God. As long as all these names were remembered as mere names or attributes of one and the same Divine Power, there was as yet no polytheism, though, no doubt, every new name threatened to obscure more and more the primitive intuition of God. At first, the names of God, like fetishes or statues, were honest attempts at expressing or representing an idea which could never find an adequate expression or representation. But the *eidolon*, or likeness, became an *idol*; the *nomen*, or name, lapsed into a *numen*, or demon, as soon as they were drawn away from their original intention. If the Greeks had remembered that Zeus was but a name or symbol of the Deity, there would have been no more harm in calling God by that name than by any other. If they had remembered that Kronos, and Uranos, and Apollon were all but so many attempts at naming the various sides, or manifestations, or aspects, or persons

of the Deity, they might have used these names in the hours of their various needs, just as the Jews called on Jehovah, Elohim, and Sabaoth, or as Roman Catholics implore the help of Nunziata, Dolores, and Notre-Dame-de-Grace.

What, then, is the difference between the Aryan and Semitic nomenclature for the Deity? Why are we told that the pious invocations of the Aryan world turned into a blasphemous mocking of the Deity, whereas the Semitic nations are supposed to have found from the first the true name of God? Before we look anywhere else for an answer to the question, we must look to language itself, and here we see that the Semitic dialects could never, by any possibility, have produced such names as the Sanskrit "Dyaus" (Zeus), "Varuna" (Uranos), "Marut" (Storm, Mars), or "Ushas" (Eos). They had no doubt names for the bright sky, for the tent of heaven, and for the dawn. But these names were so distinctly felt as appellatives, that they could never be thought of as proper names, whether as names of the Deity, or as names of deities. This peculiarity has been illustrated with great skill by M. Renan. We differ from him when he tries to explain the difference between the mythological phraseology of the Aryan and the theological phraseology of the Semitic races, by assigning to each a peculiar theological instinct. We cannot, in fact, see how the admission of such an instinct, *i. e.* of an unknown and incomprehensible power, helps us in any way whatsoever to comprehend this curious mental process. His problem, however, is exactly the same as ours, and it would be impossible to state that problem in a more telling manner than he has done.

“The rain,” he says (p. 79), “is represented, in all the primitive mythologies of the Aryan race, as the fruit of the embraces of Heaven and Earth.” “The bright sky,” says Æschylus, in a passage which one might suppose was taken from the Vedas, “loves to penetrate the earth; the earth on her part aspires to the heavenly marriage. Rain falling from the loving sky impregnates the earth, and she produces for mortals pastures of the flocks and the gifts of Ceres.” In the Book of Job,<sup>1</sup> on the contrary, it is God who tears open the waterskins of heaven (xxxviii. 37) who opens the courses for the floods (Ib. 25), who engenders the drops of dew (Ib. 28):—

“He draws towards Him the mists from the waters,  
Which pour down as rain, and form their vapors.  
Afterwards the clouds spread them out,  
They fall as drops on the crowds of men.” (Job  
xxxvi. 27, 28.)

“He charges the night with damp vapors,  
He drives before Him the thunder-bearing cloud.  
It is driven to one side or the other by His com-  
mand.  
To execute all that He ordains  
On the face of the universe,  
Whether it be to punish His creatures  
Or to make thereof a proof of his mercy.” (Job  
xxxvii. 11-13.)

Or, again, Proverbs xxx. 4:—

“Who hath gathered the wind in His fists? Who

<sup>1</sup> We give the extracts according to M. Renan's translation of the Book of Job (Paris, 1859, Michel Lévy).

hath bound the waters in a garment? Who hath established all the ends of the earth? What is His name, and what is His Son's name, if thou canst tell?"

It has been shown by ample evidence from the Rigveda how many myths were suggested to the Aryan world by various names of the dawn, the day-spring of life. The language of the ancient Aryans of India had thrown out many names for that heavenly apparition, and every name, as it ceased to be understood, became, like a decaying seed, the germ of an abundant growth of myth and legend. Why should not the same have happened to the Semitic names for the dawn? Simply and solely because the Semitic words had no tendency to phonetic corruption; simply and solely because they continued to be felt as appellatives, and would inevitably have defeated every attempt at mythological phraseology such as we find in India and Greece. When the dawn is mentioned in the book of Job (ix. 7), it is God "who commandeth the sun and it riseth not, and sealet up the stars." It is His power which causeth the day-spring to know its place, that it might take hold of the ends of the earth, that the wicked might be shaken out of it (Job xxxviii. 12, 13; Renan, "Livre de Job," pref. 71). "Shahar," the dawn, never becomes an independent agent; she is never spoken of as Eos rising from the bed of her husband Tithonos (the setting sun), solely and simply because the word retained its power as an appellative, and thus could not enter into any mythological metamorphosis.

Even in Greece there are certain words which have

remained so pellucid as to prove unfit for mythological refraction. "Selene" in Greek is so clearly the moon that her name would pierce through the darkest clouds of myth and fable. Call her "Hecate," and she will bear any disguise, however fanciful. It is the same with the Latin "Luna." She is too clearly the moon to be mistaken for anything else; but call her "Lucina," and she will readily enter into various mythological phases. If, then, the names of sun and moon, of thunder and lightning, of light and day, of night and dawn, could not yield to the Semitic races fit appellatives for the Deity, where were they to be found? If the names of Heaven or Earth jarred on their ears as names unfit for the Creator, where could they find more appropriate terms? They would not have objected to real names such as "Jupiter Optimus Maximus," or Ζεὺς κτίστης μέγιστος, if such words could have been framed in their dialects, and the names of Jupiter and Zeus could have been so ground down as to become synonymous with the general term for "God." Not even the Jews could have given a more exalted definition of the Deity than that of *Optimus Maximus*—the Best and the Greatest; and their very name of God, "Jehovah," is generally supposed to mean no more than what the Peleïades of Dodona said of Zeus, Ζεὺς ἦν, Ζεὺς ἐστίν, Ζεὺς ἔσσεται ὦ μέγαλε Ζεῦ, "He was, He is, He will be, O great Zeus!" Not being able to form such substantives as Dyaus or Varuna or Indra, the descendants of Shem fixed on the predicates which in the Aryan prayers follow the name of the Deity, and called Him the Best and the Greatest, the Lord and King. If we examine the numerous names of the Deity in the Semitic dialects we find that

they are all adjectives, expressive of moral qualities. There is "El," strong; "Bel" or "Baal," Lord; "Beel-samin," Lord of Heaven; "Adonis" (in Phenicia), Lord; "Marnas" (at Gaza), our Lord; "Shet," Master, afterwards a demon; "Moloch," "Milcom," "Malika," King; "Eliun," the Highest (the God of Melchisedek); "Ram" and "Rimmon," the Exalted; and many more names, all originally adjectives and expressive of certain general qualities of the Deity, but all raised by one or the other of the Semitic tribes to be the names of God or of that idea which the first breath of life, the first sight of this world, the first consciousness of existence, had forever impressed and implanted in the human mind.

But do these names prove that the people who invented them had a clear and settled idea of the unity of the Deity? Do we not find among the Aryan nations that the same superlatives, the same names of Lord and King, of Master and Father, are used when the human mind is brought face to face with the Divine, and the human heart pours out in prayer and thanksgiving the feelings inspired by the presence of God? "Brahman," in Sanskrit, meant originally Power, the same as El. It resisted for a long time the mythological contagion, but at last it yielded like all other names of God, and became the name of one God. By the first man who formed or fixed these names, "Brahman," like El, and like every name of God, was meant, no doubt, as the best expression that could be found for the image reflected from the Creator upon the mind of the creature. But in none of these words can we see any decided proof that those who framed them had arrived at the clear perception of One God, and were

thus secured against the danger of polytheism. Like Dyaus, like Indra, like Brahman, Baal and El and Moloch were names of God, but not yet of the One God.

And we have only to follow the history of these Semitic names in order to see that, in spite of their superlative meaning, they proved no stronger bulwarks against polytheism than the Latin *Optimus Maximus*. The very names which we saw explained before as meaning the Highest, the Lord, the Master, are represented in the Phenician mythology as standing to each other in the relation of Father and Son. (Renan, p. 60.) There is hardly one single Semitic tribe which did not at times forget the original meaning of the names by which they called on God. If the Jews had remembered the meaning of El, the Omnipotent, they could not have worshipped Baal, the Lord, as different from El. But as the Aryan tribes bartered the names of their gods, and were glad to add the worship of Zeus to that of Uranos, the worship of Apollon to that of Zeus, the worship of Hermes to that of Apollon, the Semitic nations likewise were ready to try the gods of their neighbors. If there had been in the Semitic race a truly monotheistic instinct, the history of those nations would become perfectly unintelligible. Nothing is more difficult to overcome than an instinct; "naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret." But the history even of the Jews, is made up of an almost uninterrupted series of relapses into polytheism. Let us admit, on the contrary, that God had in the beginning revealed Himself as the same to the ancestors of the whole human race. Let us then observe the natural divergence of the languages of man, and consider the peculiar difficulties that had to be overcome in framing

names for God, and the peculiar manner in which they were overcome in the Semitic and Aryan languages, and everything that follows will be intelligible. If we consider the abundance of synonymes into which all ancient languages burst out at their first starting, — if we remember that there were hundreds of names for the earth and the sky, the sun and the moon, we shall not be surprised at meeting with more than one name for God both among the Semitic and the Aryan nations. If we consider how easily the radical or significative elements of words were absorbed and obscured in the Aryan, and how they stood out in bold relief in the Semitic languages, we shall appreciate the difficulty which the Shemites experienced in framing any name that should not seem to take too one-sided a view of the Deity by predicating but one quality, whether strength, dominion, or majesty; and we shall equally perceive the snare which their very language laid for the Aryan nations, by supplying them with a number of words which, though they seemed harmless as meaning nothing except what by tradition or definition they were made to mean, yet were full of mischief owing to the recollections which, at any time, they might revive. “Dyaus” in itself was as good a name as any for God, and in some respects more appropriate than its derivative “deva,” the Latin *deus*, which the Romance nations still use without meaning any harm. But “Dyaus” had meant “sky” for too long a time to become entirely divested of all the old myths or sayings which were true of Dyaus, the sky, but could only be retained as fables, if transferred to Dyaus, God. Dyaus, the Bright, might be called the husband of the earth; but when the same myth was repeated of Zeus,

the god, then Zeus became the husband of Demeter, Demeter became a goddess, a daughter sprang from their union, and all the sluices of mythological madness were opened. There were a few men, no doubt, at all times, who saw through this mythological phraseology, who called on God, though they called him "Zeus," or "Dyaus," or Jupiter." Xenophanes, one of the earliest Greek heretics, boldly maintained that there was but "one God, and that he was not like unto men, either in body or mind."<sup>1</sup> A poet in the Veda asserts distinctly, "They call him 'Indra,' 'Mitra,' 'Varuna,' 'Agni;' then he is 'the well-winged heavenly Garutmat;' that which is One the wise call it many ways, — they call it 'Agni,' 'Yama,' 'Mâtarisvan.'"<sup>2</sup>

But, on the whole, the charm of mythology prevailed among the Aryan nations, and a return to the primitive intuition of God and a total negation of all gods, were rendered more difficult to the Aryan than to the Semitic man. The Semitic man had hardly ever to resist the allurements of mythology. The names with which he invoked the Deity did not trick him by their equivocal character. Nevertheless, these Semitic names, too, though predicative in the beginning, became subjective, and from being the various names of One Being, lapsed into names of various beings. Hence arose a danger which threatened wellnigh to bar to the Semitic race the approach to the conception and worship of the One God.

Nowhere can we see this danger more clearly than

<sup>1</sup> Xenophanes, about contemporary with Cyrus, as quoted by Clemens Alex., *Strom.* v. p. 601, — εἰς θεὸς ἐν τε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι μέγιστος, οὐρα ἕμης θνητοῖσιν ὁμοίς οὐδὲ νοῆμα.

<sup>2</sup> *History of Ancient Sanscrit Literature*, by M. M., p. 567.

in the history of the Jews. The Jews had, no doubt, preserved from the beginning the idea of God, and their names of God contained nothing but what might by right be ascribed to Him. They worshipped a single God, and, whenever they fell into idolatry, they felt that they had fallen away from God. But that God, under whatever name they invoked Him, was especially their God, their own national God, and His existence did not exclude the existence of other gods or demons. Of the ancestors of Abraham and Nachor, even of their father Terah, we know that in old time, when they dwelt on the other side of the flood, they served other gods (Joshua xxiv. 2). At the time of Joshua these gods were not yet forgotten, and instead of denying their existence altogether, Joshua only exhorts the people to put away the gods which their fathers served on the other side of the flood and in Egypt, and to serve the Lord: "Choose ye this day," he says, "whom you will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Such a speech, exhorting the people to make their choice between various gods, would have been unmeaning if addressed to a nation which had once conceived the unity of the Godhead. Even images of the gods were not unknown to the family of Abraham, for, though we know nothing of the exact form of the *teraphim*, or images which Rachel stole from her father, certain it is that Laban calls them his gods (Genesis xxxi. 19, 30). But what is much more significant than these traces of polytheism and idolatry is the hesitat-

ing tone in which some of the early patriarchs speak of their God. When Jacob flees before Esau into Padan-Aram and awakes from his vision at Bethel, he does not profess his faith in the One God, but he bargains, and says, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee" (Genesis xxviii. 20-22). Language of this kind evinces not only a temporary want of faith in God, but it shows that the conception of God had not yet acquired that complete universality which alone deserves to be called monotheism, or belief in the One God. To him who has seen God face to face there is no longer any escape or doubt as to who is to be his god; God is his god, whatever befall. But this Jacob learnt not until he had struggled and wrestled with God, and committed himself to His care at the very time when no one else could have saved him. In that struggle Jacob asked for the true name of God, and he learnt from God that His name was secret (Genesis xxxii. 29). After that, his God was no longer one of many gods. His faith was not like the faith of Jethro (Exodus xxvii. 11), the priest of Midian, the father-in-law of Moses, who when he heard of all that God had done for Moses acknowledged that God (Jehovah) was greater than all gods (Elohim). This is not yet faith in the One God. It is a faith hardly above the faith of the people who were halting between Jehovah and Baal, and who only when they saw what the Lord did for Elijah, fell on their faces and said, "The Lord He is the God."

And yet this limited faith in Jehovah as the God of the Jews, as a God more powerful than the gods of the heathen, as a God above all gods, betrays itself again and again in the history of the Jews. The idea of many gods is there, and wherever that idea exists, wherever the plural of god is used in earnest, there is polytheism. It is not so much the names of Zeus, Hermes, etc., which constitute the polytheism of the Greeks; it is the plural *θεοί*, gods, which contains the fatal spell. We do not know what M. Renan means when he says that Jehovah with the Jews "n'est pas le plus grand entre plusieurs dieux; c'est le Dieu unique." It was so with Abraham, it was so after Jacob had been changed into Israel, it was so with Moses, Elijah, and Jeremiah. But what is the meaning of the very first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me?" Could this command have been addressed to a nation to whom the plural of God was a nonentity? It might be answered that the plural of God was to the Jews as revolting as it is to us; that it was revolting to their faith, if not to their reason. But how was it that their language tolerated the plural of a word which excludes plurality as much as the word for the centre of a sphere? No man who had clearly perceived the unity of God, could say with the Psalmist (lxxxvi. 8), "Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O Lord, neither are there any works like unto Thy works." Though the same poet says, "Thou art God alone," he could not have compared God with other gods, if his idea of God had really reached that all-embracing character which it had with Abraham, Moses, Elijah and Jeremiah. Nor would God have been praised as the "great king above all

gods " by a poet in whose eyes the gods of the heathen had been recognized as what they were — mighty shadows, thrown by the mighty works of God, and intercepting for a time the pure light of the Godhead.

We thus arrive at a different conviction from that which M. Renan has made the basis of the history of the Semitic race. We can see nothing that would justify the admission of a monotheistic instinct, granted to the Semitic, and withheld from the Aryan race. They both share in the primitive intuition of God, they are both exposed to dangers in framing names for God, and they both fall into polytheism. What is peculiar to the Aryan race is their mythological phraseology, superadded to their polytheism; what is peculiar to the Semitic race is their belief in a national god — in a god chosen by his people as his people had been chosen by him.

No doubt M. Renan might say that we ignored his problem, and that we have not removed the difficulties which drove him to the admission of a monotheistic instinct. How is the fact to be explained, he might ask, that the three great religions of the world in which the unity of the Deity forms the key-note, are of Semitic origin, and that the Aryan nations, wherever they have been brought to a worship of the One God, invoke Him with names borrowed from the Semitic languages?

But let us look more closely at the facts before we venture on theories. Mohammedanism, no doubt, is a Semitic religion, and its very core is monotheism. But did Mohammed invent monotheism? Did he invent even a new name of God? (Renan, p. 23.) Not at all. His object was to destroy the idolatry of the Semitic tribes of Arabia, to dethrone the angels, the

**Jin**, the sons and daughters who had been assigned to Allah, and to restore the faith of Abraham in one God. (Renan, p. 37.)

And how is it with Christianity? Did Christ come to preach a faith in a new God? Did He or His disciples invent a new name of God? No, Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfill; and the God whom He preached was the God of Abraham.

And who is the God of Jeremiah, of Elijah, and of Moses? We answer again, the God of Abraham.

Thus the faith in the One living God, which seemed to require the admission of a monotheistic instinct, grafted in every member of the Semitic family, is traced back to one man, to him "in whom all families of the earth shall be blessed" (Genesis xii. 3; Acts iii. 25; Galatians iii. 8). If from our earliest childhood we have looked upon Abraham, the friend of God, with love and veneration; if our first impressions of a truly god-fearing life were taken from him, who left the land of his fathers to live a stranger in the land whither God had called him, who always listened to the voice of God, whether it conveyed to him the promise of a son in his old age, or the command to sacrifice that son, his only son Isaac, his venerable figure will assume still more majestic proportions when we see in him the life-spring of that faith which was to unite all the nations of the earth, and the author of that blessing which was to come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ.

And if we are asked how this one Abraham possessed not only the primitive intuition of God as He had revealed Himself to all mankind, but passed through the denial of all other gods to the knowl-

edge of the one God, we are content to answer that it was by a special Divine Revelation. We do not indulge in theological phraseology, but we mean every word to its fullest extent. The Father of Truth chooses His own prophets, and He speaks to them in a voice stronger than the voice of thunder. It is the same inner voice through which God speaks to all of us. That voice may dwindle away, and become hardly audible; it may lose its Divine accent, and sink into the language of worldly prudence; but it may also, from time to time, assume its real nature with the chosen of God, and sound into their ears as a voice from Heaven. A "divine instinct" may sound more scientific, and less theological; but in truth it would neither be an appropriate name for what is a gift or grace accorded to but few, nor would it be a more scientific, *i. e.* a more intelligible word than "special revelation."

The important point, however, is not whether the faith of Abraham should be called a divine instinct or a revelation; what we wish here to insist on is that that instinct, or that revelation, was special, granted to one man, and handed down from him to Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, — to all who believe in the God of Abraham. Nor was it granted to Abraham entirely as a free gift. Abraham was tried and tempted before he was trusted by God. He had to break with the faith of his fathers; he had to deny the gods who were worshipped by his friends and neighbors. Like all the friends of God, he had to hear himself called an infidel and atheist, and in our own days he would have been looked upon as a madman for attempting to slay his son. It was through special faith that Abra-

ham received his special revelation, not through instinct, not through abstract meditation, not through ecstatic visions. We want to know more of that man than we do ; but, even with the little we know of him, he stands before us as a figure second only to one in the whole history of the world. We see his zeal for God, but we never see him contentious. Though Melchizedek worshipped God under a different name, invoking Him as Eliun, the Most High, Abraham at once acknowledged in Melchizedek a worshipper and priest of the true God, or Elohim, and paid him tithes. In the very name of Elohim we seem to trace the conciliatory spirit of Abraham. Elohim is a plural, though it is followed by the verb in the singular. It is generally said that the genius of the Semitic languages countenances the use of plurals for abstract conceptions, and that when Jehovah is called Elohim, the plural should be translated by "the Deity." We do not deny the fact, but we wish for an explanation, and an explanation is suggested by the various phases through which, as we saw, the conception of God passed in the ancient history of the Semitic mind. Eloah was at first the name for God, and as it is found in all the dialects of the Semitic family except the Phenician (Renan, p. 61), it may probably be considered as the most ancient name of the Deity, sanctioned at a time when the original Semitic speech had not yet branched off into national dialects. When this name was first used in the plural, it could only have signified, like every plural, many Eloahs ; and such a plural could only have been formed after the various names of God had become the names of independent deities, *i. e.* during a polytheistic stage.

The transition from this into the monotheistic stage could be effected in two ways : either by denying altogether the existence of the Elohim, and changing them into devils, as the Zoroastrians did with the Devas of their Brahmanic ancestors ; or by taking a higher view, and looking upon the Elohim as so many names invented with the honest purpose of expressing the various aspects of the Deity, though in time diverted from their original purpose. This is the view taken by St. Paul of the religion of the Greeks when he came to declare unto them “ Him whom they *ignorantly* worshipped,” and the same view was taken by Abraham. Whatever the names of the Elohim, worshipped by the numerous clans of his race, Abraham saw that all the Elohim, were meant for God, and thus Elohim, comprehending by one name everything that ever had been or could be called divine, became the name with which the monotheistic age was rightly inaugurated, -- a plural, conceived and constructed as a singular. Jehovah was all the Elohim, and therefore there could be no other God. From this point of view the Semitic name of the Deity, Elohim, which seemed at first not only ungrammatical but irrational, becomes perfectly clear and intelligible, and it proves better than anything else that the true monotheism could not have risen except on the ruins of a polytheistic faith. It is easy to scoff at the gods of the heathen, but a cold-hearted philosophical negation of the gods of the ancient world is more likely to lead to Deism or Atheism than to a belief in the One living God, the Father of all mankind, “ who hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth ; and hath determined the times before appointed,

and the bounds of their habitation ; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us ; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being ; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring.”

Taking this view of the historical growth of the idea of God, many of the difficulties which M. Renan has to overcome by most elaborate, and sometimes hair-splitting arguments, disappear at once. M. Renan, for instance, dwells much on Semitic proper names in which the names of the Deity occur ; and he thinks that, like the Greek names “Theodoros” or “Theodotos,” instead of “Zenodotos,” they prove the existence of a faith in one God. We should say they may or may not. As “Devadatta,” in Sanskrit, may mean either “given by God,” or “given by the gods,” so every proper name which M. Renan quotes, whether of Jews, or Edomites, Ishmaelites, Ammonites, Moabites, and Themanites, whether from the Bible, or from Arab historians, from Greek authors, Greek inscriptions, the Egyptian papyri, the Himyaritic and Sinaitic inscriptions and ancient coins, are all open to two interpretations. “The servant of Baal” may mean the servant of the Lord, but it may also mean the servant of Baal, as one of many lords, or even the servant of the Baalim or the Lords. The same applies to all other names. “The gift of El” may mean “the gift of the only strong God ;” but it may likewise mean “the gift of the El,” as one of many gods, or even “the gift of the El’s,” in the sense of the strong gods. Nor do we see why M. Renan should take such pains to prove that the name of “Orotal” or “Orotulat,”

mentioned by Herodotos (III. 8), may be interpreted as the name of a supreme deity; and that "Alilat," mentioned by the same traveller, should be taken, not as the name of a goddess, but as a feminine noun expressive of the abstract sense of the deity. Herodotos says distinctly that Orotal was a deity like Bacchus; and Alilat, as he translates her name by *Ὀὐρανίς*, must have appeared to him as a goddess, and not as the Supreme Deity. One verse of the Koran is sufficient to show that the Semitic inhabitants of Arabia worshipped not only gods, but goddesses also. "What think ye of Allat, al Uzza, and Manah, that other third goddess?"

If our view of the development of the idea of God be correct, we can perfectly understand how, in spite of this polytheistic phraseology, the primitive intuition of God should make itself felt from time to time, long before Mohammed restored the belief of Abraham in one God. The old Arabic prayer mentioned by Abulfarag may be perfectly genuine: "I dedicate myself to thy service, O God! Thou hast no companion, except thy companion, of whom thou art absolute master, and of whatever is his." The verse pointed out to M. Renan by M. Caussin de Perceval from the Moallaka of Zoheyr, was certainly anterior to Mohammed: "Try not to hide your secret feelings from the sight of Allah; Allah knows all that is hidden." But these quotations serve no more to establish the universality of the monotheistic instinct in the Semitic race than similar quotations from the Veda would prove the existence of a conscious monotheism among the ancestors of the Aryan race. There too we read, "Agni knows what is secret among mortals" (Rig-veda VIII. 39, 6)

and again: "He, the upholder of order, Varuna, sits down among his people; he, the wise, sits there to govern. From thence perceiving all wondrous things, he sees what has been and what will be done."<sup>1</sup> But in these very hymns, better than anywhere else, we learn that the idea of supremacy and omnipotence ascribed to one god did by no means exclude the admission of other gods, or names of God. All the other gods disappear from the vision of the poet while he addresses his own God, and he only who is to fulfill his desires stands in full light before the eyes of the worshipper as the supreme and only God.

The Science of Religion is only just beginning, and we must take care how we impede its progress by preconceived notions or too hasty generalizations. During the last fifty years the authentic documents of the most important religions of the world have been recovered in a most unexpected and almost miraculous manner. We have now before us the canonical books of Buddhism; the Zend-Avesta of Zoroaster is no longer a sealed book; and the hymns of the Rig-veda have revealed a state of religion anterior to the first beginnings of that mythology which in Homer and Hesiod stands before us as a mouldering ruin. The soil of Mesopotamia has given back the very images once worshipped by the most powerful of the Semitic tribes, and the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Nineveh have disclosed the very prayers addressed to Baal or Nisroch. With the discovery of these documents a new era begins in the study of religion. We begin to see more clearly every day what St. Paul meant in his sermon at Athens. But as the excavator

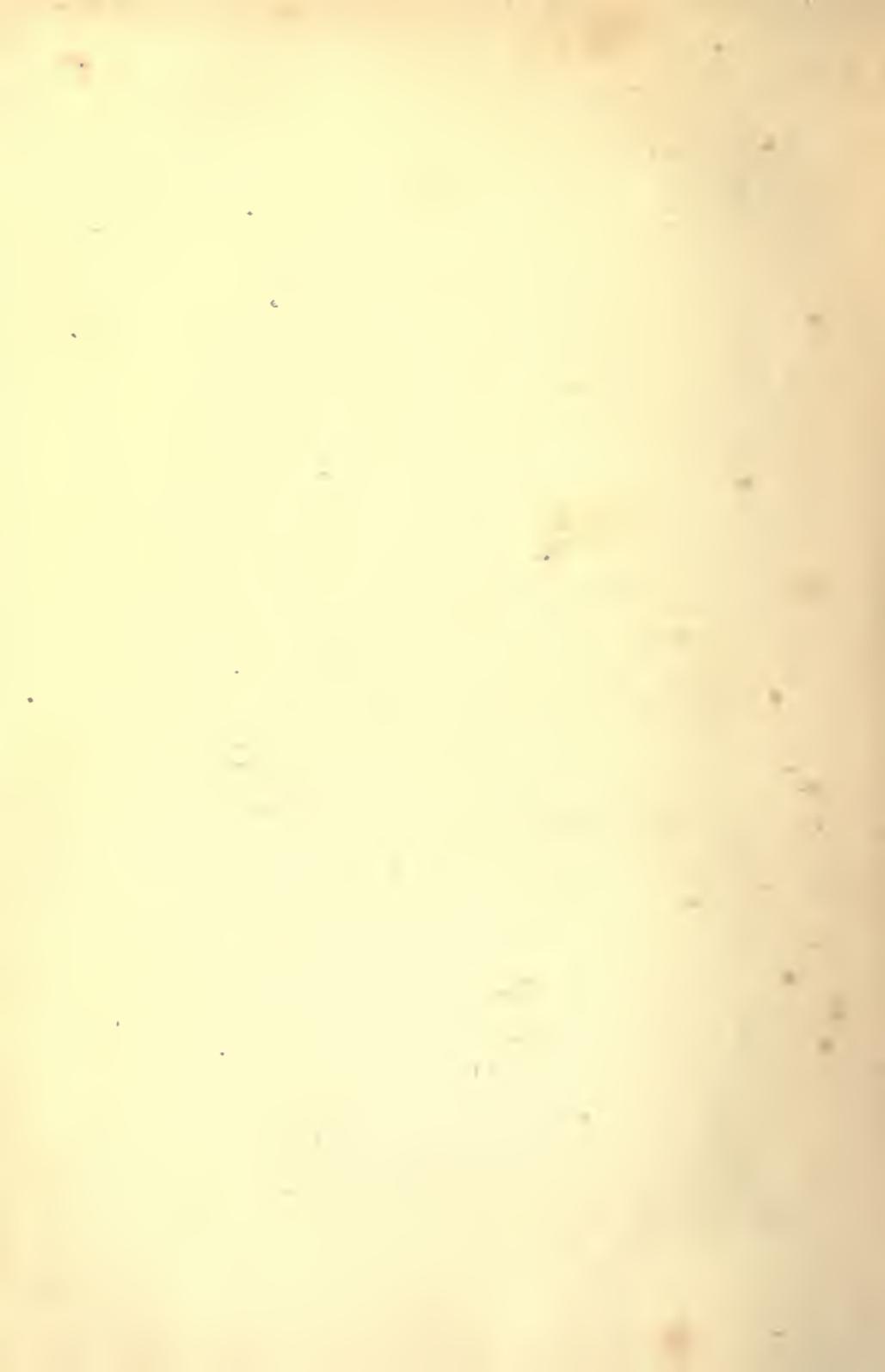
<sup>1</sup> *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, by M. M., p. 536.

at Babylon or Nineveh, before he ventures to reconstruct the palaces of these ancient kingdoms, sinks his shafts into the ground slowly and circumspectly lest he should injure the walls of the ancient palaces which he is disinterring; as he watches every corner-stone lest he mistake their dark passages and galleries, and as he removes with awe and trembling the dust and clay from the brittle monuments lest he destroy their outlines, and obliterate their inscriptions, so it behooves the student of the history of religion to set to work carefully, lest he should miss the track, and lose himself in an inextricable maze. The relics which he handles are more precious than the ruins of Babylon; the problems he has to solve are more important than the questions of ancient chronology; and the substructions which he hopes one day to lay bare are the world-wide foundations of the eternal kingdom of God.

We look forward with the highest expectations to the completion of M. Renan's work, and though English readers will differ from many of the author's views, and feel offended now and then at his blunt and unguarded language, we doubt not that they will find his volumes both instructive and suggestive. They are written in that clear and brilliant style which has secured to M. Renan the rank of one of the best writers of French, and which throws its charm even over the dry and abstruse inquiries into the grammatical forms and radical elements of the Semitic languages.

*April, 1860.*









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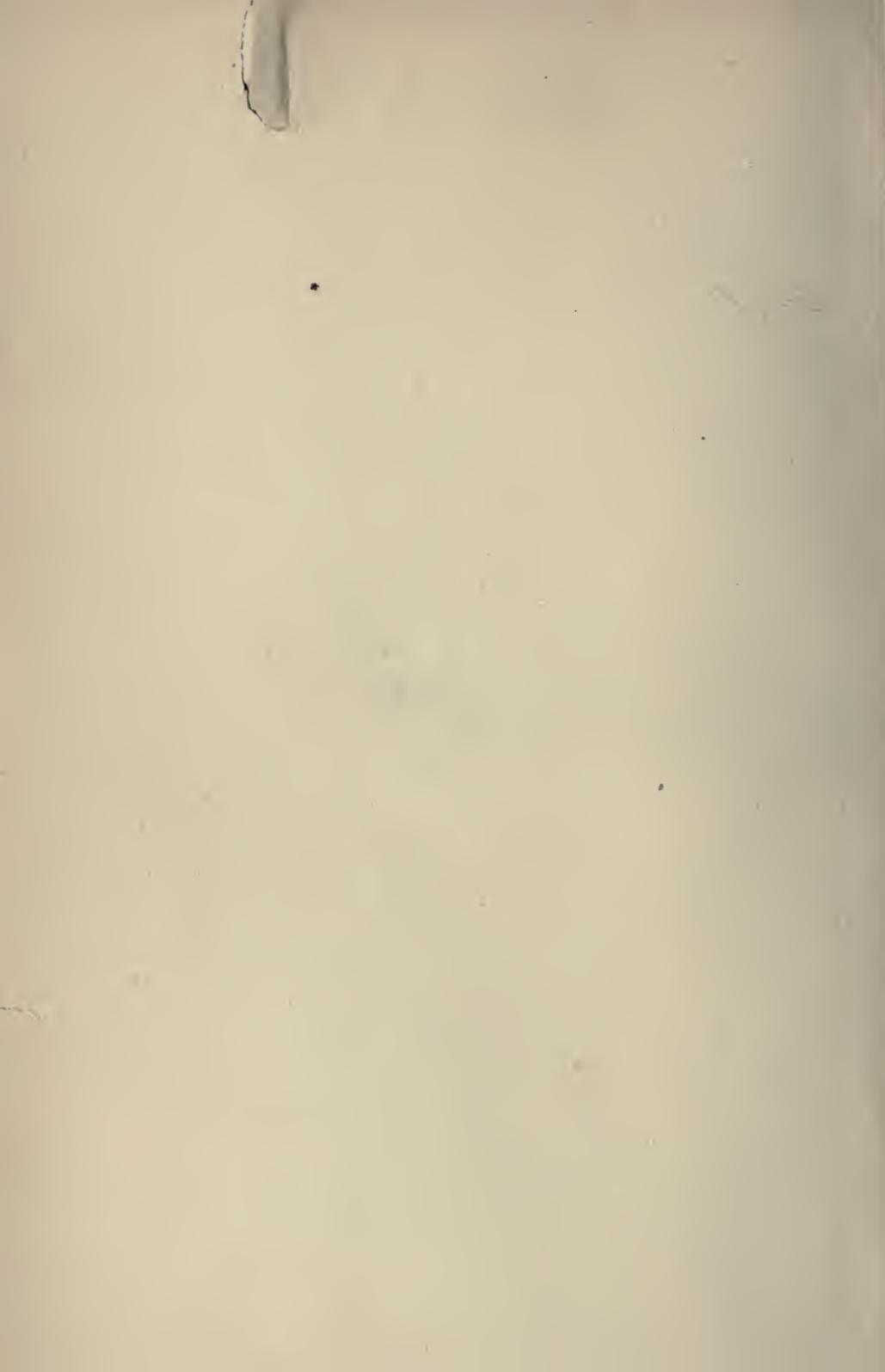
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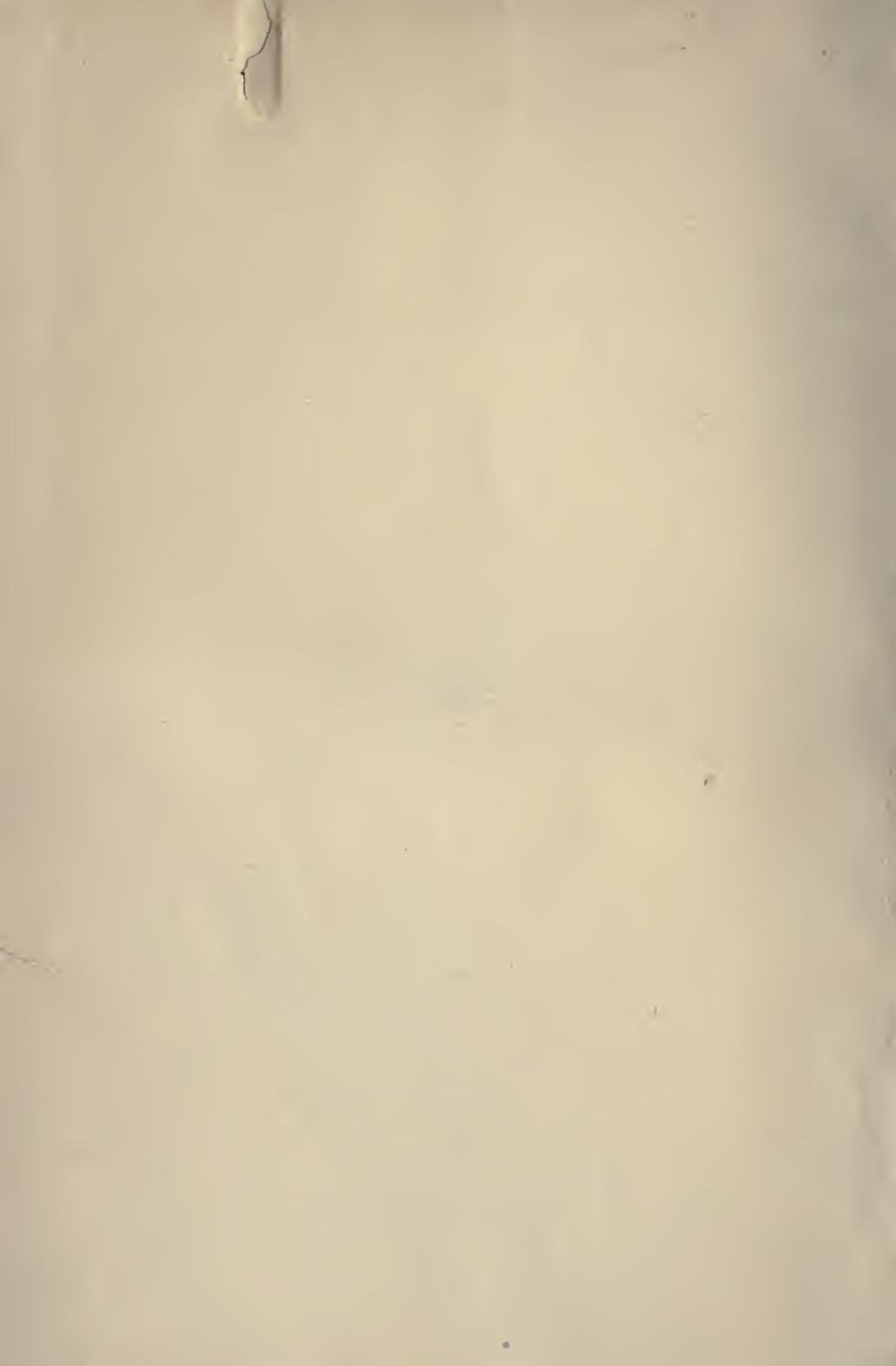
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## XVI.

### COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.

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*Phædros.* Dost thou see that very tall plane-tree?

*Sokrates.* Certainly I do.

*Phædros.* There is shade there, and the wind is not too strong, and there is grass to sit, or, if we like, to lie down.

*Sokrates.* Lead on then!

*Phædros.* Tell me, Sokrates, is it not from some place here they say that Boreas carried away Oreithyia from the Ilissos?

*Sokrates.* So they say.

*Phædros.* Should it not be from this spot? for the waters seem so lovely, and pure, and transparent, and as if made for girls to play on the bank.

*Sokrates.* No; it is two or three stadia further down, where you cross over to the temple of Agra, — and there you find, somewhere, an altar of Boreas.

*Phædros.* I was not aware of this. But tell me, by Zeus, O Sokrates, — dost thou believe this myth to be true?

*Sokrates.* Well, if I did not believe it, like the wise people, I should not be so very far wrong; and I might set up an ingenious theory and say that a gust of Boreas, the Northwind, carried her down from the rocks in the neighborhood, while she was playing with her friend Pharmakeia; and that, having died in this manner, she was reported to have been carried off by Boreas from thence, or from the Ares peak, — for there goes also this story, that she was carried off from that, and not from this spot. As to myself, Phædros, I think these explanations, on the whole, very pleasant; but they require a man of strong mind and hard work, and a man who, after all, is not much to be envied, if it were only for this, that when he has set right this one fable, he is bound to do the same for the form of the Hippokentaurs, and again for that of the Chimæra. And then a host of such beings rushes in, — Gorgons and Pegasos, and masses of other hopeless beings, and absurdities of monstrous creatures. And if a man, not believing in the existence of these creatures, should try to represent each according to the probable explanation, dealing in a rough kind of philosophy, he would require abundance of leisure. I, at least, have no time to spare for these

things, and the reason, my friend, is this, that I cannot yet, according to the Delphic line, know myself; and it seems to me ridiculous that a man who does not yet know this, should trouble himself about what does not concern him. Therefore I leave those things alone, and, believing what other people believe about them, I meditate, as I said just now, not on them, but on myself,—whether I be a monster more complicated and more savage than Typhon, or a tamer and simpler creature, enjoying by nature a blessed and modest lot. But while we are talking, my friend, was not this the tree to which thou wert to lead us?

*Phædros.* This is the very tree.

THIS passage, from the Introduction of Plato's "Phædros," has been frequently quoted in order to show what the wisest of the Greeks thought about the rationalists of his day. There were at Athens then, as there have been at all times and in all countries, men who had no sense for the miraculous and supernatural, and who, without having the moral courage to deny altogether what they could not bring themselves to believe, endeavored to find some plausible explanation by which the sacred legends which tradition had handed down to them, and which had been hallowed by religious observances, and sanctioned by the authority of the law, might be brought into harmony with the dictates of reason and the laws of nature. That Sokrates, though himself accused of heresy, did not entertain a very high opinion of these speculators,—that he thought their explanations more incredible and absurd than even the most incredible absurdities of Greek mythology,—nay, that at a certain period of his life he treated such attempts as impious, is clear from this and other passages of Plato and Xenophon.

But if Mr. Grote, in his classical work on the "History of Greece," avails himself of this and similar passages, in order to introduce, as it were, Sokrates himself among the historians and critics of our own

time, — if he endeavors to make him bear witness “to the uselessness of digging for a supposed basis of truth” in the myths of the Greek world, he makes the ancient philosopher say more than he really said. Our object in considering the myths of the Greeks, or any other nation of antiquity, is so different from that of Sokrates, that the objections which he urged against his rationalizing contemporaries could hardly be said to apply to us. For what is it that makes us at the present day ask the question of the origin of the Greek myths? Why do men study ancient history, acquire a knowledge of dead languages, and decipher illegible inscriptions? What inspires them with an interest not only in the literature of Greece and Rome, but of ancient India and Persia, of Egypt and Babylonia? Why do the puerile and often repulsive legends of savage tribes rivet their attention and engage their thoughts? Have we not been told that there is more wisdom in “The Times” than in Thukydidēs? Are not the novels of Walter Scott more amusing than Apollodoros? or the works of Bacon more instructive than the cosmogony of the Purânas? What, then, gives life to the study of antiquity? What compels men, in the midst of these busy times, to sacrifice their leisure to studies apparently so unattractive and useless, if not the conviction, that in order to obey the Delphic commandment, — in order to know *what Man is*, we ought to know *what Man has been*? This is a view as foreign to the mind of Sokrates as any of the principles of inductive philosophy by which men like Columbus, Leonardo da Vinci, Copernicus, Kepler, Bacon, and Galileo regenerated and invigorated the intellectual life of modern Europe. If we grant to Sokrates that the

chief object of philosophy is that man should know himself, we should hardly consider his means of arriving at this knowledge adequate to so high an aim. To his mind man was preëminently the individual, without any reference to its being but one manifestation of a power, or, as he might have said, of an idea, realized in and through an endless variety of human souls. He is ever seeking to solve the mystery of human nature by brooding over his own mind, by watching the secret workings of the soul, by analyzing the organs of knowledge, and by trying to determine their proper limits; and thus the last result of his philosophy was, that he knew but one thing, and this was, that he knew nothing. To us, man is no longer this solitary being, complete in itself, and self-sufficient; man to us is a brother among brothers, a member of a class, of a genus, or a kind, and therefore intelligible only with reference to his equals. The earth was unintelligible to the ancients, because looked upon as a solitary being, without a peer in the whole universe; but it assumed a new and true significance as soon as it rose before the eyes of man as one of many planets, all governed by the same laws, and all revolving around the same centre. It is the same with the human soul, and its nature stands before our mind in quite a different light since man has been taught to know and feel himself as a member of one great family,—as one of the myriads of wandering stars, all governed by the same laws, and all revolving around the same centre, and all deriving their light from the same source. The history of the world, or, as it is called, "Universal History," has laid open new avenues of thought, and it has enriched our language with a word which never

passed the lips of Sokrates, or Plato, or Aristotle, -- *mankind*.<sup>1</sup> Where the Greek saw barbarians, we see brethren; where the Greek saw heroes and demi-gods, we see our parents and ancestors; where the Greek saw nations (*ἔθνη*), we see mankind, toiling and suffering, separated by oceans, divided by language, and severed by national enmity, — yet evermore tending, under a divine control, towards the fulfillment of that inscrutable purpose for which the world was created, and man placed in it, bearing the image of God. History, therefore, with its dusty and mouldering pages, is to us as sacred a volume as the book of nature. In both we read, or we try to read, the reflex of the laws and thoughts of a Divine Wisdom. As we acknowledge no longer in nature the working of demons or the manifestation of an evil principle, so we deny in history an atomistic conglomerate of chances, or the despotic rule of a mute fate. We believe that there is nothing irrational in either history or nature, and that the human mind is called upon to read and to revere, in both the manifestations of a Divine Power. Hence, even the most ancient and shattered pages of traditions are dear to us, nay dearer, perhaps, than the more copious chapters of modern times. The history of those distant ages and distant men — apparently so foreign to our modern interests — assumes a new charm as soon as we know that it tells us the story of our own race, of our own family, — nay, of our own selves. Sometimes, when opening a desk which we have not opened for many years, — when looking over letters which we have not read for many years, we read on for some time with a cold indifference, and though we see it is our own handwriting, and though we meet

<sup>1</sup> See Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.* v. 37.

with names once familiar to our heart, yet we can hardly believe that we wrote these letters, that we felt those pangs, that we shared in those delights, till at last the past draws near and we draw near to the past, and our heart grows warm, and we feel again as we felt of old, and we know that these letters were our letters. It is the same in reading ancient history. At first it seems something strange and foreign; but the more intensely we read, the more our thoughts are engaged and our feelings warmed; and the history of those ancient men becomes, as it were, our own history, — their sufferings our sufferings, — their joys our joys. Without this sympathy, history is a dead letter, and might as well be burnt and forgotten; while, if it is once enlivened by this feeling, it appeals not only to the antiquarian, but to the heart of every man.

We find ourselves on a stage on which many acts have been acted before us, and where we are suddenly called to act our own part. To know the part which we have to act ourselves, we ought to know the character of those whose place we take. We naturally look back to the scenes on which the curtain of the past has fallen, for we believe that there ought to be one thought pervading the whole drama of mankind. And here History steps in, and gives us the thread which connects the present with the past. Many scenes, it is true, are lost beyond the hope of recovery; and the most interesting, the opening scenes of the childhood of the human race, are known to us by small fragments only. But for this very reason the antiquarian, if he descries a relic of those early times, grasps it with the eagerness of a biographer who finds unexpectedly some scraps written by his hero when yet a child — entirely him-

self, and before the shadows of life had settled on his brow. In whatever language it may be written, every line, every word, is welcome, that bears the impress of the early days of mankind. In our museums we collect the rude playthings of our hero's boyhood, and we try to guess from their colossal features the thoughts of the mind which they once reflected. Many things are still unintelligible to us, and the hieroglyphic language of antiquity records but half of the mind's unconscious intentions. Yet more and more the image of man, in whatever clime we meet him, rises before us, noble and pure from the very beginning: even his errors we learn to understand, — even his dreams we begin to interpret. As far as we can trace back the footsteps of man, even on the lowest strata of history, we see that the divine gift of a sound and sober intellect belonged to him from the very first; and the idea of a humanity emerging slowly from the depths of an animal brutality can never be maintained again. The earliest work of art wrought by the human mind, — more ancient than any literary document, and prior even to the first whisperings of tradition, — the human language, forms an uninterrupted chain from the first dawn of history down to our own times. We still speak the language of the first ancestors of our race; and this language, with its wonderful structure, bears witness against such gratuitous imputations. The formation of language, the composition of roots, the gradual discrimination of meanings, the systematic elaboration of grammatical forms, — all this working which we can still see under the surface of our own speech, attests from the very first the presence of a rational mind — of an artist as great, at least, as his work.

The period, during which expressions were coined for the most necessary ideas, — such as pronouns, prepositions, numerals, and the household words of the simplest life, — a period to which we must assign the first beginnings of a free and, as yet, hardly agglutinative grammar, — a grammar not impressed with any individual or national peculiarities, yet containing the germs of all the Turanian, as well as the Aryan and Semitic forms of speech, — this period forms the first in the history of man, — the first, at least, to which even the keenest eye of the antiquarian and the philosopher can reach, — and we call it the “Rhematic Period.”

This is succeeded by a second period, during which we must suppose that at least two families of language left the simply agglutinative, or nomadic stage of grammar, and received, once for all, that peculiar impress of their formative system which we still find in all the dialects and national idioms comprised under the names of “Semitic” and “Aryan,” as distinguished from the “Turanian,” the latter retaining to a much later period, and in some instances to the present day, that agglutinative reproductiveness which has rendered a traditional and metamorphic system of grammar impossible, or has at least considerably limited its extent. Hence we do not find in the nomadic or Turanian languages — scattered from China to the Pyrenees, from Cape Comorin, across the Caucasus, to Lapland — that traditional family likeness which enables us to treat the Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic, Italic, Hellenic, Iranian, and Indic languages on one side, and the Arabian, Aramean, and Hebrew dialects on the other, as mere varieties of two specific forms of speech, in which, at a

very early period, and through influences decidedly political, if not individual and personal, the floating elements of grammar have been arrested and made to assume an amalgamated, instead of a merely agglutinative character. This second may be called the "Dialectic Period."

Now, after these two periods, but before the appearance of the first traces of any national literature, there is a period, represented everywhere by the same characteristic features, — a kind of Eocene period, commonly called the "Mythological" or "Mythopœic" Age. It is a period in the history of the human mind, perhaps the most difficult to understand, and the most likely to shake our faith in the regular progress of the human intellect. We can form a tolerably clear idea of the origin of language, of the gradual formation of grammar, and the unavoidable divergence of dialects and languages. We can understand, again, the earliest concentrations of political societies, the establishment of laws and customs, and the first beginnings of religion and poetry. But between the two there is a gulf which it seems impossible for any philosophy to bridge over. We call it the "Mythic Period," and we have accustomed ourselves to believe that the Greeks, for instance, — such as we find them represented to us in the Homeric poems, far advanced in the fine arts, acquainted with the refinements and comforts of life, such as we see at the palaces of Menelaos and Alkinoos, with public meetings and elaborate pleadings, with the mature wisdom of a Nestor and the cunning enterprise of an Odysseus, with the dignity of a Helena and the loveliness of a Nausikaa — could have been preceded by a race of men whose chief amusement con-

sisted in inventing absurd tales about gods and other nondescript beings, — a race of men, in fact, on whose tomb the historian could inscribe no better epigram than that on Bitto and Phainis. Although later poets may have given to some of these fables a charm of beauty, and led us to accept them as imaginative compositions, it is impossible to conceal the fact that, taken by themselves, and in their literal meaning, most of these ancient myths are absurd and irrational, and frequently opposed to the principles of thought, religion, and morality which guided the Greeks as soon as they appear to us in the twilight of traditional history. By whom, then, were these stories invented? — stories, we must say at once, identical in form and character, whether we find them on Indian, Persian, Greek, Italian, Slavonic, or Teutonic soil. Was there a period of temporary insanity, through which the human mind had to pass, and was it a madness identically the same in the south of India and in the north of Iceland? It is impossible to believe that a people who, in the very infancy of thought, produced men like Thales, Herakleitos, and Pythagoras, should have consisted of idle talkers but a few centuries before the time of these sages. Even if we take only that part of mythology which refers to religion, in our sense of the word, or the myths which bear on the highest problems of philosophy, — such as the creation, the relation of man to God, life and death, virtue and vice, — myths generally the most modern in origin, we find that even this small portion, which might be supposed to contain some sober ideas, or some pure and sublime conceptions, is unworthy of the ancestors of the Homeric poets or the Ionic philosophers. When the swineherd Eumæos, unac-

quainted, perhaps, with the intricate system of the Olympian mythology, speaks of the Deity, he speaks like one of ourselves. "Eat," he says to Odysseus, "and enjoy what is here, for God will grant one thing, but another he will refuse, whatever he will in his mind, for he can do all things."<sup>1</sup> This, we may suppose, was the language of the common people at the time of Homer, and it is simple and sublime, if compared with what has been supposed one of the grandest conceptions of Greek mythology, that, namely, where Zeus, in order to assert his omnipotence, tells the gods, that if they took a rope, and all the gods and goddesses pulled on one side, they could not drag him down from the heaven to the earth; while, if he chose, he could pull them all up, and suspend the earth and the sea from the summit of Olympus. What is more ridiculous than the mythological account of the creation of the human race by Deukalion and Pyrrha throwing stones behind them (a myth which owes its origin to a mere pun on *λαός* and *λάας*)? while we can hardly expect, among pagans, a more profound conception of the relation between God and man, than the saying of Herakleitos, "Men are mortal gods, and gods are immortal men." Let us think of the times which could bear a Lykurgos and a Solon, — which could found an Areopagos and the Olympic games, and how can we imagine that, a few generations before that time, the highest notions of the Godhead among the Greeks were adequately expressed by the story of Uranos maimed by Kronos, — of Kronos eating his children,

<sup>1</sup> *Od.* xiv. 443. Ἔσθιε, δαιμόνιε ξείνων, καὶ τέρπεο τοῖσδε  
 Οἷα παρῆσσι· θεὸς δὲ τὸ μὲν δώσει τὸ δ' ἔσειε,  
 Ὅττι κεν ᾗ θυμῷ ἐβίλη· δύναται γὰρ ἅπαντα.

swallowing a stone, and vomiting out alive his whole progeny? Among the lowest tribes of Africa and America we hardly find anything more hideous and revolting. It is shutting our eyes to the difficulties which stare us in the face, if we say, like Mr. Grote, that this mythology was "a past which was never present;" and it seems blasphemy to consider these fables of the heathen world as corrupted and misinterpreted fragments of a divine revelation once granted to the whole race of mankind — a view so frequently advocated by Christian divines. These myths have been made by man at a certain period of history.

There was an age which produced these myths, — an age half-way between the Dialectical Period, presenting the human race gradually diverging into different families and languages, and the National Period, exhibiting to us the earliest traces of nationalized language, and a nationalized literature in India, Persia, Greece, Italy, and Germany. The fact is there, and we must either explain it, or admit in the gradual growth of the human mind, as in the formation of the earth, some violent revolutions, which broke the regularity of the early strata of thought, and convulsed the human mind, like volcanoes and earthquakes arising from some unknown cause, below the surface of history.

Much, however, will be gained if, without being driven to adopt so violent and repugnant a theory, we are able to account in a more intelligible manner for the creation of myths. Their propagation and subsistence in later times, though strange in many respects, is yet a much less intricate problem. The human mind has an inborn reverence for the past, and the religious piety of the man flows from the same

natural spring as the filial piety of the child. Even though the traditions of past ages may appear strange, wild, and sometimes immoral or impossible, each generation accepts them, and fashions them so that they can be borne with again, and even made to disclose a true and deeper meaning. Many of the natives of India, though versed in European science, and imbued with the principles of a pure natural theology, yet bow down and worship the images of Vishnu and Siva. They know that these images are but stone; they confess that their feelings revolt against the impurities attributed to these gods by what they call their sacred writings; yet there are honest Brahmans who will maintain that these stories have a deeper meaning, — that immorality being incompatible with a divine being, a mystery must be supposed to be concealed in these time-hallowed fables, — a mystery which an inquiring and reverent mind may hope to fathom. Nay, even where Christian missionaries have been successful, where the purity of the Christian faith has won the heart of a native, and made the extravagant absurdities of the Purânas insupportable to him, the faith of his early childhood will still linger on and break out occasionally in unguarded expressions, as several of the myths of antiquity have crept into the legends of the Church of Rome.<sup>1</sup> We find frequent indications in ancient history that the Greeks themselves were shocked by the stories told of their gods; yet as even in our own times faith with most men is not faith in God or in truth, but faith in the faith of others, we may understand why even men like Sokrates were un-

<sup>1</sup> See Grimm's Introduction to his great work on *Teutonic Mythology*, second edition, 1844, p. xxxi.

willing to renounce their belief in what had been believed by their fathers. As their idea of the Godhead became purer, they felt that the idea of perfection, involved in the idea of a divine being, excluded the possibility of immoral gods. Pindar, as pointed out by Otfried Müller,<sup>1</sup> changes many myths because they are not in harmony with his purer conceptions of the dignity of gods and heroes; and, because, according to his opinion, they must be false. Plato<sup>2</sup> argues in a similar spirit when he examines the different traditions about Eros; and in the "Symposium" we see how each speaker maintains that myth of Eros to be the only true one which agrees best with his own ideas of the nature of this god, — Phædrus<sup>3</sup> calling him the oldest, Agathon the youngest of the gods; yet each appealing to the authority of an ancient myth. Thus, men who had as clear a conception of the omnipotence and omnipresence of a supreme God as natural religion can reveal, still called him Zeus, forgetting the adulterer and parricide: —

Ζεὺς ἀρχὴ, Ζεὺς μέσσα, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα τέτυκται,

"Zeus is the beginning, Zeus the middle; out of Zeus all things have been made;"

— an Orphic line, but an old one, if, as Mr. Grote supposes, Plato alluded to it.<sup>4</sup> Poets, again, who felt in

<sup>1</sup> See O. Müller's excellent work, *Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie*, 1825, p. 87.

<sup>2</sup> *Phædrus*, 242 E.

<sup>3</sup> *Symp.* 178 C. Οὕτως πολλαχόθεν ἡμολογεῖται ὁ Ἔρως ἐν τοῖς πρεσβυτάτῃσι εἶναι· πρεσβυτάτος δὲ ὧν μεγιστῶν ἀγαθῶν ἡμῖν αἰτίος ἔστιν· 195 A ἔστι δὲ καλλιωτος ὧν τοιόσδε· πρῶτον μὲν νεώτατος θεῶν ὦ Φαῖδρε.

<sup>4</sup> Lobeck, *Aglaoph.* p. 523, gives

Ζεὺς κεφαλὴ, Ζεὺς μέσσα, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα τέτυκται.

See Preller's *Greek Mythology*, 1854, p. 99.

their hearts the true emotion of prayer, a yearning after divine help and protection, still spoke of Zeus, forgetting that at one time Zeus himself was vanquished by Titan, and had to be delivered by Hermes.<sup>1</sup> Æschylos<sup>2</sup> says: "Zeus, whoever he is, if this be the name by which he loves to be called,—by this name I address him. For, pondering on all things except Zeus, I cannot tell whether I may truly cast off the idle burden from my thought."

No, the preservation of these mythic names, the long life of these fables, and their satisfying the religious, poetical, and moral wants of succeeding generations, though strange and startling, is not the real difficulty. The past has its charms, and tradition has a powerful friend in language. We still speak of the sun rising and setting, of rainbows, of thunderbolts, because language has sanctioned these expressions. We use them, though we do not believe in them. The difficulty is how at first the human mind was led to such imaginings,—how the names and tales arose,—and unless this question can be answered, our belief in a regular and consistent progress of the human intellect, through all ages and in all countries, must be given up as a false theory.

Nor can it be said that we know absolutely nothing of this period during which the as yet undivided

<sup>1</sup> *Apollod.* 1, 6, 3, Grote, H. G. p. 4.

<sup>2</sup> I give the text, because it has been translated in so many different ways:—

Zeus, ὅστις ποτ' ἔστιν, εἰ τόδ' αὐ-  
 τῷ φίλον κεκλημένῳ,  
 τοῦτό νιν προσενέπω'  
 οὐκ ἔχω προσεικάσαι,  
 πάντ' ἐπισταθμώμενος  
 πλὴν Διὸς, εἰ το μάταν ἀπὸ φρόντιδος ἀχθεῖ  
 χρὴ βαλεῖν ἐτητύμως.

Aryan nations — for it is chiefly of them that we are now speaking — formed their myths. Even if we saw only the deep shadow which lies on the Greek mind from the very beginning of its political and literary history, we should be able to infer from it something of the real character of that age which must have preceded the earliest dawn of the national literature of Greece. Otfried Müller,<sup>1</sup> though he was unacquainted with the new light which comparative philology has shed on this primitive Aryan period, says: “The mythic form of expression which changes all beings into persons, all relations into actions, is something so peculiar that we must admit for its growth a distinct period in the civilization of a people.” But comparative philology has since brought this whole period within the pale of documentary history. It has placed in our hands a telescope of such power that, where formerly we could see but nebulous clouds, we now discover distinct forms and outlines; nay, it has given us what we may call contemporary evidence, exhibiting to us the state of thought, language, religion, and civilization at a period when Sanskrit was not yet Sanskrit, Greek not yet Greek, but when both, together with Latin, German, and other Aryan dialects, existed as yet as one undivided language, in the same manner as French, Italian, and Spanish may be said to have at one time existed as one undivided language, in the form of Latin.

This will require a short explanation. If we knew nothing of the existence of Latin; if all historical documents previous to the fifteenth century had been lost; if tradition, even, were silent as to the former

<sup>1</sup> *Prol. Myth.* p. 78.

existence of a Roman empire, a mere comparison of the six Romance dialects would enable us to say, that at some time there must have been a language from which all these modern dialects derived their origin in common; for without this supposition it would be impossible to account for the facts exhibited by these dialects. Let us look at the auxiliary verb. We find: —

	Italian.	Wallachian.	Rhætian.	Spanish.	Portuguese.	French.
I am:	sono,	sum (sunt),	sunt,	soy,	sou,	suis.
Thou art:	sei,	es,	eis,	eres,	es,	es.
He is:	è,	ê (este),	ei,	es,	he,	est.
We are:	siamo,	sûntemu,	essen,	somos,	somos,	sommes.
You are:	siete,	sûntefi,	esses,	sois,	sois,	êtes (estes).
They are:	sono,	sûnt,	eân (sun),	son,	sno,	sont.

It is clear, even from a short consideration of these forms, first, that all are but varieties of one common type; secondly, that it is impossible to consider any one of these six paradigms as the original from which the others had been borrowed. To this we may add, thirdly, that in none of the languages to which these verbal forms belong, do we find the elements of which they could have been composed. If we find such forms as *j'ai aimé*, we can explain them by a mere reference to the grammatical materials which French has still at its command, and the same may be said even of compounds like *j'aimerai*, i. e. *je-aimer-ai*, I have to love, I shall love. But a change from *je suis* to *tu es* is inexplicable by the light of French grammar. These forms could not have grown, so to speak, on French soil, but must have been handed down as relics from a former period, — must have existed in some language antecedent to any of the Romance dialects. Now, fortunately, in this case, we are not left to a mere inference, but as we possess the Latin verb, we can prove

how by phonetic corruption, and by mistaken analogies, every one of the six paradigms is but a national metamorphosis of the Latin original.

Let us now look at another set of paradigms : —

	Sanskrit.	Lithuanian.	Zend.	Doric.	Old Slav.	Latin.	Gothic.	Armen.
I am:	ásmi,	esmi,	ahmi,	έμμί,	yesmē,	sum,	im	em.
Thou art:	ási,	essi,	ahi,	έσσί,	yesi,	es,	is,	es.
He is:	ásti,	esti,	asti,	έστί,	yesť,	est,	ist,	é.
We (two) are:	'avás,	esva,	• •	• •	yeava,	• •	siju,	• •
You (two) are:	'sthás,	esta,	stho?	έστόν,	yesta,	• •	sijuts,	• •
They (two) are:	'stás,	(esti),	sto,	έστόν,	yesta,	• •	• •	• •
We are:	'smás,	esmi,	hmahi,	έσμέσ,	yesmo,	sumus,	sijum,	emq.
You are:	'sthá,	este,	sta,	έστέ,	yesta,	estis,	sijuth,	éq.
They are:	sánti,	(esti),	hēnti,	έντί,	somť,	sunt,	sind,	en.

From a careful consideration of these forms, we ought to draw exactly the same conclusions; first, that all are but varieties of one common type; secondly, that it is impossible to consider any of them as the original from which the others have been borrowed; and thirdly, that, here again, none of the languages in which these verbal forms occur, possess the grammatical materials out of which such forms could have been framed. That Sanskrit cannot be taken as the original from which all the rest were derived (an opinion held by many scholars), is clear, if we see that Greek has, in several instances, preserved a more primitive, or, as it is called, more organic form than Sanskrit. 'Εσ-μέσ cannot be derived from the Sanskrit "smas," because "smas" has lost the radical *a*, which Greek has preserved, the root being *as*, to be, the termination "mas," we. Nor can Greek be fixed upon as the more primitive language from which others were derived, for not even Latin could be called the daughter of Greek, the language of Rome having preserved some forms more primitive than Greek; for instance, *sunt* instead of *έντί* or *έσσί* or *έστί*. Here Greek has lost the radical *as*

altogether, *évrí* standing instead of *éσevrí*, while Latin has at least, like Sanskrit, preserved the radical *s* in *sunt*=*santi*.

Hence, all these dialects point to some more ancient language which was to them what Latin was to the Romance dialects, — only that at that early period there was no literature to preserve to us any remnants of that mother-tongue that died in giving birth to the modern Aryan dialects, such as Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Slavonic, and Celtic. Yet, if there is any truth in inductive reasoning, that language was once a living language, spoken in Asia by a small tribe, nay, originally by a small family living under one and the same roof, as the language of Camoens, Cervantes, Voltaire, and Dante, was once spoken by a few peasants who had built their huts on the Seven Hills near the Tiber. If we compare the two tables of paradigms, the coincidences between the language of the Veda and the dialect spoken at the present day by the Lithuanian recruit at Berlin are greater by far than between French and Italian; and, after Bopp's "Comparative Grammar" has been completed, it will be seen clearly that all the essential forms of grammar had been fully framed and established before the first separation of the Aryan family took place.

But we may learn much more of the intellectual state of the primitive and undivided family of the Aryan nations, if we use the materials which Comparative Philology has placed at our disposal; and, here again, the Romance languages will teach us the spell by which we may hope to open the archives of the most ancient history of the Aryan race. If we find in all the Romance dialects a word like the French "pont,"

the Italian "ponte," the Spanish "puente," the Wallachian "pod," identically the same in all, after making allowance for those peculiarities which give to each dialect its national character, we have a right to say that "pons," the name for "bridge," was known *before* these languages separated, and that, therefore, the art of building bridges must have been known at the same time. We could assert, even if we knew nothing of Latin and of Rome, that previous, at least, to the tenth century, books, bread, wine, houses, villages, towns, towers, and gates, etc., were known to those people, whoever they were, from whose language the modern dialects of Southern Europe are derived. It is true, we should not be able to draw a very perfect picture of the intellectual state of the Roman people if we were obliged to construct their history from such scanty materials; yet we should be able to prove that there really was such a people, and, in the absence of any other information, even a few casual glimpses of their work in life would be welcome. But, though we might safely use this method positively, only taking care to avoid foreign terms, we could not invert it or use it negatively. Because each of the Romance dialects has a different name for certain objects, it does not follow that the objects themselves were unknown to the ancestors of the Romance nations. Paper was known at Rome, yet it is called "carta" in Italian, "papier" in French.

Now, as we know nothing of the Aryan race, before it was broken up into different nationalities, such as Indian, German, Greek, Roman, Slavonic, Teutonic, and Celtic, this method of making language itself tell the history of ancient times will become of great

value, because it will give a character of historical reality to a period in the history of the human race, the very existence of which had been doubted, — to a period that had been called “a past that was never present.” We must not expect a complete history of civilization, exhibiting in full detail a picture of the times when the language of Homer and of the Veda had not yet been formed. But we shall feel by some small but significant traits the real presence of that early period in the history of the human mind — a period which, for reasons that will be clearer hereafter, we identify with the Mythopœic.

	Sanskrit. Zend.	Greek.	Latin.	Gothic.	Slavonic.	Irish.
Father:	pitár, patar.	πατήρ,	pater,	fadar,	..	athair.
Mother:	mâtár, mátar,	μήτηρ,	mater,	..	mati (gen. inatere),	mathair.
Brother:	bhrátar, brátar,	(φρατήρ),	frater,	bróthar,	brat',	brathair.
Sister:	svásar, qanhar,	..	soror,	svistar,	sestra,	siur.
Daughter:	duhitár, dughdhar,	θυγάτηρ,	..	dauhtar,	(Lith.) dukte,	dear.

The mere fact, that the names for *father*, *mother*, *brother*, *sister*, and *daughter* are the same in most of the Aryan languages, might at first sight seem of immaterial significance; yet, even these words are full of import. That the name of father was coined at that early period, shows that the father acknowledged the offspring of his wife as his own, for thus only had he a right to claim the title of father. “Father” is derived from a root PA, which means not to beget, but to protect, to support, to nourish. The father as progenitor, was called in Sanskrit, “ganitár,” but as protector and supporter of his offspring he was called “pitár.” Hence, in the Veda these two names are used together, in order to express the full idea of father. Thus the poet says (I. 164, 33): —

“Dyaús me pitá ganitá.”

“Jo(vi)s mei pater genitor.”

Zeús ἐμοῦ πατήρ γενετηρ.

In a similar manner, “mâtár,” mother, is joined with “ganitrî,” *genitrix* (Rv. III. 48, 2), which shows that the word “mâtár” must soon have lost its etymological meaning, and have become an expression of respect and endearment. Among the earliest Aryans, “mâtár” had the meaning of maker, from MA, to fashion; and, in this sense, and with the same accent as the Greek μήτηρ, má'tar, not yet determined by a feminine affix, it is used in the Veda as a masculine. Thus we read, for instance, Rv. VIII. 41, 4:—

“Sáh mâtâ pûrvyám padám.”

“He, Varuna (Uranos), is the maker of the old place.”

Now, it should be observed, that “mâtár,” as well as “pitar,” is but one out of many names by which the idea of father and mother might have been expressed. Even if we confined ourselves to the root PA, and took the granting of support to his offspring as the most characteristic attribute of father, many words might have been, and actually were formed, all equally fit to become, so to say, the proper names of father. In Sanskrit, protector can be expressed not only by PA, followed by the derivative suffix “tar,” but by “pâ-la,” “pâ-laka,” “pâ-yú,” all meaning protector. The fact, that out of many possible forms, *one* only has been admitted into all the Aryan dictionaries, shows that there must have been something like a traditional usage in language long before the separation of the Aryan family took place. Besides, there were other roots from which the name of father might have been formed, such as GAN, from which we have “ganitár,” *genitor*, γενετήρ; or TAK, from which the Greek τοκεύς; as PAR, from which the Latin *parens*; not to mention many other names equally applicable to express some promi-

nent attribute of a father in his relation to his children. If each Aryan dialect had formed its own name for father, from one of the many roots which all the Aryan dialects share in common, we should be able to say that there was a radical community between all these languages; but we should never succeed in proving, what is most essential, their historical community, or their divergence from one language which had already acquired a decided idiomatical consistency.

It happens, however, even with these, the most essential terms of an incipient civilization, that one or the other of the Aryan dialects has lost the ancient expression, and replaced it by a new one. The common Aryan names for brother and sister, for instance, do not occur in Greek, where brother and sister are called ἀδελφός and ἀδελφή. To conclude from this that at the time when the Greeks started from their Aryan home, the names of brother and sister had not yet been framed, would be a mistake. We have no reason to suppose that the Greeks were the first to leave, and, if we find that nations like the Teutonic or Celtic, who could have had no contact with the natives of India after the first separation had taken place, share the name of brother in common with Sanskrit, it is as certain that this name existed in the primitive Aryan language, as the occurrence of the same word in Wallachian and Portuguese would prove its Latin origin, though no trace of it existed in any other of the other Romance dialects. No doubt, the growth of language is governed by immutable laws, but the influence of accident is more considerable here than in any other branch of natural science; and though in this case it is possible to find a principle which determines the ac-

cidental loss<sup>1</sup> of the ancient names for brother and sister in Greek, yet this is not the case always, and we shall frequently find that one or the other Aryan dialect does not exhibit a term which yet, on the strength of our general argument, we shall feel justified in ascribing to the most ancient period of Aryan speech.

The mutual relation between brother and sister had been hallowed at that early period, and it had been sanctioned by names which had become traditional before the Aryan family broke up into different colonies. The original meaning of "bhrâtar" seems to me to have been he who carries or assists; of "savasar," she who pleases or consoles, — "svasti" meaning in Sanskrit joy or happiness.

In "duhitar," again, we find a name which must have become traditional long before the separation took place. It is a name identically the same in all the dialects, except Latin, and yet Sanskrit alone could have preserved a consciousness of its appellative power. "Duhitar," as Professor Lassen was the first to show, is derived from DUH, a root which in Sanskrit means to milk. It is perhaps connected with the Latin *dūco*, and the transition of meaning would be the same as between "trahere," to draw, and "traire," to milk. Now, the name of milkmaid, given to the daughter of the house, opens before our eyes a little idyl of the poetical and pastoral life of the early Aryans. One of the few things by which the daughter, before she was married, might make herself useful in a nomadic household, was the milking of the cattle, and it discloses a kind of delicacy and humor, even in the rudest state of society, if we imagine a father calling his daughter

<sup>1</sup> See *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1851, p. 320.

his little milkmaid, rather than "sutâ," his begotten, or "filia," the suckling. This meaning, however, must have been forgotten long before the Aryans separated. "Duhitar" was then no longer a nickname, but it had become a technical term, or, so to say, the proper name of daughter. That many words were formed in the same spirit, and that they were applicable only during a nomadic state of life, we shall have frequent opportunity of seeing, as we go on. But as the transition of words of such special meaning into general terms, deprived of all etymological vitality, may seem strange, we may as well give at once a few analogous cases where, behind expressions of the most general currency, we can discover, by means of etymology, this peculiar background of the ancient nomad life of the Aryan nations. The very word "peculiar" may serve as an illustration, taken from more modern times. Peculiar, now means singular, extraordinary, but originally it meant what was private, *i. e.* not common property; being derived from *peculium*. Now, the Latin *peculium* stands for *pecudium* (like *consilium* for *considium*); and being derived from *pecus*, *pecudis*, it expressed originally what we should call cattle and chattel. Cattle constituting the chief personal property of agricultural people, we may well understand how peculiar, meaning originally what refers to one's own property, came to mean not-common, and at last, in our modern conversation, passed into the meaning of strange. I need hardly mention the well-known etymology of *pecunia*, which being derived from the same word, *pecu*, and therefore signifying "flocks," took gradually the meaning of "money," in the same manner as the Anglo-Saxon "feoh," the German "Vieh," cattle (and originally according to Grimm's law, the

same word as *pecu*), received in the course of time the sense of a pecuniary remuneration, a fee. What takes place in modern languages, and, as it were, under our own eyes, must not surprise us in more distant ages. Now, the most useful cattle have always been the ox and the cow, and they seem to have constituted the chief riches and the most important means of subsistence among the Aryan nations. Ox and cow are called in Sanskrit "go," plur. "gâvas," which is the same word as the Old High-German "chuo," plur. "chuowi," and with a change from the guttural to the labial media, the classical βους, βόες, and bōs, bōves. Some of the Slavonic languages, also, have preserved a few traces of this ancient name: for instance, the Lettish "gôws," cow; the Slavonic "govyado," a herd; Servian "govedar," a cowherd. From βους, we have in Greek βουκόλος, which meant originally a cowherd, but in the verb βουκολέω, the meaning of tending cows has been absorbed by the more general one of tending cattle, nay, it is used in a metaphorical sense, such as ἐλπίσι βουκολοῦμαι, I feed myself on vain hopes. It is used with regard to horses, and thus we find for horseherd, ἵπποβούκολος, originally a cowherd of horses, — an expression which we can only compare to Sanskrit "goyuga," meaning a yoke of oxen, but afterwards any pair, so that a pair of oxen would be called "go-go-yuga." Thus, in Sanskrit, "go-pa" means originally a cowherd, but it soon loses this specific meaning, and is used for the head of a cow-pen, a herdsman, and at last, like the Greek ποιμὴν λαῶν, for a king. From "gopa" a new verb is formed, "gopayati," and in it all traces of its original meaning are obliterated; it means simply to protect. As "gopa" meant a cowherd, "go-tra," in Sanskrit, was originally a hurdle.

and meant the inclosure by which a herd was protected against thieves, and kept from straying. "Gotra," however, has almost entirely lost its etymological power in the later Sanskrit, where the feminine only, "gotrâ," preserves the meaning of a herd of kine. In ancient times, when most wars were carried on, not to maintain the balance of power of Asia or Europe, but to take possession of good pasture, or to appropriate large herds of cattle,<sup>1</sup> the hurdles grew naturally into the walls of fortresses, the hedges became strongholds; Anglo-Saxon "tûn," a close (German "Zaun"), became a town; and those who lived behind the same walls were called a "gotra," a family, a tribe, a race. In the Veda, "gotra" is still used in the sense of folds or hurdles (III. 39, 4): —

"Nâkih êshâm ninditâ mârtyeshu  
Yé asmâkam pitârah gôshu yodhât  
Indrah eshâm drimhitâ mâhinâvân  
Ût gotrâni sasrige damsânâvân."

"There is not among men one scoffing at them who were our fathers, who fought among the cows. Indra, the mighty, is their defender; he, the powerful, spread out their hurdles,<sup>2</sup> (*i. e.* their possessions)."

"Fighting among or for the cows," "goshu-yúdh," is used in the Veda as a name for warrior, in general (I 1 5, 22); and one of the most frequent words for battle is "gâv-ishîti," literally "striving for cows." In the later Sanskrit, however, "gaveshana" means, simply, research (physical or philosophical), "gavesh,"

<sup>1</sup> Ὑπὲρ νομῆς ἢ λείας μαχόμεθα. *Toxar.* 36. Grimm, *History of the German Language*, p. 17.

<sup>2</sup> Hurdle seems to be connected with the Vaidik "khardis," house, *i. e.* inclosure, and from the same root we have Gothic "hairda," Anglo-Saxon "heard," "hiôrd," a herd. The original root would have been "khard," which stands for "skard," and the initial *s* is dropt. Another explanation is given by Aufrecht in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. i. p. 362

to inquire. Again, "gosht $\acute{a}$ " means cow-pen or stable ( $\beta\acute{o}\upsilon\sigma\tau\alpha\theta\mu\omicron\nu$ ); but, with the progress of time and civilization, "gosht $\acute{h}\acute{i}$ " became the name of an assembly, nay, it was used to express discussion and gossip, as gossip in English too meant originally a godfather or godmother, and then took the abstract sense of idle conversation or tattle.

All these words, composed with "go," cattle, to which many more might have been added if we were not afraid of trying the patience of our less skeptical readers, proved that the people who formed them must have led a half nomadic and pastoral life, and we may well understand how the same people came to use "duhitar" in the sense of daughter. Language has been called a map of the science and manners of the people who speak it, and we should probably find, if we examined the language of a maritime people, that instead of cattle and pasture, ships and water would form part of many words which afterwards were applied in a more general sense.

We proceed to examine other terms which indicate the state of society previous to the separation of the Aryan race, and which we hope will give to our distant picture that expression of truth and reality which can be appreciated even by those who have never seen the original.

We pass over the words for son, partly because their etymology is of no interest, their meaning being simply that of *natus*, born,<sup>1</sup> partly because the position of the

<sup>1</sup> For instance, Sansk. "s $\acute{u}$ n $\acute{u}$ ," Goth. "sunus," Lith. "sunus," all from "su," to beget, whence Greek *vi $\acute{o}$ s*, but by a different suffix. Sansk. "putra," son, is of doubtful origin. It was supposed to be shared by the Celtic branch (Bret. "paotr," boy; "paotrez," girl), but it has been shown that the Breton "paotr" comes from "paltr," as "aotrou" is the Corn. "altrou."

son, or the successor and inheritor of his father's wealth and power, would claim a name at a much earlier time than daughter, sister, or brother. All these relations in fact, expressed by father and mother, son and daughter, brother and sister, are fixed, we should say, by the laws of nature, and their acknowledgment in language would not prove any considerable advance in civilization, however appropriately the names themselves might have been chosen. But there are other relations, of later origin, and of a more conventional character, sanctioned, it is true, by the laws of society, but not proclaimed by the voice of nature, — relations which are aptly expressed in English by the addition of *in-law*, as father-in-law, mother, son, daughter, brother, and sister-in-law. If the names for these relations could be vindicated for the earliest period of Aryan civilization, we should have gained something considerable, for though there is hardly a dialect in Africa or Australia in which we do not find words for father, mother, son, daughter, brother, and sister, and hardly a tribe in which these natural degrees of relationship are not hallowed, there are languages in which the degrees of affinity have never received expression, and tribes who ignore their very meaning.<sup>1</sup>

	Sanskrit.	Greek.	Latin.	Gothic.	Slavonic.	Celtic.
Father-in-law :	svāsurā	ἐκυρός	socer	svaihra	svekr	W. chwegr
Mother-in-law :	svasrū	ἐκυρά	socrus	svaihrō	svekrvj	W. chwegyr
Son-in-law :	gāmnātar	γαμβρός	gener	..	..	Bret. gever
Daughter-in-law :	snushā	νύος	nurus	{ O. H. G. } snūr	snocha	..
Brother-in-law :	dēvār	{ δαήρ } { ἀνδράδελφος }	levir	{ A. S. tā- } cor	{ Lith. de- } weri-a }	..
Sister-in-law :	{ nānandar } yātara (wives of brothers)	{ γάλως } { ἀνδραδέλφη }	{ glos }	..	{ O. Bohem. } selva }	..
	syālā (wife's brother)	{ εἰνάτερες } { ἀέλιοι and }	janitrices	..	{ Poln. ja- } trew }	..
	syālī (wife's sister)	{ εἰλιόνας (hus- bands of sis- ters). }	..	..	..	..

<sup>1</sup> See Sir J. Lubbock, *Transact. of Ethnol. Society*, vi. 337.

The above table shows that, before the separation of the Aryan race, every one of the degrees of affinity had received expression and sanction in language, for, although some spaces had to be left empty, the coincidences, such as they are, are sufficient to warrant one general conclusion. If we find in Sanskrit, the word "putra," son, and in Celtic, again, "paotr," son, root and suffix being the same, we must remember that, although none of the other Aryan dialects has preserved this word in exactly the same form, yet the identity of the Celtic and Sanskrit term can only be explained on the supposition that "putra" was a common Aryan term, well known before any branch of this family was severed from the common stem.

In modern languages we might, if dealing with similar cases, feel inclined to admit a later communication, but fortunately, in ancient languages, no such intercourse was possible, after the southern branch of the Aryan family had once crossed the Himâlaya, and the northern branch set foot on the shores of Europe. Different questions are raised where, as is the case with *gâmâtâr* and *γαμβρός*, originally bridegroom or husband,<sup>1</sup> then son-in-law, we are only able to prove that the same root was taken, and therefore the same radical idea expressed by Greek and Sanskrit, while the derivation is peculiar in each language. Here, no doubt, we must be more careful in our conclusions, but generally we shall find that these formal differences are only such as occur in dialects of the same language, when out of many possible forms, used at first promiscuously, one was chosen by one poet, one by another, and then became popular and traditional. This at least

<sup>1</sup> *Γαμβρός* καλεῖται ὁ γήμας ὑπὸ τῶν οἰκείων τῆς γαμηθείσης.

is more likely than to suppose that to express a relation which might be expressed in such various ways, the Greek should have chosen the same root  $\gamma\alpha\mu$  to form  $\gamma\alpha\mu\rho\acute{o}s$  and  $\gamma\alpha\mu\beta\rho\acute{o}s$ , independently of the Hindu, who took that root for the same purpose, only giving it a causal form (as in "bhrâtar" instead of "bhartar)," and appending to it the usual suffix, "tar;" thus forming " $g\hat{a}'m\hat{a}tar$ ," instead of " $gamara$ " or " $yamara$ ." The Latin word *gener* is more difficult still, and if it is the same word as the Greek  $\gamma\alpha\mu\beta\rho\acute{o}s$  for  $\gamma\alpha\mu\rho\acute{o}s$ , the transition of *m* into *n* can only be explained by a process of assimilation and by a desire to give to the ancient word *gener* a more intelligible form. When, as it happens not unfrequently, one of the Aryan languages has lost a common term, we are sometimes enabled to prove its former existence by means of derivatives. In Greek, for instance, at least in the classical language, there is no trace of *nepos*, grandson, which we have in Sanskrit " $n\acute{a}p\hat{a}t$ ," German "nefo"; nor of *neptis*, Sanskrit " $n\acute{a}pti$ ," German "nift." Yet there is in Greek  $\acute{\alpha}\nu\epsilon\psi\iota\acute{o}s$ , a first cousin, *i. e.* one with whom we are grandsons together, as the uncle is called the little-grandfather, *avunculus* from *avus*. This word  $\acute{\alpha}\nu\epsilon\psi\iota\acute{o}s$  is formed like Latin *consobrinus*, *i. e.* *consororinus*, one with whom we are sister-children, our modern cousin, Italian *cugino*, in which there remains very little of the original word *soror*, from which, however, it is derived.  $\acute{\alpha}\nu\epsilon\psi\iota\acute{o}s$  therefore proves that in Greek, also, some word like  $\nu\epsilon\pi\omicron\upsilon\varsigma$  must have existed in the sense of child or grandchild, and it is by a similar process that we can prove the former presence in Greek, of a term corresponding to Sanskrit " $sy\hat{a}la$ ," a wife's brother. In Sanskrit a husband calls his wife's brother

“syâla,” his wife’s sister “syâli.” Therefore, in Greek, Peleus would call Amphitrite, and Poseidon Thetis, their “syâlis”: having married sisters, they would have “syâlis” in common,—they would be what the Greeks call ἀέλιος, for “sy” between two vowels is generally dropt in Greek; and the only anomaly consists in the short ε̄ representing the long â in Sanskrit.

There are still a few words which throw a dim light on the early organization of the Aryan family life. The position of the widow was acknowledged in language and in law, and we find no trace that, at that early period, she who had lost her husband was doomed to die with him. If this custom had existed, the want of having a name for widow would hardly have been felt, or, if it had been, the word would most likely have had some reference to this awful rite. Now, husband, or man, in Sanskrit is “dhava,” a word which does not seem to exist in the other Aryan languages, for *dea*, which Pictet brings forward as Celtic, in the sense of a man or person, is a word that has never been authenticated. From “dhava,” Sanskrit forms the name of the widow by the addition of the preposition “vi,” which means without; therefore “vi-dhavâ,” husbandless, widow. This compound has been preserved in languages which have lost the simple word “dhava,” thus showing the great antiquity of this traditional term. We have it not only in Celtic “feadblh,” but in Gothic “viduvo,” Slavonic “vdova,” Old Prussian “widdewû,” and Latin *vidua*. If the custom of widow-burning had existed at that early period, there would have been no “vidhavâs,” no husbandless women, because they would all have followed their husband into death. Therefore

the very name indicates, what we are further enabled to prove by historical evidence, the late origin of widow-burning in India. It is true, that when the English Government prohibited this melancholy custom, as the Emperor Jehángir had done before, and when the whole of India was said to be on the verge of a religious revolution, the Brahmans were able to appeal to the Veda as the authority for this sacred rite, and as they had the promise that their religious practices should not be interfered with, they claimed respect for the Suttee. Raghunandana and other doctors had actually quoted chapter and verse from the Rig-veda, and Colebrooke,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "On the Duties of a Faithful Widow," *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv. pp. 209, 219. Calcutta, 1795. The principal authorities of this Essay are to be seen in Colebrooke's *Digest*, book iv. cap. 3, sect. 1, which is a literal translation of a section of Gagannátha's "Viváda-bhangárna," to be found in MS. Wilson, 224, vol. iii. p. 62. See some interesting remarks on this subject, and the correction of a mistake in my notes, in the third volume of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Part. I., Art. VII., the source of Colebrooke's Essay, *On the Duties of a Faithful Hindu Widow*, by Fitzedward Hall, Esq., M. A., D. C. L., Oxon. The reasons which I gave at a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society for my opinion that Colebrooke availed himself of the "Viváda-bhangárna," while writing his Essay on *The Duties of a Faithful Hindu Widow*, were as follows: "On page 117, Colebrooke quotes:—

1. A passage from Vishnu;
2. A passage from Praketas;
3. A passage from the Smriti.

The same passages, in exactly the same order, are quoted as Nos. 133, 134, 135 of the *Digest*.

This argument has been, if not invalidated, at least modified, by the fact that the same passages occur likewise in the same order in Raghunandana's "Suddhitattva," a work which was consulted by Gagannátha in the compilation of his *Corpus Juris*.

My second reason was: "On page 119, Colebrooke quotes:—

1. A saying ascribed to Nárada (i. e. taken from the "Brihan Náradíya Purána");
2. A passage from Brihaspati, with which, at the end, a line of Raghunandana's commentary is mixed up.
3. A passage supported by the authority of Gotama (or Gautama). The same passages, in exactly the same order, form Nos. 127, 128, 129 of the "Vi-

the most accurate and learned Sanskrit scholar we have ever had, has translated this passage in accordance with their views : —

“ Om ! let these women, not to be widowed, good wives adorned with collyrium, holding clarified butter, consign themselves to the fire ! Immortal, not childless, not husbandless, well adorned with gems, let them pass into the fire, whose original element is water.”  
(From the Rig-veda.)

Now this is perhaps the most flagrant instance of what can be done by an unscrupulous priesthood. Here have thousands and thousands of lives been sacrificed, and a fanatical rebellion been threatened on the authority of a passage which was mangled, mistranslated, and misapplied. If anybody had been able at the time to verify this verse of the Rig-veda, the Brahmans might have been beaten with their own weapons ; nay, their spiritual prestige might have been considerably shaken. The Rig-veda, which now hardly one Brahman out of a hundred is able to read, so far from enforcing the burning of widows, shows clearly that this custom was not sanctioned during the earliest period of Indian history. According to the hymns of the Rig-veda and the Vaidik ceremonial contained in the Grihya-sûtras, the wife accompanies the corpse of her

vâda-bhangârâna.” The line from Raghunandana follows in the “ Vivâda-bhangârâna,” as in Colebrooke’s Essay, immediately after the extract from Brihaspati, and the mistake of mixing the words of Raghunandana with those of Brihaspati could only have arisen because, instead of mentioning Raghunandana’s name, the MS. of the “ Vivâda-bhangârâna ” reads: “ iti Smârtâh.” Neither the “ Suddhitattva,” nor any other work that I have met with, gives these three passages with the extract from Raghunandana in the same order as the “ Vivâda-bhangârâna ” and Colebrooke’s Essay.

husband to the funeral pile, but she is there addressed with a verse taken from the Rig-veda, and ordered to leave her husband, and to return to the world of the living.<sup>1</sup> "Rise, woman," it is said, "come to the world of life; thou sleepest nigh unto him whose life is gone. Come to us. Thou hast thus fulfilled thy duties of a wife to the husband who once took thy hand, and made thee a mother."

This verse is preceded by the very verse which the later Brahmans have falsified and quoted in support of their cruel tenet. The reading of the verse is beyond all doubt, for there is no various reading, in our sense of the word, in the whole of the Rig-veda. Besides, we have the commentaries and the ceremonials, and nowhere is there any difference as to the text or its meaning. It is addressed to the other women who are present at the funeral, and who have to pour oil and butter on the pile:—

"May these women who are not widows, but have good husbands, draw near with oil and butter. Those who are mothers may go up first to the altar, without tears, without sorrow, but decked with fine jewels."

Now the word, "the mothers may go first to the altar," are in Sanskrit, —

"Â rohantu ganayo yonim agre;"

and this the Brahmans have changed into, —

"Â rohantu ganayo yonim agneh;"

<sup>1</sup> See Grimm's Essay on *The Burning of the Dead*; Roth's article on *The Burial in India*; Professor Wilson's article on *The supposed Vaidik authority for the Burning of Hindu Widows*; and my own translation of the complete documentary evidence published by Professor Wilson at the end of his article, and by myself in the *Journal of the German Oriental Society*, vol. ix. fasc. 4. Professor Wilson was the first to point out the falsification of the text, and the change of "yonim agre" into "yonim agneh."

— a small change, but sufficient to consign many lives to the womb (yonim) of fire (agneh).<sup>1</sup>

The most important passage in Vedic literature to prove the decided disapproval of widow-burning on the part of the ancient Brahmans, at least as far as their own caste was concerned, occurs in the Brihad-devatâ. There we read:—

“ Udirshva nârîty anayâ mritam patny anurohati,  
Bhrâtâ kanyân pretasya nigadya pratishedhati  
Kuryâd etat karma hotâ. devaro na bhaved yadi,  
Pretânugamanam na syâd iti brâhmanasâsanât.  
Varnânâm itareshâm ka stridharmo 'yam bhaven na vâ.”

“ With the verse ‘ Rise, woman,’ the wife ascends to follow her dead husband; the younger brother of the departed, repeating the verse, prevents her. The Hotri priest performs that act, if there is no brother-in-law, but to follow the dead husband is forbidden, so says the law of the Brâhmans. With regard to the other castes this law for women may be or may not be.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In a similar manner the custom of widow-burning has been introduced by the Brahmans in an interpolated passage of the “ Toy-Cart,” an Indian drama of king Sûdraka, which was translated by Professor Wilson, and has lately been performed at Paris. *Le Chariot d'Enfant*, Drame en vers en cinq actes et sept tableaux, traduction du Drame Indien du Roi Soudraka, par MM. Méry et Gerard de Nerval. Paris, 1850.

<sup>2</sup> Part of this passage is wanting in MSS. B. b, but it is found in A. C. See also M. M., “ Die Todtenbestattung bei den Brahmanen,” *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, vol. ix. p. vi. where the ritual is somewhat different.

I add a few extracts from Mr. H. J. Bushby's work on Widow-Burning, p. 21, “ Long ago, oriental scholars, both native and European, had shown that the use of widow-burning was not only unsanctioned, but imperatively forbidden, by the earliest and most authoritative Hindoo scriptures. Nay, Colonel Tod, in his book on Rajpootâna (*Annals of Rajasthan*, 1829, vol. i. p. 655), had actually indicated this anomaly in Hindoo doctrine as the best point of attack for abolitionists to select.” P. 22, “ Scholars, it is true, had proved Suttee to be an innovation and a heresy; but it was an innovation of 2,000 years standing, and a heresy abetted by the priesthood since the

After this digression, we return to the earlier period of history of which language alone can give us any information, and, as we have claimed for it the name of widow, or the husbandless, we need not wonder that the name for husband, also, is to this day in most of the Aryan languages the same which had been fixed upon by the Aryans before their separation. It is "pati" in Sanskrit, meaning originally strong, like Latin *potis* or *potens*. In Lithuanian the form is exactly the same, "patis," and this, if we apply Grimm's law, becomes "faths," as in Gothic "bruth-faths," bridegroom. In Greek, again, we find *πόσις* instead of *πότις*. Now, the feminine of "pati" in Sanskrit is "patnî," and there is no doubt that the old Prussian "pattin," in the accusative "wais-pattin," and the Greek *πότνια* are mere transcripts of it, all meaning the mistress.

What the husband was in his house, the lord, the strong protector, the king was among his people. Now, a common name for people was "vis" in Sanskrit, from which the title of the third caste, the householders, or "Vaiśyas" is derived. It comes from the

days of Alexander. Though unnoticed by Mann, the supplementary writings with which the Hindoos, like the Jews, have overlaid their primitive books, are profuse in its praise." P. 29, "Major Ludlow determined, if possible, to induce two or three trustworthy and influential natives to undertake the cause; to ply them with the critical objection drawn from the older Scriptures." For further particulars as to the efforts made for the suppression of Suttee I may refer to the interesting narrative of Mr. H. J. Bushby, on "Widow-Burning," published originally in the *Quarterly Review*, and afterwards as a separate pamphlet. (London: Longmans, 1855.) It shows how much has been done, and therefore, how much more may be done, by appealing to the most ancient and most sacred Sanskrit authorities in discussions with the natives of India. If the fact that Manu never sanctions the burning of widows could produce such an impression on the Vakeels of Rājputāna as described by Mr. Bushby, how much more powerful would be an appeal to the Veda, the authority of which, whenever a discrepancy occurs, invariably overrides that of Manu!

same root from which we have in Sanskrit "vesa," house, οἶκος, vicus, Gothic "veihls," German "wih," and the modern English termination of many names of places. Hence "vispati" in Sanskrit meant king, *i. e.* lord of the people, and that this compound had become a title sanctioned by Aryan etiquette before the separation, is confirmed in a strange manner by the Lithuanian "wiêsz-patis," a lord, "wiêsz-patene," a lady, as compared with Sanskrit "vis-patis" and "vispatnî." There was therefore, at that early period, not only a nicely organized family life, but the family began to be absorbed by the state, and here again conventional titles had been fixed, and were handed down perhaps two thousand years before the title of Cæsar was heard of.

Another name for people being "dâsa" or "dasyu," "dâsa-pati" no doubt was an ancient name for king. There is, however, this great difference between "vis" and "dâsa," that the former means people, the latter subjects, conquered races, nay originally enemies. "Dasyu" in the Veda is enemy, but in the Zend-Avesta, where we have the same word, it means provinces or *gentes*; and Darius calls himself, in his mountain records, "king of Persia and king of the provinces" ("kshâyathîya Pârsaiya, kshâyathîya dahyunâm"). Hence it is hardly doubtful that the Greek δεσπότης represents a Sanskrit title "dâsa-pati," lord of nations; but we cannot admit that the title of Hospodar, which has lately become so notorious, should, as Bopp says, be the same as Sanskrit "vis-pati" or "dâsa-pati." The word is "gaspadorus" in Lithuanian; in Old Slav. "gospod," "gospodin," and "gospodar;" Pol. "gospodar;" Boh. "hospodár." A Slavonic *g*, however, does not correspond to Sanskrit *v* or *d*, nor could

the *t* of "pati" become *d*.<sup>1</sup> Benfey, who derives "gospod," from the Vaidik "gâspati," avoids the former, but not the latter difficulty; and it is certainly better to state these difficulties than to endeavor to smuggle in some ancient Aryan terms in defiance of laws which can never be violated with impunity.

A third common Aryan word for king is "râg" in the Veda; *rex, regis*, in Latin; "reiks" in Gothic, a word still used in German, as "reich," *regnum*, "Frank-reich," *regnum Francorum*; in Irish "riogh;" Welsh "ri."

A fourth name for king and queen is simply father and mother, "Ganaka" in Sanskrit means father, from GAN, to beget; it also occurs, as the name of a well-known king, in the Veda. This is the Old German "chuning," the English "king." Mother in Sanskrit is "gani" or "gani," the Greek γυνή, the Gothic "quinô," the Slavonic "zena," the English "queen." Queen, therefore, means originally mother, or lady; and thus, again, we see how the language of family life grew gradually into the political language of the oldest Aryan state, and how the brotherhood of the family became the φρατρία of the state.<sup>2</sup>

We have seen that the name of house was known before the Aryan family broke up towards the south and the north, and we might bring further evidence to this effect by comparing Sanskrit "dama" with Greek δῶμος, Latin *domus*, Slav. "domü," Celtic "daimh," and Gothic "timrjan," to build, from which English "tim-

<sup>1</sup> See Schleicher's excellent remarks in his *Formenlehre der Kirchenglavischen Sprache*, 1852, p. 107.

<sup>2</sup> See *Lectures on the Science of Language*, Second Series, p. 255, and particularly the German translation, where objections to this derivation have been answered.

ber," though we may doubt the identity of the Slavonic "grod" and "gorod," the Lithuanian "grod" with the Gothic "gards," Latin *hort-us*, Greek *χόρτος*, all meaning an inclosed ground. The most essential part of a house, particularly in ancient times, being a door well fastened and able to resist the attacks of enemies, we are glad to find the ancient name preserved in Sanskrit "dvar," "dvâras," Gothic "daur," Lithuanian "durrys," Celtic "dor," Greek *θύρα*, Latin *fores*. The builder also, or architect, has the same name in Sanskrit and Greek, "takshan" being the Greek *τέκτων*. The Greek *ἄστυ*, again, has been compared with Sanskrit "vâstu," house; the Greek *κώμη* with Gothic "haims," a village; the English "home." Still more conclusive as to the early existence of cities, is the Sanskrit "puri," town, preserved by the Greeks in their name for town, *πόλις*; and that high-roads also were not unknown, appears from Sanskrit "path," "pathi," "panthan," and "pâthas," all names for "road," the Greek *πάτος*, the Gothic "fad," which Bopp believes to be identical with Latin *pons*, *pontis*, and Slavonic "ponti."

It would take a volume were we to examine all the relics of language, though no doubt every new word would strengthen our argument, and add, as it were, a new stone from which this ancient and venerable ruin of the Aryan mind might be reconstructed. The evidence, however, which we have gone through must be sufficient to show that the race of men which could coin these words, — words that have been carried down the stream of time, and washed up on the shores of so many nations, — could not have been a race of savages, of mere nomads and hunters. Nay, it should be observed, that most of the terms connected with chase

and warfare differ in each of the Aryan dialects, while words connected with more peaceful occupations belong generally to the common heir-loom of the Aryan language. The proper appreciation of this fact in its general bearing will show how a similar remark made by Niebuhr with regard to Greek and Latin, requires a very different explanation from that which that great scholar, from his more restricted point of view, was able to give it. It will show that all the Aryan nations had led a long life of peace before they separated, and that their language acquired individuality and nationality, as each colony started in search of new homes, — new generations forming new terms connected with the warlike and adventurous life of their onward migrations. Hence it is that not only Greek and Latin, but all Aryan languages have their peaceful words in common; and hence it is that they all differ so strangely in their warlike expressions. Thus the domestic animals are generally known by the same name in England and in India, while the wild beasts have different names, even in Greek and Latin. I can only give a list, which must tell its own story, for it would take too much time to enter into the etymological formation of all these words, though no doubt a proper understanding of their radical meaning would make them more instructive as living witnesses to the world of thought and the primitive household of the Aryan race: —

	Sanskrit and Zend.		Greek.	Italian.	Teutonic.	Lithuanian	Slavonic.	Celtic.
Cattle :	pasu	pasu	πῶν?	pecu	{ G. faihu O.II.G. fihu }	{ Pruss. pecku }	..	..
Ox and cow :	{ go (nom.) gnaus }	{ gāo ukshani }	βοῦς	bos	O.II.G. chuo	Lett. gow	govjado	Ir. bo
Ux :	ukshani	ukshani	..	vacca?	G. auhsan	..	..	W. ych
Steer :	stihura	staora	ταῦρος	taurus	stiu	taura-s	tour	Ir. tor
Heifer :	stari	..	στειρα	(sterilla)	stairo	..	..	..
Horse :	āsu, asva	aspa	ἵππος	equus	A.S. eoh	aszua, fem.	..	{ Ir. eoh Gaulish. epu-s }
Foal :	..	..	πῶλος	pullus	G. fula	..	..	..
Dog :	svan	spa (σπάκα)	κύων	canis	G. hund	szū	{ R. sobaka Bulg. kuce }	Ir. cu
Sheep :	avi	..	οἶς	ovis	{ G. avi-str E. ewe }	{ avi-s	Slav. ovjza	Ir. ol
Calf :	vatsa	..	ἰταλος	vitulus	..	..	..	Ir. fithal
He-goat :	..	..	κάπρος	caper	O.II.G. hafr	..	..	Ir. cabha
She-goat :	agā	..	αἰξ	..	..	ozl-s	..	Ir. aighe
Sow :	sū (kara)	..	ῦς	sus	O.II.G. sū	..	svinia	Ir. suig
Hog :	..	..	πόρκος	porcus	O.II.G. farah	parsza-s	Pol. prosie	Ir. porc
Pig :	ghr'ishvi	..	χοῖρος	..	{ O.N. gris Scotch, gris }	..	..	..
Donkey :	..	..	ἄσινος	asinus	asitu	asila-s	osilu	{ W. asyn Ir. asail }
Mouse :	mūsh	..	μῦς	mus	O.II.G. mūs	..	Pol. mysz	..
Fly :	makhshikā	makhshi	μῦα	musea	O.II.G. micco	muse	R. mucha	..
Goose :	hamasa	..	χρῖν	anser	O.II.G. kana	zasi-s	Boh. hus,	G. garra

Of wild animals some were known to the Aryans before they separated, and they happen to be animals which live both in Asia and Europe, the bear and the wolf:—

	Sanskrit.	Greek.	Italian.	Teutonic.	Slavonic.	Celtic.
Bear :	riksha	ἄρκτος	ursus	..	Lith. loky-s	Ir. art
Wolf :	vrika	λύκος	{ lupus (v)irpus }	{ G. vulf }	Lith. wilka-s	Ir. brech

To them should be added the serpent:—

	Sanskrit.	Greek.	Italian.	Teutonic.	Slavonic.	Celtic.
Serpent :	{ ahi sarpa }	{ ἔχιδ (ἔρχελυς) ἕρπεντον }	{ anguis (anguilla) serpens }	{ O.H.G. unc .. }	{ Lith. angi-s (angury-ē) .. }	{ .. W. sarff }

Without dwelling on the various names of those animals which had partly been tamed and domesticated, while others were then, as they are now, the natural enemies of the shepherd and his flocks, we proceed at once to mention a few words which indicate that this early pastoral life was not without some of the most primitive arts, such as ploughing, grinding, weaving, and the working of useful and precious metals.

The oldest term for ploughing is AR, which we find

in Latin *arare*, Greek, ἀροῦν, to ear, Old Slav. "orati," Gothic "arjan," Lithuanian "arti," and Gaelic "ar." From this verb we have the common name of the plough, ἄροτρον, *aratrum*, Old Saxon "erida," Old Norse "ardhr," Old Slavonic "oralo" and "oradlo," Lithuanian "arkla-s," Welsh "aradyr" and "arad," Cornish "aradar." Ἀρουρα and *arvum* come probably from the same root. But a more general name for field is Sanskrit "pada," Greek πέδον, Umbrian "perum," Latin *pedum* in *oppidum*, Pol. "pole," Saxon "folda," O. H. G. "feld," "field;" or Sanskrit "agra," ἀγρός, *ager*, and Gothic "akr-s."<sup>1</sup>

The corn which was grown in Asia could not well have been the same which the Aryan nations afterwards cultivated in more northern regions. Some of the names, however, have been preserved, and may be supposed to have had, if not exactly the same, at least a similar botanical character. Such are Sanskrit "yava," Zend "yava," Lithuanian "javai," which in Greek must be changed to ζέα. Sanskrit "sveta" means white, and corresponds to Gothic "hveit," O. H. G. "huiz" and "wiz," the Anglo-Saxon "hvît." But the name of the color became also the name of the white grain, and thus we have Gothic "hvaitei," Lith. "kwêty-s," the English "wheat," with which some scholars have compared the Slav. "shito," and the Greek σῖτος. The name of corn signified originally what is crushed or ground. Thus "kûrna" in Sanskrit means ground, "gîrna," pounded, and from the same radical element we must no doubt derive the Russian "zerno," the Gothic "kaurn," the Latin *granum*. In Lithuanian, "girna" is a millstone, and

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on the Science of Language*, fifth edition, vol. i. p. 283.

the plural "girnôds" is the name of a hand-mill. The Russian word for millstone is, again, "zernov," and the Gothic name for mill, "qvairnus," the later "quirn." The English name for mill is likewise of considerable antiquity, for it exists not only in the O. H. G. "muli," but in the Lithuanian "maluna-s," the Bohemian "mlyn," the Welsh "melin," the Latin *mola*, and the Greek *μύλη*.

We might add the names for cooking and baking, and the early distinction between flesh and meat, to show that the same aversion which is expressed in later times, for instance, by the poets of the Veda, against tribes eating raw flesh, was felt already during this primitive period. "Kravya-ad" (*κρέας-ἔδω*) and "âma-ad" (*ἄμας-ἔδω*) are names applied to barbarians, and used with the same horror in India as *ὠμοφάγοι* and *κρεωφάγοι* in Greece. But we can only now touch on these points, and must leave it to another opportunity to bring out in full relief this old picture of human life.

As the name for clothes is the same among all the Aryan nations, being "vastra" in Sanskrit, "vasti" in Gothic, *vestis* in Latin, *ἔσθής* in Greek, "fassradh" in Irish, "gwisik" in Welsh, we are justified in ascribing to the Aryan ancestors the art of weaving as well as of sewing. To weave in Sanskrit is "ve," and, in a causative form, "vap." With "ve" coincide the Latin *video*, and the Greek radical of *ἑτήτριον*; with "vap," the O. H. G. "wab," the English "weave," the Greek *ἑφ-αίνω*.

To sew in Sanskrit is "siv," from which "sûtra," a thread. The same root is preserved in Latin *suo*, in Gothic "siuja," in O. H. G. "siwu," the English "to sew," Lithuanian "siuv-u," Greek *κασσῶ* for *κατασῶ*.

Another Sanskrit root, with a very similar meaning, is  $\text{NAH}$ , which must have existed also as “nabh” and “nadh.” From “nah” we have Latin *neo* and *necto*, Greek  $\nu\epsilon\omega$ , German “nâhan” and “nâvan,” to sew; from “nadh,” the Greek  $\nu\acute{\eta}\theta\omega$ ; from “nabh,” the Sanskrit “nâbhi” and “nâbha” or “ûrnanâbha,” the spider, literally the wool-spinner.

There is a fourth root which seems to have had originally the special meaning of sewing or weaving, but which afterwards took in Sanskrit the more general sense of making. This is “rak,” which may correspond to the Greek  $\rho\acute{\alpha}\pi\tau\omega$ , to stitch together or to weave; nay, which might account for another name of the spider,  $\acute{\alpha}\rho\acute{\alpha}\chi\eta$  in Greek, and *aranea* in Latin, and for the classical name of woven wool,  $\lambda\acute{\alpha}\chi\nu\omicron\varsigma$  or  $\lambda\acute{\alpha}\chi\eta$ , and the Latin *lana*.

That the value and usefulness of some of the metals was known before the separation of the Aryan race, can be proved only by a few words; for the names of most of the metals differ in different countries. Yet there can be no doubt that iron was known, and its value appreciated, whether for defense or for attack. Whatever its old Aryan name may have been, it is clear that Sanskrit “ayas,” Latin *ahes* in *aheneus*, and even the contracted form, *æs*, *æris*, the Gothic “ais,” the Old High-German “er,” and the English “iron,” are names cast in the same mould, and only slightly corroded even now by the rust of so many centuries. The names of the precious metals, such as gold and silver, have suffered more in passing through the hands of so many generations. But, notwithstanding, we are able to discover even in the Celtic “airgiol” the traces of the Sanskrit “ragata,” the Greek  $\acute{\alpha}\rho\gamma\upsilon\rho\omicron\varsigma$ , the

Latin *argentum*; and even in the Gothic “gulth,” gold, a similarity with the Slavonic “zlató” and Russian “zoloto,” Greek χρύσος and Sanskrit “hiranyam,” although their formative elements differ widely. The radical seems to have been “har-at,” from whence the Sanskrit “harit,” the color of the sun and of the dawn, as *aurum* also descends from the same root with *aurora*. Some of the iron implements used, whether for peaceful or warlike purposes, have kept their original name, and it is extremely curious to find the exact similarity of the Sanskrit “parasu” and the Greek πέλεκυς, axe, or of Sanskrit “asi,” sword, and Latin *ensis*.

New ideas do not gain ground at once, and there is a tendency in our mind to resist new convictions as long as we can. Hence it is only by a gradual and careful accumulation of facts that we can hope, on this linguistic evidence, to establish the reality of a period in the history of mankind previous to the beginning of the most ancient known dialects of the Aryan world; previous to the origin of Sanskrit as well as Greek; previous to the time when the first Greek arrived on the shores of Asia Minor, and looking at the vast expanse of sky and sea and country to the west and north, called it “Europa.” Let us examine one other witness, whose negative evidence will be important. During this early period, the ancestors of the Aryan race must have occupied a more central position in Asia, whence the southern branches extended towards India, the northern to Asia Minor, and Europe. It would follow, therefore, that before their separation, they could not have known the existence of the sea, and hence, if our theory be true, the name for sea must be of later growth, and different in the Aryan languages. And

this expectation is fully confirmed. We find, indeed, identical names in Greek and Latin, but not in the northern and southern branches of the Aryan family. And even these Greek and Latin names are evidently metaphorical expressions, — names that existed in the ancient language, and were transferred, at a later time, to this new phenomenon. *Pontus* and *πόντος* mean sea in the same sense as Homer speaks of *ὑγρὰ κέλευθα*, for *pontus* comes from the same source from which we have *pons*, *pontis*, and the Sanskrit “*pantha*,” if not “*râthas*.” The sea was not called a barrier, but a high-road, — more useful for trade and travel than any other road, — and Professor Curtius<sup>1</sup> has well pointed out Greek expressions, such as *πόντος ἄλός πολιῆς* and *θάλασσα πόντου*, as indicating, even among the Greeks, a consciousness of the original import of *πόντος*. Nor can words like Sanskrit “*sara*,” Latin *sal*, and Greek *ἄλς*, *ἄλός*, be quoted as proving an acquaintance with the sea among the early Aryans. “*Sara*” in Sanskrit means, first, water, afterwards, salt made of water, but not necessarily of sea-water. We might conclude from Sanskrit “*sara*,” Greek *ἄλς*, and Latin *sal*, that the preparation of salt by evaporation was known to the ancestors of the Aryan family before they separated. But this is all that could be proved by *ἄλς*, *sal*, and Sanskrit “*sara*” or “*salila* ;” the exclusive application of these words to the sea belongs to later times ; and though the Greek *ἐνάλιος* means exclusively marine, the Latin *insula* is by no means restricted to an island surrounded by salt water. The same remark applies to words like *æquor* in Latin or *πέλαγος* in Greek. *Θάλασσα* has long

<sup>1</sup> See Kuhn's *Journal of Comparative Philology*, i. 34. Professor Curtius gives the equation: *πόντος*: *πάτος*=*πένθος*: *πάθος*=*βένθος*: *βάθος*.

been proved to be a dialectical form of θάρασσα or τάρασσα, expressing the troubled waves of the sea (ἐταραξέ δὲ πόντον Πιοσειδῶν), and if the Latin *mare* be the same as Sanskrit “vâri,” “vâri” in Sanskrit does not mean “sea,” but water in general, and could, therefore, only confirm the fact that all the Aryan nations applied terms of a general meaning when they had each to fix their names for the sea. *Mare* is more likely a name for dead or stagnant water, like Sanskrit “maru,” the desert, derived from “mri,” to die; and though it is identical with Gothic “marei,” Slav. “more,” Irish “muir,” the application of all these words to the ocean is of later date. But, although the sea had not yet been reached by the Aryan nations before their common language branched off into various dialects, navigation was well known to them. The words “oar” and “rudder” can be traced back to Sanskrit, and the name of the ship is identically the same in Sanskrit (“naus,” “nâvas”), in Latin (*navis*), in Greek (ναῦς), and in Teutonic (Old High-German “nacho,” Anglo-Saxon “naca”).

It is hardly possible to look at the evidence hitherto collected, and which, if space allowed, might have been considerably increased,<sup>1</sup> without feeling that these

<sup>1</sup> A large collection of common Aryan words is found in Grimm's *History of the German Language*. The first attempt to use them for historical purposes was made by Eichhof; but the most useful contributions have since been made by Winning in his *Manual of Comparative Philology*, 1838; by Kahn, Curtius, and Förstemann; and much new material is to be found in Bopp's *Glossarium* and Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*. Pictet's great work, *Les Origines Indo-Européennes*, 2 vols. 1859 and 1863, brings together the most complete mass of materials, but requires also the most careful sifting. With regard to Sanskrit words in particular, the greatest caution is required, as M. Pictet has not paid to it the same attention as to Celtic, Latin, Greek, and Slavonic.

words are the fragments of a real language, once spoken by a united race at a time which the historian has till lately hardly ventured to realize. Yet here we have in our own hands, the relics of that distant time; we are using the same words which were used by the fathers of the Aryan race, changed only by phonetic influences; nay, we are as near to them in thought and speech as the French and Italians are to the ancient people of Rome. If any more proof was wanted as to the reality of that period which must have preceded the dispersion of the Aryan race, we might appeal to the Aryan numerals, as irrefragable evidence of that long-continued intellectual life which characterizes that period. Here is a decimal system of numeration, in itself one of the most marvelous achievements of the human mind, based on an abstract conception of quantity, regulated by a spirit of philosophical classification, and yet conceived, matured, and finished before the soil of Europe was trodden by Greek, Roman, Slave, or Teuton. Such a system could only have been formed by a very small community, and more than any part of language it seems to necessitate the admission of what might almost be called a conventional agreement among those who first framed and adopted the Aryan names for one to hundred. Let us imagine, as well as we can, that at the present moment we were suddenly called upon to invent new names for one, two, three, and we may then begin to feel what kind of task it was to form and fix such words. We could easily supply new expressions for material objects, because they always have some attributes which language can render either metaphorically or periphrastically. We could call the sea "the

salt-water ;” the rain, “the water of heaven ;” the rivers, “the daughters of the earth.” Numbers, however, are, by their very nature, such abstract and empty conceptions, that it tries our ingenuity to the utmost to find any attributive element in them to which expression might be given, and which might in time become the proper name of a merely quantitative idea. There might be less difficulty for one and two ; and hence, these two numerals have received more than one name in the Aryan family. But this again would only create a new difficulty, because, if different people were allowed to use different names for the same numeral, the very object of these names would be defeated. If five could be expressed by a term meaning the open hand, and might also be rendered by the simple plural of the word for fingers, these two synonymous terms would be useless for the purpose of any exchange of thought. Again, if a word meaning fingers or toes might have been used to express five as well as ten, all commerce between individuals using the same word in different senses, would have been rendered impossible. Hence, in order to form and fix a series of words expressing one, two, three, four, etc., it was necessary that the ancestors of the Aryan race should have come to some kind of unconscious agreement to use but one term for each number, and to attach but one meaning to each term. This was not the case with regard to other words, as may be seen by the large proportion of synonymous and polyonymous terms by which every ancient language is characterized. The wear and tear of language in literary and practical usage is the only means for reducing the exuberance of this early growth, and for

giving to each object but one name, and to each name but one power. And all this must have been achieved with regard to the Aryan numerals before Greek was Greek, for thus only can we account for the coincidences as exhibited in the subjoined table: —

Sanskrit.	Greek.	Latin.	Lithuanian.	Gothic.
I. ekas,	εἷς (οἶνη),	unus,	wienas,	ains.
II. dvau,	δύω,	duo,	du,	tvai.
III. trayas,	τρεις,	tres,	trys,	threis.
IV. katvâras,	τέτταρες, (Æolic, πέντες),	quatuor, (Oscan, petora).	keturi,	fidvôr.
V. panka,	πέντε,	quinque, (Oscan, pomtis).	penki,	fimf.
VI. shash,	ἕξ,	sex,	szeszi,	saihs.
VII. sapta,	ἑπτὰ,	septem,	septyni,	sibun.
VIII. ashtau,	ὀκτώ,	octo,	asztûni,	ahtau.
IX. nava,	ἐννέα,	novem,	dewyni,	niun.
X. dasa,	δέκα,	decem,	deszint,	taihun.
XI. ekâdasa,	ἑνδεκά,	undecim,	wleno-lika,	ain-lif.
XII. dvâdasa,	δωδέκα,	duodecim,	dwy-lika,	tva-lif.
XX. vinsati,	εἴκοσι,	viginti,	dwi-deszimti,	tvaitigjus.
C. satam,	ἑκατόν,	centum,	szimtas,	taihun taihund.
M. sahasram,	χίλιοι,	mille,	tukstantis,	thusundi.

If we cannot account for the coincidences between the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Wallachian numerals, without admitting that all were derived from a common type, the Latin, the same conclusion is forced upon us by a comparison of the more ancient numerals. They must have existed ready made in that language from which Sanskrit as well as Welsh is derived; but only as far as hundred. Thousand had not received expression at that early period, and hence the names for thousand differ, not, however, without giving, by their very disagreement, some further indications as to the subsequent history of the Aryan race. We see Sanskrit and Zend share the name for thousand in common (Sanskrit "sahasra," Zend "hazanra"), which shows, that after the southern branch had been severed from the northern, the ancestors of

the Brahmans and Zoroastrians continued united for a time by the ties of a common language. The same conclusion may be drawn from the agreement between the Gothic "thusundi" and the Old Prussian "tûsimtons" (acc.), the Lithuanian "tukstantis," the Old Slavonic "tüisasta;" while the Greeks and the Romans stand apart from all the rest, and seem to have formed, each independently, their own name for thousand.

This earliest period, then, previous to any national separation, is what I call the *mythopœic* period, for every one of these common Aryan words is, in a certain sense, a myth. These words were all originally appellative; they expressed one out of many attributes, which seemed characteristic of a certain object, and the selection of these attributes and their expression in language, represents a kind of unconscious poetry, which modern languages have lost altogether.

Language has been called *fossil poetry*. But as the artist does not know that the clay which he is handling contains the remnants of organic life, we do not feel that when we address a father, we call him protector, nor did the Greeks, when using the word *δαήρ*, brother-in-law, know that this term applied originally only to the younger brothers of the husband, who stayed at home with the bride while their elder brother was out in the field or the forests. The Sanskrit "devar" meant originally playmate, — it told its own story, — it was a myth; but in Greek it has dwindled down into a mere name, or a technical term. Yet, even in Greek it is not allowed to form a feminine of *δαήρ*, as little as we should venture even now to form a masculine of "daughter."

Soon, however, languages lose their etymological

conscience, and thus we find in Latin, for instance, not only *vidua*, husbandless (“Penelope tam diu vidua viro suo caruit”), but *viduus*, a formation which, if analyzed etymologically, is as absurd as the Teutonic “a widower.” It must be confessed, however, that the old Latin *viduus*,<sup>1</sup> a name of Orcus, who had temple outside Rome, makes it doubtful whether the Latin *vidua* is really the Sanskrit “vi-dhavâ,” however great their similarity. At all events we should have to admit that a verb *viduare* was derived from *vidua*, and that afterwards a new adjective was formed with a more general sense, so that *viduus* to a Roman ear meant nothing more than *privatus*.

But, it may be asked, how does the fact, that the Aryan languages possess this treasure of ancient names in common, or even the discovery that all these names had originally an expressive and poetical power, explain the phenomenon of mythological language among all the members of this family? How does it render intelligible that phase of the human mind which gave birth to the extraordinary stories of gods and heroes, — of gorgons and chimæras, — of things that no human eye had ever seen, and that no human mind in a healthy state could ever have conceived?

Before we can answer this question, we must enter into some more preliminary observations as to the formation of words. Tedious as this may seem, we believe that while engaged in these considerations the mist of mythology will gradually clear away, and enable us to discover behind the floating clouds of the dawn of thought and language, that real nature which mythology has so long veiled and disguised.

<sup>1</sup> Hartung, *Die Religion der Römer*, vol. ii. p. 90.

All the common Aryan words which we have hitherto examined referred to definite objects. They are all substantives, they express something substantial, something open to sensuous perception. Nor is it in the power of language to express originally anything except objects as nouns, and qualities as verbs. Hence, the only definition we can give of language during that early state is, that it is the conscious expression in sound, of impressions received by all the senses.

To us, abstract nouns are so familiar that we can hardly appreciate the difficulty which men experienced in forming them. We can scarcely imagine a language without abstract nouns. There are, however, dialects spoken at the present day which have no abstract nouns, and the more we go back in the history of languages, the smaller we find the number of these useful expressions. As far as language is concerned, an abstract word is nothing but an adjective raised into a substantive; but in thought the conception of a quality as a subject, is a matter of extreme difficulty, and, in strict logical parlance, impossible. If we say, "I love virtue," we seldom connect any definite notion with "virtue." Virtue is not a being, however unsubstantial; it is nothing individual, personal, active; nothing that could by itself produce an expressible impression on our mind. The word "virtue" is only a short-hand expression; and when men said for the first time "I love virtue," what they meant by it originally was, "I love all things that become an honest man, that are manly, or virtuous."

But there are other words, which we hardly call abstract, but which, nevertheless, were so originally and are so still, in form; I mean in words like "day"

and "night," "spring" and "winter," "dawn" and "twilight," "storm" and "thunder." For what do we mean if we speak of day and night, or of spring and winter? We may answer, a season, or any other portion of time. But what is time, in our conceptions? It is nothing substantial, nothing individual; it is a quality raised by language into a substance. Therefore if we say "the day dawns," "the night approaches," we predicate actions of things that cannot act, we affirm a proposition which, if analyzed logically, would have no definable subject.

The same applies to collective words, such as "sky" and "earth," "dew" and "rain," — even to "rivers" and "mountains." For if we say, "The earth nourishes man," we do not mean any tangible portion of soil, but the earth, conceived as a whole; nor do we mean by the sky the small horizon which our eye can scan. We imagine something which does not fall under our senses, but whether we call it a whole, a power, or an idea, in speaking of it we change it unawares into something individual.

Now in ancient languages every one of these words had necessarily a termination expressive of gender, and this naturally produced in the mind the corresponding idea of sex, so that these names received not only an individual, but a sexual character. There was no substantive which was not either masculine or feminine; neuters being of later growth, and distinguishable chiefly in the nominative.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "It is with the world, as with each of us in our individual life: for as we leave childhood and youth behind us, we bid adieu to the vivid impressions things once made upon us, and become colder and more speculative. To a little child, not only are all living creatures endowed with human intelligence, but *everything* is *alive*. In *his* Kosmos, Pussu takes rank with

What must have been the result of this? As long as people thought in language, it was simply impossible to speak of morning or evening, of spring and winter, without giving to these conceptions something of an individual, active, sexual, and at last, personal character. They were either nothings, as they are nothings to our withered thought, or they were something; and then they could not be conceived as mere powers, but as beings powerful. Even in our time, though we have the conception of nature as a power, what do we mean by power, except something powerful? Now, in early language, nature was *Natura*, a mere adjective made substantive; she was the Mother always "going to bring forth." Was this not a more definite idea than that which we connect with nature? And let us look to our poets, who still think and feel in language, — that is, who use no word without having really enlivened it in their mind, who do not trifle with language, but use it as a spell to call forth real things, full of light and color. Can they speak of the sun, or the dawn, or the storms as neutral powers, without

Pa and Ma, in point of intelligence. He beats the chair against which he has knocked his head; and afterwards kisses it in token of renewed friendship, in the full belief, that like himself, it is a moral agent amenable to rewards and punishments. The fire that burns his finger is "Naughty Fire," and the stars that shine through his bedroom window are Eyes, like Mamma's, or Pussy's, only brighter.

"The same instinct that prompts the child to *personify* everything remains unchecked in the savage, and grows up with him to manhood. Hence in all simple and early languages, there are but two genders, masculine and feminine. To develop such an idea as that of a *neuter*, requires the slow growth of civilization for its accomplishment. We see the same tendency to class everything as masculine or feminine among even civilized men, if they are uneducated. To a farm laborer, a bundle of hay is "*he*," just as much as is the horse that eats it. He resolutely ignores "*it*," as a pronoun for which there is not the slightest necessity." — *Printer's Register*, Feb. 6 1868.

doing violence to their feelings? Let us open Wordsworth, and we shall hardly find him use a single abstract term without some life and blood in it: —

*Religion.*

“Sacred Religion, mother of form and fear,  
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,  
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,  
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper.”

*Winter.*

“Humanity, delighting to behold  
A fond reflection of her own decay,  
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,  
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,  
In hooded mantle, limping o’er the plain,  
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:  
Or, if a juster fancy should allow  
An undisputed symbol of command,  
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough.  
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.  
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;  
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.  
For he it was — dread Winter! — who beset.  
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,  
That host, when from the regions of the Pole  
They shrunk, insane Ambition’s barren goal, —  
That host, as huge and strong as e’er defied  
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!  
As fathers prosecute rebellious sons,  
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;  
He called on *Frost’s* inexorable tooth  
Life to consume in manhood’s firmest hold . . . .  
And bade the *Snow* their ample backs bestride,  
And to the battle ride.”

So, again, of *Age and the Hours*: —

“*Age!* twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,  
And call a train of laughing *Hours*,  
And bid them dance, and bid them sing;  
And thou, too, mingle in the ring!”

Now, when writing these lines, Wordsworth could hardly have thought of the classical *Horæ*: the conception of dancing Hours came as natural to his mind as to the poets of old.

Or, again, of *Storms and Seasons* : —

“Ye *Storms*, resound the praises of your King!  
And ye mild *Seasons*, — in a sunny clime,  
Midway, on some high hill, while father *Time*  
Looks on delighted, — meet in festal ring,  
And loud and long of Winter’s triumph sing!”

We are wont to call this poetical diction, and to make allowance for what seems to us exaggerated language. But to the poet it is no exaggeration, nor was it to the ancient poets of language. Poetry is older than prose, and abstract speech more difficult than the outpouring of a poet’s sympathy with nature. It requires reflection to divest nature of her living expression, to see in the swift-riding clouds nothing but vaporous exhalations, in the frowning mountains masses of stone, and in the lightning electric sparks. Wordsworth feels what he says, when he exclaims, —

“Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you  
To share the passion of a just disdain;”

and when he speaks of “the last hill that parleys with the setting sun,” this expression came to him as he was communing with nature; it was a thought untranslated as yet into the prose of our traditional and emaciated speech; it was a thought such as the men of old would not have been ashamed of in their common every day conversation.

There are some poems of this modern ancient which are all mythology, and as we shall have to refer to them hereafter, I shall give one more extract, which to a Hindu and an ancient Greek would have been more intelligible than it is to us : —

“Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!  
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude  
On hearts, howe’er insensible or rude;  
Whether thy punctual visitations smite

The haughty towers where monarchs dwell,  
 Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright  
 Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!  
 Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky,  
 In naked splendor, clear from mist and haze,  
 Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,  
 Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,  
 Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.  
 Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;  
 As aptly suits therewith that modest pace  
 Submitted to the chains  
 That bind thee to the path which God ordains  
 That thou shouldst trace,

Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass **away!**  
 Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains —  
 Their utter stillness, and the silent grace  
 Of yon ethereal summits, white with snow,  
 (Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity  
 Report of storms gone by  
 To us who tread below) —

Do with the service of this day accord.  
 Divinest object which th' uplifted eye  
 Of mortal man is suffered to behold;  
 Thou, who upon these snow-clad Heights **has poured**  
 Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale;  
 Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,  
 And for thy bounty wert not unadored  
 By pious men of old;

Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!  
 Bright be thy course to-day, — let not this promise fail! "

Why then, if we ourselves, in speaking of the Sun or the Storms, of Sleep and Death, of Earth and Dawn, connect either no distinct idea at all with these names, or allow them to cast over our mind the fleeting shadows of the poetry of old; why, if we, when speaking with the warmth which is natural to the human heart, call upon the Winds and the Sun, the Ocean and the Sky, as if they would still hear us; why, if plastic thought cannot represent any one of these beings or powers, without giving them, if not a human form, at least human life and human feeling, — why

should we wonder at the ancients, with their language throbbing with life and reveling in color, if instead of the gray outlines of our modern thought, they threw out those living forms of nature, endowed with human powers, nay, with powers more than human, inasmuch as the light of the Sun was brighter than the light of a human eye, and the roaring of the Storms louder than the shouts of the human voice. We may be able to account for the origin of rain and dew, of storm and thunder; yet, to the great majority of mankind, all these things, unless they are mere names, are still what they were to Homer, only perhaps less beautiful, less poetical, less real, and living.

So much for that peculiar difficulty which the human mind experiences in speaking of collective or abstract ideas, — a difficulty which, as we shall see, will explain many of the difficulties of Mythology.

We have now to consider a similar feature of ancient languages, — the auxiliary verbs. They hold the same position among verbs, as abstract nouns among substantives. They are of later origin, and had all originally a more material and expressive character. Our auxiliary verbs have had to pass through a long chain of vicissitudes before they arrived at the withered and lifeless form which fits them so well for the purposes of our abstract prose. *Habere*, which is now used in all the Romance languages simply to express a past tense, “j’ai aimé,” I loved, was originally, to hold fast, to hold back, as we may see in its derivative, *habenæ*, the reins. Thus *tenere*, to hold, becomes, in Spanish, an auxiliary verb, that can be used very much in the same manner as *habere*. The Greek ἔχω is the Sanskrit “sah,” and meant originally, to be strong, to be able,

or to can. The Latin *fui*, I was, the Sanskrit “bhû,” to be, corresponds to the Greek φύω, and there shows still its original and material power of growing, in an intransitive and transitive sense. “As,” the radical of the Sanskrit “as-mi,” the Greek ἐμ-μί, the Lithuanian “as-mi,” I am, had probably the original meaning of breathing, if the Sanskrit “as-u,” breath, is correctly traced back to that root. *Stare*, to stand, sinks down in the Romance dialects to a mere auxiliary, as in “j’ai-été,” I have been, i. e. *habeo-statum*, I have stood; “j’ai-été convaincu,” I have stood convinced; the phonetic change of *statum* into *été* being borne out by the transition of *status* into *état*. The German “werden,” which is used to form futures and passives, the Gothic “varth,” points back to the Sanskrit “vrit,” the Latin *verto*. “Will,” again, in “he will go,” has lost its radical meaning of wishing; and “shall” used in the same tense, “I shall go,” hardly betrays, even to the etymologist, its original power of legal or moral obligation. “Schuld,” however, in German means debt and sin, and “soll,” has there not yet taken a merely temporal signification, the first trace of which may be discovered, however, in the names of the three Teutonic Parcæ. These are called “Vurdh,” “Verdhandi,” and “Skuld,” — Past, Present, and Future.<sup>1</sup> But what could be the original conception of a verb which, even in its earliest application, has already the abstract meaning of moral duty or legal obligation? Where could language, which can only draw upon the material world for its nominal and verbal treasures, find something analogous to the abstract idea of he shall pay, or, he ought to yield? Grimm, who has endeavored to

<sup>1</sup> Kuhn, *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Sprachforschung*, vol. iii. p. 449

follow the German language into its most secret recesses, proposes an explanation of this verb, which deserves serious consideration, however strange and incredible it may appear at first sight.

*Shall*, and its preterite *should*, have the following forms in Gothic : —

Present.	Preterite.
Skal,	Skulda.
Skalt,	Skuldês.
Skal,	Skulda.
Skulum,	Skuldedum.
Skuluth,	Skuldeduth.
Skulun,	Skuldedun.

In Gothic this verb “skal,” which seems to be a present, can be proved to be an old perfect, analogous to Greek perfects like  $\sigma\tilde{\iota}\delta\alpha$ , which have the form of the perfect but the power of the present. There are several verbs of the same character in the German language, and in English they can be detected by the absence of the *s*, as the termination of the third person singular of the present. “Skal,” then, according to Grimm, means, “I owe,” “I am bound;” but originally it meant “I have killed.” The chief guilt punished by ancient Teutonic law, was the guilt of manslaughter, — and in many cases it could be atoned for by a fine. Hence, “skal” meant literally, “I am guilty,” “ich bin schuldig;” and afterwards, when this full expression had been ground down into a legal phrase, new expressions became possible, such as I have killed a free man, a serf, *i. e.* I am guilty of a free man, a serf; and at last, I owe (the fine for having slain) a free man, a serf. In this manner Grimm ac-

counts for the still later and more anomalous expressions, such as he shall pay, *i. e.* he is guilty to pay (“er ist schuldig zu zahlen”); he shall go, *i. e.* he must go; and last, I shall withdraw, *i. e.* I feel bound to withdraw.

A change of meaning like this seems, no doubt, violent and fanciful, but we should feel more inclined to accept it, if we considered how almost every word we use discloses similar changes as soon as we analyze it etymologically, and then follow gradually its historical growth. The general conception of thing is in Wallachian expressed by “lucru,” the Latin *lucrum*, gain. The French “chose” was originally *causa*, or *cause*. If we say, “I am obliged to go,” or “I am bound to pay,” we forget that the origin of these expressions carries us back to times when men were bound to go, or bound over to pay. *Hoc me fallit* means, in Latin, “it deceives me,” “it escapes me.” Afterwards, it took the sense of “it is removed from me,” I want it, I must have it: and hence, “il me faut,” I must. Again, *I may* is the Gothic

Mag, maht, mag, magun, maguth, magun;

and its primary signification was, “I am strong.” Now, this verb also was originally a preterite, and derived from a root which meant, “to beget,” whence the Gothic “magus,” son, *i. e.* begotten, the Scotch “Mac,” and Gothic “magath-s,” daughter, the English “maid.”

In mythological language we must make due allowance for the absence of merely auxiliary words. Every word, whether noun or verb, had still its full original power during the mythopœic ages. Words were heavy and unwieldy. They said more than they

ought to say, and hence, much of the strangeness of the mythological language, which we can only understand by watching the natural growth of speech.

Where we speak of the sun following the dawn, the ancient poets could only speak and think of the Sun loving and embracing the Dawn. What is with us a sunset, was to them the Sun growing old, decaying, or dying. Our sunrise was to them the Night giving birth to a brilliant child; and in the Spring they really saw the Sun or the Sky embracing the earth with a warm embrace, and showering treasures into the lap of nature. There are many myths in Hesiod, of late origin, where we have only to replace a full verb by an auxiliary, in order to change mythical into logical language. Hesiod calls Nyx (Night) the mother of Moros (Fate), and the dark Kêr (Destruction); of Thanatos (Death), Hypnos (Sleep), and the tribe of the Oneiroi (Dreams). And this her progeny she is said to have borne without a father. Again, she is called the mother of Mômôs (Blame), and of the woful Oizys (Woe), and of the Hesperides (Evening Stars), who guard the beautiful golden apples on the other side of the far-famed Okeanos, and the trees that bear fruit. She also bore Nemesis (Vengeance), and Apatê (Fraud), and Philotes (Lust), and the pernicious Geras (Old Age), and the strong-minded Eris (Strife). Now, let us use our modern expressions, such as "the stars are seen as the night approaches," "we sleep," "we dream," "we die," "we run danger during night," "nightly revels lead to strife, angry discussions, and woe," "many nights bring old age, and at last death," "an evil deed concealed at first by the darkness of night will at last be revealed by the

day," "Night herself will be revenged on the criminal," and we have translated the language of Hesiod — a language to a great extent understood by the people whom he addressed — into our modern form of thought and speech.<sup>1</sup> All this is hardly mythological language, but rather a poetical and proverbial kind of expression known to all poets, whether modern or ancient, and frequently to be found in the language of common people.

Uranos, in the language of Hesiod, is used as a name for the sky; he is made or born that "he should be a firm place for the blessed gods."<sup>2</sup> It is said twice, that Uranos covers everything (v. 127), and that when he brings the night, he is stretched out everywhere, embracing the earth. This sounds almost as if the Greek myth had still preserved a recollection of the etymological power of Uranos. For "Uranos" is the Sanskrit "Varuna" and this is derived from a root VAR, to cover; "Varuna" being in the Veda also a name of the firmament, but especially connected with the night, and opposed to "Mitra," the day. At all events, the name of "Uranos" retained with the Greek something of its original meaning, which was not the case with names like "Apollo" or "Dionysos;" and when we see him called *ἀστερόεις*, the starry

<sup>1</sup> As to Philotes being the Child of Night, Juliet understood what it meant when she said: —

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night!  
That unawares eyes may wink; and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen! —  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
By their own beauties; or, if Love be blind,  
It best agrees with Night."

<sup>2</sup> Hesiod, *Theog.* 128: —

Γαῖα δὲ τοι πρῶτον μὲν ἐγένετο ἴσον ἑαυτῇ  
Οὐρανὸν ἀστερόενθ', ἵνα μιν περὶ πάντα καλύπτου,  
ὄφρ' εἴη μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἔδος ἀρ' φαλὰς αἰεὶ.

heaven, we can hardly believe, as Mr. Grote says, that to the Greek, "Uranos, Nyx, Hypnos, and Oneiros (Heaven, Night, Sleep, and Dream) are persons, just as much as Zeus and Apollo." We need only read a few lines further in Hesiod, in order to see that the progeny of Gæa, of which Uranos is the first, has not yet altogether arrived at that mythological personification or crystallization which makes most of the Olympian gods so difficult and doubtful in their original character. The poet has asked the Muses in the introduction how the gods and the earth were first born, and the rivers and the endless sea, and the bright stars, and the wide heaven above (*οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὑπερθεῖν*). The whole poem of the "Theogony" is an answer to this question; and we can hardly doubt therefore that the Greek saw in some of the names that follow, simply poetical conceptions of real objects, such as the earth, and the rivers, and the mountains. Uranos, the first offspring of Gæa, is afterwards raised into a deity, — endowed with human feelings and attributes; but the very next offspring of Gæa, *Οὐρέα μακρά*, the great Mountains, are even in language represented as neuter, and can therefore hardly claim to be considered as persons like Zeus and Apollo.

Mr. Grote goes too far in insisting on the purely literal meaning of the whole of Greek mythology. Some mythological figures of speech remained in the Greek language to a very late period, and were perfectly understood, — that is to say, they required as little explanation as our expressions of "the sun sets," or "the sun rises." Mr. Grote feels compelled to admit this, but he declines to draw any further conclusions from it. "Although some of the attributes and actions ascribed

to these persons," he says, "are often explicable by allegory, the whole series and system of them never are so: the theorist who adopts this course of explanation finds that, after one or two simple and obvious steps, the path is no longer open, and he is forced to clear a way for himself by gratuitous refinements and conjectures." Here, then, Mr. Grote admits what he calls allegory as an ingredient of mythology; still he makes no further use of it and leaves the whole of mythology as a riddle, that cannot and ought not to be solved, as something irrational — as a past that was never present — declining even to attempt a partial explanation of this important problem in the history of the Greek mind. Πλέον ἡμῖν παντός. Such a want of scientific courage would have put a stop to many systems which have since grown to completeness, but which at first had to make the most timid and uncertain steps. In palæontological sciences we must learn to be ignorant of certain things; and what Suetonius says of the grammarian, "boni grammatici est nonnulla etiam nescire," applies with particular force to the mythologist. It is in vain to attempt to solve the secret of every name; and nobody has expressed this with greater modesty than he who has laid the most lasting foundation of Comparative Mythology. Grimm, in the introduction to his "German Mythology," says, without disguise, "I shall indeed interpret all that I can, but I cannot interpret all that I should like." But surely Otfried Müller had opened a path into the labyrinth of Greek mythology, which a scholar of Mr. Grote's power and genius might have followed, and which at least he ought to have proved as either right or wrong. How late mythological language was in

vogue among the Greeks has been shown by O. Müller (p. 65) in the myth of Kyrene. The Greek town of Kyrene in Libya was founded about Olymp. 37; the ruling race derived its origin from the Minyans, who reigned chiefly in Iolkos, in Southern Thessaly; the foundation of the colony was due to the oracle of Apollo at Pytho. Hence, the myth, — “The heroic maid Kyrene, who lived in Thessaly, is loved by Apollo and carried off to Libya;” while in modern language we should say, — “The town of Kyrene, in Thessaly, sent a colony to Libya, under the auspices of Apollo.” Many more instances might be given, where the mere substitution of a more matter-of-fact verb divests a myth at once of its miraculous appearance.<sup>1</sup>

Kaunos is called the son of Miletos, *i. e.* Kretan colonists from Miletos had founded the town of Kaunos in Lycia. Again, the myth says that Kaunos fled from Miletos to Lycia, and his sister Byblos was changed, by sorrow over her lost brother, into a fountain. Here Miletos in Ionia, being better known than the Miletos in Kreta, has been brought in by mistake, Byblos being simply a small river near the Ionian Miletos. Again, Pausanias tells us as a matter of history, that Miletos, a beautiful boy, fled from Kreta to Ionia, in order to escape the jealousy of Minos, — the fact being, that Miletos in Ionia was a colony of the Miletos of Kreta, and Minos the most famous king of that island. Again, Marpessa is called the daughter of Evenos, and a myth represents her as carried away by Idas, — Idas being the name of a famous hero of the town of Marpessa. The fact, implied by the myth and confirmed by other evidence, is, that colonists started

<sup>1</sup> Kanne's *Mythology*, § 10, p. xxxii.

from the river Evenos, and founded Marpessa in Messina. And here again, the myth adds, that Evenos, after trying in vain to reconquer his daughter from Idas, was changed by sorrow into a river, like Byblos, the sister of Miletos.

If the Hellenes call themselves *αὐτόχθονες*, we fancy we understand what is meant by this expression. But, if we are informed that *πυρρά*, the red, was the oldest name of Thessaly, and that Hellen was the son of Pyrrha, Mr. Grote would say that we have here to deal with a myth, and that the Greeks, at least, never doubted that there really was one individual called Pyrrha, and another called Hellen. Now, this may be true with regard to the later Greeks, such as Homer and Hesiod; but was it so — could it have been so originally? Language is always language, — it always meant something originally, and he, whoever it was, who first, instead of calling the Hellenes born of the soil, spoke of Pyrrha, the mother of Hellen, must have meant something intelligible and rational; he could not have meant a friend of his whom he knew by the name of Hellen, and an old lady called Pyrrha; he meant what we mean if we speak of Italy as the mother of Art.

Even in more modern times than those of which Otfried Müller speaks, we find that “to speak mythologically,” was the fashion among poets and philosophers. Pausanias complains of those “who genealogize everything, and make Pythis the son of Delphos.” The story of Eros in the “Phædros” is called a myth (*μῦθος*, 254 D; *λόγος*, 257 B); yet Sokrates says ironically, “that is one of those which you may believe or not” (*τούτοις δὴ ἕξεστι μὲν πείθεσθαι, ἕξεστι δὲ οὐκ*). Again,

when he tells the story of the Egyptian god Theuth, he calls it a "tradition of old" (ἀκοήν γ' ἔχω λέγειν τῶν προτέρων), but Phædros knows at once that it is one of Sokrates' own making, and he says to him, "Sokrates, thou makest easily Egyptian or any other stories" (λόγου). When Pindar calls Apophasis the daughter of Epimetheus, every Greek understood this mythological language as well as if he had said "an after-thought leads to an excuse."<sup>1</sup> Nay, even in Homer, when the lame Litæ (Prayers) are said to follow Atê (Mischief), trying to appease her, a Greek understood this language as well as we do, when we say that "Hell is paved with good intentions."

When Prayers are called the daughters of Zeus, we are hardly as yet within the sphere of pure mythology. For Zeus was to the Greeks the protector of the suppliants, Ζεὺς ἱκετεύσιος, — and hence Prayers are called his daughters, as we might call Liberty the daughter of England, or Prayer the offspring of the soul.

All these sayings, however, though mythical, are not yet myths. It is the essential character of a true myth that it should no longer be intelligible by a reference to the spoken language. The plastic character of ancient language, which we have traced in the formation of nouns and verbs, is not sufficient to explain

<sup>1</sup> O Müller has pointed out how the different parents given to the "Erinyes" by different poets were suggested by the character which each poet ascribed to them. "Evidently," he says, in his *Essay on the Eumenides*, p. 184, "this genealogy answered better to the views and poetical objects of Æschylos than one of the current genealogies by which the Erinyes are derived from Skotos and Gæa (Sophokles), Kronos and Eurynome (in a work ascribed to Epimenides), Phorkys (Euphorion), Gæa Eurynome (Is-tron), Acheron and Night (Eudemos), Hades and Persephone (Orphic hymns), Hades and Styx (Athenodoros and Mnaseas). See, however *Ares*, by H. D. Müller, p. 67.

how a myth could have lost its expressive power or its life and consciousness. Making due allowance for the difficulty of forming abstract nouns and abstract verbs, we should yet be unable to account for anything beyond allegorical poetry among the nations of antiquity; mythology would still remain a riddle. Here, then, we must call to our aid another powerful ingredient in the formation of ancient speech, for which I find no better name than *Polyonymy* and *Synonymy*.<sup>1</sup> Most nouns, as we have seen before, were originally appellatives or predicates, expressive of what seemed at the time the most characteristic attribute of an object. But as most objects have more than one attribute, and as, under different aspects, one or the other attribute might seem more appropriate to form the name, it happened by necessity that most objects, during the early period of language, had more than one name. In the course of time, the greater portion of these names became useless, and they were mostly replaced in literary dialects by one fixed name, which might be called the proper name of such objects. The more ancient a language, the richer it is in synonyms.

Synonyms, again, if used constantly, must naturally give rise to a number of homonyms. If we may call the sun by fifty names expressive of different qualities, some of these names will be applicable to other objects also, which happen to possess the same quality. These different objects would then be called by the same name — they would become homonyms.

In the Veda, the earth is called “*urvî*” (wide), “*prithvî*” (broad), “*nahî*” (great), and many more

<sup>1</sup> See the Author's letter to Chevalier Bunsen *On the Turanian Languages*, p. 35

names, of which the Nighantu mentions twenty-one. These twenty-one words would be synonyms. But "urvi" (wide) is not only given as a name of the earth, but also means a river. "Prithvî" (broad) means not only earth, but sky and dawn. "Mahî" (great, strong) is used for cow and speech, as well as for earth. Hence, earth, river, sky, dawn, cow, and speech, would become homonyms. All these names, however, are simple and intelligible. But most of the old terms, thrown out by language at the first burst of youthful poetry, are based on bold metaphors. These metaphors once forgotten, or the meaning of the roots whence the words were derived once dimmed and changed, many of these words would naturally lose their radical as well as their poetical meaning. They would become mere names handed down in the conversation of a family; understood, perhaps, by the grandfather, familiar to the father, but strange to the son, and misunderstood by the grandson. This misunderstanding may arise in various manners. Either the radical meaning of the word is forgotten, and thus what was originally an appellative, or a name, in the etymological sense of the word (*nomen* stands for *gnomen*, "quo gnoscimus res," like *natus* for *gnatus*), dwindled down into a mere sound — a name in the modern sense of the word. Thus ζεύς, being originally a name of the sky, like the Sanskrit "dyâus," became gradually a proper name, which betrayed its appellative meaning only in a few proverbial expressions, such as Ζεύς ὕει, or "sub Jove frigido." ↳ surviving etymologically

Frequently it happened that after the true etymological meaning of the word had been forgotten, a new meaning was attached to it by a kind of etymological

instinct which exists even in modern languages. Thus, *Λυκηγενής*, the son of light — Apollo, was changed into a son of Lycia; *Δήλιος*, the bright one, gave rise to the myth of the birth of Apollo in Delos.

Again, where two names existed for the same object, two persons would spring up out of the two names, and as the same stories could be told of either, they would naturally be represented as brothers and sisters, as parent and child. Thus we find Selene, the moon, side by side with Mene, the moon; Helios (*Sûrya*), the Sun, and Phœbos (*Bhava*, a different form of *Rudra*); and in most of the Greek heroes we can discover humanized forms of Greek gods, with names which, in many instances, were epithets of their divine prototypes. Still more frequently it happened that adjectives connected with a word as applied to one object, were used with the same word even though applied to a different object. What was told of the sea was told of the sky, and the sun once being called a lion or a wolf, was soon endowed with claws and mane, even where the animal metaphor was forgotten. Thus the Sun with his golden rays might be called "golden-handed," *hand* being expressed by the same word as *ray*. But when the same epithet was applied to Apollo or Indra, a myth would spring up, as we find it in German and Sanskrit mythology, telling us that Indra lost his hand, and that it was replaced by a hand made of gold.

Here we have some of the keys to mythology, but the manner of handling them can only be learnt from comparative philology. As in French it is difficult to find the radical meaning of many a word, unless we compare it with its corresponding forms in Italian, Spanish, or Provençal; we should find it impossible to

discover the origin of many a Greek word, without comparing it with its more or less corrupt relatives in German, Latin, Slavonic, and Sanskrit. Unfortunately we have in this ancient circle of languages nothing corresponding to Latin, by which we can test the more or less original form of a word in French, Italian, and Spanish. Sanskrit is not the mother of Latin and Greek, as Latin is the mother of French and Italian. But although Sanskrit is but one among many sisters, it is, no doubt, the eldest, in so far as it has preserved its words in their most primitive state; and if we once succeed in tracing a Latin and Greek word to its corresponding form in Sanskrit, we are generally able at the same time to account for its formation, and to fix its radical meaning. What should we know of the original meaning of *πατήρ*, *μήτηρ*, and *θυγάτηρ*,<sup>1</sup> if we were reduced to the knowledge of one language like Greek? But as soon as we trace these words to Sanskrit, their primitive power is clearly indicated. O. Müller was one of the first to see and acknowledge that classical philology must surrender all etymological research to comparative philology, and that the origin of Greek words cannot be settled by a mere reference to Greek. This applies with particular force to mythological names. In order to become mythological, it was necessary that the radical meaning of certain names should have been obscured and forgotten in the language to which they belong. Thus what is mythological in one language, is frequently natural and intelligible in another. We say, "the sun sets," but in our

<sup>1</sup> Here is a specimen of Greek etymology, from the *Etymologicum Magnum*: *Θυγάτηρ παρὰ τὸ θύειν καὶ ὀρμᾶν κατὰ γαστρός· ἐκ τοῦ θύω καὶ τοῦ γαστήρ· λέγεται γὰρ τα θήλαα τάχιον κινεῖσθαι ἐν τῇ μήτρᾳ.*

own Teutonic mythology, a seat or throne is given to the sun on which he sits down, as in Greek "Eos" is called χρυσόθρονος, or as the modern Greek speaks of the setting sun as ἥλιος βασιλεύι. We doubt about "Hekate," but we understand at once Ἑκατος and Ἑκατήβουλος. We hesitate about *Lucina*, but we accept immediately what is a mere contraction of *Lucna*, the Latin *Luna*.

What is commonly called Hindu mythology is of little or no avail for comparative purposes. The stories of Siva, Vishnu, Mahâdeva, Pârvatî, Kali, Krishna, etc., are of late growth, indigenous to India, and full of wild and fanciful conceptions. But while this late mythology of the Purânas and even of the Epic poems, offers no assistance to the comparative mythologist, a whole world of primitive, natural, and intelligible mythology has been preserved to us in the Veda. The mythology of the Veda is to comparative mythology what Sanskrit has been to comparative grammar. There is, fortunately, no system of religion or mythology in the Veda. Names are used in one hymn as appellatives, in another as names of gods. The same god is sometimes represented as supreme, sometimes as equal, sometimes as inferior to others. The whole nature of these so-called gods is still transparent; their first conception, in many cases, clearly perceptible. There are as yet no genealogies, no settled marriages between gods and goddesses. The father is sometimes the son, the brother is the husband, and she who in one hymn is the mother, is in another the wife. As the conceptions of the poet varied, so varied the nature of these gods. Nowhere is the wide distance which separates the ancient poems of India from the most ancient

literature of Greece more clearly felt than when we compare the growing myths of the Veda with the full-grown and decayed myths on which the poetry of Homer is founded. The Veda is the real Theogony of the Aryan races, while that of Hesiod is a distorted caricature of the original image. If we want to know whither the human mind, though endowed with the natural consciousness of a divine power, is driven necessarily and inevitably by the irresistible force of language as applied to supernatural and abstract ideas, we must read the Veda; and if we want to tell the Hindus what they are worshipping, — mere names of natural phenomena, gradually obscured, personified, and deified, — we must make them read the Veda. It was a mistake of the early Fathers to treat the heathen gods<sup>1</sup> as demons or evil spirits, and we must take care not to commit the same error with regard to the Hindu gods. Their gods have no more right to any substantive existence than Eos or Hemera, — than Nyx or Apatê. They are masks without an actor, — the creations of man, not his creators; they are *nomina*, not *numina*; names without being, not beings without names.

In some instances, no doubt, it happens that a Greek, or a Latin, or a Teutonic myth, may be explained from the resources which each of these languages still possesses, as there are many words in Greek which can be explained etymologically without any reference to San-

<sup>1</sup> Aristotle has given an opinion of the Greek gods in a passage of the *Metaphysics*. He is attacking the Platonic ideas, and tries to show their contradictory character, calling them *αἰσθητὰ ἀίδια*, eternal uneternals, *i. e.* things that cannot have any real existence; as men, he continues, maintain that there are gods, but give them a human form, thus making them really "immortal mortals," *i. e.* nonentities.

skrit or Gothic. We shall begin with some of these myths, and then proceed to the more difficult, which must receive light from more distant regions, whether from the snowy rocks of Iceland and the songs of the "Edda," or from the borders of the "Seven Rivers," and the hymns of the Veda.

The rich imagination, the quick perception, the intellectual vivacity, and ever-varying fancy of the Greek nation, make it easy to understand that, after the separation of the Aryan race, no language was richer, no mythology more varied, than that of the Greeks. Words were created with wonderful facility, and were forgotten again with that carelessness which the consciousness of inexhaustible power imparts to men of genius. The creation of every word was originally a poem, embodying a bold metaphor or a bright conception. But like the popular poetry of Greece, these words, if they were adopted by tradition, and lived on in the language of a family, of a city, of a tribe, in the dialects, or in the national speech of Greece, soon forgot the father that had given them birth, or the poet to whom they owed their existence. Their genealogical descent and native character were unknown to the Greeks themselves, and their etymological meaning would have baffled the most ingenious antiquarian. The Greeks, however, cared as little about the etymological individuality of their words as they cared to know the name of every bard that had first sung the "Aristeia" of Menelaos or Diomedes. One Homer was enough to satisfy their curiosity, and any etymology that explained any part of the meaning of a word was welcome, no historical considerations being ever allowed to interfere with ingenious guesses. It is known

now Sokrates changes, on the spur of the moment, Eros into a god of wings, but Homer is quite as ready with etymologies, and they are useful, at least so far as they prove that the real etymology of the names of the gods had been forgotten long before Homer.

We can best enter into the original meaning of a Greek myth when some of the persons who act in it have preserved names intelligible in Greek. When we find the names of Eos, Selene, Helios, or Herse, we have words which tell their own story, and we have a  $\pi\omicron\upsilon\ \sigma\tau\omega$  for the rest of the myth. Let us take the beautiful myth of Selene and Endymion. Endymion is the son of Zeus and Kalyke, but he is also the son of Æthlios, a king of Elis, who is himself called a son of Zeus, and whom Endymion is said to have succeeded as king of Elis. This localizes our myth, and shows, at least, that Elis is its birthplace, and that, according to Greek custom, the reigning race of Elis derived its origin from Zeus. The same custom prevailed in India, and gave rise to the two great royal families of ancient India, — the so-called Solar and the Lunar races: and Purûravas, of whom more by and by, says of himself, —

‘ The great king of day  
And monarch of the night are my progenitors;  
Their grandson I.’ . . . .

There may, then, have been a king of Elis, Æthlios, and he may have had a son, Endymion; but what the myth tells of Endymion could not have happened to the king of Elis. The myth transfers Endymion to Karia, to Mount Latmos, because it was in the Latmian cave that Selene saw the beautiful sleeper, loved him and lost him. Now about the meaning of Selene,

there can be no doubt; but even if tradition had only preserved her other name, Asterodia, we should have had to translate this synonym, as Moon, as "Wanderer among the stars." But who is Endymion? It is one of the many names of the sun, but with special reference to the setting or dying sun. It is derived from ἐνδύω, a verb which, in classical Greek, is never used for setting, because the simple verb δύω had become the technical term for sunset. Δυσμαὶ ἡλίου, the setting of the sun, is opposed to ἀνατολαί, the rising. Now, δύω meant originally, to dive into; and expressions like ἡέλιος δ' ἄρ' ἔδου, the sun dived, presuppose an earlier conception of ἔδου πόντον, he dived into the sea. Thus Thetis addresses her companions ("Il." xviii. 140):—

Ἔμεῖς μὲν νῦν δῦτε θαλάσση; εὐρέα κόλπον.

"You may now dive into the broad bosom of the sea."

Other dialects, particularly of maritime nations, have the same expression. In Latin we find,<sup>1</sup> "Cur mergat seras æquore flammæ." In Old Norse, "Sól gengr i ægi." Slavonic nations represent the sun as a woman stepping into her bath in the evening, and rising refreshed and purified in the morning; or they speak of the Sea as the mother of the Sun (the "apâm napât"), and of the Sun as sinking into her mother's arms at night. We may suppose, therefore, that in some Greek dialect ἐνδύω was used in the same sense; and that from ἐνδύω, ἐνδυμα was formed to express sunset. From this was formed ἐνδυμίων,<sup>2</sup> like οὐρανίων from οὐρανός, and like most of the names of the Greek

<sup>1</sup> Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 704.

<sup>2</sup> Lauer, in his *System of Greek Mythology*, explains Endymion as the Diver. Gerhard, in his *Greek Mythology*, gives, Ἐνδυμίων as ὁ ἐν δύμῃ ἴων.

months. If *ἔνδυμα* had become the commonly received name for sunset, the myth of Endymion could never have arisen. But the original meaning of Endymion being once forgotten, what was told originally of the setting sun was now told of a name, which, in order to have any meaning, had to be changed into a god or a hero. The setting sun once slept in the Latmian cave, the cave of night — “Latmos” being derived from the same root as “Leto,” “Latona,” the night; — but now he sleeps on Mount Latmos, in Karia. Endymion, sinking into eternal sleep after a life of but one day, was once the setting sun, the son of Zeus, the brilliant Sky, and of Kalyke, the covering Night (from *καλύπτω*); or, according to another saying, of Zeus and Protogeneia, the first-born goddess, or the Dawn, who is always represented, either as the mother, the sister, or the forsaken wife of the Sun. Now he is the son of a king of Elis, probably for no other reason except that it was usual for kings to take names of good omen, connected with the sun, or the moon, or the stars, — in which case a myth, connected with a solar name, would naturally be transferred to its human namesake. In the ancient poetical and proverbial language of Elis, people said “Selene loves and watches Endymion,” instead of “it is getting late;” “Selene embraces Endymion,” instead of “the sun is setting and the moon is rising;” “Selene kisses Endymion into sleep,” instead of “it is night.” These expressions remained long after their meaning had ceased to be understood; and as the human mind is generally as anxious for a reason as ready to invent one, a story arose by common consent, and without any personal effort, that Endymion must have been a young

lad loved by a young lady, Selene; and, if children were anxious to know still more, there would always be a grandmother happy to tell them that this young Endymion was the son of the Protogeneia, — she half meaning and half not meaning by that name the dawn who gave birth to the sun; or of Kalyke, the dark and covering Night. This name, once touched, would set many chords vibrating; three or four different reasons might be given (as they really were given by ancient poets) why Endymion fell into this everlasting sleep, and if any one of these was alluded to by a popular poet, it became a mythological fact, repeated by later poets; so that Endymion grew at last almost into a type, no longer of the setting sun, but of a handsome boy beloved of a chaste maiden, and therefore a most likely name for a young prince. Many myths have thus been transferred to real persons, by a mere similarity of name, though it must be admitted that there is no historical evidence whatsoever that there ever was a prince of Elis, called by the name of Endymion.

Such is the growth of a legend, originally a mere word, a *μῦθος*, probably one of those many words which have but a local currency, and lose their value if they are taken to distant places, words useless for the daily interchange of thought, spurious coins in the hands of the many, — yet not thrown away, but preserved as curiosities and ornaments, and deciphered at last by the antiquarian, after the lapse of many centuries. Unfortunately, we do not possess these legends as they passed originally from mouth to mouth in villages or mountain castles, — legends such as Grimm has collected in his “*Mythology*,” from the language of the poor people in Germany. We do not know them, as

they were told by the older members of a family, who spoke a language half intelligible to themselves and strange to their children, or as the poet of a rising city embodied the traditions of his neighborhood in a continuous poem, and gave to them their first form and permanence. Unless where Homer has preserved a local myth, all is arranged as a system; with the "Theogony" as its beginning, the "Siege of Troy" as its centre, and the "Return of the Heroes" as its end. But how many parts of Greek mythology are never mentioned by Homer! We then come to Hesiod—a moralist and theologian, and again we find but a small segment of the mythological language of Greece. Thus our chief sources are the ancient chroniclers, who took mythology for history, and used of it only so much as answered their purpose. And not even these are preserved to us, but we only believe that they formed the sources from which later writers, such as Apollodoros and the scholiasts, borrowed their information. The first duty of the mythologist is, therefore, to disentangle this cluster, to remove all that is systematic, and to reduce each myth to its primitive unsystematic form. Much that is unessential has to be cut away altogether, and after the rust is removed, we have to determine first of all, as with ancient coins, the locality, and, if possible, the age, of each myth, by the character of its workmanship; and as we arrange ancient medals into gold, silver, and copper coins, we have to distinguish most carefully between the legends of gods, heroes, and men. If, then, we succeed in deciphering the ancient names and legends of Greek or any other mythology, we learn that the past which stands before our eyes in Greek mythology, has had its present, that

there are traces of organic thought in these petrified relics, and that they once formed the surface of the Greek language. The legend of Endymion was present at the time when the people of Elis understood the old saying of the Moon (or Selene) rising under the cover of Night (or in the Latmian cave), to see and admire, in silent love, the beauty of the setting Sun, the sleeper Endymion, the son of Zeus, who had granted to him the double boon of eternal sleep and everlasting youth.

Endymion is not the Sun in the divine character of Phoibos Apollon, but a conception of the Sun in his daily course, as rising early from the womb of Dawn, and after a short and brilliant career, setting in the evening, never to return again to this mortal life. Similar conceptions occur in most mythologies. In Betsuana, an African dialect, "the sun sets" is expressed by "the sun dies."<sup>1</sup> In Aryan mythology the Sun viewed in this light is sometimes represented as divine, yet not immortal; sometimes as living, but sleeping; sometimes as a mortal beloved by a goddess, yet tainted by the fate of humanity. Thus, "Tithonos," a name that has been identified with the Sanskrit "didhyânah,"<sup>2</sup> brilliant, expressed originally the idea of the Sun in his daily or yearly character. He also, like Endymion, does not enjoy the full immortality of Zeus and Apollon. Endymion retains his youth, but is doomed to sleep. Tithonos is made immortal, but as Eos forgot to ask for his eternal youth, he pines away as a decrepit old man, in the arms of his ever youthful wife, who loved him when he was young, and

<sup>1</sup> See Pott, Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. ii. p. 109.

<sup>2</sup> See Sonne, "On Charis," in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. x. p. 178.

is kind to him in his old age. Other traditions, careless about contradictions, or ready to solve them sometimes by the most atrocious expedients, call Tithonos the son of Eos and Kephalos, as Endymion was the son of Protogeneia, the Dawn ; and this very freedom in handling a myth seems to show, that at first, a Greek knew what it meant if Eos was said to leave every morning the bed of Tithonos. As long as this expression was understood, I should say that the myth was present ; it was passed when Tithonos had been changed into a son of Laomedon, a brother of Priamos, a prince of Troy. Then the saying, that Eos left his bed in the morning, became mythical, and had none but a conventional or traditional meaning. Then, as Tithonos was a prince of Troy, his son, the Ethiopian Memnon, had to take part in the Trojan war. And yet how strange !—even then the old myth seems to float through the dim memory of the poet !—for when Eos weeps for her son, the beautiful Memnon, her tears are called “morning-dew,”—so that the past may be said to have been still half-present.

As we have mentioned Kephalos as the beloved of Eos, and the father of Tithonos, we may add, that Kephalos also, like Tithonos and Endymion, was one of the many names of the Sun. Kephalos, however, was the rising sun—the head of light,—an expression frequently used of the sun in different mythologies. In the Veda, where the sun is addressed as a horse, the head of the horse is an expression meaning the rising sun. Inus, the poet says (Rv. I. 163, 6), “I have known through my mind thyself when it was still far — thee, the bird flying up from below the sky ; I saw a head with wings, toiling on smooth and dust-

less paths." The Teutonic nations speak of the sun as the eye of Wuotan, as Hesiod speaks of—

Πάντα ἰδὼν Διὸς ὀφθαλμὸς καὶ πάντα νοήσας;

and they also call the sun the face of their god.<sup>1</sup> In the Veda, again, the sun is called (I. 115, 1) "the face of the gods," or "the face of Aditi" (I. 113, 19); and it is said that the winds obscure the eye of the sun by showers of rain (V. 59, 5).

A similar idea led the Greeks to form the name of Kephalos; and if Kephalos is called the son of Herse—the Dew,—this patronymic meant the same in mythological language that we should express by the sun rising over dewy fields. What is told of Kephalos is, that he was the husband of Prokris, that he loved her, and that they vowed to be faithful to one another. But Eos also loves Kephalos; she tells her love, and Kephalos, true to Prokris, does not accept it. Eos, who knows her rival, replies, that he might remain faithful to Prokris, till Prokris had broken her vow. Kephalos accepts the challenge, approaches his wife disguised as a stranger, and gains her love. Prokris, discovering her shame, flies to Kreta. Here Diana gives her a dog and a spear, that never miss their aim, and Prokris returns to Kephalos disguised as a huntsman. While hunting with Kephalos, she is asked by him to give him the dog and the spear. She promises to do so only in return for his love, and when he has assented, she discloses herself, and is again accepted by Kephalos. Yet Prokris fears the charms of Eos; and while jealously watching her husband, she is killed by him unintentionally, by the spear that never misses its aim.

<sup>1</sup> Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 666.

Before we can explain this myth, which, however, is told with many variations by Greek and Latin poets, we must dissect it, and reduce it to its constituent elements.

The first is "Kephalos loves Prokris." Prokris we must explain by a reference to Sanskrit, where "prush" and "prish" mean to sprinkle, and are used chiefly with reference to rain-drops. For instance (Rv. I. 168, 8): "The lightnings laugh down upon the earth, when the winds shower forth the rain."

The same root in the Teutonic languages has taken the sense of "frost;" and Bopp identifies "prush" with O. H. G. "frus," "frigere." In Greek we must refer to the same root *πρώξ*, *πρωκός*, a dew-drop, and also "Prökris," the dew.<sup>1</sup> Thus, the wife of Kephalos is only a repetition of Herse, her mother, — "Herse," dew, being derived from Sanskrit "vrish,"<sup>2</sup> to sprinkle ;

<sup>1</sup> I see no reason to modify this etymology of "Prokris." "Prish" in Sanskrit means to sprinkle, and "prishita" occurs in the sense of shower, in "vidyut-stanayitnu-prishiteshu," "during lightning, thunder, and rain," *Gobh.* 3, 3, 15, where Professor Roth ingeniously, but without necessity, suspects the original reading to have been "prushita." "Prishat," fem. "prishati," means sprinkled, and is applied to a speckled deer, a speckled cow, a speckled horse. "Prishata," too, has the same meaning, but is likewise used in the sense of drops. "Prush," a cognate root, means in Sanskrit to sprinkle, and from it we have "prushva," the rainy season, and "prushvâ," a drop, but more particularly a frozen drop, or frost. Now, it is perfectly true, that the final *sh* of "prish" or "prush" is not regularly represented in Greek by a guttural consonant. But we find that in Sanskrit itself the lingual *sh* of this root varies with the palatal *s*, for instance, in "pris-ni," speckled; and Professor Curtius has rightly traced the Greek *περκ-νός*, spotted, back to the same root as the Sanskrit "pris-ni," and has clearly established for *πρώξ* and *πρωκός*, the original meaning of a speckled deer. From the same root, therefore, not only *πρώξ*, a dew-drop, but *πρωκ-ρίς* also may be derived, in the sense of dew or hoar-frost, the derivative syllable being the same as in *νεβ-ρίς*, or *ιδ-ρίς*, gen. *κος* or *ιδος*.

<sup>2</sup> This derivation of *ἔρση*, dew, from the Sanskrit root "vrish" has been questioned, because Sanskrit *v* is generally represented in Greek by the

“Prokris,” dew, from a Sanskrit root “prush,” having the same sense. The first part of our myth, therefore, means simply, “the Sun kisses the Morning Dew.”

The second saying is “Eos loves Kephalos.” This requires no explanation; it is the old story, repeated a hundred times in Aryan mythology, “The Dawn loves the Sun.”

The third saying was, “Prokris is faithless; yet her new lover, though in a different guise, is still the same Kephalos.” This we may interpret as a poetical expression for the rays of the sun being reflected in various colors from the dew-drops, — so that Prokris may be said to be kissed by many lovers; yet they are all the same Kephalos, disguised, but at last recognized.

The last saying was, “Prokris is killed by Kephalos,” *i. e.* the dew is absorbed by the sun. Prokris dies for her love to Kephalos, and he must kill her because he loves her. It is the gradual and inevitable absorption of the dew by the glowing rays of the sun which is expressed, with so much truth, by the unerring shaft of Kephalos thrown unintentionally at Prokris hidden in the thicket of the forest.<sup>1</sup>

We have only to put these four sayings together, and every poet will at once tell us the story of the love and jealousy of Kephalos, Prokris, and Eos. If

digamma, or the spiritus lenis. But in Greek we find both ἔρση and ἔρη a change of frequent occurrence, though difficult to explain. In the same manner the Greek has ἴστωρ and ἰστωρ, from the root “vid,” ἑστία from a root “vas”; and the Attic peculiarity of aspirating unaspirated initial vowels was well known even to ancient grammarians (Curtius, *Grundzüge*, p. 617). Forms like ἑέρση and ἄερα clearly prove the former presence of a digamma (Curtius, *Grundzüge*, p. 509).

“La rugiada

Pugna col sole.” — Dante, *Purgatorio*, i. 121

anything was wanted to confirm the solar nature of Kephalos, we might point out how the first meeting of Kephalos and Prokris takes place on Mount Hymettos, and how Kephalos throws himself afterwards, in despair, into the sea, from the Leukadian mountains. Now, the whole myth belongs to Attika, and here the sun would rise, during the greater part of the year, over Mount Hymettos like a brilliant head. A straight line from this, the most eastern point, to the most western headland of Greece, carries us to the Leukadian promontory, — and here Kephalos might well be said to have drowned his sorrows in the waves of the ocean.

Another magnificent sunset looms in the myth of the death of Herakles. His twofold character as a god and as a hero is acknowledged even by Herodotos; and some of his epithets are sufficient to indicate his solar character, though, perhaps, no name has been made the vehicle of so many mythological and historical, physical and moral stories, as that of Herakles. Names which he shares with Apollo and Zeus are *Δαφνηφόρος*, *Ἀλεξίκακος*, *Μάντις*, *Ἰδαίος*, *Ἰόλυμπος*, *Παγγενέτωρ*.

Now, in his last journey, Herakles also, like Kephalos, proceeds from east to west. He is performing his sacrifice to Zeus, on the Kenæon promontory of Eubœa, when Deianeira (“*dâsya-narî*” = “*dâsa-patnî*”) sends him the fatal garment. He then throws Lichas into the sea, who is transformed into the Lichadian islands. From thence Herakles crosses over to Trachys, and then to Mount Oeta, where his pile is raised, and the hero is burnt, rising through the clouds to the seat of the immortal gods — himself henceforth immortal and wedded to Hebe, the goddess of youth. The coat

which Deianeira sends to the solar hero is an expression frequently used in other mythologies; it is the coat which in the Veda, "the mothers weave for their bright son,"—the clouds which rise from the waters and surround the sun like a dark raiment. Herakles tries to tear it off; his fierce splendor breaks through the thickening gloom, but fiery mists embrace him, and are mingled with the parting rays of the sun, and the dying hero is seen through the scattered clouds of the sky, tearing his own body to pieces, till at last his bright form is consumed in a general conflagration, his last-beloved being Iole, — perhaps the violet-colored evening clouds, — a word which, as it reminds us also of *íos*, poison (though the *ι* is long), may perhaps have originated the myth of a poisoned garment. } *Yolk*

In these legends the Greek language supplies almost all that is necessary in order to render these strange stories intelligible and rational, though the later Greeks — I mean Homer and Hesiod — had certainly in most cases no suspicion of the original import of their own traditions. But as there are Greek words which find no explanation in Greek, and which, without a reference to Sanskrit and the other cognate dialects, would have forever remained to the philologist mere sounds with a conventional meaning, there are also names of gods and heroes inexplicable from a Greek point of view, and which cannot be made to disclose their primitive character, unless confronted with contemporary witnesses from India, Persia, Italy, or Germany. Another myth of the dawn will best explain this: —

"Ahan" in Sanskrit is a name of the day, and is said to stand for "dahan," like "asru," tear, for "dasru," Greek *δάκρυ*. Whether we have to admit

an actual loss of this initial *d*, or whether the *d* is to be considered rather as a secondary letter, by which the root "ah" was individualized to "dah," is a question which does not concern us at present. In Sanskrit we have the root "dah," which means to burn, and from which a name of the day might have been formed in the same manner as "dyu," day, is formed from "dyu," to be brilliant. Nor does it concern us here, whether the Gothic "daga," nom. "dag-s," day, is the same word or not. According to Grimm's law, "daha," in Sanskrit should in Gothic appear as "taga," and not as "daga." However, there are several roots in which the aspiration affects either the first or the last letter or both. This would give us "dhah" as a secondary type of "dah," and thus remove the apparent irregularity of the Gothic "daga."<sup>1</sup> Bopp seems inclined to consider "daga" and "daha" identical in origin. Certain it is that the same root from which the Teutonic words for day are formed, has also given rise to the name for dawn. In German we say, "der Morgen tagt;" and in Old English day was "dawe;" while to dawn was in Anglo-Saxon "dagian." Now, in the Veda, one of the names of the dawn is "Ahanâ." It occurs only once (Rv. I. 123, 4):—

"Grihâm griham Ahanâ yâti âkka  
Divé dive ádhi náma dádhanâ  
Sísásanti Dyotanâ sâsvat á ágât  
A'gram agram ft bhagate vásûnâm."

"Ahanâ (the dawn) comes near to every house, — she who makes every day to be known.

"Dyotanâ (the dawn), the active maiden, comes

<sup>1</sup> This change of aspiration has been fully illustrated, and well explained by Grassmann, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xii. p. 110.

back for evermore, — she enjoys always the first of all goods.”

We have already seen the Dawn in various relations to the Sun, but not yet as the beloved of the Sun, flying before her lover, and destroyed by his embrace. This, however, was a very familiar expression in the old mythological language of the Aryans. The Dawn has died in the arms of the Sun, or the Dawn is flying before the Sun, or the Sun has shattered the car of the Dawn, were expressions meaning simply, the sun has risen, the dawn is gone. Thus, we read in the *Rv.* IV. 30, in a hymn celebrating the achievements of Indra, the chief solar deity of the Veda: —

“And this strong and manly deed also thou hast performed, O Indra, that thou struckest the daughter of Dyaus (the Dawn), a woman difficult to vanquish.

“Yes, even the daughter of Dyaus, the magnified, the Dawn, thou, O Indra, a great hero, hast ground to pieces.

“The Dawn rushed off from her crushed car, fearing that Indra, the bull, might strike her.

“This her car lay there well ground to pieces; she went far away.”

In this case, Indra behaves rather unceremoniously to the daughter of the sky; but, in other places, she is loved by all the bright gods of heaven, not excluding her own father. The Sun, it is said (*Rv.* I. 115, 2), follows her from behind, as a man follows a woman. “She, the Dawn, whose cart is drawn by white horses, is carried away in triumph by the two Asvins,” as the *Leukippides* are carried off by the *Dioskuroi*.

If now we translate, or rather transliterate, "Dahanâ" into Greek, Dáphne stands before us, and her whole history is intelligible. Daphne is young and beautiful, — Apollo loves her, — she flies before him, and dies as he embraces her with his brilliant rays. Or, as another poet of the Veda (X. 189) expresses it, "The Dawn comes near to him, — she expires as soon as he begins to breathe, — the mighty one irradiates the sky." Any one who has eyes to see and a heart to feel with nature like the poets of old, may still see Dahne and Apollo, — the dawn rushing and trembling through the sky, and fading away at the sudden approach of the bright sun. Thus even in so modern a poet as Swift, the old poetry of nature breaks through when, in his address to Lord Harley on his marriage, he writes: —

"So the bright Empress of the Morn  
Chose for her spouse a mortal born:  
The Goddess made advances first,  
Else what aspiring hero durst?  
Though like a maiden of fifteen  
She blushes when by mortals seen:  
Still blushes, and with haste retires  
When Sol pursues her with his fires."

The metamorphosis of Daphne into a laurel-tree is a continuation of the myth of peculiarly Greek growth. Daphne, in Greek, meant no longer the dawn, but it had become the name of the laurel.<sup>1</sup> Hence the

<sup>1</sup> Professor Curtius admits my explanation of the myth of Daphne as the dawn, but he says, "If we could but see why the dawn is changed into a laurel!" I have explained before the influence of homonymy in the growth of early myths, and this is only another instance of this influence. The dawn was called δάφνη, the burning, so was the laurel, as wood that burns easily. Afterward the two, as usual, were supposed to be one, or to have some connection with each other, for how, the people would say, could they have the same name? See *Etym. M.* p. 250, 20, δαυχμόν· εὐκαυστον ξύλον; Hesych. δαυχμόν· ἐγκαυστον ξύλον δάφνης (1. εὐκαυστον ξύλον δάφνην, Ahrens *Dial. Græc.* ii. 532). Legerlotz, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. vii. p. 292. *Lectures on the Science of Language*, Second Series, p. 502.

tree Daphne was considered sacred to the lover of Daphne, the dawn, and Daphne herself was fabled to have been changed into a tree when praying to her mother to protect her from the violence of Apollo.

Without the help of the Veda, the name of Daphne and the legend attached to her, would have remained unintelligible, for the later Sanskrit supplies no key to this name. This shows the value of the Veda for the purpose of comparative mythology, a science which, without the Veda, would have remained mere guess-work, without fixed principles and without a safe basis.<sup>1</sup>

In order to show in how many different ways the same idea may be expressed mythologically, I have confined myself to the names of the dawn. The dawn is really one of the richest sources of Aryan mythology; and another class of legends, embodying the strife between winter and summer, the return of spring, the revival of nature, is in most languages but a reflection and amplification of the more ancient stories telling of the strife between night and day, the return of the morn, the revival of the whole world. The stories, again, of solar heroes fighting through a thunder-storm against the powers of darkness, are borrowed from the same source; and the cows, so frequently alluded to in the Veda, as carried off by Vritra and brought back by Indra, are in reality the same bright cows which the Dawn drives out every morning to their pasture ground; sometimes the clouds, which, from their heavy udders, send down refreshing and fertilizing rain or

<sup>1</sup> For another development of the same word "Ahanâ," leading ultimately to the myth of Athene, see *Lectures on the Science of Language*, Second Series, p. 502.

dew upon the parched earth; sometimes the bright days themselves, that seem to step out one by one from the dark stable of the night, and to be carried off from their wide pasture by the dark powers of the West. There is no sight in nature more elevating than the dawn even to us, whom philosophy would wish to teach that *nil admirari* is the highest wisdom. Yet in ancient times the power of admiring was the greatest blessing bestowed on mankind; and when could man have admired more intensely, when could his heart have been more gladdened and overpowered with joy, than at the approach of—

“the Lord of light,  
Of life, of love, and gladness!”

The darkness of night fills the human heart with despondency and awe, and a feeling of fear and anguish sets every nerve trembling. There is man like a forlorn child, fixing his eye with breathless anxiety upon the East, the womb of day, where the light of the world has flamed up so many times before. As the father waits the birth of his child, so the poet watches the dark heaving Night who is to bring forth her bright son, the sun of the day. The doors of heaven seem slowly to open, and what are called the bright flocks of the Dawn step out of the dark stable, returning to their wonted pastures. Who has not seen the gradual advance of this radiant procession,—the heaven like a distant sea tossing its golden waves,—when the first rays shoot forth like brilliant horses racing round the whole course of the horizon,—when the clouds begin to color up, each shedding her own radiance over her more distant sisters! Not only the east, but the west, and the south, and the north, the whole temple of heaven is

illuminated, and the pious worshipper lights in response his own small light on the altar of his hearth, and stammers words which express but faintly the joy that is in nature and in his own throbbing heart: —

“Rise! Our life, our spirit has come back! the darkness is gone, the light approaches!”

If the people of antiquity called these eternal lights of heaven their gods, their bright ones (“deva”), the Dawn was the first-born among all the gods, — Protogeneia, — dearest to man, and always young and fresh. But if not raised to an immortal state, if only admired as a kind being, awakening every morning the children of man, her life would seem to be short. She soon fades away, and dies when the fountain-head of light rises in naked splendor, and sends his first swift glance through the vault of heaven. We cannot realize that sentiment with which the eye of antiquity dwelt on these sights of nature. To us all is law, order, necessity. We calculate the refractory power of the atmosphere, we measure the possible length of the dawn in every climate, and the rising of the sun is to us no greater surprise than the birth of a child. But if we could believe again, that there was in the sun a being like our own, that in the dawn there was a soul open to human sympathy, — if we could bring ourselves to look for a moment upon these powers as personal, free, and adorable, how different would be our feelings at the blush of day! That Titanic assurance with which we say, the sun *must* rise, was unknown to the early worshippers of nature, or if they also began to feel the regularity with which the sun and the other stars perform their daily labor, they still thought of free beings kept in temporary servitude, chained for a time, and

bound to obey a higher will, but sure to rise, like Herakles, to a higher glory at the end of their labors. It seems to us childish when we read in the Veda such expressions as, "Will the Sun rise?" "Will our old friend, the Dawn, come back again?" "Will the powers of darkness be conquered by the God of light?" And when the Sun rose, they wondered how, but just born, he was so mighty, and strangled, as it were, in his cradle, the serpents of the night. They asked how he could walk along the sky? why there was no dust on his road? why he did not fall backward? But at last they greeted him like the poet of our own time,—

"Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!"

and the human eye felt that it could not bear the brilliant majesty of him whom they call "the Life, the Breath, the brilliant Lord and Father."

Thus sunrise was the revelation of nature, awakening in the human mind that feeling of dependence, of helplessness, of hope, of joy and faith in higher powers, which is the source of all wisdom, the spring of all religion. But if sunrise inspired the first prayers, called forth the first sacrificial flames, sunset was the other time when, again, the heart of man would tremble, and his mind be filled with awful thoughts. The shadows of night approach, the irresistible power of sleep grasps man in the midst of his pleasures, his friends depart, and in his loneliness his thoughts turn again to higher powers. When the day departs, the poet bewails the untimely death of his bright friend, nay, he sees in his short career the likeness of his own life. Perhaps, when he has fallen asleep, his sun may never rise again, and thus the place to which the setting sun withdraws in the far West rises before his

mind as the abode where he himself would go after death, where "his fathers went before him," and where all the wise and the pious rejoice in a "new life with Yama and Varuna." Or he might look upon the sun, not as a short-lived hero, but as young, unchanging, and always the same, while generations after generations of mortal men were passing away. And hence, by the mere force of contrast, the first intimation of beings which do not wither and decay — of immortals, of immortality! Then the poet would implore the immortal sun to come again, to vouchsafe to the sleeper a new morning. The god of day would become the god of time, of life and death. Again, the evening twilight, the sister of the dawn, repeating, though with a more sombre light, the wonders of the morning, how many feelings must it have roused in the musing poet — how many poems must it have elicited in the living language of ancient times! Was it the Dawn that came again to give a last embrace to him who had parted from her in the morning? Was she the immortal, the always returning goddess, and he the mortal, the daily dying sun? Or was she the mortal, bidding a last farewell to her immortal lover, burnt, as it were, on the same pile which would consume her, while he would rise to the seat of the gods?

Let us express these simple scenes in ancient language, and we shall find ourselves surrounded on every side by mythology full of contradictions and incongruities, the same being represented as mortal or immortal, as man or woman, as the poetical eye of man shifts its point of view, and gives its own color to the mysterious play of nature.

One of the myths of the Veda which expresses this

correlation of the Dawn and the Sun, this love between the immortal and the mortal, and the identity of the Morning Dawn and the Evening Twilight, is the story of Urvasî and Purûravas. The two names "Urvasî" and "Purûravas," are to the Hindu mere proper names, and even in the Veda their original meaning has almost entirely faded away. There is a dialogue in the Rigveda between Urvasî and Purûravas, where both appear personified in the same manner as in the play of "Kalidâsa." The first point, therefore, which we have to prove is that "Urvasî" was originally an appellation, and meant dawn.

The etymology of "Urvasî" is difficult. It cannot be derived from "urva" by means of the suffix "sa,"<sup>1</sup> because there is no such word as "urva," and because derivatives in "sa," like "romasá," "yuvasá," etc., have the accent on the last syllable.<sup>2</sup> I therefore accept the common Indian explanation by which this name is derived from "uru," wide ( $\epsilon\upsilon\rho\nu$ ), and a root "as," to pervade, and thus compare "uru-asî" with another frequent epithet of the Dawn, "urûkî," the feminine of "uru-ak," far-going. It was certainly one of the most striking features, and one by which the Dawn was distinguished from all the other dwellers in the heavens, that she occupies the wide expanse of the sky, and that her horses ride, as it were, with the swiftness of thought round the whole horizon. Hence we find that names beginning with "uru" in Sanskrit, and with  $\epsilon\upsilon\rho\nu$  in Greek, are almost invariably old mythological names of the Dawn or the Twilight. The earth also, it is true,

<sup>1</sup> Pāṇini, V. 2, 100.

<sup>2</sup> Other explanations of "Urvasî" may be seen in Professor Roth's edition of the Nirukta, and in the Sanskrit Dictionary published by him and Professor Boehtlingk.

claims this epithet, but in different combinations from those which apply to the bright goddess. Names of the Dawn are Euryphaessa, the mother of Helios; Eurykyde or Eurypyle, the daughter of Endymion; Eurymede, the wife of Glaukos; Eurynome, the mother of the Charites; and Eurydike, the wife of Orpheus, whose character as an ancient god will be discussed hereafter. In the Veda the name of Ushas or Eos is hardly ever mentioned without some allusion to her far and wide-spreading splendor; such as "urviyâ vibhâti," she shines wide; "urviyâ vikâkshê," looking far and wide; "varîyasî," the widest<sup>1</sup>, whereas the light of the Sun is not represented as wide-stretching, but rather as far-darting.

But there are other indications beside the mere name of Urvasî, which lead us to suppose that she was originally the goddess of the dawn. "Vasishtha," though best known as the name of one of the chief poets of the Veda, is the superlative of "vasu," bright; and as such also a name of the Sun. Thus it happens that expressions which apply properly to the sun only, were transferred to the ancient poet. He is called the son of Mitra and Varuna, night and day, an expression which has a meaning only with regard to Vasishtha, the sun; and as the sun is frequently called the off-

<sup>1</sup> The name which approaches nearest to "Urvasî" in Greek might seem to be "Europe," because the palatal *s* is occasionally represented by a Greek  $\pi$ , as *asva* =  $\epsilon\pi\pi\omega\varsigma$ . The only difficulty is the long  $\omega$  in Greek; otherwise Europe, carried away by the white bull ("vrishan," man, bull, stallion, in the Veda a frequent appellation of the sun, and "sveta," white, applied to the same deity), carried away on his back (the sun being frequently represented as behind or below the dawn, see p. 92 and the myth of Eurydike on p. 127); again carried to a distant cave (the gloaming of the evening); and mother of Apollo, the god of daylight, or of Minos (Manu, a mortal Zeus), — all this would well agree with the goddess of the dawn.

spring of the dawn, Vasishtha, the poet, is said to owe his birth to Urvasî (Rv. VII. 33, 11). The peculiarity of his birth reminds us strongly of the birth of Aphrodite, as told by Hesiod.

Again, we find that in the few passages where the name of Urvasî occurs in the Rig-veda, the same attributes and actions are ascribed to her which usually belong to Ushas, the Dawn.

It is frequently said of Ushas, that she prolongs the life of man, and the same is said of Urvasî (V. 41, 19; X. 95, 10). In one passage (Rv. IV. 2, 18) Urvasî is even used as a plural, in the sense of many dawns or days increasing the life of man, which shows that the appellative power of the word was not yet quite forgotten. Again, she is called "antarikshaprâ," filling the air, a usual epithet of the sun, "brihaddivâ," with mighty splendor, all indicating the bright presence of the dawn. However, the best proof that "Urvasî" was the dawn is the legend told of her and of her love to Purûravas, a story that is true only of the Sun and the Dawn. That "Purûravas" is an appropriate name of a solar hero requires hardly any proof. "Purûravas" meant the same as πολυδευκής, endowed with much light; for though "rava" is generally used of sound, yet the root "ru," which means originally to cry, is also applied to color,<sup>1</sup> in the sense of a loud or crying color, *i. e.* red (cf. *ruber, rufus*, Lith. "rauda,"

<sup>1</sup> Thus it is said (Rv. VI. 3, 6) the fire cries with light, "sokishâ rârapiti;" the two Spartan Charites are called Κλητά (κλητά, *incluta*) and Φαεννά, *i. e.* Jlara, clear shining (see Sonne, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. x. p. 363). In the Veda the rising sun is said to cry like a new-born child (Rv. IX. 74, 1). Professor Kuhn himself has evidently misunderstood my argument. I do not derive "ravas" from "rap," but I only quote "rap" as illustrating the close connection between loudness of sound and brightness of light. See also Jasti, *Orient und Occident*, vol. ii. p. 69.

O. H. G. "rôt," "rudhira," ἐρυθρός; also Sanskrit "ravi," sun). Besides, Purûravas calls himself "Vasishtha," which, as we know, is a name of the Sun; and if he is called "Aîda," the son of "Idâ," the same name is elsewhere (Rv. III. 29, 3) given to "Agni," the fire.

Now the story, in its most ancient form, is found in the Brâhmana of the Yagur-veda. There we read:—

"Urvasî, a kind of fairy, fell in love with Purûravas, the son of Idâ, and when she met him, she said: 'Embrace me three times a day, but never against my will, and let me never see you without your garments, for this is the manner of women.' In this manner she lived with him a long time, and she bore a child. Then her former friends, the Gandharvas, said: 'This Urvasî has now dwelt a long time among mortals; let us see that she come back.' Now, there was a ewe, with two lambs, tied to the couch of Urvasî and Purûravas, and the Gandharvas stole one of them. Urvasî said: 'They take away my darling, as if I lived in a land where there is no hero and no man.' They stole the second, and she upbraided her husband again. Then Purûravas looked and said: 'How can that be a land without heroes or men where I am?' And naked, he sprang up; he thought it too long to put on his dress. Then the Gandharvas sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasî saw her husband naked as by daylight. Then she vanished; 'I come back,' she said—and went. Then he bewailed his vanished love in bitter grief; and went near Kurukshetra. There is a lake there, called "Anyataḥplaksha," full of lotus flowers, and while the king walked along its border, the fairies were playing there in the water, in

the shape of birds. And Urvasî discovered him, and said:—

“‘That is the man with whom I dwelt so long.’ Then her friends said: ‘Let us appear to him.’ She agreed, and they appeared before him. Then the king recognized her and said:—

“‘Lo! my wife! stay, thou cruel in mind! let us now exchange some words! Our secrets, if they are not told now, will not bring us luck on any later day.’

“She replied: ‘What shall I do with thy speech? I am gone like the first of the dawns. Purûravas, go home again! I am hard to be caught, like the wind.’

“He said, in despair: ‘Then may thy former friend now fall down, never to rise again; may he go far, far away! May he lie down on the threshold of death, and may rabid wolves there devour him!’

“She replied: ‘Purûravas, do not die! do not fall down! let not evil wolves devour thee! there is no friendship with women, their hearts are the hearts of wolves. When I walked among mortals under a different form—when I dwelt with thee, four nights of the autumn, I ate once a day a small piece of butter—and even now I feel pleasure from it.’

“Thus, at last, her heart melted, and she said: ‘Come to me the last night of the year, and thou shalt be with me for one night, and a son will be born to thee.’ He went the last night of the year to the golden seats, and while he was alone, he was told to go up, and then they sent Urvasî to him. Then she said: ‘The Gandharvas will to-morrow grant thee a wish; choose!’ He said: ‘Choose thou for me.’ She replied: ‘Say to them, let me be one of you.’ Early the next morn, the Gandharvas gave him his choice:

but when he said 'Let me be one of you,' they said: 'That kind of sacred fire is not yet known among men, by which he could perform a sacrifice, and become one of ourselves.' They then initiated Purûravas in the mysteries of a certain sacrifice, and when he had performed it, he became himself one of the Gandharvas."

This is the simple story, told in the Brâhmana, and it is told there in order to show the importance of a peculiar rite, the rite of kindling the fire by friction, which is represented as the one by which Purûravas obtained immortality.<sup>1</sup> The verses quoted in the story are taken from the Rig-veda, where we find, in the last book, together with many strange relics of popular poetry, a dialogue between the two celestial lovers. It consists of seventeen verses, while the author of the Brâhmana knew only fifteen. In one of the verses which he quotes, Urvasî says, "I am gone forever, like the first of the dawns," which shows a strange glimmering of the old myth in the mind of the poet, and reminds us of the tears which the mother of Memnon shed over the corpse of her son, and which even by later poets are called morning dew. Again, in the fourth verse, Urvasî addressing herself, says: "This person (that is to say I), when she was wedded to him, O Dawn! she went to his house, and was embraced by him day and night." Again, she tells Purûravas that he was created by the gods in order to slay the powers of darkness ("dasyuhatyâya"), a task invariably ascribed to Indra and other solar beings.

<sup>1</sup> A most interesting and ingenious explanation of this ceremony is given by Professor Kuhn, in his Essay, *Die Herabkunft, des Feuers*, p. 79. The application of that ceremony to the old myth of Urvasî and Purûravas belongs clearly to a later age: it is an after-thought that could only arise with people who wished to find a symbolical significance in every act of their traditional ritual.

Even the names of the companions of Urvasi point to the dawn, and Purûravas says : —

“ When I, the mortal, threw my arms around those flighty immortals, they trembled away from me like a trembling doe, like horses that kick against the cart.”

No goddess is so frequently called the friend of man as the Dawn. “ She goes to every house ” (I. 123, 4); “ she thinks of the dwelling of man ” (I. 123, 1); “ she does not despise the small or the great ” (I. 124, 6); “ she brings wealth ” (I. 48, 1); “ she is always the same, immortal, divine ” (I. 124, 4; I. 123, 8); “ she does not grow old ” (I. 113, 15); “ she is the young goddess, but she makes man grow old ” (I. 92, 11). Thus Purûravas called Urvasî “ the immortal among the mortals ; ” and, in his last verse, he addressed his beloved in the following words : —

“ I, the brightest Sun, I hold Urvasî, her who fills the air (with light), who spreads the sky. May the blessing of thy kind deed be upon thee ! Come back, the heart burns me.”

Then the poet says : —

“ Thus the gods spake to thee, O son of Idâ ; in order that thou, bound to death, mayest grow to be this (immortal), thy race should worship the gods with oblations ! Then thou also wilt rejoice in heaven.”

We must certainly admit, that even in the Veda, the poets were as ignorant of the original meaning of Urvasî and Purûravas as Homer was of Tithonos, if not of Eos. To them they were heroes, indefinite beings, men yet not men, gods yet not gods. But to us, though placed at a much greater distance, they disclose their true meaning. As Wordsworth says : —

“ Not unrejoiced, I see thee climb the sky  
In naked splendor, clear from mist and haze ” —

Antiquity spoke of the naked Sun, and of the chaste Dawn hiding her face when she had seen her husband. Yet she says she will come again. And after the Sun has travelled through the world in search of his beloved, when he comes to the threshold of death, and is going to end his solitary life, she appears again in the gloaming, the same as the dawn,—as Eos in Homer begins and ends the day,—and she carries him away to the golden seats of the immortals.<sup>1</sup>

I have selected this myth chiefly in order to show how ancient poetry is only the faint echo of ancient language, and how it was the simple story of nature which inspired the early poet, and held before his mind that deep mirror in which he might see reflected the passions of his own soul. For the heart of man, as long as it knows but its own bitterness, is silent and sullen. It does not tell its love and its loss. There may be a mute poetry in solitary grief, but “Mnemosyne,” the musing goddess of recollection, is not a muse herself, though she is the mother of the Muses. It is the sympathy with the grief of others which first gives utterance to the poet’s grief, and opens the lips of a silent despair. And if his pain was too deep and too sacred, if he could not compare it to the suffering of any other human heart, the ancient poet had still the heart of nature to commune with, and in her silent suffering he saw a noble likeness of what he felt and suffered within himself. When, after a dark night, the light of the day returned, he thought of his own light that would never rise again. When he saw the

<sup>1</sup> *Od.* v. 390. ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ τρίτον ἡμᾶρ εὐπλόκαμος τέλεισ’ Ἡώς. For different explanations of this and similar verses, see Völcker, *Über homerische Geographie und Weltkunde*, Hannover, 1830, p. 31.

Sun kissing the Dawn, he dreamt of days and joys gone forever. And when the Dawn trembled, and grew pale, and departed, and when the Sun seemed to look for her, and to lose her the more his brilliant eye sought her, an image would rise in his mind, and he would remember his own fate and yet forget it, while telling in measured words the love and loss of the Sun. Such was the origin of poetry. Nor was the evening without its charms. And when, at the end of a dreary day, the Sun seemed to die away in the far West, still looking for his Eastern bride, and suddenly the heavens opened, and the glorious image of the Dawn rose again, her beauty deepened by a gloaming sadness — would not the poet gaze till the last ray had vanished, and would not the last vanishing ray linger in his heart, and kindle there a hope of another life, where he would find again what he had loved and lost on earth ?

“ There is a radiant, though a short-lived flame,  
That burns for poets in the dawning east;  
And oft my soul has kindled at the same,  
When the captivity of sleep had ceased.”

*analogies* { There is much suffering in nature to those who have eyes for silent grief, and it is this tragedy — the tragedy of nature — which is the life-spring of all the tragedies of the ancient world. The idea of a young hero, whether he is called “Baldr,” or “Sigurd,” or “Sifrit,” or “Achilles,” or “Meleager,” or “Kephalos,” dying in the fullness of youth, a story so frequently told, localized, and individualized, was first suggested by the Sun, dying in all his youthful vigor, either at the end of a day, conquered by the powers of darkness, or at the end of the sunny season, stung by the thorn of Winter. Again, that fatal spell by

which these sunny heroes must leave their first love, become unfaithful to her or she to them, was borrowed from nature. The fate of these solar heroes was inevitable, and it was their lot to die by the hand or by the unwilling treachery of their nearest friends or relatives. The Sun forsakes the Dawn, and dies at the end of the day according to an inexorable fate, and bewailed by the whole of nature. Or the Sun is the Sun of Spring, who woos the Earth, and then forsakes his bride and grows cold, and is killed at last by the thorn of Winter. It is an old story, but it is forever new in the mythology and the legends of the ancient world. Thus Baldr, in the Scandinavian "Edda," the divine prototype of Sigurd and Sifrit, is beloved by the whole world. Gods and men, the whole of nature, all that grows and lives, had sworn to his mother not to hurt the bright hero. The mistletoe alone, that does not grow on the earth, but on trees, had been forgotten, and with it Baldr is killed at the winter solstice : —

" So on the floor lay Balder, dead; and round  
Lay thickly strewn, swords, axes, darts, and spears,  
Which all the gods in sport had idly thrown  
At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove:  
But in his breast stood fixt the fatal bough  
Of mistletoe, which Lok, the accuser, gave  
To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw:  
'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm."

Thus Isfendiyar, in the Persian epic, cannot be wounded by any weapon, yet it is his fate to be killed by a thorn, which, as an arrow, is thrown into his eye by Rustem. Rustem, again, can only be killed by his brother; Herakles, by the mistaken kindness of his wife; Sifrit, by the anxious solicitude of Kriemhilt, or by the jealousy of Brunhilt, whom he had forsaken. He is vulnerable in one spot only, like Achilles, and it

is there where Hagene (the thorn) strikes him. All these are fragments of solar myths. The whole of nature was divided into two realms—the one dark, cold, wintry, and deathlike, the other bright, warm, vernal, and full of life. Sigurd, as the solar hero is called in the “Edda,” the descendant of Odin, slays the serpent Fafnir, and conquers the treasure on which Andvari, the dwarf, had pronounced his curse. This is the treasure of the Niflungs or Nibelungs, the treasure of the earth, which the nebulous powers of winter and darkness had carried away like robbers. The vernal sun wins it back, and like Demeter, rich in the possession of her restored daughter, the earth becomes for a time rich with all the treasures of spring.<sup>1</sup> He then, according to the “Edda,” delivers Brynhild, who had been doomed to a magic sleep after being wounded with a thorn by Odin, but who is now, like the spring after the sleep of winter, brought back to new life by the love of Sigurd. But he, the lord of the treasure (“vasupati”), is driven onward by his fate. He plights his troth to Brynhild, and gives her the fatal ring he had taken from the treasure. But he must leave her, and when he arrives at the castle of Gunnar, Gunnar’s wife, Grimhild, makes him forget Brynhild, and he marries her daughter, Gudrun. Already his course begins to decline. He is bound to Gunnar, nay, he must conquer for him his own former bride, Brynhild, whom Gunnar now marries. Gunnar Gjuskason seems to signify darkness, and thus we see that

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Rig-veda V. 47, 1: “Prayun̄gati divah eti bruvânâ mahi mâtâ Juhituh bodhayanti, âvivâsanti yuvatih manishâ pitribhyah â sadane gohuvânâ.” On “mahî mâtâ” = *Magna Mater*, see Grassmann, in Kuhn’s *Zeitschrift*, vol. xvi. p. 169. “Duhitur bodhayanti,” inquiring for or finding her daughter

the awakening and budding spring is gone, carried away by Gunnar, like Proserpina by Pluto; like Sîtâ by Râvana. Gudrun, the daughter of Grimhild, and sometimes herself called Grimhild, whether the latter name meant summer (cf. "gharma" in Sanskrit) or, the earth and nature in the latter part of the year, is a sister of the dark Gunnar, and though now married to the bright Sigurd, she belongs herself to the nebulous regions. Gunnar, who has forced Sigurd to yield him Brynhild, is now planning the death of his kinsman, because Brynhild has discovered in Sigurd her former lover, and must have her revenge. Högni dissuades his brother Gunnar from the murder; but at last the third brother Hödr, stabs Sigurd while he is asleep at the winter solstice. Brynhild has always loved him, and when her hero is killed she distributes the treasure, and is burnt, like Nanna, on the same pile with Sigurd, a sword being placed between the two lovers. Gudrun also bewails the death of her husband, but she forgets him, and marries Atli, the brother of Brynhild. Atli now claims the treasure from Gunnar and Högni, by right of his wife, and when they refuse to give it up, he invites them to his house, and makes them prisoners. Gunnar still refuses to reveal the spot where the treasure is buried till he sees the heart of Högni, his brother. A heart is brought him, but it quivers, and he says, "This is not the heart of my brother." The real heart of Högni is brought at last, and Gunnar says, "Now I alone know where the treasure lies, and the Rhine shall rather have it than I will give it up to thee." He is then bound by Atli, and thrown among serpents. But even the serpents he charms by playing on the harp with his teeth, till at last one viper crawls up to him, and kills him.

How much has this myth been changed, when we find it again in the poem of the "Nibelunge" as it was written down at the end of the twelfth century in Germany! All the heroes are Christians, and have been mixed up with historical persons of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. Gunther is localized in Burgundy, where we know that, in 435, a Gundacarius or Gundaharius happened to be a real king, the same who, according to Cassiodorus, was vanquished first by Aetius, and afterwards by the Huns of Attila. Hence Atli, the brother of Brynhild, and the second husband of Gudrun (or Kriemhilt), is identified with Attila, the king of the Huns (453); nay, even the brother of Attila, Bleda, is brought in as Blödelin, the first who attacked the Burgundians, and was killed by Dankwart. Other historical persons were drawn into the vortex of the popular story, persons for whom there is no precedent at all in the "Edda." Thus we find in the "Nibelunge" Dietrich von Bern, who is no other but Theodoric the Great (455-525), who conquered Odoacer in the battle of Ravenna (the famous Rabenschlacht), and lived at Verona, in German, Bern. Irenfried, again, introduced in the poem as the Landgrave of Thuringia, has been discovered to be Hermanfried, the king of Thuringia, married to Amalaberg, the niece of Theodoric. The most extraordinary coincidence, however, is that by which Sigurd, the lover of Brynhild, has been identified with Siegbert, king of Austrasia from 561 to 575, who was actually married to the famous Brunehault, who actually defeated the Huns, and was actually murdered under the most tragical circumstances by Fredegond, the mistress of his brother Chilperic. This coincidence between myth

and history is so great, that it has induced some euhemeristic critics to derive the whole legend of the "Nibelunge" from Austrasian history, and to make the murder of Siegbert by Brunehault the basis of the murder of Sîfrit or Sigurd by Brynhild. Fortunately, it is easier to answer these German than the old Greek euhemerists, for we find in contemporary history that Jornandes, who wrote his history at least twenty years before the death of the Austrasian Siegbert, knew already the daughter of the mythic Sigurd, Swanhild, who was born, according to the "Edda," after the murder of his father, and afterwards killed by Jörmunrek, whom the poem has again historicized in Hermanricus, a Gothic king of the fourth century.

Let us now apply to the Greek myths what we have learned from the gradual growth of the German myth. There are evidently historical facts round which the myth of Herakles has crystallized, only we cannot substantiate them so clearly as in the myth of the "Nibelunge," because we have there no contemporaneous historical documents. Yet as the chief Herakles is represented as belonging to the royal family of Argos, there may have been a Herakles, perhaps the son of a king called Amphytrio, whose descendants, after a temporary exile, reconquered that part of Greece which had formerly been under the sway of Herakles. The traditions of the miraculous birth, of many of his heroic adventures, and of his death, were as little based on historical facts as the legends of Sîfrit. In Herakles killing the Chimæra and similar monsters, we see the reflected image of the Delphian Apollo killing the worm, or of Zeus, the god of the brilliant sky, with whom Herakles shares in common the names of Idæos,

Olympios, and Pangenetor. As the myth of Sigurd and Gunnar throws its last broken rays on the kings of Burgundy, and on Attila and Theodoric, the myth of the solar Herakles was realized in some semi-historical prince of Argos and Mykenæ. Herakles may have been the name of the national god of the Heraklidæ, and this would explain the enmity of Hêrê, whose worship flourished in Argos before the Dorian immigration. What was formerly told of a god was transferred to Herakles, the leader of the Heraklidæ, the worshippers or sons of Herakles, while, at the same time, many local and historical facts connected with the Heraklidæ and their leaders may have been worked up with the myth of the divine hero. The idea of Herakles being, as it were, the bond-servant of Eurystheus, is of solar origin — it is the idea of the sun fettered to his work, and toiling for men, his inferiors in strength and virtue.<sup>1</sup> Thus Sifrit is toiling for Gunther, and even Apollo is for one year the slave of Laomedon — pregnant expressions, necessitated by the absence of more abstract verbs, and familiar even to modern poets : —

“ As aptly suits therewith that modest pace  
Submitted to the chains  
That bind thee to the path which God ordains  
That thou shouldst trace.”

The later growth of epic and tragical poetry may be Greek, or Indian, or Teutonic ; it may take the dif-

<sup>1</sup> The Peruvian Inca, Yupanqui, denied the pretension of the sun to be the doer of all things, for if he were free, he would go and visit other parts of the heavens where he had never been. “ He is,” said the Inca, “ like a tied beast who goes ever round and round in the same track.” *Garcilaso de la Vega*, part I. viii. 8. Acosta, *Historia del Nuevo Orbe*, cap. v. Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 343. Brinton, *The Myths of the New World*, p. 55.

ferent colors of the different skies, the different warmth of the different climes ; nay, it may attract and absorb much that is accidental and historical. But if we cut into it and analyze it, the blood that runs through all the ancient poetry is the same blood ; it is the ancient mythical speech. The atmosphere in which the early poetry of the Aryans grew up was mythological, it was impregnated with something that could not be resisted by those who breathed in it. It was like the siren voice of the modern rhyme, which has suggested so many common ideas to poets writing in a common language.

We know what Greek and Teutonic poets have made of their epic heroes ; let us see now whether the swarthy Hindu has been able to throw an equally beautiful haze around the names of his mythical traditions.

The story of the loves of Purûravas and Urvasî has frequently been told by Hindu poets. We find it in their epic poems, in their Purânas, and in the Brihat-kathâ, the "Great Story," a collection of the popular legends of India. It has suffered many changes, yet even in Kalidâsa's<sup>1</sup> play, of which I shall give a short abstract, we recognize the distant background, and we may admire the skill with which this poet has breathed new life and human feeling into the withered names of a language long forgotten.

The first act opens with a scene in the Himâlaya mountains. The nymphs of heaven, on returning from an assembly of the gods, have been attacked, and are

<sup>1</sup> Professor Wilson has given the first and really beautiful translation of this play in his *Hindu Theatre*. The original was published first at Calcutta, and has since been reprinted several times. The best edition is that published by Professor Bollensen.

mourning over the loss of Urvasî, who has been carried off by a demon. King Purûravas enters on his chariot, and on hearing the cause of their grief, hastens to the rescue of the nymph. He soon returns, after having vanquished the robber, and restores Urvasî to her heavenly companions. But while he is carrying the nymph back to her friends in his chariot, he falls in love with her and she with him. He describes how he saw her slowly recovering from her terror: —

“ She recovers, though but faintly.  
So gently steals the moon upon the night,  
Retiring tardily; so peeps the flame  
Of coming fires through smoky wreaths; and thus  
The Ganges slowly clears her troubled wave,  
Engulfs the ruin that the crumbling bank  
Has hurled across her agitated course,  
And flows a clear and stately stream again.”

When they part, Urvasî wishes to turn round once more to see Purûravas. She pretends that “ a straggling vine has caught her garland,” and while feigning to disengage herself, she calls one of her friends to help her. Her friend replies, —

“ No easy task, I fear: you seem entangled  
Too fast to be set free: but, come what may,  
Depend upon my friendship.”

The eye of the king then meets that of Urvasî, and he exclaims, —

“ A thousand thanks, dear plant, to whose kind aid  
I owe another instant, and behold  
But for a moment, and imperfectly,  
Those half-averted charms.”

In the second act we meet the king at Allahabad, his residence. He walks in the garden of the palace, accompanied by a Brahman, who acts the part of the *gracioso* in the Indian drama. He is the confidential

companion of the king, and knows his love for Urvasî. But he is so afraid of betraying what must remain a secret to everybody at court, and in particular to the queen, that he hides himself in a retired temple. There a female servant of the queen discovers him, and "as a secret can no more rest in his breast than morning dew upon the grass," she soon finds out from him why the king is so changed since his return from the battle with the demon, and carries the tale to the queen. In the mean time, the king is in despair, and pours out his grief, —

" Like one contending with the stream,  
And still borne backwards by the current's force."

But Urvasî also is sighing for Purûravas, and we suddenly see her, with her friend, descending through the air to meet the king. Both are at first invisible to him, and listen to the confession of his love. Then Urvasî writes a verse on a birch-leaf, and lets it fall near the bower where her beloved reclines. Next, her friend becomes visible; and, at last, Urvasî herself is introduced to the king. After a few moments, however, both Urvasî and her friend are called back by a messenger of the gods, and Purûravas is left alone with his jester. He looks for the leaf on which Urvasî had first disclosed her love, but it is lost, carried away by the wind: —

" Breeze of the south, the friend of love and spring,  
Though from the flower you steal the fragrant down  
To scatter perfume, yet why plunder me  
Of these dear characters, her own fair hand,  
In proof of her affection, traced? Thou knowest,  
The lonely lover that in absence pines,  
Lives on such fond memorials "

But worse than this, the leaf is picked up by the

queen, who comes to look for the king in the garden. There is a scene of matrimonial upbraiding, and, after a while, her majesty goes off in a hurry, like a river in the rainy season. The king is doubly miserable, for though he loves Urvasî, he acknowledges a respectful deference for his queen. At last he retires : —

“ 'Tis past midday: exhausted by the heat,  
 The peacock plunges in the scanty pool  
 That feeds the tall tree's root; the drowsy bee  
 Sleeps in the hollow chamber of the lotus,  
 Darkened with closing petals; on the brink  
 Of the now tepid lake the wild duck lurks  
 Amongst the sedgy shades; and, even here,  
 The parrot from his wiry bower complains,  
 And calls for water to allay his thirst.”

At the beginning of the third act we are first informed of what befell Urvasî, when she was recalled to Indra's heaven. She had to act before Indra — her part was that of the goddess of beauty, who selects Vishnu for her husband. One of the names of Vishnu is Purushottama, and poor Urvasî, when called upon to confess whom she loves, forgetting the part she has to act, says, “I love Purûravas,” instead of “I love Purushottama.” The author of the play was so much exasperated by this mistake, that he pronounced a curse upon Urvasî, that she should lose her divine knowledge. But when the performance was over, Indra observing her as she stood apart, ashamed and disconsolate, called her. The mortal who engrossed her thoughts, he said, had been his friend in the hours of peril; he had aided him in conflict with the enemies of the gods, and was entitled to his acknowledgments. She must, accordingly, repair to the monarch, and remain with him “till he beholds the offspring she shall bear him.”

A second scene opens, in the garden of the palace. The king has been engaged in the business of the state, and retires as the evening approaches:—

“So ends the day, the anxious cares of state  
Have left no interval for private sorrow.  
But how to pass the night? its dreary length  
Affords no promise of relief.”

A messenger arrives from the queen, apprising his majesty that she desires to see him on the terrace of the pavilion. The king obeys—and ascends the crystal steps while the moon is just about to rise, and the east is tinged with red.

“*King.*—’Tis even so; illumined by the rays  
Of his yet unseen orb, the evening gloom  
On either hand retires, and in the midst  
The horizon glows, like a fair face that smiles  
Betwixt the jetty curls on either brow  
In clusters pendulous. I could gaze forever.”

As he is waiting for the queen, his desire for *Urvasî* is awakened again:—

“In truth, my fond desire  
Becomes more fervid as enjoyment seems  
Remote, and fresh impediments obstruct  
My happiness—like an impetuous torrent,  
That, checked by adverse rocks, awhile delays  
Its course, till high with chafing waters swollen  
It rushes past with aggravated fury.  
As spreads the moon its lustre, so my love  
Grows with advancing night.”

On a sudden *Urvasî* enters on a heavenly car, accompanied by her friend. They are invisible again, and listen to the king; but the moment that *Urvasî* is about to withdraw her veil, the queen appears. She is dressed in white, without any ornaments; and comes to propitiate her husband, by taking a vow.

“*King.*—In truth she pleases me. Thus chastely robed  
In modest white, her clustering tresses decked

With sacred flowers alone, her haughty mien  
 Exchanged for meek devotion: thus arrayed  
 She moves with heightened charms.

“*Queen.* — My gracious lord, I would perform a rite,  
 Of which you are the object, and must beg you  
 Bear with the inconvenience that my presence  
 May for brief time occasion you.

“*King.* — You do me wrong; your presence is a favor,  
 . . . . Yet trust me, it is needless  
 To wear this tender form, as slight and delicate  
 As the lithe lotus stem, with rude austerity.  
 In me behold your slave, whom to propitiate  
 Claims not your care, — your favor is his happiness.

“*Queen.* — Not vain my vow, since it already wins me  
 My lord’s complacent speech.”

Then the queen performs her solemn vow; she calls  
 upon the god of the moon —

“Hear, and attest  
 The sacred promise that I make my husband!  
 Whatever nymph attract my lord’s regard,  
 And share with him the mutual bonds of love,  
 I henceforth treat with kindness and complacency.”

“*The Brahman, the confidential friend of the king, (apart to Purúravas).*  
 The culprit that escapes before his hand is cut off determines never to  
 run such a risk again. (*Aloud.*) What then; is his majesty indifferent to  
 your grace?

“*Queen.* — Wise sir, how think you, — to promote his happiness  
 I have resigned my own. Does such a purpose  
 Prove him no longer dear to me?

“*King.* — I am not what you doubt me; but the power  
 Abides with you; do with me as you will.  
 Give me to whom you please, or if you please,  
 Retain me still your slave.

“*Queen.* — Be what you list;  
 My vow is plighted — nor in vain the rite,  
 If it afford you satisfaction. Come  
 Hence, girls; ’tis time we take our leave.

“*King.* — Not so:  
 So soon to leave me is no mark of favor.

“*Queen.* — You must excuse me; I may not forego  
 The duties I have solemnly incurred.”

It does not bring out the character of the king under a very favorable light, that this scene of matrimonial reconciliation, when the queen acts a part which we should hardly expect on an oriental stage, should be followed immediately by the apparition of Urvashi. She has been present, though invisible, during the preceding conversation between him and his queen, and she now advances behind the king, and covers his eyes with her hands.

“ It must be Urvashi (the king says);  
 No other hand could shed such ecstasy  
 Through this emaciate frame. The solar ray  
 Wakes not the night's fair blossom; that alone  
 Expands when conscious of the moon's dear presence.”<sup>1</sup>

Urvashi takes the resignation of the queen in good earnest, and claims the king as granted her by right. Her friend takes leave, and she now remains with Purûravas as his beloved wife.

“ *Urvashi*. — I lament  
 I caused my lord to suffer pain so long.

“ *King*. — Nay, say not so! The joy that follows grief  
 Gains richer zest from agony foregone.  
 The traveller who, faint, pursues his track  
 In the fierce day alone can tell how sweet  
 The grateful shelter of the friendly tree.”

The next act is the gem of the whole play, though it is very difficult to imagine how it was performed without a *mise en scène* such as our modern theatres would hardly be able to afford. It is a melo-dramatic intermezzo, very different in style from the rest of the play. It is all in poetry, and in the most perfect and

<sup>1</sup> This refers to a very well-known legend. There is one lotus which expands its flower at the approach of the sun and closes them during night: while another, the beloved of the moon, expands them during night and closes them during day-time. We have a similar myth of the *daisy*, the Anglo-Saxon “*dægæs eäge*,” day's eye, Wordsworth's darling.

highly elaborate metres. Besides, it is not written in Sanskrit, but in Prâkrit, the *lingua vulgaris* of India, poorer in form, but more melodious in sound than Sanskrit. Some of the verses are like airs to be performed by a chorus, but the stage directions which are given in the MSS. are so technical as to make their exact interpretation extremely difficult.

We first have a chorus of nymphs, deploring the fate of Urvasî. She had been living with the king in the groves of a forest, in undisturbed happiness.

“ Whilst wandering pleasantly along the brink  
Of the Mandâkinî, a nymph of air,  
Who gambled on its sandy shore, attracted  
The monarch’s momentary glance, — and this  
Aroused the jealous wrath of Urvasî.  
Thus incensed  
She heedlessly forgot the law that bars  
All female access from the hateful groves  
Of Kârtikeya. Trespassing the bounds  
Proscribed, she suffers now the penalty  
Of her transgression, and, to a slender vine  
Transformed, there pines till time shall set her free.”

Mournful strains are heard in the air —

“ Soft voices low sound in the sky,  
Where the nymphs a companion deplore,  
And lament, as together they fly,  
The friend they encounter no more.

“ So sad and melodious awakes  
The plaint of the swan o’er the stream  
Where the red lotus blossoms, as breaks  
On the wave the day’s orient beam.

“ Amidst the lake where the lotus, shining,  
Its flowers unfold to the sunny beam.  
The swan, for her lost companion pining,  
Swims sad and slow o’er the lonely stream.”

The king now enters, his features expressing insanity — his dress disordered. The scene represents a wild forest, clouds gathering overhead, elephants, deer, pea-

cocks, and swans are seen. Here are rocks and waterfalls, lightning and rain. The king first rushes frantically after a cloud which he mistakes for a demon that carried away his bride.

“ Hold, treacherous fiend; suspend thy flight — forbear:  
 Ah! whither wouldst thou bear my beauteous bride?  
 And now his arrows sting me; thick as hail,  
 From yonder peak, whose sharp top pierces heaven,  
 They shower upon me.

*[Rushes forward as to the attack, then pauses, and looks upwards.]*

It is no demon, but a friendly cloud, —  
 No hostile quiver, but the bow of Indra;  
 The cooling rain-drops fall, not barbed shafts, —  
 And I mistake the lightning for my love.”

These raving strains are interrupted by airs, bewailing the fate of the separated lovers; but it is impossible to give an idea of the real beauty of the whole, without much fuller extracts than we are able to give. The following passages may suffice: —

“ Ah me! whatever I behold but aggravates  
 My woe. These bright and pendulous flowers,  
 Surcharged with dew, resemble those dear eyes,  
 Glistening with starting tears. How shall I learn  
 If she have passed this way? ”

He addresses various birds, and asks them whether they have seen his love: the peacock, “the bird of the dark blue throat and eye of jet,” — the cuckoo, “whom lovers deem Love’s messenger,” — the swans, “who are sailing northward, and whose elegant gait betrays that they have seen her,” — the “*kakravāka*,” “a bird who, during the night, is himself separated from his mate,” — but none give answer. Neither he, nor the bees who murmur amidst the petals of the lotus, nor the royal elephant, that reclines with his mate under the kadamba-tree, has seen the lost one.

“ *King.* — From his companion he accepts the bough  
 Her trunk has snapped from the balm-breathing tree —  
 How rich with teeming shoots and juicy fragrance.  
 He crushes it.

Deep on the mountain's breast  
 A yawning chasm appears — such shades are ever  
 Haunts of the nymphs of air and earth. Perchance,  
 My Urvast now lurks within the grotto,  
 In cool seclusion. I will enter. — All  
 Is utter darkness. Would the lightning's flash  
 Now blaze to guide me — No, the cloud disdains —  
 Such is my fate perverse — to shed for me  
 Its many-channeled radiance. Be it so.  
 I will retire — but first the rock address.

*Air.*

“ With horny hoofs and a resolute breast,  
 The boar through the thicket stalks;  
 He ploughs up the ground, as he plies his quest  
 In the forest's gloomiest walks.

“ Say, mountain, whose expansive slope confines  
 The forest verge, — O tell me, hast thou seen  
 A nymph, as beauteous as the bride of love,  
 Mounting, with slender frame, thy steep ascent,  
 Or, wearied, resting in thy crowning woods?  
 How! no reply? remote, he hears me not, —  
 I will approach him nearer.

*Air.*

“ From the crystal summits the glistening springs  
 Rush down the flowery sides,  
 And the spirit of heaven delightedly sings,  
 As among the peaks he hides.  
 Say, mountain so favored, — have the feet  
 Of my fair one pressed this calm retreat?

“ Now, by my hopes, he answers! He has seen her:  
 Where is she? — say. Alas! again deceived.  
 Alone I hear the echo of my words,  
 As round the cavern's hollow mouth they roll,  
 And multiplied return. Ah, Urvast!  
 Fatigue has overcome me. I will rest  
 Upon the borders of this mountain torrent,  
 And gather vigor from the breeze that gleans  
 Refreshing coolness from its gelid waves.

Whilst gazing on the stream whose new swoln waters  
 Yet turbid flow, what strange imaginings  
 Possess my soul, and fill it with delight.  
 The rippling wave is like her arching brow ;  
 The fluttering line of storks, her timid tongue ;  
 The foamy spray, her white loose floating robe ;  
 And this meandering course the current tracks,  
 Her undulating gait. All these recall  
 My soon-offended love. I must appease her . . . .  
 I'll back to where my love first disappeared.  
 Yonder the black deer couchant lies ; of him  
 I will inquire. O, antelope, behold . . . .  
 How ! he averts his gaze, as if disdainig  
 To hear my suit ! Ah no, he, anxious, marks  
 His doe approach him ; tardily she comes,  
 Her frolic fawn impeding her advance."

At last the king finds a gem, of ruddy radiance ; it  
 is the gem of union, which, by its mighty spell, should  
 restore Urvasî to her lover. He holds it in his hands,  
 and embraces the vine, which is now transformed into  
 Urvasî. The gem is placed on Urvasî's forehead, and  
 the king and his heavenly queen return to Allahabad.

" Yonder cloud  
 Shall be our downy car, to waft us swift  
 And lightly on our way ; the lightning's wave  
 Its glittering banners ; and the bow of Indra (the rainbow)  
 Hangs as its overarching canopy  
 Of variegated and resplendent hues."

[*Exeunt on the cloud. Music.*]

The fifth and last act begins with an unlucky inci-  
 dent. A hawk has borne away the ruby of reunion.  
 Orders are sent to shoot the thief, and, after a short  
 pause, a forester brings the jewel and the arrow by  
 which the hawk was killed. An inscription is discov-  
 ered on the shaft, which states that it belonged to  
 Âyus, the son of Urvasî and Purûravas. The king is  
 not aware that Urvasî has ever borne him a son ; but  
 while he is still wondering, a female ascetic enters,

leading a boy with a bow in his hand. It is *Âyus*, the son of *Urvasî*, whom his mother confided to the pious *Kyavana*, who educated him in the forest, and now sends him back to his mother. The king soon recognizes *Âyus* as his son. *Urvasî* also comes to embrace him:—

“ Her gaze intent  
Is fixed upon him, and her heaving bosom  
Has rent its veiling scarf.”

But why has she concealed the birth of this child? and why is she now suddenly bursting into tears? She tells the king herself, —

“ When for your love I gladly left the courts  
Of heaven, the monarch thus declared his will:  
‘ Go, and be happy with the prince, my friend;  
But when he views the son that thou shalt bear him,  
Then hitherward direct thy prompt return.’ . . .  
The fated term expires, and to console  
His father for my loss, he is restored.  
I may no longer tarry.”

“*King*. — The tree that languished in the summer's blaze  
Puts forth, reviving, as young rain descends,  
Its leafy shoots, when lo! the lightning bursts  
Fierce on its top, and fells it to the ground.

“*Urvasî*. — But what remains for me? my task on earth  
Fulfilled. Once gone, the king will soon forget me.

“*King*. — Dearest, not so. It is no grateful task  
To tear our memory from those we love.  
But we must bow to power supreme; do you  
Obey your lord; for me, I will resign  
My throne to this my son, and with the deer  
Will henceforth mourn amidst the lonely woods.”

Preparations are made for the inauguration of the young king, when a new *deus ex machina* appears — *Narada*, the messenger of *Indra*.

“*Messenger*. — May your days be many! King, attend:  
The mighty *Indra*, to whom all is known,  
By me thus intimates his high commands.

Forego your purpose of ascetic sorrow,  
 And Urvasî shall be through life united  
 With thee in holy bonds."

After this all concludes happily. Nymphs descend from heaven with a golden vase containing the water of the heavenly Ganges, a throne, and other paraphernalia, which they arrange. The prince is inaugurated as partner of the empire, and all go together to pay their homage to the queen, who had so generously resigned her rights in favor of Urvasî, the heavenly nymph.

Here, then, we have the full flower whose stem we trace through the Purânas and the Mahâbhârata to the Brâhmanas and the Veda, while the seed lies buried deep in that fertile stratum of language from which all the Aryan dialects draw their strength and nourishment. Mr. Carlyle had seen deep into the very heart of mythology when he said, "Thus, though tradition may have but one root, it grows, like a banyan, into a whole overarching labyrinth of trees." The root of all the stories of Purûravas and Urvasî were short proverbial expressions, of which ancient dialects are so fond. Thus: "Urvasî loves Purûravas," meant "the sun rises;" "Urvasî sees Purûravas naked," meant "the dawn is gone;" "Urvasî finds Purûravas again," meant "the sun is setting." The names of Purûravas and Urvasî are of Indian growth, and we cannot expect to find them identically the same in other Aryan dialects. But the same ideas pervade the mythological language of Greece. There one of the many names of the dawn was Eurydike (p. 102). The name of her husband is, like many Greek words, inexplicable, but Orpheus is the same word as the

Sanskrit "Ribhu" or "Arbhu," which, though it is best known as the name of the three Ribhus, was used in the Veda as an epithet of Indra, and a name of the sun. The old story then, was this: "Eurydike is bitten by a serpent (*i. e.* by the night), she dies, and descends into the lower regions. Orpheus follows her, and obtains from the gods that his wife should follow him if he promised not to look back. Orpheus promises, — ascends from the dark world below; Eurydike is behind him as he rises, but, drawn by doubt or by love, he looks round; the first ray of the sun glances at the dawn, — and the dawn fades away." There may have been an old poet of the name of Orpheus, — for old poets delight in solar names; but, whether he existed or not, certain it is, that the story of Orpheus and Eurydike was neither borrowed from a real event, nor invented without provocation. In India also, the myth of the Ribhus has taken a local and historical coloring by a mere similarity of names. A man, or a tribe of the name of Bribu (Rv. VI. 45, 31–33),<sup>1</sup> was admitted into the Brahmanic community. They were carpenters, and had evidently rendered material assistance to the family of a Vedic chief, Bharadvâga. As they had no Vaidik gods, the Ribhus were made over to them, and many things were ascribed to these gods which originally applied only to the mortal Bribus. These historical realities will never yield to a mythological analysis, while the truly mythological answers at once if we only know how to test it. There is a grammar by which that ancient dialect can be retranslated into the common language of the Aryans.

<sup>1</sup> This explains the passage in Manu X. 107, and shows how it ought to be corrected.

I must come to a close ; but it is difficult to leave a subject in which, as in an arch, each stone by itself threatens to fall, while the whole arch would stand the strongest pressure. One myth more. — We have seen how the sun and the dawn have suggested so many expressions of love, that we may well ask, did the Aryan nations, previous to their separation, know the most ancient of the gods, the god of love ? Was Eros known at that distant period of awakening history, and what was meant by the name by which the Aryans called him ? The common etymology derives “ Eros ” from a Sanskrit root, “ vri ” or “ var,” which means to choose, to select,

Now, if the name of love had first been coined in our ball-rooms, such an etymology might be defensible, but surely the idea of weighing, comparing, and prudently choosing could not have struck a strong and genuine heart as the most prominent feature of love. Let us imagine, as well as we can, the healthy and strong feelings of a youthful race of men, free to follow the call of their hearts, — unfettered by the rules and prejudices of a refined society, and controlled only by those laws which Nature and the Graces have engraved on every human heart. Let us imagine such hearts suddenly lighted up by love, — by a feeling of which they knew not either whence it came and whither it would carry them ; an impulse they did not even know how to name. If they wanted a name for it, where could they look ? Was not love to them like an awakening from sleep ? Was it not like a morn radiating with heavenly splendor over their souls, pervading their hearts with a glowing warmth, purifying their whole being like a fresh breeze, and illuminat-

ing the whole world around them with a new light? If it was so, there was but one name by which they could express love, — there was but one similitude for the roseate bloom that betrays the dawn of love — it was the blush of the day, the rising of the sun. “The sun has risen,” they said, where we say, “I love;” “The sun has set,” they said, where we say, “I have loved.”

And this, which we might have guessed, if we could but throw off the fetters of our own language, is fully confirmed by an analysis of ancient speech. The name of the dawn in Sanskrit is “ushas,” the Greek Ἔως, both feminine. But the Veda knows also a masculine dawn, or rather a dawning sun (“Agni aushasya,” Ἐφῶς), and in this sense Ushas might be supposed to have taken in Greek the form of Ἐρως. *S* is frequently changed into *r*. In Sanskrit it is a general rule that *s* followed by *a* media becomes *r*. In Greek we have the Lakonic forms in *op* instead of *os* (Ahrens, “D. D.” § 8); in Latin an *r* between two vowels often exists in ancient inscriptions under the more original form of *s* (*asa* = *ara*). The very word “ushas” has in Latin taken the form of *aurora*, which is derived from an intermediate *auros*, *auroris*, like *flora*, from *flos*, *floris*.

But, however plausible such analogies may seem, it is only throwing dust in our eyes if comparative philologists imagine they can establish in this manner the transition of a Sanskrit *sh* into a Greek *r*. No, whatever analogies other dialects may exhibit, no Sanskrit *sh* between two vowels has ever as yet been proved to be represented by a Greek *r*. Therefore Eros cannot be Ushas.

And yet the name of Eros was originally that of the )

dawning sun. The Sun in the Veda is frequently called the runner, the quick racer, or simply the horse, while in the more humanized mythology of Greece, and also in many parts of the Veda, he is represented as standing on his cart, which in the Veda is drawn by two, seven, or ten horses, while in Greek we also have the quadriga : —

*Ἄρματα μὲν τὰδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων*

*Ἥλιος ἤδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν*

These horses are called “haritas;” they are always feminine. They are called “bhadrâs,” happy or joyful (I. 115, 3); “kitrâs,” many-colored (I. 115, 3); “ghritâkis” and “ghritasnâs,” bathed in dew (IV. 6, 9); “svankas,” with beautiful steps; “vîtaprishthâs,” with lovely backs (V. 45, 10). Thus we read : —

Rv. IX. 63, 9. “The Sun has yoked the ten Harits for his journey.”

Rv. I. 50, 8. “The seven Harits bring thee, O bright Sun, on thy cart.”

Rv. IV. 13, 3. “The seven Harits bring him, the Sun, the spy of the world.”

In other passages, however, they take a more human form, and as the Dawn which is sometimes called simply “asvâ,” the mare, is well known by the name of the sister, these Harits also are called the Seven Sisters (VII. 66, 15); and in one passage (IX. 86, 37) they appear as “the Harits with beautiful wings.” After this I need hardly say that we have here the prototype of the Grecian “Charites.”<sup>1</sup>

I should like to follow the track which this recognition of the Charites, as the Sanskrit “Haritas,” opens

<sup>1</sup> This point has been more fully discussed in the Second Series of my *Lectures on the Science of Language*, p. 363.

to comparative mythology ; but I must return to Eros, in whose company they so frequently appear. If, according to the laws which regulate the metamorphosis of common Aryan words adopted in Greek or Sanskrit, we try to transliterate  $\epsilon\rho\omega\varsigma$  into Sanskrit, we find that its derivative suffix  $\omega\varsigma$ ,  $\omega\tau\omega\varsigma$ , is the same as the termination of the participle of the perfect. This termination is commonly represented in Sanskrit by "vas," nom. masc. "vân," fem. "ushi," neut. "vat," and this, though very different grammatically, may etymologically be considered as a modified form of the originally possessive suffix "vat," nom. masc. "vân," fem. "vatî," neut. "vat." There being no short  $e$  in Sanskrit, and a Greek  $\rho$  corresponding to a Sanskrit  $r$ ,  $\epsilon\rho\omega\varsigma$ ,  $\epsilon\rho\omega\tau\omega\varsigma$ , if it existed at all in Sanskrit, would have had the form of "ar-vas," nom. "ârvân," gen. "ârushas." Now it is true that we do not find in Sanskrit "âr-vân," gen. "âr-ushas," with any meaning that approaches the Greek  $\epsilon\rho\omega\varsigma$ . But we find "âr-vat," gen. "âr-vatas," which in the later Sanskrit means a horse, and which in the Veda has retained traces of its radical power, and still displays the sense of quick, running, vehement. This very word is applied to the Sun, so that in some passages it stands as the name of the Sun, while in others it is used as a substantive, meaning horse or rider. Thus, through the irresistible influence of the synonymous character of ancient language, and without any poetical effort on the part of the speaker, those who spoke of the sun as "arvat," spoke and thought at the same time of a horse or rider. The word "arvat," though intended only to express the rapid sun, set other ideas vibrating which gradually changed the sun into a horse or a horseman.

“Arvat” means simply horse in passages like I. 91, 20:—

“The god Soma gives us the cow; Soma gives us the quick horse; Soma gives a strong son.”

It means horseman or runner (Rv. I. 152, 5):—

“The rider is born without a horse, without a bridle.”

The rider who is meant here is the rising sun, and there is a whole hymn addressed to the sun as a horse. Nay, the growth of language and thought is so quick that in the Veda the myth turns, so to speak, back upon itself; and one of the poets (I. 163, 2) praises the bright Vasus, because “out of the sun they have wrought a horse.” Thus “árvat” becomes by itself, without any adjective or explanation, the name for sun, like “sûrya,” “âditya,” or any other of his old titles. Rv. I. 163, 3, the poet tells the sun, “Thou, O Arvat (horse), art Âditya” (the sun); and (VI. 12, 6), Agni, or the fire of the sun, is invoked by the same name: “Thou, O Arvat, keep us from evil report! O Agni, lighted with all the fires! thou givest treasures, thou sendest away all evils; let us live happy for hundred winters; let us have good offspring.”

Before we can show how the threads of this name of the sun in India enter into the first woof of the god of love in Greece, we have still to observe that sometimes the horses, *i. e.* the rays of the sun, are called not only “harítas,” but “rohítas” (or “róhitâs”) and “árushîs” (or “arushâ's”). Rv. I. 14, 12: “Yoke the A'rushîs to thy cart, O bright Agni! the Haríts, the Rohits! with them bring the gods to us!” These names may have been originally mere adjectives,

meaning red, bright, or brown,<sup>1</sup> but they soon grew into names of certain animals belonging to certain gods, according to their different color and character. Thus we read : —

Rv. II. 10, 2. “Hezr thou, the brilliant Agni, my prayer; whether the two black horses (‘syâvâ’) bring thy cart, or the two ruddy (‘rôhitâ’), or the two red horses (‘arushâ’).”

And again : —

Rv. VII. 42, 2. “Yoke the Haríts and the Rohíts, or the Arushás which are in thy stable.”

“A’rushî,” by itself, is also used for cow; for instance (VIII. 55, 3), where a poet says that he has received four hundred cows (“árushânâm kátuk-satm”). These “árushís,” or bright cows, belong more particularly to the Dawn, and instead of saying “the day dawns,” the old poets of the Veda say frequently, “the bright cows return” (Rv. I. 92, 1). We found that the Harits were sometimes changed into seven sisters, and thus the A’rushís also, originally the bright cows, underwent the same metamorphosis : —

Rv. X. 5, 5. “He brought the Seven Sisters, the A’rushís (the bright cows);” or (X. 8, 3), “When the sun flew up, the A’rushís refreshed their bodies in the water.”

Sanskrit scholars need hardly be told that this “árushî” is in reality the feminine of a form “árvas,” nom. “árvân,” gen. “árushas,” while “árvatî” is the feminine of “ár-vat,” nom. “árvâ,” gen. “árvatas.” A

<sup>1</sup> “Poi chè l'altro mattin la bella Aurora  
L'aer seren fè bianco e rosso e giallo.” — Ariosto, *xxi*º. 52.

“Sì, che le bianche e le vermiglie guance,  
Là dove io era, della bella Aurora,  
Per troppa etate divenivan rance.” — Dante, *Purgatorio*, *ii*. 7.

“vidvâ'n,” knowing, forms its feminine “vidúshî” (“kikitvâ'n,” “kikitúshî”), so “árvâ(n)” leads to “árushî,” a form which fully explains the formation of the feminine of the past participle in Greek. This may be shown by the following equation: vidvâ'n : vidúshî = εἰδώς : εἰδυῖα. This feminine “árushî” is important for our purpose, because it throws new light on the formation of another word, namely, “arushá,” a masculine, meaning bright or red, and in the Veda a frequent epithet of the sun. “Arushá,” gen. “ásya,” follows the weak declension, and “árushî” is by Sanskrit grammarians considered as the regular feminine of “arushá.” “Arushá,” as compared with the participial form “ar-vas,” is formed like διάκτορος, ου, instead of διάκτωρ, ορος; like Latin *vasum*, i, instead of *vas*, *vasis*; like Prâkrit “karanteshu,” instead of “karat-su;” like Modern Greek ἡ νύκτα, instead of ἡ νύξ.

This “arushá,” as applied in the Veda to bright and solar deities, brings us as near to the Greek Eros as we can expect. It is used in the sense of bright: —

Rv. VII. 75, 6. “The red bright horses are seen bringing to us the brilliant Dawn.”

The horses<sup>1</sup> of Indra, of Agni, of Brihaspati, as quick as the wind, and as bright as suns, who lick the udder of the dark cow, the Night, are called “arushá;” the smoke which rises from the burning sun at daybreak, the limbs of the Sun with which he climbs the sky, the thunderbolt which Indra throws, the fire which is seen by day and by night, all are called “arushá.” “He who fills heaven and earth with light, who runs across

<sup>1</sup> “Arusha, si voisin d'Aruna (cocher du soleil), et d'Arus (le soleil), se retrouve en Zend sous la forme d'Aurusha (dont Anquetil fait Eorosh, l'oiseau), les chevaux qui traînent Serosh.” Burnouf, Bhâgavata-Purâna p. LXXIX.

the darkness along the sky, who is seen among the black cows of the night," he is called "arushá" or the bright hero ("arushó vríshâ").

But this bright solar hero, whether Agni<sup>1</sup> or Sûrya, is in the Veda, as in Greek mythology, represented as a child.

Rv. III. 1, 4. "The Seven Sisters have nursed him, the joyful, the white one, as he was born, the red one (Arusha), by growth; the horses came as to a foal that is born; the gods brought up Agni when he was born."

"Arusha" is applied to the young sun in the Veda; the sun who drives away the dark night, and sends his first ray to awaken the world:—

Rv. VII. 71, 1. "Night goes away from her sister, the Dawn; the dark one opens the path for Arusha."

Though in some of his names there is an unintentional allusion to his animal character, he soon takes a purely human form. He is called "Nrikakshâs" (III. 15, 3), "having the eyes of a man;" and even his wings, as Grimm<sup>2</sup> will be glad to learn, have begun to grow in the Veda, where once, at least (V. 47, 3), he is called "Arusháh suparnás," "the bright sun with beautiful wings:"—

Τὸν δ' ἦτοι θνητοὶ ἦεν Ἐρωτα καλοῦσι ποτηρόν,  
'Αθάνατοι δὲ Πτέρωτα, ἐὶα πτεροφύτορ ἀνάγκην.

As Eros is the child of Zeus, Arusha is called the child of Dyaus ("Diváh sísus").

Rv. IV. 15, 6. "Him, the god Agni, they adorn and purify every day like a strong horse, — like Arushá (the bright sun), the child of Dyaus (heaven)."

<sup>1</sup> How the god Kâma was grafted on Agni, may be seen from later passages in the Atharva-veda, the Taittiriya-sanhitâ, and some of the Grihya-sûtras.— *Indische Studien*, vol. v. pp. 224-226.

<sup>2</sup> See Jacob Grimm's *Essay on the God of Love*.

Rv. VI. 49, 2. "Let us worship Agni, the child of Dyaus, the son of strength, Arushá, the bright light of the sacrifice."

This deity is the first of the gods, for he comes (V. 1, 5) "agre ahnâm," "at the point of the days;" "ushasâm agre" (VII. 8, 1; X. 45, 5) "at the beginning of the dawns;" but in one passage two daughters are ascribed to him, different in appearance, — the one decked with the stars, the other brilliant by the light of the sun, — Day and Night, who are elsewhere called the daughters of the Sun. As the god of love, in the Greek sense of the word, Arusha does not occur, neither has love, as a mere feeling, been deified in the Veda under any name. Kâma, who is the god of love in the later Sanskrit, never occurs in the Veda with personal or divine attributes, except in one passage of the tenth book, and here love is rather represented as a power of creation than as a personal being. But there is one other passage in the Veda, where "Kâma," love, is clearly applied to the rising sun. The whole hymn (II. 38, 6) is addressed to Savitar, the sun. It is said, "He rises as a mighty flame, — he stretches out his wide arms, — he is even like the wind. When he stops his horses, all activity ceases, and the night follows in his track. But before the Night has half finished her weaving, the sun rises again. Then Agni goes to all men and to all houses; his light is powerful, and his mother, the Dawn, gives him the best share, the first worship among men.' Then the poet goes on:—

"He came back with wide strides, longing for victory; the love of all men came near. The eternal approached, leaving the work (of Night) half-done; he followed the command of the heavenly Savitar."

“The love of all men,” may mean he who is loved by all men, or who grants their wishes to all men; yet I do not think it is by accident that “Kâma,” love, is thus applied to the rising sun.

Even in the latest traditions of the Purânas, the original solar character of the god of love, the beloved of the Dawn, was not quite forgotten. For we find that one of the names given to the son of Kâma, to Aniruddha, the irresistible (*ἀνίκητος μάχαν*), is Ushâpati, the lord of the Dawn.

If we place clearly before our mind all the ideas and allusions which have clustered round the names of “Arvat” and “Arusha” in the Veda, the various myths told of Eros, which at first seem so contradictory, become perfectly intelligible. He is in Hesiod the oldest of the gods, born when there exist as yet only Chaos and Earth. Here we have “Arusha born at the beginning of all the days.” He is the youngest of the gods, the son of Zeus, the friend of the Charites, also the son of the chief Charis, Aphrodite, in whom we can hardly fail to discover a female Eros (an “Ushâ” instead of an “Agni aushasya”). Every one of these myths finds its key in the Veda. Eros or Arusha is the rising sun, and hence the child, the son of Dyaus; he yokes the Harits, and is, if not the son,<sup>1</sup> at least the beloved of the dawn. Besides, in Greek mythology also, Eros has many fathers and many mothers; and one pair of parents given him by Sappho, Heaven and Earth, is identical with his Vaidik parents, Dyaus and Idâ.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Maxim. Tyr.* XXIV. τὸν Ἐρωτὰ φησιν ἢ Διοτίμα τῷ Σωκράτει οὐ παῖδα, ἀλλ' ἀκόλουθον τῆς Ἀφροδίτης, καὶ θεράποντα εἶναι. See Preller, *Greek Mythology*, p. 238.

<sup>2</sup> The objections raised by Professor Curtius (*Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie*, p. 114) against the common origin of ἔρως and “arvat”

India, however, is not Greece; and though we may trace the germs and roots of Greek words and Greek

deserve careful attention. "How can we separate "Ἔρως," he says, "from ἔπος, ἔραμαι, ἐράω, ἐρατός, ἐρατεινός, and other words, all of ancient date, and even Homeric? They cannot have sprung from the name ἔρως, and if we suppose that they sprang from the same root *ar*, to which we have to assign the sense of going, running, striving, ἔπος would mean striving, or desire, and it would be difficult to prove that the cognate "Ἔρως started from the meaning of horse, or solar horse, which in Sanskrit was assigned to 'arvat.'" Professor Curtius then proceeds to urge the same objections against the etymology of Charis: "For what shall we do," he says, "with χαρά, χαίρω, χαρίζομαι, χαρίεις?" With regard to Charis, I may refer to the explanations which I have given in the Second Series of my Lectures, page 368, where I hope I have proved that Charis cannot be placed, as Professor Curtius proposes, in the same category of deities as Δειμός or Φόβος; and that there is nothing in the least improbable in certain derivatives of an ancient Aryan root taking a mythological character, while others retain an analogous appellative meaning. From the root "dyu," to shine, we have Dyaus and Ζεύς: but we also have in Sanskrit "diva" and "dina," day; and in Greek ἔνδιος, at noon-day, δῆλος, bright. From the root "vas" or "ush," to glow, to burn, we have Ἑστία, Vesta, Ushas, Eos, Aurora: but likewise Sanskrit "usra," early, "ushna," hot; Latin *uro, aurum*; Greek αὔω, αὔριον, ἡρι. Unless we suppose that roots, after having given rise to a single mythological name, were struck by instantaneous sterility, or that Greek mythological names can only be derived from roots actually employed in that language, what we observe in the case of Eros and Charis is the natural and almost inevitable result of the growth of language and myth, such as we now understand it. Greek scholars have asked, "how can we separate ἐρμηνεύω from Ἐρμῆς (*Grundzüge*, p. 312), or ἐριννύειν from Ἐρινύς (Welcker)?" Yet few have questioned Kuhn's etymology of Ἐρμῆς and Ἐρινύς, whatever difference of opinion may prevail as to the exact process by which these two deities came to be what they are. But, on the other hand, I cannot protest too strongly against the opinion which has been ascribed to me, that the Greeks were in any way conscious of the secondary or idiomatic meaning which "arvat" and "harit," had assumed in India. In India both "arvat," running, and "harit," bright, became recognized names for horse. As "arvat" was also applied to the sun, the heavenly runner, the conception of the sun as a horse became almost inevitable, and required no poetical effort on the part of people speaking Sanskrit. Nothing of the kind happened in Greek. In Greek ἔρως was never used as an appellative in the sense of horse, as little as ζεύς was used, except in later times, to signify the material sky. But unless we are prepared to look upon Eros, "the oldest of the Greek gods," as a mere abstraction, as, in fact, a kind of Cupid, I thought, and I still think, that we have to admit among the earliest worshippers of Eros, even on Greek soil, a faint

ideas to the rich soil of India, the full flower of Aryan language, of Aryan poetry and mythology, belongs to Hellas, where Plato has told us what Eros is, and where Sophokles sang his —

Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν,  
Ἔρως, ὃς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτει,  
ὃς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς  
νεάνιδος ἐννυχεύεις·  
φοιτᾶς δ' ὑπερπόντιος, ἐν τ'  
ἀγρονόμοις αὐλαῖς·  
καί σ' οὐτ' ἀθανάτων φύξιμος οὐδεῖς,  
οὔθ' ἀμερίων ἐπ' ἀν-  
θρώπων· ὁ δ' ἔχων μέμηνεν.<sup>1</sup>

recollection of the ancient Aryan mythology in which the same word as Eros had been applied to the sun, and especially the rising sun. All the rest is simple and easy. The root *ar*, no doubt, had the sense of running or rushing, and might have yielded, therefore, names expressive of quick motion as well as of strong desire. Not every shoot, however, that springs from such a seed, lives on, when transferred to a different soil. "Eros" might have been the name for horse in Greece as "arvat" was in India, but it was not: "arvat," or some other derivative like "artha," might have expressed desire in Sanskrit as it did in Greek, but this, too, was not the case. Why certain words die, and others live on, why certain meanings of words become prominent so as to cause the absorption of all other meanings, we have no chance of explaining. We must take the work of language as we find it, and in disentangling the curious skein, we must not expect to find one continuous thread, but rest satisfied if we can separate the broken ends, and place them side by side in something like an intelligible order. Greek mythology was not borrowed from Vedic mythology any more than Greek words were taken from a Sanskrit dictionary. This being once understood and generally admitted, offense should not be taken if here and there a Vedic deity or a Sanskrit word is called a prototype. The expression, I know, is not quite correct, and cannot be defended, except on the plea that almost everybody knows what is meant by it. The Greek Charites are certainly not a mere modification of the Vedic Haritas, nor the Greek Eros of the Vedic Arvat. There was no recollection of an equine character in the Greek Eros or the Charites, just as, from a purely Greek point of view, no traces of a canine character could be discovered in Ἑλένη = Saramâ, or Ἑρμείας = Sârameya. Arvat and Eros are radii starting from a common central thought, and the angle of the Vedic radius is less obtuse than that of the Greek. This is all that could be meant, and I believe this is the sense in which my words have been understood by the majority of my readers.

<sup>1</sup> *Antigone*, ed. Dindorf, Oxford 1859, v. 781.

tory, nor religion, nor ethics. It is, if we may use a scholastic expression, a *quale*, not a *quid*—something formal, not something substantial, and, like poetry, sculpture, and painting, applicable to nearly all that the ancient world could admire or adore.

*April, 1856.*

## XVII.

### GREEK MYTHOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

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It does not happen very often that we take up a German book of more than eight hundred pages, closely printed, and bristling with notes and quotations, and feel unwilling to put it down again before having finished the whole of it. However, this is what has happened to us, and will happen to many a reader of Professor Welcker's "Greek Mythology," if he is capable of entering with a real and human interest into the life, and thoughts, and feelings of the ancient Greeks, and more particularly into the spirit of their religion, their worship, and sacred traditions. To those who require any preliminary information respecting the author, we may say, first of all, that Welcker is a very old man, a man belonging almost to an age gone by, one of the few men remaining of the heroic age of German scholarship. The present generation, a race not quite contemptible in itself, looks up to him as the Greeks looked up to Nestor. He knew old Voss, the translator of Homer, when he was a young man fighting the battle of rational mythology against the symbolic school of Creuzer. He was the friend of Zoëga. He speaks of

<sup>1</sup> *Griechische Götterlehre.* Von F. G. Welcker. Erster Band. Göttingen, 1857.

Buttmann, of Lexilogus Buttmann, as a scholar who had felt the influence of his teaching; and he looks upon Otfried Müller, the Dorian Müller, as belonging originally to his school, though afterwards carrying out the views of his master in an independent, and sometimes too independent spirit. Welcker has been lecturing and writing on mythology for many years, and he finds, not without satisfaction, that many of the views which he first propounded in his lectures, lectures open to any one who liked to listen, have become current, and, as it were, public property, long before his book was published. He is not a man to put forward any claims of priority; and if he dwells at all on the subject, it is rather in self-defense. He wishes to remind his readers that if he propounds certain views with the warmth of a discoverer, if he defends them strenuously against all possible objections, it is because he has been accustomed to do so for years, and because it was necessary for him to do so, at the time when he first elaborated his system, and explained it in his lectures. Welcker's "Mythology" has been expected for many years. It has been discussed long before it appeared. "It is to my great regret, and certainly without my fault," the author says, "that so great expectations have been raised." However, if the expectations have been great among the professors in Germany, they will admit that they have not been disappointed, and that the promise given by young Welcker has been fulfilled by the veteran.

"The Science of the Greek Gods" ("die Griechische Götterlehre"), which is the title of the book, though it carries the reader along most rapidly, exciting curiosity at every page, and opening new views in every

chapter, is nevertheless a book which requires more than one perusal. It may be read, with the exception of some less finished chapters, for pleasure ; but it deserves to be studied, to be thought over, examined, and criticized, and it is then only that its real value is discovered. There have been many books published lately on mythology. Preller, Gerhard, Schelling, Maury, have followed each other in rapid succession. Preller's "Greek Mythology" is a useful and careful compendium. Gerhard's "Greek Mythology" is a storehouse, only sometimes rather a labyrinth, of mythological lore. On Schelling's "Philosophy of Mythology," published in his posthumous works, we hardly dare to pronounce an opinion. And yet, with all due respect for his great name, with a sincere appreciation of some deep thoughts on the subject of mythology too, and more particularly with a full acknowledgment of his merits in having pointed out more strongly than anybody else the inevitable character of mythological thought and language in the widest sense of the word, we must say, as critics, that his facts and theories defy all rules of sound scholarship, and that his language is so diffuse and vague, as to be unworthy of the century we live in. To one who knows how powerful and important an influence Schelling's mind exercised on Germany at the beginning of this century, it is hard to say this. But if we could not read his posthumous volumes without sadness, and without a strong feeling of the mortality of all human knowledge, we cannot mention them, when they must be mentioned, without expressing our conviction that though they are interesting on account of their author, they are disappointing in every other respect. Maury's "Histoire des Religions

de la Grèce Antique" is, like all the works of that industrious writer, lucid and pleasing. It does not profess to add many results of independent research to what was known before on the various subjects on which he writes. Thus the gifted author escapes criticism, and only carries away the thanks of all who read his careful manuals.

What distinguishes Welcker from all his predecessors is this, that with him mythology is not only a collection of fables, to be described, sifted, and arranged, but a problem to be solved, and a problem as important as any in the history of the world. His whole heart is in his work. He wants to know, and wants to explain what mythology means, how such a thing as Greek mythology could ever have existed. It is the origin of every god which he tries to discover, leaving everything else to flow naturally from the source once opened and cleared.

A second feature, which is peculiar to his treatment of mythology, is that he never looks on the Greek fables as a system. There were myths before there was a mythology, and it is in this, their original and unsystematic form alone, that we may hope to discover the genuine and primitive meaning of every myth.

A third distinguishing feature of Welcker's book consists in the many things he leaves out. If a myth had once been started, poets, artists, philosophers, and old women might do with it whatever they pleased. If there was once a Herakles travelling all over the earth, killing monsters, punishing wickedness, and doing what no one else could do, the natural result would be that, in every town and village, whatever no one

else could have done would be ascribed to Herakles. The little stories invented to account for all these Heraklean doings may be very interesting to the people of the village, but they have as little right to a place in Greek mythology as the Swiss legends of the Devil's bridges have to a place in a work on Swiss theology or history. To be able to distinguish between what is essential and what is not, requires a peculiar talent, and Professor Welcker possesses it.

A fourth point which is of characteristic importance in Welcker's manner of handling Greek mythology, is the skill with which he takes every single myth to pieces. When he treats of Apollo, he does not treat of him as one person, beginning with his birth, detailing his various exploits, accounting for his numerous epithets, and removing the contradictory character of many of his good or bad qualities. The birth of the god is one myth, his association with a twin sister another, his quarrel with Hermes a third, — each intelligible in itself, though perplexing when gathered up into one large web of Apollonic theology.

Nowhere, again, have we seen the original character of the worship of Zeus, as the God, or, as he is called in later times, as the Father of the gods, as the God of gods, drawn with so sure and powerful a hand as in Welcker's "Mythology." When we ascend with him to the most distant heights of Greek history the idea of God, as the supreme Being, stands before us as a simple fact. Next to this adoration of One God, the father of heaven, the father of men, we find in Greece a worship of nature. The powers of nature, originally worshipped as such, were afterwards changed into a family of gods, of which Zeus became the king and father.

This third phase is what is generally called Greek mythology ; but it was preceded in time, or at least rendered possible in thought, by the two prior conceptions, a belief in a supreme God, and a worship of the powers of nature. The Greek religions, says Welcker, if they are analyzed and reduced to their original form, are far more simple than we think. It is so in all great things. And the better we are acquainted with the variety and complications of all that has grown up around them, the more we feel surprised at the smallness of the first seeds, the simplicity of the fundamental ideas. The divine character of Zeus, as distinct from his mythological character, is most carefully brought out by Welcker. He avails himself of all the discoveries of comparative philology in order to show more clearly how the same idea which found expression in the ancient religions of the Brahmans, the Slaves, and the Germans, had been preserved under the same simple, clear, and sublime name by the original settlers of Hellas. We are not inclined to be too critical when we meet with a classical scholar who avails himself of the works of Sanskrit philologists. It does him credit if he only acknowledges that the beginnings of Greek language, Greek thought and tradition, lie beyond the horizon of the so-called classical world. It is surprising to find, even at the present day, men of the highest attainments in Greek and Latin scholarship, intentionally shutting their eyes to what they know to be the light of a new day. Unwilling to study a new subject, and unable to confess their ignorance on any subject, they try to dispose of the works of a Humboldt, Bopp, or Bunsen, by pointing out a few mistakes, perhaps a wrong accent or a false quantity, — which “any

schoolboy would be ashamed of." They might as well scoff at Wyld's Globe because it has not the accuracy of an Ordnance survey. So, if we find in a work like Welcker's little slips, such as "devas," sky, instead of god, "dyavî," a Sanskrit dative, instead of "divê," the dative, or "dyavi," the locative, we just mark them on the margin, but we do not crow over them like schoolmasters, or rather schoolboys. We should sometimes like to ask a question: for instance, how Professor Welcker could prove that the German word God has the same meaning as good? He quotes Grimm's "History of the German Language," p. 571, in support of this assertion, but we have looked in vain for any passage where Grimm gives up his former opinion, that the two words *God* and *good*, run parallel in all the Teutonic dialects, but never converge towards a common origin. However, Welcker's example, we hope, will have its good effect among classical scholars. What could have been a greater triumph for all who take an interest in comparative philology and in a more comprehensive study of ancient humanity, than to find in a work on Greek mythology, written by one of the most famous classical scholars, the fundamental chapter, the chapter containing the key to the whole system, headed, "The Vedas?"

But even Welcker is not without his backslidings. In some parts of his work, and particularly in his chapter on Zeus, he admits implicitly the whole argument of comparative mythology. He admits that the first beginnings of Zeus, the God of gods, must be studied in the ancient songs of the Veda, and in the ancient traditions of the chief members of the Aryan family. But afterwards he would like to make his reserves.

He has been studying the Greek gods all his life, and the names and natures of many of them had become clear and intelligible to him without the help of Sanskrit or the Veda. Why should they be handed over to the Aryan crucible? This is a natural feeling. It is the same in Greek etymology. If we can fully explain a Greek word from the resources of the Greek language, why should we go beyond? And yet it cannot be avoided. Some of the most plausible Greek etymologies have had to give way before the most unlikely, and yet irrefragable derivations from Sanskrit.

Many a Greek scholar may very naturally say, why, if we can derive θεός from θεέειν, or from τιθέειν, should we go out of our way and derive it from any other root? <sup>1</sup> Any one acquainted with the true principles of etymology will answer this question; and Welcker himself would be the first to admit, that, from whatever source it may be derived, it cannot be derived from θεέειν or τιθέειν. But the same argument holds good with regard to the names of the gods. Ζῆς, the old nominative, of which we have the accusative Ζῆν (“Iliad,” viii. 206, formerly Ζῆν’), and Ζῆν, of which we have the accusative Ζῆνα, might well have been derived by former Greek etymologists from ζῆν, to live. But Professor Welcker knows that, after etymology has once assumed an historical and scientific character, a derivation, inapplicable to the cognate forms of Ζεός in Sanskrit, is inapplicable to the word itself in Greek. There are, no doubt, words and mythological names

<sup>1</sup> The latest defense of the etymology of θεός as not to be separated from the cluster of words which spring from the root “div,” may be seen in *Ascoli, Frammenti Linguistici, Rendiconti, i. (1864), pp. 185-200.*

peculiar to Greece, and framed in Greece after the separation of the Aryan tribes. *Κρονίων*, for instance, is a Greek word, and a Greek idea, and Professor Welcker was right in explaining it from Greek sources only. But wherever the same mythological name exists in Greek and Sanskrit, no etymology can be admitted which would be applicable to the Greek only, without being applicable to the Sanskrit word. There is no such being as *Κρόνος* in Sanskrit. *Κρόνος* did not exist till long after *Ζεύς* in Greece. *Ζεύς* was called by the Greeks the son of time. This is a simple and very common form of mythological expression. It meant originally, not that time was the origin or the source of Zeus, but *Κρονίων* or *Κρονίδης* was used in the sense of "connected with time, representing time, existing through all time." Derivatives in *ων* and *ίδης* took, in later times, the more exclusive meaning of patronymics, but originally they had a more general qualifying sense, such as we find still in our own, originally Semitic, expressions, "son of pride," "sons of light," "son of Belial." *Κρονίων* is the most frequent epithet of *Ζεύς* in Homer; it frequently stands by itself instead of *Ζεύς*. It was a name fully applicable to the supreme God, the God of time, the eternal God. Who does not think of the Ancient of Days? When this ceased to be understood, particularly as in the current word for time the *κ* had become aspirated (*κρόνος* had become *χρόνος*), people asked themselves the question, why is *Ζεύς* called *Κρονίδης*? And the natural and almost inevitable answer was, because he is the son, the offspring of a more ancient god, *Κρόνος*. This may be a very old myth in Greece; but the misunderstanding which gave rise to it, could have happened in Greece

only. We cannot expect, therefore, a god Κρόνος in the Veda. When this myth of Κρόνος had once been started, it would roll on irresistibly. If Ζεύς had once a father called Κρόνος, Κρόνος must have a wife. Yet it should be remembered as a significant fact, that in Homer Ζεύς is not yet called the son of Rhea, and that the name of Κρονίδης belongs originally to Ζεύς only, and not to his later brothers, Poseidon and Hades. Myths of this kind can be analyzed by Greek mythologists, as all the verbs in έω, άω, and όω can be explained by Greek etymologists. But most other names, such as Hermes, Eos, Eros, Erinys require more powerful tests; and Professor Welcker has frequently failed to discover their primitive character, because he was satisfied with a merely Greek etymology. He derives Erinys, or Erinnys, from a verb έρυνύειν, to be angry, and gives to her the original meaning of Conscience. Others have derived it from the same root as έρις, strife; others again from έρεείνω, to ask. But Erinys is too old a god for so modern a conception. Erinys is the Vedic Saranyû, the dawn; and even in Greek she is still called ήεροφοûτις, hovering in the gloom. There is no word expressive of any abstract quality, which had not originally a material meaning; nor is there in the ancient language of mythology any abstract deity which does not cling with its roots to the soil of nature. Professor Welcker is not the man to whom we need address this remark. He knows the German proverb:—

“Kein Faden ist so fein gesponnen  
Er kommt doch endlich an der Sonnen.”

He also knows how the sun is frequently represented as the avenger of dark crimes. The same idea is ex-

pressed by the myth of Erinyes. Instead of our lifeless and abstract expression, "a crime is sure to be discovered," the old proverbial and poetical expression was, the Dawn, the Erinyes, will bring it to light. Crime itself was called, in the later mythologizing language, the daughter of Night, and her avenger, therefore, could only be the Dawn. Was not the same Dawn called the bloodhound? Could she not find the track of the cattle stolen from the gods? She had a thousand names in ancient language, because she called forth a thousand different feelings in ancient hearts. A few only of these names became current appellatives; others remained as proper names, unintelligible in their etymological meaning and their poetical conception. The Greeks knew as little that Erinyes meant the Dawn, as Shakespeare knew the meaning of the Weird Sisters. Weird, however, was originally one of the three Nornes, the German Parcæ. They were called "Vurdh," "Verdhandi," and "Skuld,"—Past, Present, and Future; and the same idea is expressed more graphically by the thread that is spun, the thread passing through the finger, and the thread which is still on the distaff; or by Lachesis singing the past (*τὰ γεγονότα*), Klotho singing the present (*τὰ ὄντα*), and Atropos singing the future (*τὰ μέλλοντα*). The most natural expression for to-morrow was the morn; for the future, the dawn. Thus *Saranyû*, as one of the names of the dawn, became the name of the future, more especially of the coming avenger, the inevitable light. Homer speaks of the Erinyes in the plural, and so do the poets of the Veda. Neither of them, however, know as yet their names and parentage. Hesiod calls them the daughters of the Earth, conceived of

the drops of the blood of Ouranos. Sophokles claims the same freedom as Hesiod; he calls them the daughters of Skotos, or Darkness. Thus a mere proverb would supply in time a whole chapter of mythology, and furnish an Æschylus and Plato with subjects for the deepest thought and the most powerful poetry.

Into these, the earliest strata of mythological language and thought, no shaft can reach from the surface of Greece or Italy, and we cannot blame Professor Welcker for having failed in extricating the last roots and fibres of every mythological name. He has done his work; he has opened a mine, and, after bringing to light the treasures he was in search of, he has pointed out the direction in which that mine may be worked with safety. If new light is to be thrown on the most ancient and the most interesting period in the history of the human mind, the period in which names were given and myths were formed, that light must come from the Vedas; and we trust that Professor Welcker's book, by its weak as well as by its strong points, will impress on every classical scholar what Otfried Müller perceived many years ago, "that matters have come to such a point that classical philology must either resign altogether the historical understanding of the growth of language, as well as all etymological researches into the shape of roots and the organism of grammatical forms, or trust itself on these points entirely to the guidance and counsel of comparative philology."

*January, 1858.*

## XVIII.

### GREEK LEGENDS.<sup>1</sup>

IF the stories of the Greek gods and heroes, as told by Mr. Cox in his "Tales from Greek Mythology," the "Tales of Gods and Heroes," and the "Tales of Thebes and Argos," do not quite possess in the eyes of our children the homely charm of Grimm's "Mährchen" or Dasent's "Norse Tales," we must bear in mind that at heart our children are all Goths or Northmen, not Greeks or Romans; and that, however far we may be removed from the times which gave birth to the stories of Dornröschen, Sneewittchen, and Rumpelstilzchen, there is a chord within us that answers spontaneously to the pathos and humor of those tales, while our sympathy for Hecuba is acquired, and more or less artificial. If the choice were left to children whether they would rather have a story about the Norse trolls read out to them, or the tale of the Trojan War as told by Mr. Cox, we fully believe — in fact we know — that they would all clamor for Dasent or Grimm. But if children are told that they cannot always be treated to trolls and fairies, and that they must learn something about the Greek gods and goddesses, we likewise know that they will rather listen to Mr. Cox's tales from Greek fairyland than to any other book that is used at lessons.

<sup>1</sup> *A Manual of Mythology, in the Form of Question and Answer.* By the Rev. G. W. Cox. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

The "Manual of Mythology" which Mr. Cox has just published is meant as a lesson-book, more so than any of his former publications. If we add that the whole of Greek and Roman mythology is told in two hundred pages, in the somewhat cumbrous form of question and answer, we need not say that we have only a meagre abstract of classical mythology, a minimum, a stepping-stone, a primer, a skeleton, or whatever unpleasant name we like to apply to it. We wish indeed that Mr. Cox had allowed himself more ample scope, yet we feel bound to acknowledge that, having undertaken to tell what can be told, in two hundred pages, of classical mythology, he has chosen the most important, the most instructive, and the most attractive portions of his subject. Though necessarily leaving large pieces of his canvas mere blanks or covered with the faintest outlines, he has given to some of his sketches more life and expression than can be found in many a lengthy article contributed to cyclopædias and other works of reference.

But while Mr. Cox has thus stinted himself in telling the tales of Greek and Roman mythology, he has made room for what is an entirely new feature in his Manual, namely, the explanations of Greek and Roman myths, supplied by the researches of comparative mythologists. From the earliest philosophers of Greece down to Creuzer, Schelling, and Welcker, everybody who has ever thought or written on mythology has freely admitted that mythology requires an explanation. All are agreed that a myth does not mean what it seems to mean; and this agreement is at all events important, in spite of the divergent explanations which have been proposed by different scholars and philoso-

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phers in their endeavors to find sense either in single myths or in the whole system of ancient mythology.

There is also one other point on which of late years a general agreement has been arrived at among most students of mythology, and this is that all mythological explanations must rest on a sound etymological basis. Comparative philology, after working a complete reform in the grammar and etymology of the classical languages, has supplied this new foundation for the proper study of classical mythology, and no explanation of any myth can henceforth be taken into account which is not based on an accurate analysis of the names of the principal actors. If we read in Greek mythology that Helios was the brother of Eos and Selene, this needs no commentary. Helios means the sun, Eos the dawn, Selene the moon; nor does it require any great stretch of poetical imagination to understand how these three heavenly apparitions came to called brothers and sisters.

But if we read that Apollo loved Daphne, that Daphne fled before him and was changed into a laurel-tree, we have here a legend before us which yields no sense till we know the original meaning of Apollo and Daphne. Now Apollo was a solar deity, and although comparative philologists have not yet succeeded in finding the true etymology of Apollo, no doubt can exist as to his original character. The name of Daphne, however, could not have been interpreted without the aid of comparative philology, and it is not till we know that Daphne was originally a name of the dawn, that we begin to understand the meaning of her story. It was by taking myths which were still half intelligible, like those of Apollo and Daphne, Selene and

Endymion, Eos and Tithonos, that the first advance was made towards a right interpretation of Greek and Roman legends. If we read that Pan was wooing Pitys and that Boreas, jealous of Pan, cast Pitys from a rock, and that in her fall she was changed into a pine-tree, we need but walk with our eyes open along the cliffs of Bournemouth in order to see the meaning of that legend. Boreas is the Greek for north wind, Pitys for pine-tree. But what is Pan? Clearly another deity representing the wind in its less destructive character. The same Pan is called the lover of the nymph Echo, and of Syrinx. Why Pan, the wind, should be called the lover of Echo, requires no explanation. As to the nymph Syrinx, — a name which means, in Greek, the shepherd's pipe, — she is further fabled to have thrown herself into the river Ladon in order to escape from Pan, and to have been changed into a reed. Here mythology has simply inverted history; and while, in an account of the invention of musical instruments, we should probably be told that the wind whistling through the river reeds led to the invention of the shepherd's pipe, the poet tells us that Pan, the wind, played with Syrinx, and that Syrinx was changed into a reed. The name of Pan is connected with the Sanskrit name for wind, namely, "pavana." The root from which it is derived means, in Sanskrit, to purify; and as from the root "dyu," to shine, we have in Greek "Zên," "Zênós," corresponding to a supposed Sanskrit derivative, "dyav-an," the bright god, we have from "pû," to purify, the Greek "Pân," "Pânos," the purifying or sweeping wind, strictly corresponding to a possible Sanskrit form "pav-an." If there was anywhere in Greece a sea-

shore covered with pine-forests, like the coast of Dorset, any Greek poet who had ears to hear the sweet and plaintive converse of the wind and the trembling pine-trees, and eyes to see the havoc wrought by a fierce northeaster, would tell his children of the wonders of the forest, and of poor Pitys, the pine-tree wooed by Pan, the gentle wind, and struck down by jealous Boreas, the north wind.

It is thus that mythology arose, and thus that it must be interpreted if it is to be more than a mere conglomerate of meaningless or absurd stories. This has been felt by Mr. Cox; and feeling convinced that, particularly for educational purposes, mythology would be useless — nay, worse than useless — unless it were possible to impart to it some kind of rational meaning, he has endeavored to supply for nearly every important name of the Greek and Roman pantheon an etymological explanation and a rational interpretation. In this manner, as he says in his preface, mythology can be proved to be “simply a collection of the sayings by which men once upon a time described whatever they saw and heard in countries where they lived.” These sayings were all perfectly natural, and marvelously beautiful and true. (“We see the lovely evening twilight die out before the coming night, but when they saw this, they said that the beautiful Eurydike had been stung by the serpent of darkness, and that Orpheus was gone to fetch her back from the land of the dead. We see the light which had vanished in the west reappear in the east; but they said that Eurydike was now returning to the earth. And as this tender light is seen no more when the sun himself is risen, they said that Orpheus had turned round too soon to

~~Personification~~

did  
personify

look at her, and so was parted from the wife whom he loved so dearly." And not only do meaningless legends receive by this process a meaning and a beauty of their own, but some of the most revolting features of classical mythology are removed, and their true purport discovered. Thus Mr. Cox remarks:—

"And as it is with this sad and beautiful tale of Orpheus and Eurydike, so it is with all those which may seem to you coarse, or dull, or ugly. They are so only because the real meaning of the names has been half-forgotten or wholly lost. Œdipus and Perseus, we are told, killed their parents, but it is only because the sun was said to kill the darkness from which it seems to spring. So, again, it was said that the Sun was united in the evening to the light from which he rose in the morning; but in the later story it was said that Œdipus became the husband of his mother Iokaste, and a terrible history was built upon this notion." "But none of these fearful stories were ever made on purpose. No one ever sat down to describe gods and great heroes as doing things which all decent men would be ashamed to think of. There can scarcely be a greater mistake than to suppose that whole nations were suddenly seized with a strange madness which drove them to invent all sorts of ridiculous and contemptible tales, and that every nation has at some time or other gone mad in this way." *as yet*

That the researches of comparative mythologists, so well summed up in Mr. Cox's "Manual of Mythology," are in the main tending in the right direction, is, we believe, admitted by all whose opinion on such matters carries much weight. It has been fully proved that mythology is simply a phase, and an inevitable

phase in the growth of language; language being taken in its proper sense, not as the mere outward symbol, but as the only possible embodiment of thought. Everything, while language passes through that peculiar phase, may become mythology. Not only the ideas of men as to the origin of the world, the government of the universe, the phenomena of nature, and the yearnings and misgivings of the heart, are apt to lose their natural and straightforward expression, and to be repeated in a more or less distorted form, but even historical events, the exploits of a powerful man, the destruction of wild animals, the conquest of a new country, the death of a beloved leader, may be spoken of and handed down to later ages in a form decidedly mythological. After the laws that regulate the growth and decay of words have once been clearly established, instead of being any longer surprised at the breaking out of mythological phraseology, we almost wonder how any language could have escaped what may really be called an infantine disease, through which even the healthiest constitution ought to pass sooner or later. The origin of mythological phraseology, whatever outward aspects it may assume, is always the same; it is language forgetting herself. Nor is there anything strange in that self-forgetfulness, if we bear in mind how large a number of names ancient languages possessed for one and the same thing, and how frequently the same word was applied to totally different subjects. If we take the sun, or the dawn, or the moon, or the stars, we find that even in Greek every one of them is still polyonymous, *i. e.* has different names, and is known under various *aliases*. Still more is this the case in Sanskrit, though Sanskrit too is a language

which, to judge from its innumerable rings, must have passed through many summers and winters before it grew into that mighty stem which fills us with awe and admiration, even in the earliest relics of its literature. Now, after a time, one out of many names of the same subject necessarily gains a preponderance; it becomes the current and recognized name, while the other names are employed less and less frequently, and at last become obsolete and unintelligible. Yet it frequently happens that, either in proverbs, or in idiomatic phrases, or in popular poetry, some of these obsolete names are kept up, and in that case mythological decay at once sets in. It requires a certain effort to see this quite clearly, because in our modern languages, where everything has its proper name, and where each name is properly defined, a mythological misunderstanding is almost impossible.

But suppose that the exact meaning of the word "gloaming" had been forgotten, and that a proverbial expression, such as "The gloaming sings the sun to sleep," had been preserved, would not the gloaming very soon require an explanation? and would nurses long hesitate to tell their children that the gloaming was a good old woman who came every night to put the sun into his bed, and who would be very angry if she found any little children still awake? The children would soon talk among themselves about Nurse Gloaming, and as they grew up would tell their children again of the same wonderful old nurse. It was in this and in similar ways that in the childhood of the world many a story grew up which, when once repeated and sanctioned by a popular poet, became part and parcel

of what we are accustomed to call the mythology of ancient nations.

The mistake most commonly committed is to suppose that mythology has necessarily a religious character, and that it forms a whole or a system, taught in ancient times and believed in as we believe in our Articles, or even as the Roman Catholics believe in the legends of their saints. Religion, no doubt, suffered most from mythological phraseology, but it did not suffer alone. The stories of the Argonauts, or of the Trojan War, or of the Calydonian boar-hunt had very little to do with religion, except that some of the heroes engaged in them were called either the sons or the favorites of some of the so-called gods of Greece. No doubt we call them all gods, Vulcan and Venus, as well as Jupiter and Minerva; but even the more thoughtful among the Greeks would hardly allow the name of gods to all the inhabitants of Olympus, at least not in that pregnant sense in which Zeus and Apollo and Athene may fairly claim it. If children asked who was the good Nurse Gloaming that sang the sun to sleep, the answer would be easy enough, that she was the daughter of the sky or of the sea, in Greek the daughter of Zeus or of Nereus; but this relationship, though it might give rise to further genealogical complications, would by no means raise the nurse to the rank of a deity. We speak of days and years as perfectly intelligible objects, and we do not hesitate to say that a man has wasted a day or a year, or that he has killed the time. To the ancient world days and nights were still more of a problem; they were strangers that came and went, brothers, or brother and sister, who brought light and darkness, joy and sorrow, who might

be called the parents of all living things, or themselves the children of heaven and earth. One poetical image, if poetical it can be called, which occurs very frequently in the ancient language of India, is to represent the days as the herd of the sun, so that the coming and going of each day might be likened to the stepping forth of a cow, leaving its stable in the morning, crossing the heavenly meadows by its appointed path, and returning to its stable in the evening. The number of this solar herd would vary according to the number of days ascribed to each year. In Greek that simple metaphor was no longer present to the mind of Homer; but if we find in Homer that Helios had seven herds of oxen, fifty in each herd, and that their number never grows and never decreases, surely we can easily discover in these 350 oxen the 350 days of the primitive year. And if then we read again, that the foolish companions of Ulysses did not return to their homes because they had killed the oxen of Helios, may we not here too recognize an old proverbial or mythological expression, too literally interpreted even by Homer, and therefore turned into mythology? If the original phrase ran, that while Ulysses, by never-ceasing toil, succeeded in reaching his home, his companions wasted their time, or killed the days, *i. e.* the cattle of Helios, and were therefore punished, nothing would be more natural than that after a time their punishment should have been ascribed to their actually devouring the oxen on the island of Thrinakia; just as St. Patrick, because he converted the Irish and drove out the venomous brood of heresy and heathenism, was soon believed to have destroyed every serpent in that island, or as St. Christopher was represented as actually having carried on his shoulders the infant Christ.

All mythology of this character must yield to that treatment to which Mr. Cox has subjected the whole Greek and Roman pantheon. But there is one point that seems to us to deserve more consideration than it has hitherto received at the hands of comparative mythologists. We see that, for instance, in the very case of St. Patrick, mythological phraseology infected the perfectly historical character of an Irish missionary. The same may have taken place — in fact we need not hesitate to say the same has constantly taken place — in the ancient stories of Greece and Rome, as well as in the legends of the Middle Ages. Those who analyze ancient myths ought, therefore, to be prepared for this historical or irrational element, and ought not to suppose that everything which has a mythical appearance is thoroughly mythical or purely ideal. Mr. Cox has well delineated the general character of the most popular heroes of ancient mythology: —

“In a very large number of legends (he says), the parents, warned that their own offspring will destroy them, expose their children, who are saved by some wild beast and brought up by some herdsman. The children so recovered always grow up beautiful, brave, strong, and generous; but, either unconsciously or against their will, they fulfill the warnings given before their birth, and become the destroyers of their parents. Perseus, Œdipus, Cyrus, Romulus, Paris, are all exposed as infants, are all saved from death, and discovered by the splendor of their countenances and the dignity of their bearing. Either consciously or unconsciously Perseus kills Akrisios, Œdipus kills Laios, Cyrus kills Astyages, Romulus kills Amulius, and Paris brings about the ruin of Priam and the city of Troy.”

Mr. Cox supposes that all these names are solar names, and that the mythical history of every one of these heroes is but a disguise of language. Originally there must have existed in ancient languages a large number of names for the sun, and the sky, and the dawn, and the earth. The vernal sun returning with fresh vigor after the deathlike repose of winter had a different name from the sun of summer and autumn; and the setting sun with its fading brilliancy was addressed differently from the "bridegroom coming forth out of his chamber," or "the giant rejoicing to run his course." Certain names, expressions, and phrases sprang up, originally intended to describe the changes of the day and the seasons of the year; after a time these phrases became traditional, idiomatic, proverbial; they ceased to be literally understood, and were misunderstood and misinterpreted into mythical phraseology. At first the phrase "Perseus will kill Akrisios" meant no more than that light will conquer darkness, that the sun will annihilate the night, that the morn is coming. If each day was called the child of the night, it might be truly said that the young child was destined to kill its parents, that Œdipus must kill Laios.<sup>1</sup> And if the violet twilight, Iokaste, was called

<sup>1</sup> Professor Comparetti, in his Essay *Edipo e la Mitologia Comparata* (Pisa, 1867), has endeavored to combat M. Bréal's explanation of the myth of Œdipus. His arguments are most carefully chosen, and supported by much learning and ingenuity which even those, who are not convinced by his able pleading, cannot fail to appreciate. It is not for me to defend the whole theory proposed by M. Bréal in his *Mythe d'Edipe* (Paris, 1863). But as Professor Comparetti, in controverting the identification of "Laios" with the Sanskrit "dāsa," or "dāśya," denies the possibility of an Aryan *d* appearing in Greek as *l*, I may, in defense of my own identification of "dāsahantā" with λεωφόντης (Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. v. p. 152), be allowed to remark that I had supported the change of *d* into *l* in Greek by instances taken from Ahrens, *De Dialecto Dorica*, p. 85, such as λάφνη = δάφνη, Ὀλοσσεύς =

the wife of the nocturnal Laios, the same name of Iokaste, as the violet dawn, might be given to the wife of Œdipus. Hence that strangely entangled skein of mythological sayings which poets and philosophers sought to disentangle as well as they could, and which at last was woven into that extraordinary veil of horrors which covers the sanctuary of Greek religion.

But if this be so — and, strange as it may sound at first, the evidence brought in support of this interpretation of mythology is irresistible — it would seem to follow that Perseus, and Œdipus, and Paris, and Romulus could none of them claim any historical reality. Most historians might be prepared to give up Perseus, Œdipus, and Paris, perhaps even Romulus and Remus; but what about Cyrus? Cyrus, like the other solar heroes, is known to be a fatal child; he is exposed, he is saved, and suckled, and recognized, and restored to his royal dignity, and by slaying Astyages he fulfills the solar prophecy as completely as any one of his compeers. Yet, for all that, Cyrus was a real man, an historical character, whose flesh and bone no sublimating process will destroy. Here then we see that mythology does not always create its own heroes, but that it lays hold of real history, and coils itself round it so

Ὀδυσσεύς, and λίσκος = δίσκος. If in any of the local dialects of Greece the dental media could assume the sound of *l*, the admission of the change of a Greek *d* into a Greek *l* was justified for the purpose of explaining the name of one or two among the local heroes of ancient Greece, though I grant that it might be open to objections if admitted in the explanation of ordinary Greek words, such as λαός or μελέτω. If, therefore, Professor Curtius (*Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie*, p. 325) calls the transition of *d* into *l* unheard of in Greek, he could only have meant the classical Greek, and not the Greek dialects, which are nevertheless of the greatest importance in the interpretation of the names of local gods and heroes, and in the explanation of local legends.

closely that it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to separate the ivy from the oak, or the lichen from the granite to which it clings. And here is a lesson which comparative mythologists ought not to neglect. They are naturally bent on explaining everything that can be explained; but they should bear in mind that there may be elements in every mythological riddle which resist etymological analysis, for the simple reason that their origin was not etymological, but historical. The name of "Cyrus" or "Koresch" has been supposed to have some affinity with the Persian name of the sun, "khvar" or "khor"; and, though this is wrong, it can hardly be doubted that the name of "Astyages," the Median king, the enemy of Cyrus, doomed to destruction by a solar prophecy, is but a corruption of the Zend name "Azhi dahâka," the destructive serpent, the offspring of Ahriman, who was chained by Thraêtaona, and is to be killed at the end of days by Keresâspa. Mr. Cox refers several times to this "Azhi dahâka" and his conqueror Thraêtaona, and he mentions the brilliant discovery of Eugène Burnouf, who recognized in the struggle between Thraêtaona and "Azhi dahâka" the more famous struggle celebrated by Ferdusi in the "Shahnameh" between Feridun and Zohak.<sup>1</sup> If, then, the Vedic "Ahi," the serpent of darkness destroyed by Trita, Indra, and other solar heroes, is but a mythological name, and if the same applies to "Azhi dahâka," conquered by Thraêtaona, and to the Echidna slain by Phœbus, and to Fafnir slain by Sigurd, what shall we say of Astyages killed by Cyrus? We refer those who take an interest in these questions to a posthumous work of one of the most learned dig-

<sup>1</sup> See *Essay on the Zend-Avesta*, vol. i. p. 97.

nitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, the "Zoroas-trische Studien" of F. Windischmann. The historical character of Cyrus can hardly be doubted by any one, but the question whether Astyages was assigned to him as his grandfather merely by the agency of popular songs, or whether Astyages too was a real king, involves very important issues, particularly as, according to Windischmann, there can be no doubt as to the identity of Darius, the Median, of the Book of Daniel, and Astyages. What is called the history of Media before the time of Cyrus is most likely nothing but the echo of ancient mythology repeated by popular ballads. Moses of Khorene distinctly appeals to popular songs which told of "Ajdahak," the serpent,<sup>1</sup> and, with regard to the changes of the name, Modjmil<sup>2</sup> says that the Persians gave to Zohak the name of "Dehak," *i. e.* ten evils, because he introduced ten evils into the world. In Arabic his name is said to have been "Dechak," the laughter, while his other name "Azdehak" is explained as referring to the disease of his shoulders, where two serpents grew up which destroyed men.<sup>3</sup> All this is popular mythology, arising from a misunderstanding of the old name, "Azhi dahâka;" and we should probably not be wrong in supposing that even "Dejoces" was a corruption of "Dehak," another ancestor in that Median dynasty which came to an end in Astyages, the reputed grandfather of Cyrus. We can here only point to the problem as a warning to comparative mythologists, and remind them, in parting, that as many of the old German legends were

<sup>1</sup> Windischmann, *Zoroastrische Studien*, p. 138.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal Asiatique*, vol. xi. p. 156.

<sup>3</sup> Windischmann, *l. c.* p. 37.

transferred to the Apostles, as some of the ancient heathen prophecies were applied to the emperor Barbarossa, as tricks performed by solar archers were told again of a William Tell, and Robin Hood, and Friar Tuck — nay, as certain ancient legends are now told in Germany of Frederick the Great — it does not always follow that heroes of old who performed what may be called solar feats are therefore nothing but myths. We ought to be prepared, even in the legends of Herakles, or Meleagros, or Theseus, to find some grains of local history on which the sharpest tools of comparative **mythology** must bend or **break**.

*March 1867.*

## XIX.

### BELLEROPHON.

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WHAT was the original intention of the name of "Bellerophon?" That *bello*, the first part of the word, represents some power of darkness, drought, cold, winter, or of moral evil, is easy to guess. The Greeks say that there was a word τὰ ἔλλερα, which signified anything evil or hateful,<sup>1</sup> and was used in that sense by Kallimachos.<sup>2</sup> Nay, Bellerophon or Bellerophontes is said to have been called also Ellerophontes. That the Greeks in general, however, were no longer conscious of the appellative power of Belleros, is best proved by the fact that, in order to explain the myth of Bellerophon, they invented, very late, it would seem, a legend, according to which Bellerophon had killed a distinguished Corinthian, of the name of Belleros, and had fled to Argos or Tyrins to be purified by Prætos from the stain of that murder. Nothing, however, is known about this Belleros, and as the ordinary accounts represent Bellerophon as flying to Argos after having killed his brother Deliades, or, as he is also called, Peiren or Alkimenes, there can be little doubt

<sup>1</sup> Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, vol. ii. p. 55.

<sup>2</sup> Eustath. *ad Il.* p. 635; Næcke, *Opusc.* vol. ii. p. 167.

that the Corinthian nobleman of the name of Belleros owes his origin entirely to a desire of later mythologists, who felt bound to explain the no longer intelligible name of Bellerophon or Bellerophontes.

Such a name, it is quite clear, was not originally without some meaning, and without attempting to unravel the whole tragedy of Hipponoos, who afterwards monopolized the name of Bellerophon, it may be possible to discover by a strict observance of etymological laws, the original form and the original purport of this peculiar name.

With regard to the second half of the name, there can be little doubt that in Bellerophon and Bellerophontes, "phôn" and "phontês" had one and the same meaning. Now "phon-tês" at the end of compounds means the killer, the Sanskrit "han-tâ," killer; and therefore "phôn" can, in our name, hardly mean anything else, and would correspond exactly with the Sanskrit "han," nom. "hâ," killing.

From the reported change in the initial letter of Bellerophon, it is easy to see that it represents a labial liquid, and is in fact the well-known digamma Æolicum. But it is more difficult to determine what letters we ought to look for as corresponding in other languages to the λλ of the Greek word "bello." In many cases Greek λλ represents a single l, followed originally by a sibilant or a liquid.<sup>1</sup> In this manner we can account for the single l in πολύς and the double l in πολλοί. Πολύς corresponds to the Sanskrit "pulú" (Rv. I. 179, 5), or "purú," gen. "puros," whereas the oblique cases would represent a Sanskrit adjective "pūrvá," gen. "pūrvásya." As πολλοί points to a

<sup>1</sup> See Atrens, *Dial. Dor.* p. 60.

Sanskrit “purvé,” ὄλοι points to the Sanskrit “sárve.” In Latin, too, a double *l* owes its origin not unfrequently to an original single *l* or *r* followed by *v*.<sup>1</sup> Thus the double *l* in *mellis*, the gen. of *mel*, honey, is explained by the Sanskrit “madhu,” raised to “madhv-i,” and regularly changed to “madv-i,” “malv-i,” “mall-i.” *Fel*, gen. *fellis*, is explained by “haru” in “haruspex,”<sup>2</sup> raised to “harv-i,” “halv-i,” “hall-i,” “fall-i.”<sup>3</sup> *Mollis* corresponds to Sanskrit “mridu,” through the intermediate links, “madv-i,” “maldv-i,” “malv-i,” “mall-i;”<sup>4</sup> nay, if we consider the Vedic word for bee, “ridu-pâ’” (Rv. VIII. 77, 11), *mel*, *mellis*, too, might be derived from “mridu,” and not from “madhu.” According to these analogies, then, the Greek βέλλερο would lead us back to a Sanskrit word “varvara.” This word actually occurs in the Sanskrit language, and means hairy, woolly, shaggy, rough. It is applied to the negro-like aboriginal inhabitants of India who were conquered and driven back by Aryan conquerors, and it has been identified with the Greek βάρβαρος. Sandal-wood, for instance, which grows chiefly on the Malabar coast, is called in Sanskrit “barbarottha,” sprung up among Barbaras, because that coast was always held by Tamulian or non-Aryan people. Professor Kuhn, identifying *barbara* and βάρβαρος, refers the meaning of both words, not to the shaggy or woolly hair, but to the confused speech (*balbutire*) of non-Aryan tribes. It will be difficult to prove with what intent the Greeks and the Hindus first applied βάρβα-

<sup>1</sup> Corssen, *Kritische Beiträge*, p. 385.

<sup>2</sup> Aufrecht, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. iii. p. 198.

<sup>3</sup> As to the interchange of *h* and *f* in Latin, see Corssen, *Kritische Beiträge*, p. 208; as to the etymology of “fel,” *Ib.* p. 318

<sup>4</sup> Corssen, *Kritische Beiträge*, p. 323.

*pos* and *barbara* to tribes differing from themselves both in speech and aspect. It is true that in Greek the word occurs for the first time in Homer with a special reference to language ("Iliad," ii. 876, *Κᾶρες βαρβαρόφωνοι*) ; and in Sanskrit also the earliest passage in which "barbara" is found refers to speech (Rig-veda Prâtisâkhya, Sûtra 784 ; XIV. 6). But the "barbaratâ" there mentioned as a fault of pronunciation, is explained by the same word ("asaukumâryam") which in Sûtra 778 serves as an explanation of "lomasya ;" and this "lomasya," meaning shagginess, is, like the Greek *δασύτης*, clearly transferred from the shagginess of hair ("lo-man," hair) to the shagginess of pronunciation, so that after all, in Sanskrit at least, the original conception of the adjective "barbara" seems to have been shaggy.

However that may be, it is clear that many words for wool are derived from the same root "var" which yielded "varvara" or "barbara." This root means originally to cover, and it yielded in Sanskrit "ura" in *ura-bhra*, "ram, i. e. laniger ; in Greek *ἔρος* and *ἔρ-ιον*. In the Veda we have likewise the feminine "ûrâ," sheep (Rv. VIII. 34, 3), —

"ûrâm nâ dhûnute vrikaḥ,"

"(the stone tears the Soma plant) as the wolf tears the sheep." The wolf is called "ûrâmathi" (Rv. VIII. 66, 8), literally the sheep-shaker, or sheep-lifter.

From the same root are formed, by means of the suffix *na*, the Sanskrit "ûrnâ," wool, particularly of sheep ; afterwards "ûrnâyu," a goat, and a spider ; the one from wearing, growing, or supplying wool ; the other from, as it were, spinning or weaving it. Thus the spider is also called in Sanskrit "ûrna-nâbhi" and "ûrna-vâbhi," literally the wool-weaver ; and one of

the enemies killed by Indra is "Aurnavâbha," which seems to mean a ram rather, a wool-provider, than a spider. This "ûrnâ," as Bopp has shown, appears again in Russian as "vòlna," in Gothic as "vulla," *r* having been changed to *l*, and *ln* into *ll*. The same assimilation is found in Latin *villus*, gen. *villi*, and *vel-lus*, gen. *velleris*. It might be difficult to convince a classical scholar that *vellus* was not derived from the Latin *vellere*, particularly as Varro himself gives that etymology; but it would be equally difficult to establish such an etymology by any analogies. It is curious, however, to remark, for reasons to be explained hereafter, that *vellera* in Latin signifies light, fleecy clouds. (Virg. "Georg." 1, 397; Luc. iv. 124.)

"Ura," therefore, from a root "var," to cover, meant originally cover, then skin, fleece, wool. In its derivatives, too, these various meanings of the root "var" appear again and again, Thus "ûranâh" means ram, "urânî," sheep; but "urânâh," quite a different formation, means protector. For instance, with the genitive:—

Rv. I. 173, 7. "samâtsu tvâ sûra satâm urânâm pra-pathîntamam,"  
"Thee, O hero, in battles the protector of the brave, the best guide!"

Rv. VII. 73, 3. "âhema yagnâm pathâm urânâh,"  
"Let us speed the sacrifice, as keepers of the (old) ways!"

With the accusative:—

Rv. III. 19, 2. "(Agnîh) devâ-tâtîm urânâh,"  
"Agni, who protects the gods."

Rv. IX. 109, 9. "înduh punânâh pragâm urânâh,"  
"The purified Soma, protecting the people."

Without any case:—

Rv. IV. 6, 4. "(Agnîh) pra-dîvah urânâh,"  
"Agni the old guardian." See also Rv. IV. 7, 3; VI. 63, 4.

Now if "urnâ," wool, meant originally a covering,

“*var-na*” also, which now means color, would seem to have started from the same conception. Color might naturally be conceived as the covering, the outside, as *χρῶς* and *χρῶμα* in Greek combine the meanings of skin and color. From “*varna*,” color (brightness), we have in Sanskrit “*varni*,” gold, as from “*rûpa*,” form (beauty), we have “*rûpya*,” silver, from which “*Rupee* ;” for we cannot well derive the name of silver, the metal, from the figure (“*rûpa*”) that was stamped on a silver coin.

In the Veda “*varna*” appears in the sense of color, of bright color or light, and of race.

In the sense of color in general, “*varna*” occurs, —

Rv. I. 73, 7. “*krishnâm ka vârnâm arunâm ka sâṃ dhuh,*”

“They placed together the dark and the bright color (of night and day).”

Rv. I. 113, 2. “*dyâvâ vârnâm karathaḥ â-minâné,*”

“Day and night move on destroying their color.”

Frequently “*varna*” is used in the Veda as implying bright color or light: —

Rv. II. 34, 13. “*ni-méghamânâḥ âtyena pâgasâ su-skandrâm vârnâm dadhire su-pésasam,*”

“They (the Rudras) strongly showering down on their horse, made shining, beautiful light.” (On “*pâgas*” and its supposed connection with Pegasus, see Kuhn, in his “*Zeitschrift*,” vol. i. p. 461; and Sonne, *Ib.* vol. x. p. 174, seq.)

Rv. II. 1, 12. “*táva spârhe vârne,*”

“In thy sparkling light, O Agni!”

Rv. III. 34, 5. “*prâ imâm vârnâm atirat sukrâm âsâm,*”

“He, Indra, spread out the bright light of the dawn.”

In the ninth Mandala the color (“*varna*”) of the Soma juice is frequently mentioned, as “*hâri*,” “*rûsat*,” “*sûci*,” also as “*asûrya*”: —

Rv. X. 3, 3. “*Agnîḥ vi-tîshthan rûsadbhiḥ vârnah,*”

“Agni far-striding with shining colors.”

Even without determining adjectives, “*vârna*” has occasionally the sense of light —

Rv. I. 92, 10. "samânâm vârnâṃ abhî sumbhâmânâ,"

"The old Dawn that clothes herself in the same light."

Rv. X. 124, 7. "tâḥ asya vârnâṃ sūkayaḥ bharibhrati,"

"They (the dawns), the bright ones, carry always the light of the sun." See also Rv. II. 4, 5; II. 5, 5; IV. 15, 3.

Hence we may take "varna" in the same sense in another passage, where the commentator explains it as Indra, the protector:—

Rv. I. 104, 2. "devâsah manyûm dâśasya skamnan  
té nah â vakshan suvitâya vârnâṃ,"

"The gods broke the pride of Dâśa (the enemy); may they bring to us light for the sacrifice."

Lastly, "varna" means color, or tribe, or caste, the difference in color being undoubtedly one of the principal causes of that feeling of strangeness and heterogeneity which found expression in the name of tribe, and, in India, of caste.<sup>1</sup> The commentators generally take "varna" in the technical sense of caste, and refer it to the three highest castes ("traivarnika") in opposition to the fourth, the Sûdras.

Rv. III. 34, 9. "hatvi dâsyûn prâ âryam vârnâṃ âvah,"

"Indra, killing the Dasyus (the enemies), has protected the Aryan color."

Rv. II. 12, 4. "yâḥ dâśam vârnâṃ âdharam gûhâ âkar,"

"Indra who brought the color of the Dâśas low in secret."

Rv. II. 3, 5. "vârnâṃ punânâḥ yasâśam su-vîram,"

"(The heavenly gates) which illuminate the glorious color (race), rich in heroes."

But to return to "varvara," to which on etymological grounds we should assign the meaning of shaggy, hairy, *villosus*, it need hardly be said that such a word, though it supplies an intelligible meaning of the Greek myth of Belleros, as slain by Bellerophon, does not occur in the Veda among the numerous names of the demons slain by Indra, Agni, and other bright gods.

<sup>1</sup> See my letter to Chevalier Bunsen, *On the Turanian Languages* p. 84.

The same happens very frequently, namely, that Sanskrit supplies us with the etymological meaning of a term used in Greek mythology, although the corresponding word does not occur in the actual or mythological language of India. Thus the Greek "Hêrâ" is easily explained by "Svârâ," or, according to Sonne (Kuhn, "Zeitschrift," vol. x. p. 366, vol. ix. p. 202), by "Vasrâ;" but neither of these words occurs in the mythological phraseology of the Veda. There remains, however, a question which has still to be answered, namely, Do we find among the demons slain by solar deities, one to whom the name of "varvara,"<sup>1</sup> in the sense of shaggy, would be applicable? and this question we may answer with a decided Yes.

One of the principal enemies or "dâsas" conquered by Indra is the black cloud. This black cloud contains the rain or the fertilizing waters which Indra is asked to send down upon the earth, and this he can only do by slaying the black demon that keeps them in prison. This black cloud itself is sometimes spoken of in the Veda as the black skin:—

Rv. IX. 41, 1. "ghnântaḥ krishnâṃ āpa tvákam,"  
"Pushing away the black skin, i. e. cloud."

In other places the cloud is called the rain-giving and fertilizing skin:—

Rv. I. 129, 3. "dasmâḥ hí sma vríshanaṃ pínvasi tvákam,"  
"For thou, the strong one, fillest the rainy skin."

<sup>1</sup> Βέλλερος may either be simply identified with "varvara," in the sense of shaggy, or by taking Φελλος as representing the Latin *villus*, an adjective Φελλερος might have been formed, like φθονερός from φθόνος. The transition into λλ appears also in μάλλος, sheep's-wool, where the μ represents the labial liquid. See Lobeck, *De Prothesi et Aphæresi*, p. 111 seq.; and Curtius, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. ii. p. 410: μαρπ = vrik; μέλδων = Féλδων, μάτην = vrithâ.

While thus the cloud itself is spoken of as a black skin, the demon of the cloud, or the cloud personified, appears in the Veda as a ram, *i. e.* as a shaggy, hairy animal, in fact, as a Βέλλερος.

Thus *Urana*, which, as we saw before, meant ram or *laniger*, is a name of a demon, slain by Indra : —

Rv. II. 14. "Ye priests, bring hither Soma for Indra, pour from the bowls the delicious food! The hero truly always loves to drink of it; sacrifice to the strong, for he desires it!

"Ye priests, he who struck down *Vritra*, when he had hid the waters, as a tree is struck by lightning, — to him who desires this Soma, offer it; for that Indra desires to drink it!

"Ye priests, he who slew *Dṛśbhika*, who drove out the cows, for he had opened the stable, to him offer this Soma! Cover him with Somas as the wind in the sky, as an old woman covers herself with clothes!

"Ye priests, he who slew *Urana*, who had shown his ninety-nine arms, — he who slew down to the ground *Arbuda*, that Indra call hither to the offering of Soma!"

Here *Urana* is no doubt a proper name, but the idea which it suggested originally could only have been that of "*urana*," meaning ram or some other shaggy animal. And the same applies to the Greek Βέλλερος. Though in Greek it has become a mere proper name, its original meaning was clearly that of the shaggy ram as the symbol of the shaggy cloud, a *monstrum villosum*, this being the very adjective which Roman poets like to apply to monsters of the same kith and kin, such as *Gorgo* or *Cacus*; *e. g.* *Ov.* "Met." x. 21 : —

"Nec uti villosa colubris  
Terna Medusæ vincirem guttura monstri."

"Æn." viii. 266 (of *Cacus*) : —

"Terribiles oculos, vultum, villosaque setis  
Pectora semiferi" . . . .

We cannot therefore claim the name of *Belleros* or

Bellerophon for that period of mythology which preceded the Aryan separation, a period during which such names as Dyaus = Ζεύς, Varuna = Οὐρανός, Ushas = Ἥως, Saranyû = Ἐρινός, Ahanâ = Δάφνη and Ἀθήνη, Ribhu = Ὀρφεός, Haritas = Χάριτες were current among the ancient worshippers of the Devas or bright gods. But we can see at least this, that Bellerophontes had an intelligible meaning, and a meaning analogous to that of other names of solar heroes, the enemies of the dark powers of nature, whether in the shape of night, or dark clouds, or winter. In the Veda one of the principal representatives of that class of demons is Vritra, literally the coverer, the hider, whether of light or rain. Indra, the great solar deity of the Veda, is emphatically called "Vritrahan," the killer of Vritra. It is well known that the name of Indra, as the supreme deity of the Vedic pantheon, is a name of Indian growth. Derived from the same root as "indu," drop, it represents the Jupiter *pluvius*, whose supremacy among the gods of India is fully accounted for by the climatic character of that country. Dyaus, *i. e.* Ζεύς, the god of the bright sky, the original supreme deity of the undivided Aryans, was replaced in India by Indra, who is sometimes called the son of Dyaus, so that in India the prophecy of Prometheus may be said to have been fulfilled, even before it was uttered under a Greek sky.

But though we must not look in Greek mythology for traces of a name like Indra, which did not spring into existence before the separation of the Aryans, it is not impossible that some of the names of Indra's enemies may have been preserved in other countries. These enemies were the enemies of Dyaus and other

gods as well as of Indra ; and as they belong to an earlier period, the appearance of their names in the new homes of the Aryan emigrants could have nothing to surprise us.

One of the names belonging to this class of beings, hostile to men and the bright gods, and common to India and Greece, I observed many years ago, and having communicated my observation to several of my friends, it was mentioned by them even before I found an opportunity of laying it before the public, and supporting it by sufficient proof. My excellent friend, Professor Trithen, whose early death has deprived Sanskrit scholarship of a man of real genius and high promise, mentioned my identification of Kerberos with the Sanskrit "sarvara" in a Paper read in April, 1848, and published in the "Transactions of the Philological Society;" and another learned friend of mine referred to it with approval a few years later, though neither of them represented correctly the steps by which I had arrived at my conclusion. My first point was that, as "sârvarî" in the Veda means the night, "sarvara" must have had the original sense of dark or pale:—

Rv. V. 52, 3. "té syandrâso ná ukshânah âti skandanti sârvarîh,"

"These (the Storm-gods), like powerful bulls, rise over the dark nights (or the dark clouds?)."

My second point was that the *r* in "sarvara" may be dropt, and this I proved by comparing "sarvarîka," a low, vile man, with "savara," a barbarian; or "sârvara,"<sup>1</sup> mischievous, nocturnal, with "sâvara," low, vile. I thus arrived at "savara," as a modified form

<sup>1</sup> Durga, in his *Commentary on the Nirukta* (MS. E. I. H. 357, p. 223) says of the Dawn: "sârvarena tamasâ digdhâni sarvadravayâni piakâsodakena dhautânîva karoti."

of "sarvara," in the sense of dark, pale, or nocturnal. Lastly, by admitting the frequent change of *r* into *l*, I connected "sabála," the Vedic epithet of the dog of Yama, the son of Saramâ, with Kérberos, though I drew attention to the difference in the accent as a point that still required explanation. Kerberos, therefore, in Greek, would have meant originally the dark one, the dog of night, watching the path to the lower world. In the Veda we find two such dogs, but they have not yet received any proper names, and are without that individuality which was imparted to them by later legends. All we learn of them from the Veda is that they have four eyes and broad snouts, that their color is dark or tawny, that they guard the road to the abode of Yama, the king of the departed, and that the dead must pass by them before they can come to Yama and the Fathers. They are also said to move about among men, as the messengers of Yama, to feast on the life of men, so that Yama is implored to protect men from their fury, while, in other places, they themselves are invoked, like Yama and Mrityu, to grant a long life to man. As the offspring of Saramâ, they are called Sârameya; but they have, as yet, no real proper names. The same applies to Kerberos. His proper name does not occur in Homer, but the dog of Hades in Erebus is mentioned by him without further particulars. Hesiod is the first who mentions the name and genealogy of Kerberos, and with him he is already fifty-headed, brazen-voiced, and furious. Later poets speak of him as three-headed, with serpents for his tail and mane; and at last he becomes hundred-headed. This Kerberos, as we know, is seized by Herakles and brought up to the daylight, though thrown back again into Hades.

But, besides Kerberos, there is another dog conquered by Herakles, and as he, like Kerberos, is born of Typhaon and Echidna, we may well look upon him as the brother or ditto of Kerberos. He is the dog of Geryones, sometimes called Kerberos himself ("Palæph." 40); and as Herakles, before conquering Kerberos, has first to struggle with Menœtios, the cowherd, we find that in his eighth labor, too, Herakles has to struggle with the cowherd Eurytion and his dog; nay, according to some authorities, Menœtios himself takes part again in this struggle. This second dog is known by the name of "Orthros," the exact copy, I believe, of the Vedic *Vritra*. That the Vedic *Vritra* should appear in Greece in the shape of a dog, need not surprise us, particularly as there are traces to show that in Greek mythology also he was originally a monster of a less definite character. We find him, in Hesiod's "Theogony," v. 308 seq., among the children of Echidna and Typhaon:—

ἡ δ' ὑποκυσσαμένη τέκετο κρατερὸφρονα τέκνα,  
 "Ορθρον μὲν πρῶτον κύνα γείνατο Γηρ' οὐνηϊ.  
 δεύτερον αὐτίς ἔτικτεν ἀμήχανον, οὔτι φατειόν  
 Κέρβερον, ὠμηστήν, Ἄϊδεω κύνα χαλκεόφωνον,  
 πεντηκοντακάρηνον, ἀναΐδα τε κρατερόν τε.

Soon after, "Ορθρος, for this is, no doubt, the right reading, instead of "Ορθος, is called the parent of the Nemæan lion. And what indicates still more the original meaning of "Ορθρος as a representative of darkness struggling with light, is the idiomatic use of ὄρθρος as signifying the time before sunrise. Thus we read in Hesiod, "O. D." 575, ὄρθρον ἀνιστάμενος, rising early, *i. e.* while the darkness still reigns, and while the last portion of the night is not yet driven away by the

dawn (*entre chien et loup*). The swallow, too, is called ὄρθρογοή (568), literally "the early wailing;" the cock ὄρθροβόας, the earlier caller. Thus we read in Hom. "Hymn. Merc." 98, —

ὄρφναίη δ' ἐπικούρος ἐπαύετο δαιμονίη νύξ,  
ἢ πλείων, τάχα δ' ὄρθρος ἐγίγνετο δημοεργος,

where ὄρθρος might simply be translated by Vritra, if we consider how, in Vedic phraseology, Vritra is the thief who keeps the cows or the rays of the morning shut up in his stable, and how the first peep of day is expressed by Saramâ discovering the dark stables of Vritra and the Panis. Of Hermès (the Sârameya) it is said (v. 145) that he comes ὄρθριος, *i. e.* with Vritra, at the time of the final discomfiture of Vritra,<sup>1</sup> and that he comes silently, so that not even the dogs bark at him, οὔτε κύνες λελάκοντο.

Thus we discover in Herakles, the victor of Orthros, a real Vritrahan, what might have been in Greek an Ὁρθροφῶν or Ὁρθροφόντης; and, though the names may differ, we now see in Βελλεροφῶν or Βελλεροφόντης, who killed, if not a he-goat (Urana), at least a she-goat, *i. e.* Χίμαιρα, a mere variation of the same solar hero, and a reflection of the Vedic Indra Vritrahan. Chimæra, like Orthros and Kerberos, is a being with three heads or three bodies (τρισώματος and τρικέφαλος); nay, like Orthros and Kerberos, Chimæra, too, is the offspring of Typhaon and Echidna.

Nay, further, although the name of Ὁρθροφῶν or Ὁρθροφόντης has not been preserved in Greek mythology, it is possible, I think, to discover in Greek traces of another name, having the same import in Sanskrit,

<sup>1</sup> The same place where Vritra lies (i. 52, 6, "râgasah budhnâm") is also called the birthplace of Indra, iv. 1, 11.

and frequently used as a synonym of "vritrahan." This is "dasyuhan," the killer of Dasyu. "Dasyu" or "dâsa" is in the Veda the general name of the enemies of the bright gods, as well as of their worshippers, the Aryan settlers of India. "Dasyuhantâ" or "dâsa-hantâ" would in Greek assume the form of  $\delta\epsilon\omega\phi\acute{o}\nu\tau\eta\varsigma$ , or, as in some places of ancient Greece  $\delta$  was pronounced like  $\lambda$ ,<sup>1</sup> this might assume the form of  $\lambda\epsilon\omega\phi\acute{o}\nu\tau\eta\varsigma$ . Now this Leophontes occurs in Greek mythology as another name of Bellerophon, and it is clear that the meaning of that name could not have been lion-killer, for that would have been Leontophontes, but that it could only signify killer of whatever is expressed by  $\lambda\epsilon\omega$  or  $\delta\epsilon\omega$ .

It is perfectly true that the change of  $d$  into  $l$  is in Greek restricted to certain dialects, and that it cannot

<sup>1</sup> That  $d$  and  $l$  are interchangeable letters is perfectly true, but this general rule is liable to many limitations as applied to different languages. An original  $l$ , for instance, is hardly ever changed to  $d$ , and hence the derivation of *lingua* from *lih*, to lick, is very doubtful; for *dingua*, which is mentioned as the older form of *lingua*, could well have been changed to *lingua*, but not vice versa. On the same ground I doubt whether in *adepts* the  $d$  represents an original Aryan  $l$ , although the Greek  $\acute{\alpha}\lambda\epsilon\iota\phi\alpha$ , ointment,  $\lambda\acute{\iota}\pi\alpha$ , fat, and Sanskrit "lip," to anoint, would seem to support this view. My former identification of  $\mu\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\tau\acute{\alpha}\omega$  and *meditor* is equally untenable. All we can say for certain is that an original or Aryan  $d$  may become  $l$  in Latin: e. g. Sansk. "devara," Greek  $\delta\acute{\alpha}\nu\eta\rho$  = Lat. *levir*; Sansk. "dih," Goth. "deiga" = Lat. *pol-lingo*; Greek  $\delta\acute{\alpha}\kappa\rho$ , Goth. "tagr" = Lat. *lacru-ma*; Greek  $\theta\acute{\omega}\rho\alpha\varsigma$  = Lat. *lorica*; Greek  $\text{Ὀδυσσεύς}$  = Lat. *Ulyxes*. In Latin itself an original  $d$  changes dialectically with  $l$ , as in *odor* and *olfacil*; *impedimenta* and *impelimenta*; *dedicare* and *delicare*; *cassida* and *cassila*; *sedere* and *solium*; *præsidium* and *præsilium*, and *sul* in *præsul*, etc.; *dautia* and *lautia*; *dingua* ("tuggō" Goth.) and *lingua*; *Medicæ* and *Melicæ*; *redivia* and *reluvium*, if from *reduo*, like *induvicæ*, and not from *luo*, as proposed by Festus; *Diumpais* (Osc.) and *lymphis*; *Akudunnia* (Osk.) and *Aquilonia*, of unknown origin, but with original  $d$ , as proved even by the modern name "Lacedœgna." In Greek the same dialectic change is recorded in  $\lambda\acute{\alpha}\rho\eta\eta$  =  $\delta\acute{\alpha}\phi\eta\eta$ ,  $\lambda\acute{\iota}\sigma\kappa\omicron\varsigma$  =  $\delta\acute{\iota}\sigma\kappa\omicron\varsigma$ ,  $\text{Ὀλ}''\sigma\sigma\epsilon\acute{\upsilon}\varsigma$  =  $\text{Ὀδ}''\sigma\sigma\epsilon\acute{\upsilon}\varsigma$ .

be admitted as a general rule, unless there be some new evidence to that effect. Were it not so, one might feel inclined to trace even the common Greek word for people *λαός*, back to the same source as the Sanskrit, "dâsa." For "dasyu," meaning originally enemies, *hostes*, assumed in Zend "danhu" and "daqyu, the sense of province, — a transition of meaning which is rendered intelligible by the use of "dahyu" in the cuneiform inscriptions, where Darius calls himself king of Persia and king of the Dahyus, *i. e.* of the conquered people or provinces.<sup>1</sup> The same transition of meaning must be admitted in Greek, if, as Professor Pott suggests, the Greek *δεσ-πότης* and *δέσ-ποινα* correspond to Sanskrit "dâsa-pati" and "dâsâ-patnî," in the sense of lord of subjects. The only difficulty here, would be the retention of the *s* of dâsâ," which, according to general practice, would have been dropt between two vowels. The true form of "dâsâ" in Greek would be *δαός* or *δεώς*. *Δαός* is well known as a name of slaves, but it admits of a different explanation.<sup>2</sup> The adjective *δαίος*, however, or *δήϊος*, hostile, is clearly derived from the same source, the root being "das," to perish; though it is true that in its frequent application to fire, the adjective *δαίος* might also be referred to the root "du," to burn.<sup>3</sup> After we have once discovered on Greek soil the traces of "dâsa" in the sense of enemy, we see clearly that Leophontes, as the name of Bellerophon, could not have meant originally the killer of the people, but only

<sup>1</sup> Lassen, *Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, vol. vi. p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> See Niebuhr, *Kleinere Schriften*, vol. i. p. 377.

<sup>3</sup> See Aufrecht, in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. vii. p. 312; Pott, *Ib.* vol. viii. p. 428.

the killer of enemies. And if Leophontes meant the killer of enemies or fiends, it can only be explained as corresponding to the Sanskrit "dâsahantâ," the destroyer of enemies, these enemies being the very "Dâsas" or demons of the Veda, such as Vritra (Ὀρθρος), Namuki (Ἀμυκός),<sup>1</sup> Sambara,<sup>2</sup> and others.

November, 1855.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A. Fick, in Benfey's *Orient und Occident*, vol. iii. p. 126.

<sup>2</sup> Sambara, a very common name of a demon slain by Indra, invites comparison with "sabara" and "sarbara," the Sanskrit original of Kerberos. In the Zend-Avesta, too, "srvara" occurs as the name of a serpent ("azhi").

<sup>3</sup> Some critical remarks on the subject of this article may be seen in Professor Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*, second edition, vol. ii. p. 744.

## XX.

### THE NORSEMEN IN ICELAND.<sup>1</sup>

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THERE is, after Anglo-Saxon, no language, no literature, no mythology so full of interest for the elucidation of the earliest history of the race which now inhabits these British Isles as the Icelandic. Nay, in one respect, Icelandic beats every other dialect of the great Teutonic family of speech, not excepting Anglo-Saxon and Old High-German and Gothic. It is in Icelandic alone that we find complete remains of genuine Teutonic heathendom. Gothic, as a language, is more ancient than Icelandic; but the only literary work which we possess in Gothic is a translation of the Bible. The Anglo-Saxon literature, with the exception of the "Beowulf," is Christian. The old heroes of the "Nibelunge," such as we find them represented in the Suabian epic, have been converted into church-going knights; whereas, in the ballads of the elder "Edda," Sigurd and Brynhild appear before us in their full pagan grandeur, holding nothing sacred but their love, and defying all laws, human and divine, in the name of that one almighty passion. The Icelandic contains the key to many a riddle in the English lan

<sup>1</sup> *The Norsemen in Iceland.* By Dr. G. W. Dasent. *Oxford Essays*, 1858.

guage, and to many a mystery in the English character. Though the Old Norse is but a dialect of the same language which the Angles and Saxons brought to Britain, though the Norman blood is the same blood that floods and ebbs in every German heart, yet there is an accent of defiance in that rugged Northern speech, and a spring of daring madness in that throbbing Northern heart, which marks the Northman wherever he appears, whether in Iceland or in Sicily, whether on the Seine or on the Thames. At the beginning of the ninth century, when the great Northern exodus began, Europe, as Dr. Dasent remarks, "was in danger of becoming too comfortable. The two nations destined to run neck-and-neck in the great race of civilization, Frank and Anglo-Saxon, had a tendency to become dull and lazy, and neither could arrive at perfection till it had been chastised by the Norsemen, and finally forced to admit an infusion of Northern blood into its sluggish veins. The vigor of the various branches of the Teutonic stock may be measured by the proportion of Norman blood which they received; and the national character of England owes more to the descendants of Hrolf Ganger than to the followers of Hengist and Horsa."

But what is known of the early history of the Norsemen? Theirs was the life of reckless freebooters, and they had no time to dream and ponder on the past, which they had left behind in Norway. Where they settled as colonists or as rulers, their own traditions, their very language, were soon forgotten. Their language has nowhere struck root on foreign ground, even where, as in Normandy, they became earls of Rouen, or, as in these isles, kings of England. There

is but one exception — Iceland. Iceland was discovered, peopled, and civilized by Norsemen in the ninth century; and in the nineteenth century, the language spoken there is still the dialect of Harold Fairhair, and the stories told there are still the stories of the “Edda,” or the Venerable Grandmother. Dr. Dasent gives us a rapid sketch of the first landings of the Norwegian refugees on the fells and forths of Iceland. He describes how love of freedom drove the subjects of Harold Fairhair forth from their home; how the Teutonic tribes, though they loved their kings, the sons of Odin, and sovereigns by the grace of God, detested the dictatorship of Harold. “He was a mighty warrior,” so says the ancient Saga, “and laid Norway under him, and put out of the way some of those who held districts, and some of them he drove out of the land; and, besides, many men escaped out of Norway because of the overbearing of Harold Fairhair, for they would not stay to be subject to him.” These early emigrants were Pagans, and it was not till the end of the tenth century that Christianity reached the Ultima Thule of Europe. The missionaries, however, who converted the freemen of Iceland were freemen themselves. They did not come with the pomp and the pretensions of the Church of Rome. They preached Christ rather than the Pope; they taught religion rather than theology. Nor were they afraid of the old heathen gods, or angry with every custom that was not of Christian growth. Sometimes this tolerance may have been carried too far, for we read of kings, like Helgi, “mixed in their faith, who trusted in Christ, but at the same time invoked Thor’s aid whenever they went to sea, or got into any difficulty.”

But on the whole, the kindly feeling of the Icelandic priesthood toward the national traditions and customs and prejudices of their converts must have been beneficial. Sons and daughters were not forced to call the gods whom their fathers and mothers had worshipped, devils; and they were allowed to use the name of "Allfadir," whom they had invoked in the prayers of their childhood when praying to Him who is "Our Father in Heaven."

The Icelandic missionaries had peculiar advantages in their relation to the system of paganism which they came to combat. Nowhere else, perhaps, in the whole history of Christianity, has the missionary been brought face to face with a race of gods who were believed by their own worshippers to be doomed to death. The missionaries had only to proclaim that Balder was dead, that the mighty Odin and Thor were dead. The people knew that these gods were to die, and the message of the One Ever-living God must have touched their ears and their hearts with comfort and joy. Thus, while in Germany the priests were occupied for a long time in destroying every trace of heathenism, in condemning every ancient lay as the work of the devil, in felling sacred trees and abolishing national customs, the missionaries of Iceland were able to take a more charitable view of the past, and they became the keepers of those very poems, and laws, and proverbs, and Runic inscriptions, which on the Continent had to be put down with inquisitorial cruelty. The men to whom the collection of the ancient pagan poetry of Iceland is commonly ascribed, were men of Christian learning: the one, the founder of a public school; the other, famous as the author of a history of the North

the "Heimskringla." It is owing to their labors that we know anything of the ancient religion, the traditions, the maxims, the habits of the Norsemen, and it is from these sources that Dr. Dasent has drawn his stores of information, and composed his vigorous and living sketch of primitive Northern life. It is but a sketch, but a sketch that will bear addition and completion. Dr. Dasent dwells most fully on the religious system of Iceland, which is the same, at least in its general outline, as that believed in by all the members of the Teutonic family, and may truly be called one of the various dialects of the primitive religious and mythological language of the Aryan race. There is nothing more interesting than religion in the whole history of man. By its side, poetry and art, science and law, sink into comparative insignificance. Dr. Dasent, however, has not confined his essay to the religious life of Iceland. He has added some minute descriptions of the domestic habits, the dress, the armor, the diet, the laws, and the customs of the race, and he has proved himself well at home in the Icelandic homestead. One thing only we miss, — an account of their epic poetry; and this, we believe, would on several points have furnished a truer picture of the very early and purely pagan life of the Norsemen than the extracts from their histories and law books, which are more or less, if not under the influence of Christianity, at least touched by the spirit of a more advanced civilization. The old poems, in their alliterating metre, were proof against later modifications. We probably possess what we do possess of them, in its original form. As they were composed in Norway in the sixth century after Christ, they were carried to

Iceland in the ninth, and written down in the eleventh century. The prose portions of the "Old Edda," and still more of the "Young Edda," may be of later origin. They betray in many instances the hand of a Christian writer. And the same applies to the later Sagas and law books. Here much is still to be done by the critic, and we look forward with great interest to a fuller inquiry into the age of the various parts of Icelandic literature, the history of the MSS., the genuineness of their titles, and similar questions. Such subjects are hardly fit for popular treatment, and we do not blame Dr. Dasent for having passed them over in his essay. But the translator of the younger "Edda" ought to tell us hereafter what is the history of this, and of the older collection of Icelandic poetry. How do we know, for instance, that Sæmund (1056-1133) collected the Old, Snorro Sturlason (1178-1241) the Young "Edda?" How do we know that the MSS. which we now possess, have a right to the title of "Edda?" All this rests, as far as we know, on the authority of Bishop Brynjulf Swendsen, who discovered the "Codex regius" in 1643, and wrote on the copy of it, with his own hand, the title of "Edda Sæmundar hinns froda." None of the MSS. of the second, or prose "Edda," bear that title in any well-authenticated form; still less is it known whether Snorro composed either part or the whole of it. All these questions ought to be answered, as far as they can be answered, before we can hope to see the life of the ancient Norsemen drawn with truthfulness and accuracy. The greater part of the poems, however, bear an expression of genuineness which cannot be challenged; and a comparison of the mythology of the "Edda" with that of the Teutonic

tribes, and again, in a more general manner, with that of the other Indo-Germanic races, is best calculated to convince the skeptic that the names and the legends of the Eddic gods are not of late invention. There are passages in the "Edda" which sound like verses from the Veda. Dr. Dasent quotes the following lines from the elder "Edda:" —

" 'Twas the morning of time,  
When yet naught was,  
Nor sand nor sea were there,  
Nor cooling streams;  
Earth was not formed,  
Nor heaven above;  
A yawning gap there was,  
And grass nowhere."

A hymn of the Veda begins in a very similar way: —

" Nor Aught nor Naught existed; yon bright sky  
Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched above.  
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?  
Was it the waters fathomless abyss? " etc.

There are several mythological expressions common to the "Edda" and Homer. In the "Edda," man is said to have been created out of an ash-tree. In Hesiod, Zeus creates the third race of men out of ash-trees; and that this tradition was not unknown to Homer, we learn from Penelope's address to Ulysses: "Tell me thy family, from whence thou art; for thou art not sprung from the olden tree, or from the rock."

There are, however, other passages in the "Edda," particularly in the prose "Edda," which ought to be carefully examined before they are admitted as evidence on the primitive paganism of the Norsemen. The prose "Edda" was written by a man who mixed classical learning and Christian ideas with Northern traditions. This is clearly seen in the preface. But traces

of the same influence may be discovered in other parts, as, for instance, in the dialogue called "Gylfi's Mocking." The ideas which it contains are meant to be pagan, but are they really pagan in their origin? Dr. Dasent gives the following extract:—

"Who is first and eldest of all gods? He is called "Allfadir" (the Father of All, the Great Father) in our tongue. He lives from all ages, and rules over his realm, and sways all things, great and small. He made heaven and earth, and the sky, and all that belongs to them; and he made man, and gave him a soul that shall live and never perish, though the body rot to mould or burn to ashes. All men that are right-minded shall live and be with him in the place called "Vingolf:" but wicked ones fare to Hell, and thence into Nifhell, that is, beneath in the ninth world."

We ask Dr. Dasent, Is this pure, genuine, unsophisticated paganism? Is it language that Sigurd and Brynhild would have understood? Is that "Allfadir" really nothing more than Odin, who himself must perish, and whom at the day of doom the wolf, the Fenris-wolf, was to swallow at one gulp? We can only ask the question here, but we doubt not that in his next work on the antiquities of the Northern races, Dr. Dasent will give us a full and complete answer, and thus satisfy the curiosity which he has raised by his valuable contribution to the "Oxford Essays."

## XXI.

### FOLK-LORE.<sup>1</sup>

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As the science of language has supplied a new basis for the science of mythology, the science of mythology bids fair, in its turn, to open the way to a new and scientific study of the folk-lore of the Aryan nations. Not only have the radical and formal elements of language been proved to be the same in India, Greece, Italy, among the Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic nations; not only have the names of many of their gods, the forms of their worship, and the mainsprings of their religious sentiment been traced back to one common Aryan source; but a further advance has been made. A myth, it was argued, dwindles down to a legend, a legend to the tale; and if the myths were originally identical in India, Greece, Italy, and Germany, why should not the tales also of these countries show some similarity even in the songs of the Indian ayah and the English nurse? There is some truth in this line of argument, but there is likewise great danger of error. Granted that words and myths were originally identical among all the members of the Aryan family; granted likewise that they all went through the same vicissi-

<sup>1</sup> *Curiosities of Indo-European Tradition and Folk Lore.* By W. K. Kelly. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.

tudes ; would it not follow that, as no sound scholar thinks of comparing Hindustani and English, or Italian and Russian, no attempt at comparing the modern tales of Europe to the modern tales of India could ever lead to any satisfactory results ? The tales, or "Mährchen," are the modern *patois* of mythology, and if they are to become the subject of scientific treatment, the first task that has to be accomplished is to trace back each modern tale to some earlier legend, and each legend to some primitive myth. And here it is very important to remark that, although originally our popular tales were reproductions of more ancient legends, yet after a time a general taste was created for marvelous stories, and new ones were invented, in large numbers whenever they were required, by every grandmother and every nurse. Even in these purely imaginative tales, analogies may no doubt be discovered with more genuine tales, because they were made after original patterns, and in many cases, were mere variations of an ancient air. But if we tried to analyze them by the same tests as the genuine tales, if we attempted to recognize in them the features of ancient legends, or to discover in these fanciful strains the key-notes of sacred mythology, we should certainly share the fate of those valiant knights who were led through an enchanted forest by the voices of fairies till they found themselves landed in a bottomless quagmire. Jacob Grimm, as Mr. Kelly tells us in his work on "Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore," was the first scholar who pointed out the importance of collecting all that could be saved of popular stories, customs, sayings, superstitions, and beliefs. His "German Mythology" is a store-house of such curiosities, and, to

gether with his collection of "Mährchen," it shows how much there is still floating about of the most ancient language, thought, fancy, and belief, that might be, and ought to be collected in every part of the world. The Norse Tales lately published by Dr. Dasent are another instance that shows how much there is to reward the labors of a careful collector and a thoughtful interpreter. Sufficient material has been collected to enable scholars to see that these tales and translations are not arbitrary inventions or modern fictions, but that their fibres cling in many instances to the very germs of ancient language and ancient thought. Among those who, in Germany, have followed in the track of Grimm, and endeavored to trace the modern folk-lore back to its most primitive sources, the names of Kuhn, Schwartz, Mannhardt, and Wolf held a prominent place; and it has been the object of Mr. Kelly to make known to us in his book the most remarkable discoveries which have been achieved by the successors and countrymen of Jacob Grimm in this field of antiquarian research.

Mr. Kelly deserves great credit for the pains he has taken in mastering this difficult subject, but we regret the form in which he has thought fit to communicate to an English public the results of his labors. He tells us that a work by Dr. Kuhn, "On the Descent of Fire and the Drink of the Gods," is his chief authority; but he adds:—

"Although the very different nature of my work has seldom allowed me to translate two or three consecutive sentences from Dr. Kuhn's elaborate treatise, yet I wish it to be fully understood that, but for the latter, the former could not have been written. I am the more

bound to state this once for all, as emphatically as I can, because the very extent of my indebtedness has hindered me from acknowledging my obligations to Dr. Kuhn, in the text or in foot-notes, as constantly as I have done in most other cases."

We cannot help considering this an unsatisfactory arrangement. If Mr. Kelly had given a translation of Dr. Kuhn's essay, English readers would have known whom to hold responsible for the statements, many of them very startling, as to the coincidences in the tales and traditions of the Aryan nations. Or, again, if Mr. Kelly had written a book of his own, we should have had the same advantage; for he would, no doubt, have considered himself bound to substantiate every fact quoted from the "Edda" or from the Veda by a suitable reference. As it is, the reader's curiosity is certainly excited to the highest degree, but his incredulity is in no way relieved. Mr. Kelly does not tell us that he is a Sanskrit or an Icelandic scholar, and hence we naturally infer that his assertions about the gods of the Indian and Northern pantheons are borrowed from Dr. Kuhn and other German writers. But, if so, it would have been far preferable to give the *ipsissima verba* of these scholars, because, in descriptions of ancient forms of belief or superstition, the slightest change of expression is apt to change the whole bearing of a sentence. Many of Dr. Kuhn's opinions have been challenged and controverted by his own countrymen, — by Welcker, Bunsen, Pott, and others; some he has successfully supported by new evidence, others he may be supposed to have surrendered. All this could not be otherwise in a subject so new and necessarily so full of guess-work as the study of folk-lore,

and it detracts in no way from the value of the excellent essays in which Dr. Kuhn and others have analyzed various myths of the Aryan nations. All we insist on is this, that before we can accept any conclusions as to the Vedic character of Greek gods, or the deep meaning of so whimsical a custom as divination with the sieve and shears, we must have chapter and verse from the Veda, and well authenticated descriptions of the customs referred to. People do not object to general assertions about the Bible, or Homer, or Virgil, or Shakespeare, because here they can judge for themselves, and would not mind the trouble of checking statements which seem at all startling. But if they are asked to believe that the Veda contains the true theogony of Greece, that Orpheus is "*Ribhu*," or the wind, that the Charites are the Vedic "*Haritas*," or horses, the Erinnys "*Saranyû*," or the lightning, they will naturally insist on evidence such as should enable them to judge for themselves, before assenting to even the most plausible theories. What authority is there for saying (p. 14) that, —

“The Sanskrit tongue in which the Vedas are written, is the sacred language of India, that is to say, the oldest language, the one which was spoken, as the Hindus believe, by the gods themselves, when gods and men were in frequent fellowship with each other, from the time when Yama descended from heaven to become the first of mortals.”

The Hindus, as far as we know, never say that the gods spoke Vedic as opposed to ordinary Sanskrit; they never held that during the Vedic period the gods lived in more frequent fellowship with men; they never speak of Yama as descending from heaven to

become the first of mortals. These are three mistakes, or at least three entirely un-Indian ideas, in one sentence. Again, when we are told (p. 19) that, "in the Vedas, Yama is the first lightning-born mortal," we imagine that this is a simple statement from the Veda, whereas it is a merely hypothetical and, we believe, erroneous view of the nature of Yama, drawn from the interpretation of the names of some Vedic deities. If given as a guess, with all its pros and cons, it would be valuable; if given, as here, as a simple fact, it is utterly deceptive.

In page 18 we are told:—

"On the whole, it is manifest that all these divine tribes, Maruts, *Ribhus*, *Bhrigus*, and *Angiras*, are beings identical in nature, distinguished from each other only by their elemental functions, and not essentially different from the *Pitris* or fathers. The latter are simply the souls of the pious dead."

Now these are strong and startling assertions, but again given dogmatically, and without any proof. The *Pitris* are, no doubt, the fathers, and they might be called the souls of the pious dead; but, if so, they have no elementary origin, like the gods of the storms, the days, and the seasons; nor can they have any elementary functions. To say that the *Pitris* or *Manes* shone as stars to mortal eyes (p. 20) is another assertion that requires considerable limitation, and is apt to convey as false an idea of the primitive faith of the Vedic *Rishis*, as when (p. 21) we read that the "Âpas" (waters) are cloud-maidens, brides of the gods, or navigators of the celestial sea ("nâvyaḥ"), and that the "Apsaras" are damsels destined to delight the souls of heroes—the *houris*, in fact, of the

Vedic paradise. The germs of some of these ideas may, perhaps, be discovered in the hymns of the Veda, but to speak thus broadly of a Vedic paradise, of houris, and cloud-maidens, is to convey, as far as we can judge from texts and translations hitherto published, an utterly false idea of the simple religion of the Vedic poets.

One other instance must suffice. At the end of the sixth chapter, in order to explain why a healing virtue is ascribed in German folk-lore to the mistletoe and the ash, Mr. Kelly makes the following statement: "This healing virtue, which the mistletoe shares with the ash, is a long-descended tradition, for the *Kushtha*, the embodiment of the Soma, a healing plant of the highest renown among the Southern Aryans, was one that grew beneath the heavenly *Asvattha*." We tried in vain to understand the exact power of the *for* in this sentence. Great stress is laid in Northern Mythology on the fact that the mistletoe grows upon a tree, and does not, like all other plants, spring from the earth. But the *Kushtha* is never said to grow upon the heavenly *Asvattha*, which Mr. Kelly translates by religious fig, but beneath it. In fact, it is the *Asvattha*, or Pippal, which, if found growing on another tree, the *Sami* (*Acacia suma*), is considered by the Brahmans as peculiarly fitted for sacrificial purposes. The *for*, therefore, must refer to something else as forming the *tertium comparationis* between the mistletoe and the *Kushtha*. Is it their healing power? Hardly; for, in the case of the mistletoe, the healing power is a popular superstition; in the case of the *Kushtha*, the *Costus speciosus*, it is, we believe, a medicinal fact. We suppose, therefore, that Mr. Kelly

perceived the similarity between the German and the Indian plants to consist in this, that the *Kushtha* was really an embodiment of Soma, for in another passage he says:—

“Besides the earthly Soma, the Hindus recognize a heavenly Soma or Amrita (*ambrosia*), that drops from the imperishable Asvattha or Peepul (*Ficus religiosa*), out of which the immortals shaped the heaven and the earth. Beneath this mighty tree, which spreads its branches over the third heaven, dwell Yama and the Pitris, and quaff the drink of immortality with the gods. At its foot grow plants of all healing virtue, incorporations of the Soma.”

Mr. Kelly then proceeds to remark that “the parallelism between the Indian and the Iranian world-tree on the one hand, and the ash Yggdrasil on the other, is very striking.” We shall pass by the Iranian world-tree, the fact being that the Zend-Avesta does not recognize one, but always speaks of two trees.<sup>1</sup> But fixing our attention on Mr. Kelly’s comparison of what he calls the Indian world-tree and the ash Yggdrasil, the case would stand thus: The Hindus believe in the existence of a Pippal-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) that drops Soma (*Asclepias acida*), at the foot of which grows the *Kushtha* (*Costus speciosus*), a medicinal plant, the incorporation of the Soma dropping from the Pippal. As there is a similarity between the ash Yggdrasil and the Pippal, both representing originally, as is maintained, the clouds of heaven, therefore a healing virtue was ascribed to the ash and the mistletoe by the Aryans that came to settle in Europe. We will not deny that if the facts, as here stated, were quite cor-

<sup>1</sup> See vol. i. p. 154.

rect, some similarity of conception might be discovered in the German Yggdrasil and the Indian Pippal. But did the Brahmans ever believe in a Pippal dropping Soma, and in that Soma becoming embodied in a *Costus*? Mr. Kelly here, for once, gives a reference to Rig-veda II. 164, which, as we find from the original work of Dr. Kuhn, is intended for Rig-veda II. 164, 19-22. In that hymn the word *Kushtha* never occurs. A tree is indeed mentioned there, but it is not called *Asvattha*, nor is it said to drop Soma, nor is there any allusion to the fact that heaven and earth were made of that tree. All that can be gathered from the extremely obscure language of that hymn is that the fruit of the tree there described is called Pippala; that birds settle on it eating that fruit; that they sing praises in honor of a share of immortality, and that these birds are called eaters of sweet things. That the word used for "immortality" may mean Soma, that the word meaning "sweet" may stand for the same beverage, is perfectly true; but, even if that conjectural rendering should be adopted, it would still leave the general meaning of the verses far too obscure to justify us in making them the basis of any mythological comparisons. As to the *Kushtha* — the *Costus speciosus*, which is said to be called in the Rig-veda an incorporation of Soma, we doubt whether such a word ever occurs in the Rig-veda. It is mentioned in the mystical formulas of the Atharva-veda, but there again it is called, indeed, the friend of Soma (Ath.-veda, V. 4, 7), but not its embodiment; nor is there any statement that under the *Asvattha*-tree there mentioned, the gods drink Soma, but simply that Yama drinks there with the gods.

It is impossible to be too careful in these matters, otherwise everything becomes everything. Although Mr. Kelly takes it for granted that the poets of the Veda knew a tree similar to the tree Yggdrasil, — a world-tree, or a cloud-tree, or whatever else it may be called, — there is not a single passage that has been brought forward in support by Mr. Kelly or by Dr. Kuhn himself, which could stand a more severe criticism. When the poets exclaim, “What wood, what tree was it, of which they made heaven and earth?” — this means no more in the ancient language of religious poetry than, Out of what material were heaven and earth formed? As to the tree Ilpa — or more correctly, Ilya — nothing is known of it beyond its name in one of the latest works of Vedic literature, the Upanishads, and the remarks of so modern a commentator as Sankara. There is no proof whatever of anything like the conception of the Yggdrasil having entered the thoughts of the Vedic poets; and to ascribe the healing virtue of ash or mistletoe to any reminiscence of a plant, *Kushta*, that might have grown under a Vedic fig-tree, or Soma-tree, or Yggdrasil, is to attempt to lay hold of the shadow of a dream.

There is but one way in which a comparative study of the popular traditions of the Aryan nations can lead to any satisfactory result. Let each tale be traced back to its most original form, let that form be analyzed and interpreted in strict accordance with the rules of comparative philology, and after the kernel, or the simple and original conception of the myth, has been found, let us see how the same conception and the same myth have gradually expanded and become diversified under the bright sky of India and in the

forests of Germany. Before the Northern Yggdrasil is compared to a supposed Indian world-tree it is absolutely necessary to gain a clear insight into the nature of the myth of Yggdrasil. That myth seems to be of a decidedly cosmogonic and philosophical character. The tree seems to express the Universe. It is said to have three roots: one in Niflheim, near the well called "Hvergelmir;" a second in Jötunheim, near the well of the wise Mimir; and a third in heaven, near the well of Vurdh. Its branches embrace the whole world. In heaven the gods hold their meetings under the shadow of this tree, near the well of Vurdh. The place is guarded by the three Nornas (Vurdh, Verdhandi, and Skuld, — Past, Present, and Future), who water the roots of the tree with the water of Vurdh. In the crown of the tree sits an eagle, and in the well of Hvergelmir lies the serpent Nidhöggr, and gnaws its roots. In none of these conceptions are there any clear traces of clouds or thunder-storms; but if there were, this would be the very reason why the Yggdrasil could not be compared to the Indian Asvattha, in which no ingenuity will ever discover either a bank of clouds or a thunder-storm.

*December, 1863.*

ZULU NURSERY TALES.<sup>1</sup>

WE should before now have brought the Rev. Dr. Callaway's collection of the Nursery Tales, Traditions, and Histories of the Zulus to the notice of our readers, if we had not been waiting for a new instalment of his interesting work. Dr. Callaway calls what he has published the first part of the first volume, and as this part contained only about three or four sheets, we looked forward to a speedy continuation. The fact is that one cannot well form an opinion of the real character of nursery tales and popular stories without seeing a good many of them. Each story by itself may seem rather meaningless or absurd, but if certain features occur again and again, they become important in spite of their childishness, and enable us to discover some method in their absurdity. If we knew of only three or four of the stories of Jupiter or Herakles, we should hardly give much thought to them; but having before us the immense quantity of fables about Greek gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, we naturally look upon them, with all their strangeness and extravagance, as a problem in the history of the Greek nation,

<sup>1</sup> *Izinganekwane nensumansumane nezindaba zabantu.* "Nursery Tales, Traditions, and Histories of the Zulus." By the Rev. Henry Callaway, M. D. Vol. i. part i. Natal, 1866.

and we try to discover in them certain characteristics which throw light on the origin of these abnormal creations of the human mind. It was the same with the German nursery tales. Their existence in every country where German races had settled was perfectly well known, but they did not become the subject of historical and psychological inquiry till the brothers Grimm published their large collection, and thus enabled scholars to generalize on these popular fictions. By this time the study of popular tales has become a recognized branch of the study of mankind. It is known that such tales are not the invention of individual writers, but that, in Germany as well as everywhere else, they are the last remnants — the *detritus*, if we may say so — of an ancient mythology ; that some of the principal heroes bear the nicknames of old heathen gods ; and that in spite of the powerful dilution produced by the admixture of Christian ideas, the old leaven of heathendom can still be discovered in many of the stories now innocently told by German nurses of saints, apostles, and the Virgin Mary.

From this point of view, the mere fact that the Zulus possess nursery tales is curious, because nursery tales, at least such as treat of ghosts and fairies and giants, generally point back to a distant civilization, or at least to a long-continued national growth. Like the anomalies of a language, they show by their very strangeness that time enough has elapsed for the consolidation of purely traditional formations, and that a time must have been when what is now meaningless or irregular was formed with a purpose, and according to rule. But before it is possible to analyze these Zulu tales, two things are necessary. First, we must have

a much larger collection of them than we now possess ; and, secondly, more collections must be made among tribes of the same large race to which the Zulus belong. The Zulus are a Kafir race, and recent researches have made it very clear that the Kafir races occupy the whole east coast of Africa from the South to several degrees beyond the Equator. They migrated from North to South, and in the South they are bounded by the Hottentots, who belong to a different race. The Hottentots, too, are now believed to have migrated from the North of Africa, and their language is supposed to be akin to the dialects spoken in the countries south of Egypt. If the ethnological outlines of the continent of Africa are once firmly established, the study of the sacred and profane traditions of the several African tribes will acquire a new interest ; and it is highly creditable to Dr. Callaway, Dr. Bleek, and others, to have made a beginning in a field of research which at first sight is not very attractive or promising. Many people, no doubt, will treat these stories with contempt, and will declare that they are not worth the paper on which they are printed. The same thing was said of Grimm's "Mährchen ;" nay, it was said by Sir William Jones of the Zend-Avesta, and, by less distinguished scholars, of the Veda. But fifty years hence the collection of these stories may become as valuable as the few remaining bones of the dodo. Stories become extinct like dodos and megatheria, and they die out so rapidly that in Germany, for instance, it would be impossible at present to discover traces of many of the stories which the brothers Grimm and their friends caught up from the mouth of an old granny or a village doctor half a century ago.

Nor is it an easy matter to catch popular stories. The people who know them are willing enough to tell them to their children, but they do not like to repeat them to grown up people, least of all to strangers, who are supposed to laugh at them. Thus Dr. Callaways says:—

“Like most other people, the Zulus have their nursery tales. They have not hitherto, as far as I know, been collected. Indeed, it is probable that their existence even is suspected but by a few, for the women are the depositaries of these tales; and it is not common to meet with a man who is well acquainted with them, or who is willing to speak of them in any other way than as something which he has some dim recollection of having heard his grandmother relate. It has been no easy matter to drag out the following tales; and it is evident that many of them are but fragments of some more perfect narration.”

Waiting, then, for a larger instalment of Zulu stories before we venture to pronounce an opinion of their value for ethnological purposes, we proceed to point out a few of their most curious features, which may serve as a lesson and as a warning to the student of the folk-lore of European and Indo-European nations. If we admit for the present, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that the Zulus were free from the influence of German missionaries or Dutch settlers in the formation of their popular stories, it is certainly surprising to see so many points of similarity between the heroes of their kraals and of our own nurseries. The introduction of animals, speaking and acting the parts of human beings, was long considered as an original thought of the Greek and the Teutonic tribes. We now find exactly the same kind of “ani-

mal fables" among the Zulus, and Dr. Bleek has actually discovered among the Hottentots traces of the stories of Renard the Fox.<sup>1</sup> The idea that among animals cunning is more successful than brute force,—an idea which pervades the stories of "Reinecke Fuchs," and of many other fables,—predominates likewise in the fables of the Zulus. In the Basuto legend of the "Little Hare," the hare has entered into an alliance with the lion, but, having been ill-treated by the latter, determines to be avenged. "My father," said he to the lion, "we are exposed to the rain and hail; let us build a hut." The lion, too lazy to work, left it to the hare to do, and "the wily runner" took the lion's tail, and interwove it so cleverly into the stakes and reeds of the hut that it remained there confined forever, and the hare had the pleasure of seeing his rival die of hunger and thirst. The trick is not quite so clever as that of Reinecke, when he persuades the bear to go out fishing on the ice; but then the hare compasses the death of the lion, while Reinecke by his stratagem only deprives the bear of his ornamental tail.

As in the German tales the character of Renard the Fox is repeated in a humanized shape as Till Eulenspiegel, so among the Zulus one of the most favorite characters is the young rogue, the boy Uhlakanyana,

<sup>1</sup> *Reynard the Fox in South Africa*. By W. H. I. Bleek. London, 1864. "Whether these fables are indeed the real offspring of the desert, and can be considered as truly indigenous native literature, or whether they have been either purloined from the superior white race or at least brought into existence by the stimulus which contact with the latter gave to the native mind (like that resulting in the invention of the Tshiroki and Vei alphabets) may be matters of dispute for some time to come, and it may require as much research as was expended upon the solving of the riddle of the originality of the Ossianic poems" (p. xiii).

who at first is despised and laughed at, but who always succeeds in the end in having the laugh on his side. This Uhlakanyana performs, for instance, the same trick on a cannibal by which the hare entrapped the lion. The two have struck up a friendship, and are going to thatch their house before they sit down to devour two cows. Uhlakanyana is bent on having the fat cow, but is afraid the cannibal will assign to him the lean cow. So he says to the cannibal, "Let the house be thatched now; then we can eat our meat. You see the sky, that we shall get wet." The cannibal said, "You are right, child of my sister." Uhlakanyana said, "Do you do it then; I will go inside and push the thatching-needle for you." The cannibal went up. His hair was very, very long. Uhlakanyana went inside and pushed the needle for him. He thatched in the hair of the cannibal, tying it very tightly; he knotted it into the thatch constantly, taking it by separate locks and fastening it firmly. He saw the hair was fast enough, and that the cannibal could not get down. When he was outside, Uhlakanyana went to the fire, where the udder of the cow was boiled. He took it out and filled his mouth. The cannibal said, "What are you about, child of my sister? Let us just finish the house; afterwards we can do that; we can do it together." Uhlakanyana replied, "Come down, then." The cannibal assented. When he was going to quit the house, he was unable to quit it. He cried out, "Child of my sister, how have you managed your thatching? Uhlakanyana said, "See to it yourself. I have thatched well, for I shall not have any dispute. Now I am about to eat in peace; I no longer dispute with anybody, for I am

alone with my cow." It hailed and rained. The cannibal cried on the top of the house; he was struck with the hailstones, and died there on the house. It cleared. Uhlakanyana went out, and said, "Uncle, just come down. It has become clear. It no longer rains, and there is no longer hail, neither is there any more lightning. Why are you silent?" So Uhlakanyana eat his cow alone, and then went his way.

Dr. Callaway compares the history of the travels and adventures of Uhlakanyana to those of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer, and it is curious, indeed, to observe how many of the tricks which we admired as children in English or German story-books are here repeated with but trifling modifications. The feat performed by Uhlakanyana of speaking before he was born exceeds indeed the achievements even of the most precocious of German imps, and can only be matched, as Dr. Callaway points out, by St. Benedict, who, according to Mabillon, sang eucharistic hymns in the same state in which Uhlakanyana was clamoring for meat. But the stratagem by which this Zulu "Boots," after being delivered to the cannibal's mother to be boiled, manages to boil the old woman herself, can easily be matched by Peggy or Grethel who bakes the cannibal witch in her own oven, or by the Shifty Highland Lad, or by Maol a Chliobain who puts the giant's mother in the sack in which she had been suspended. Uhlakanyana had been caught by cannibals, and was to be boiled by their mother; so, while the cannibals are away, Uhlakanyana persuades the old mother to play with him at boiling each other. The game was to begin with him, a proposal to which the old dame readily assented. But he took care to pre-

vent the water from boiling, and after having been in the pot for some time, he insisted on the old mother fulfilling her part of the bargain. He put her in, and put on the lid. She cried out, "Take me out, I am scalded to death." He said, "No, indeed, you are not. If you were scalded to death, you could not say so." So she was boiled, and said no more.

There is a story of a cook which we remember reading not long ago in a collection of German anecdotes. His master gives him a brace of partridges to roast, and being very hungry, the cook eats one of them. When his master returns, he eats one partridge, and then asks for the other. "But this was the other," says the cook, and nothing can persuade him that it wasn't. The same witticism, such as it is, reappears in the story of Ullakanyana teaching the leopard how to suckle her cubs. The leopard wants to have both her cubs together, but he insists that only one ought to be suckled at a time, the fact being that he had eaten one of the cubs. He then gives her the one that is still alive, and after it has been suckled, he gives it back to her as the second cub.

Those of our readers who still recollect the fearful sensations occasioned by the "Fee fo fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," will meet with several equally harrowing situations in the stories of the Zulus, and of other races, too, to whom the eating of an Englishman is a much less startling event than it seemed to us. Usikulmui, a young Zulu hero, goes to court two daughters of Uzembeni, who had devoured all the men of the country in which she lived. The two girls dug a hole in the house to conceal their sweetheart, but towards sunset Uzembeni, the mother,

returned. She had a large toe; her toe came first, she came after it; and as soon as she came, she laughed and rolled herself on the ground, saying, "Eh, eh! in my house here to-day there is a delicious odor; my children, what is there here in the house?" The girls said, "Away! Don't bother us; we do not know where we could get anything; we will not get up." Thus Usikulumi escapes, and after many more adventures and fights with his mother-in-law, carries off her two girls.

It is impossible of course to determine the age of these stories, so as to show that foreign influences are entirely out of the question. Yet nursery tales are generally the last things to be adopted by one nation from another, and even in the few stories which we possess we should probably have been able to discover more palpable traces of foreign influences, if such influences had really existed. Nay, there is one feature in these stories which to a certain extent attests their antiquity. Several of the customs to which they allude are no longer in existence among the Zulus. It is not, for instance, any longer the custom among the natives of South Africa to bake meat by means of heated stones, the recognized mode of cookery among the Polynesians. Yet when Usikulumi orders a calf to be roasted, he calls upon the boys of his kraal to collect large stones, and to heat them. There are several other peculiarities which the Zulus seem to share in common with the Polynesians. The avoiding of certain words which form part of the names of deceased kings or chieftains is a distinguishing feature of the Zulu and Polynesian languages, being called *Ukukhlonipa* in the one, and *Tepi* in the other. If a

person who has disappeared for some time, and is supposed to be dead, returns unexpectedly to his people, it is the custom both among the Zulus and Polynesians to salute him first by making a funeral lamentation. There are other coincidences in the stories of both races which make it more than probable that at some distant period they lived either together or in close neighborhood; and if we find that some of the customs represented as actually existing in the Zulu stories, have long become extinct on the African continent, while they continue to be observed by the Polynesian islanders, we might indeed venture to conclude, though only as a guess at truth, that the origin of the Zulu stories must be referred to a time preceding the complete separation of these two races. While some customs that have become obsolete at present are represented as still in force among the Zulus of the nursery tales, as, for instance, the use of the Uhlakula or wooden weeding-stick which is now generally replaced by an iron pick; other things, such as the use of medicines, so much talked of now among the natives, and which they imagine can produce the most marvelous results, are never alluded to. All this would be so much *primâ facie* evidence of the genuineness and antiquity of these Zulu tales, and would seem to exclude the idea of European influences. The only allusion to foreigners occurs in a story where one of the heroes, in order to be taken for a stranger, commits a number of grammatical blunders by leaving out the prefixes that form so essential a feature in all Kafir dialects. But this would not necessarily point to Europeans, as other strangers too, such as Hottentots, for instance, would naturally neglect these grammatical niceties.

We hope that Dr. Callaway will soon be able to continue his interesting publication. Apart from other points of interest, his book, as it contains the Zulu text and an English translation on opposite columns, will be of great use to the student of that language. The system of writing the Zulu words with Roman letters, adopted by Dr. Callaway, seems both rational and practical. Like many others, he has tried Dr. Lepsius' standard alphabet, and found it wanting. "The practical difficulties," he writes, "in the way of using the alphabet of Lepsius are insuperable, even if we were prepared to admit the soundness of all the principles on which it is founded."

*March, 1867.*

POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE.<sup>1</sup>

—◆—

WE had thought that the Popular Tales, the “*Kinder und Hausmärchen*” which the brothers Grimm collected from the mouths of old women in the spinning-rooms of German villages, could never be matched. But here we have a collection from the Norse as like those German tales as “Dapplegrim was to Dapplegrim,” “there wasn’t a hair on one which wasn’t on the other as well.” These Scandinavian “*Folkeeventyr*” were collected by MM. Asbjörnson and Moe during the last fifteen years, and they have now been translated into English by Dr. Dasent, the translator of the “*Icelandic Edda*,” and the writer of an excellent article in the last “*Oxford Essays*,” “*On the Norsemen in Iceland*.” The translation shows in every line that it has been a work of love and unflagging enjoyment; and we doubt not that, even transplanted on a foreign soil, these fragrant flowers will strike root and live, and be the delight of children — young and old — for many generations to come.

Who can tell what gives to these childish stories their irresistible charm? There is no plot in them to

<sup>1</sup> *Popular Tales from the Norse*. By George Webbe Dasent, D. C. L. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1859.

excite our curiosity. No gorgeous description of scenery, *à la* Kingsley, dazzles our eyes; no anatomy of human passion, *à la* Thackeray, rivets our attention. No, it is all about kings and queens, about princes and princesses, about starving beggars and kind fairies, about doughty boys and clumsy trolls, about old hags that bawl and screech, and about young maidens as white as snow and as red as blood. The Devil, too, is a very important personage on this primitive stage. The tales are short and quaint, full of downright absurdities and sorry jokes. We know from the beginning how it will all end. Poor Boots will marry the Princess and get half the kingdom. The stepmother will be torn to pieces, and Cinderella will be a great queen. The troll will burst as soon as the sun shines on him; and the Devil himself will be squeezed and cheated till he is glad to go to his own abode. And yet we sit and read, we almost cry, and we certainly chuckle, and we are very sorry when —

“ Snip, snap, snout,  
This tale's told out.”

There is witchery in these simple old stories yet! But it seems useless to try to define in what it consists. We sometimes see a landscape with nothing particular in it. There is only a river, and a bridge, and a red-brick house, and a few dark trees, and yet we gaze and gaze till our eyes grow dim. Why we are charmed we cannot tell. Perhaps there is something in that simple scenery which reminds us of our home, or of some place which once we saw in a happy dream. Or we watch the gray sky and the heavy clouds on a dreary day. There is nothing in that picture that would strike an artist's eye. We have seen it all hun-

dreds of times before ; and yet we gaze and gaze, till the clouds, with their fantastic outlines, settle round the sun, and vanish beyond the horizon. They were only clouds on a gray afternoon, and yet they have left a shadow on our mind that will never vanish. Is it the same, perhaps, with these simple stories ? Do they remind us of a distant home, of a happy childhood ? Do they recall fantastic dreams, long vanished from our horizon, hopes that have set, never to rise again ? Is there some childhood left in us, that is called out by these childish tales ? If there is — and there is with most of us — we have only to open our book, and we shall fly away into Dream-land, like “the lassie who rode on the north wind’s back to the castle that lies east o’ the sun and west o’ the moon.” Nor is it Dream-land altogether. There is a kind of real life in these tales — life, such as a child believes in — a life, where good is always rewarded, wrong always punished ; where every one, not excepting the Devil, gets his due ; where all is possible that we truly want, and nothing seems so wonderful that it might not happen to-morrow. We may smile at those dreams of inexhaustible possibilities ; but, in one sense, that child’s world is a real world too, and those children’s stories are not mere pantomimes. What can be truer than Dr. Dasent’s happy description of the character of Boots, as it runs through the whole cycle of these tales ?

“There he sits idle whilst all work ; there he lies with that deep irony of conscious power which knows its time must one day come, and meantime can afford to wait. When that time comes he girds himself to the feat, amidst the scoffs and scorn of his flesh and

blood ; but even then, after he has done some great deed, he conceals it, returns to his ashes, and again sits idly by the kitchen fire, dirty, lazy, despised, until the time for final recognition comes ; and then his dirt and rags fall off— he stands out in all the majesty of his royal robes, and is acknowledged once for all a King.”

And then we see, —

“ The proud, haughty Princess, subdued and tamed by natural affection into a faithful, loving wife. We begin by being angry at her pride ; we are glad at the retribution which overtakes her, but we are gradually melted at her sufferings and hardships when she gives up all for the Beggar and follows him ; we feel for her when she exclaims, ‘ O, the Beggar, and the babe, and the cabin ! ’ and we rejoice with her when the Prince says, ‘ Here is the Beggar, and there is the babe, and so let the cabin be burnt away. ’ ”

There is genuine fun in the old woman who does not know whether she is herself. She has been dipped into a tar-barrel, and then rolled on a heap of feathers ; and when she sees herself feathered all over, she wants to find out whether it is her or not. And how well she reasons ! “ O ! I know,” she says, “ how I shall be able to tell whether it is me ; if the calves come and lick me, and our dog Tray doesn’t bark at me when I get home, then it must be me, and no one else.” It is, however, quite superfluous to say anything in praise of these tales. They will make their way in the world and win everybody’s heart, as sure as Boots made the Princess say, “ That is a story ! ”

But we have not done with Dr. Dasent’s book yet. There is one part of it, the Introduction, which in reality tells the most wonderful of all wonderful sto-

ries — the migration of these tales from Asia to the North of Europe. It might seem strange, indeed, that so great a scholar as Grimm should have spent so much of his precious time in collecting his “Mährchen,” if these “Mährchen” had only been intended for the amusement of children. When we see a Lyell or Owen pick up pretty shells and stones, we may be sure that, however much little girls may admire these pretty things, this was not the object which these wise collectors had in view. Like the blue and green and rosy sands which children play with in the Isle of Wight, these tales of the people, which Grimm was the first to discover and collect, are the *detritus* of many an ancient stratum of thought and language, buried deep in the past. They have a scientific interest. The results of the science of language are by this time known to every educated man, and boys learn at school — what fifty years ago would have been scouted as absurd — that English, together with all the Teutonic dialects of the Continent, belongs to that large family of speech which comprises, besides the Teutonic, Latin, Greek, Slavonic, and Celtic, the oriental languages of Persia and India. Previously to the dispersion of these languages, there was, of course, one common language, spoken by the common ancestors of our own race, and of the Greeks, the Romans, the Hindus, and Persians, a language which was neither Greek, nor Latin, nor Persian, nor Sanskrit, but stood to all of them in a relation similar to that in which Latin stands to French, Italian, and Spanish; or Sanskrit to Bengali, Hindustani, and Marathi. It has also been proved that the various tribes who started from this central home to discover Europe in

the North and India in the South carried away with them, not only a common language, but a common faith and a common mythology, These are facts which may be ignored but cannot be disputed, and the two sciences of Comparative Grammar and Comparative Mythology, though but of recent origin, rest on a foundation as sound and safe as that of any of the inductive sciences : —

“The affinity,” says Dr. Dasent, “which exists in a mythological and philological point of view between the Aryan or Indo-European languages is now the first article of a literary creed ; and the man who denies it puts himself as much beyond the pale of argument as he who, in a religious discussion, should meet a grave divine of the Church of England with the strict contradictory of her first article, and loudly declare his conviction that there was no God.”

And again : —

“We all came, Greek, Latin, Celt, Teuton, Slavonian, from the East, as kith and kin, leaving kith and kin behind us, and after thousands of years, the language and traditions of those who went East and those who went West bear such an affinity to each other as to have established, beyond discussion or dispute, the fact of their descent from a common stock.”

But now we go beyond this. Not only do we find the same words and the same terminations in Sanskrit and Gothic ; not only do we find the same names for Zeus and many other deities in Sanskrit, Latin, and German ; not only is the abstract name for God the same in India, Greece, and Italy ; but these very stories, these “Mährchen,” which nurses still tell, with almost the same words, in the Thuringian forest and

in the Norwegian villages, and to which crowds of children listen under the Pippal-trees of India, these stories, too, belonged to the common heir-loom of the Indo-European race, and their origin carries us back to the same distant past, when no Greek had set foot in Europe, no Hindu had bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges. No doubt this sounds strange, and it requires a certain limitation. We do not mean to say that the old nurse who rocked on her mighty knees the two ancestors of the Indian and the German races, told each of them the story of Snow-white and Rosy-red, exactly as we read it in the "Tales from the Norse," and that these told it to their children, and thus it was handed down to our own times. It is true indeed — and a comparison of our "Norwegian Tales" with the "Mährchen" collected by the Grimms in Germany shows it most clearly — that the memory of a nation clings to its popular stories with a marvelous tenacity. For more than a thousand years the Scandinavian inhabitants of Norway have been separated in language from their Teutonic brethren on the Continent, and yet both have not only preserved the same stock of popular stories, but they tell them in several instances in almost the same words. It is a much more startling supposition — or, we should say, a much more startling fact — that those Aryan boys, the ancestors of the Hindus, Romans, Greeks, and Germans, should have preserved the ancient words from "one" to "ten," and that these dry words should have been handed down to our own school-boy days, in several instances, without the change of a single letter. Thus 2 in English is still "two," in Hindustani "do," in Persian "du," in French "deux ;" 3 is still "three"

in English, and "trys" in Lithuanian; 9 is still "nine" in English, and "nuh" in Persian. Surely it was not less difficult to remember these and thousands of other words than to remember the pretty stories of Snow-white and Rosy-red. For the present, however, all we want to prove is that the elements of the seeds of these fairy tales belong to the period that preceded the dispersion of the Aryan race; that the same people who, in their migrations to the North and the South carried along with them the names of the Sun and the Dawn, and their belief in the bright gods of Heaven, possessed in their very language, in their mythological and proverbial phraseology, the more or less developed germs that were sure to grow up into the same or very similar plants on every soil and under every sky.

This is a subject which requires the most delicate handling, and the most careful analysis. Before we attempt to compare the popular stories, as they are found in India and Europe at the present day, and to trace them to a common source, we have to answer one very important question, — Was there no other channel through which some of them could have flowed from India to Europe, or from Europe to India, at a later time? We have to take the same precaution in comparative philology with regard to words. Besides the words which Greek and Latin share in common because they are both derived from one common source, there is a class of words which Latin took over from Greek ready made. These are called foreign words, and they form a considerable element, particularly in modern languages. The question is whether the same does not apply to some of our common Indo-

European stories. How is it that some of Lafontaine's fables should be identically the same as those which we find in two collections of fables in Sanskrit, the "Pankatantra" and the "Hitopadesa?" This is a question, which, many years ago, has been most fully treated in one of the most learned and most brilliant essays of Sylvestre de Sacy. He there proves that, about 570 after Christ, a Sanskrit work which contained these very fables was brought to the court of the Persian king, Khosru Nushirvan, and translated into ancient Persian, or Pehlevi. The kings of Persia preserved this book as a treasure till their kingdom was conquered by the Arabs. A hundred years later, the book was discovered and translated into Arabic by Almokaffa, about 770 after Christ. It then passed through the hands of several Arabic poets, and was afterwards retranslated into Persian, first into verse, by Rudaki, in the tenth century, then into prose, by Nasrallah, in the twelfth. The most famous version, however, appeared towards the end of the fifteenth century, under the name of "Anvari Suhaili," by Husain Vaiz. Now, as early as the eleventh century the Arabic work of Almokaffa, called "Kalila Dimna," was translated into Greek by Simeon. The Greek text and a Latin version have been published, under the title of "Sapientia Indorum Veterum," by Starkius, Berlin, 1697. This work passed into Italian. Again the Arabic text was translated into Hebrew by Rabbi Joel; and this Hebrew translation became the principal source of the European books of fables. Before the end of the fifteenth century, John of Capua had published his famous Latin translation, "Directorium humanæ vitæ, alias, parabolæ antiquorum sapientium."

In his preface, he states that this book was called "Belile et Dimne;" that it was originally in the language of India, then translated into Persian, afterwards into Arabic, then into Hebrew, and lastly by himself into Latin. This work, to judge from the numerous German, Italian, Spanish, and French translations, must have been extremely popular all over Europe in the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth century a new stream of oriental fables reached the literary world of Europe, through a translation of the "Anvari Suhaili" (the Persian "Kalila Dimna") into French, by David Sahid d'Ispahan. This work was called "Le Livre des Lumières, ou la conduite des rois, composé par le sage Bilpay, Indien." It afterwards went by the name of "Les Fables de Pilpay." This was the book from which Lafontaine borrowed the subjects of his later fables. An excellent English translation, we may here state, of the "Anvari Suhaili" has lately been published by Professor Eastwick.

This migration of fables from India to Europe is a matter of history, and has to be taken into account, before we refer the coincidences between the popular stories of India and Norway to that much earlier intercourse of the ancestors of the Indo-European races of which we have spoken before. Dr. Dasent is so great an admirer of Grimm, that he has hardly done justice to the researches of Sylvestre de Sacy. He says:—

"That all the thousand shades of resemblance and affinity which gleam and flicker through the whole body of popular tradition in the Aryan race, as the Aurora plays and flashes in countless rays athwart the

Northern heavens, should be the result of mere servile copying of one tribe's traditions by another, is a supposition as absurd as that of those good country-folk, who, when they see an Aurora, fancy it must be a great fire, the work of some incendiary, and send off the parish engine to put it out. No! when we find in such a story as the 'Master Thief' traits which are to be found in the Sanskrit 'Hitopadesa,' and which are also to be found in the story of Rampsinitus in Herodotos, which are also to be found in German, Italian, and Flemish popular tales, but told in all with such variations of character and detail, and such adaptation to time and place, as evidently show the original working of the national consciousness upon a stock of tradition common to all the race, but belonging to no tribe of that race in particular, and when we find this occurring not in one tale, but in twenty, we are forced to abandon the theory of such universal copying, for fear lest we should fall into a greater difficulty than that for which we were striving to account."

The instance which Dr. Dasent has here chosen to illustrate his theory does seem to us inconclusive. The story of the "Master Thief" is told in the "Hitopadesa." A Brahman, who had vowed a sacrifice, went to the market to buy a goat. Three thieves saw him, and wanted to get hold of the goat. They stationed themselves at intervals on the high road. When the Brahman, who carried the goat on his back, approached the first thief, the thief said, "Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?" The Brahman replied: "It is not a dog, it is a goat." A little while after, he was accosted by the second thief, who said, "Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?"

The Brahman felt perplexed, put the goat down, examined it, and walked on. Soon after he was stopped by the third thief, who said, "Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?" Then the Brahman was frightened, threw down the goat, and walked home to perform his ablutions for having touched an unclean animal. The thieves took the goat and ate it. The gist of the story is that a man will believe almost anything if he is told the same by three different people. The Indian story, with slight variations, is told in the Arabic translation, the "Kalila and Dimna." It was known through the Greek translation at Constantinople, at least at the beginning of the Crusades, and was spread all over Europe, in the Latin of the "Directorium humanæ vitæ." The Norwegian story of the "Master Thief" is not a translation, such as we find in the "Filosofia morale," nor an adaptation, such as a similar story in the "Facétieuses Nuits de Straparole." But the key-note of the story is nevertheless the same.

That key-note might have been caught up by any Norman sailor, or any Northern traveller or student, of whom there were many in the Middle Ages, who visited the principal seats of learning in Europe. And, that key-note given, nothing was easier than to invent the three variations which we find in the Norse "Master Thief." If the same story, as Dr. Dasent says, occurred in Herodotos the case would be different. At the time of Herodotos the translations of the "Hitopadesa" had not yet reached Europe, and we should be obliged to include the "Master Thief" within the most primitive stock of Aryan lore. But there is nothing in the story of the two sons of the architect who robbed the treasury of Rampsinitæ

which turns on the trick of the "Master Thief." There were thieves, more or less clever, in Egypt as well as in India, and some of their stratagems were possibly the same at all times. But there is a keen and well-defined humor in the story of the Brahman and his deference to public opinion. Of this there is no trace in the anecdote told by Herodotos. That anecdote deals with mere matters of fact, whether imaginary or historical. The story of Rampsinitus did enter into the popular literature of Europe, but through a different channel. We find it in the "Gesta Romanorum," where Octavianus has taken the place of Rampsinitus, and we can hardly doubt that there it came originally from Herodotos. There are other stories in the "Gesta Romanorum" which are borrowed directly from the "Hitopadesa" and its translations. We need only mention that of Prince Llewellyn and his hound Gellert, which Dr. Dasent would likewise refer to the period previous to the dispersion of the Aryan race, but which, as can be proved, reached Europe by a much shorter route.

But if in these special instances we differ from Dr. Dasent, we fully agree with him in the main. There are stories, common to the different branches of the Aryan stock, which could not have travelled from India to Europe at so late a time as that of Nushirvan. They are ancient Aryan stories, older than the "Pañkātāntra," older than the "Odyssey," older than the dispersion of the Aryan race. We can only mention one or two instances.

In the "Pañkātāntra," there is the story of the King who asked his pet monkey to watch over him while he was asleep. A bee settled on the King's

head, the monkey could not drive her away, so he took his sword, killed the bee, and in killing her killed the King. A very similar parable is put into the mouth by Buddha. A bald carpenter was attacked by a mosquito. He called his son to drive it away. The son took the axe, aimed a blow at the insect, but split his father's head in two, and killed him. This fable reached Lafontaine through the "Anvari Subaili," and appears in the French as the "Bear and the Gardener." But the same fable had reached Europe at a much earlier time, and though the moral has been altered, it can hardly be doubted that the fable in Phædro's of the bald man who in trying to kill a gnat gives himself a severe blow in the face, came originally from the East. There may have been some direct communication, and Æsop of old may have done very much the same as Khosru Nushirvan did at a later time. But it is more likely that there was some old Aryan proverb, some homely saw, such as "Protect us from our friends," or "Think of the king and the bee." Such a saying would call for explanation, and stories would readily be told to explain it. There is in our Norwegian Tales a passage very much to the same effect: —

"A man saw a goody hard at work banging her husband across the head with a beetle, and over his head she had drawn a shirt without any slit for the neck.

"'Why, Goody!' he asked, 'will you beat your husband to death?'

"'No,' she said, 'I only must have a hole in this shirt for his neck to come through.'"

The story of the Donkey in the Lion's skin was

known as a proverb to Plato. It exists as a fable in the "Hitopadesa," "The Donkey in the Tiger's skin." Many of the most striking traits of animal life which are familiar to us from Phædros, are used for similar purposes in the "Hitopadesa." The mouse delivering her friends by gnawing the net, the turtle flying and dying, the tiger or fox as pious hermits, the serpent as king, or friend of the frogs, all these are elements common to the early fabulists of Greece and India. One of the earliest Roman apologues, "the dispute between the belly and the other members of the body," was told in India long before it was told by Menenius Agrippa at Rome. Several collections of fables have just been discovered in Chinese by M. Stanislas Julien, and will soon be published in a French translation.

With regard to the ancient Aryan fables, which are common to all the members of the Aryan family, it has been said that there is something so natural in most of them, that they might well have been invented more than once. This is a sneaking argument, but nevertheless it has a certain weight. It does not apply, however, to our fairy tales. They surely cannot be called natural. They are full of the most unnatural conceptions — of monsters such as no human eye has ever seen. Of many of them we know for certain that they were not invented at all, but that they are the *deïntus* of ancient mythology, half-forgotten, misunderstood, and reconstructed. Dr. Dasent has traced the gradual transition of myth into story in the case of the Wild Huntsman, who was originally the German god Odin. He might have traced the last fibres of "Odin, the hunter," back to Indra, the god of

Storms, in the Veda; and lower even than the "Grand Veneur" in the Forest of Fontainebleau, he might have dodged the Hellequin of France to the very Harlequin of our Christmas Pantomimes. William Tell, the good archer, whose mythological character Dr. Dasent has established beyond contradiction, is the last reflection of the Sun-god, whether we call him Indra, or Apollo, or Ulysses. Their darts are unerring. They hit the apple, or any other point; and they destroy their enemies with the same bow with which they have hit the mark. The countless stories of all the princesses and snow-white ladies who were kept in dark prisons, and were invariably delivered by a young bright hero, can all be traced back to mythological traditions about the Spring being released from the bonds of Winter, the Sun being rescued from the darkness of the Night, the Dawn being brought back from the far West, the Waters being set free from the prison of the clouds. In the songs of the Veda, where the powers of nature have hardly assumed as yet their fixed divine personality, we read over and over again of the treasures which the God of light recovers from the dark clouds. These treasures are the Waters conquered after a fierce thunder-storm. Sometimes these Waters are called the cows, which the robbers had hidden in caves — sometimes, the wives of the gods (Devapatnî), who had become the wives of the fiend (Dâsapatnî or Deianeira = "dâsa-narî"). Their imprisonment is called a curse; and when they are delivered from it, Indra is praised for having destroyed "the seven castles of the autumn." In the Veda the thief or the fiend is called the serpent with seven heads.

Every one of these expressions may be traced in

the German "Mährchen." The loves and feuds of the powers of nature, after they had been told, first of gods, then of heroes, appear in the tales of the people as the flirting and teasing of fairies and imps. Christianity had destroyed the old gods of the Teutonic tribes, and supplied new heroes in the saints and martyrs of the Church. The gods were dead, and the heroes, the sons of the gods, forgotten. But the stories told of them would not die, and in spite of the excommunications of the priests they were welcomed wherever they appeared in their strange disguises. Kind-hearted grannies would tell the pretty stories of old, if it was only to keep their little folk quiet. They did not tell them of the gods; for those gods were dead, or, worse than that, had been changed into devils. They told them of nobody; ay, sometimes they would tell them of the very saints and martyrs, and the apostles themselves have had to wear some of the old rags that belonged by right to Odin and other heathen gods. The oddest figure of all is that of the Devil in his half-Christian and half-heathen garb. The Aryan nations had no Devil. Pluto, though of a sombre character, was a very respectable personage; and Loki, though a mischievous person, was not a fiend. The German goddess, Hell, too — like Proserpina — had once seen better days. Thus, when the Germans were indoctrinated with the idea of a real Devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, they treated him in the most good-humored manner. They ascribed to him all the mischievous tricks of their most mischievous gods. But while the old Northern story-tellers delighted in the success of cunning, the new generation felt in duty bound to represent the Devil in the end as always

defeated. He was outwitted in all the tricks which had formerly proved successful, and thus quite a new character was produced—the poor or stupid Devil, who appears not unfrequently in the German and in Norwegian tales.

All this Dr. Dasent has described very tersely and graphically in his Introduction, and we recommend the readers of his tales not to treat that Introduction as most introductions are treated. We should particularly recommend to the attention of those who have leisure to devote to such subjects, what Dr. Dasent says at the close of his Essay:—

“ Enough has been said, at least, to prove that even nursery tales may have a science of their own, and to show how the old Nornir and divine spinners can revenge themselves if their old wives’ tales are insulted and attacked. The inquiry itself might be almost indefinitely prolonged, for this is a journey where each turn of the road brings out a new point of view, and the longer we linger on our path the longer we find something fresh to see. Popular mythology is a virgin mine, and its ore, so far from being exhausted or worked out, has here, in England at least, been scarcely touched. It may, indeed, be dreaded lest the time for collecting such English traditions is not past and gone; whether the steam-engine and printing-press have not played their great part of enlightenment too well; and whether the popular tales, of which, no doubt, the land was once full, have not faded away before these great inventions, as the race of giants waned before the might of Odin and the Æsir. Still the example of this very Norway, which at one time was thought, even by her own sons, to have few tales

of her own, and now has been found to have them so fresh and full, may serve as a warning not to abandon a search, which, indeed, can scarcely be said to have been ever begun; and to suggest a doubt whether the ill success which may have attended this or that particular attempt, may not have been from the fault rather of the seekers after traditions, than from the want of the traditions themselves. In point of fact, it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to gather such tales in any country, as those who have collected them most successfully will be the first to confess. It is hard to make old and feeble women, who generally are the depositaries of these national treasures, believe that the inquirer can have any real interest in the matter. They fear that the question is only put to turn them into ridicule; for the popular mind is a sensitive plant; it becomes coy, and closes its leaves at the first rude touch; and when once shut, it is hard to make these aged lips reveal the secrets of the memory. There they remain, however, forming part of an under-current of tradition, of which the educated classes, through whose minds flows the bright upper-current of faith, are apt to forget the very existence. Things out of sight, and therefore out of mind. Now and then a wave of chance tosses them to the surface from those hidden depths, and all her Majesty's inspectors of schools are shocked at the wild shapes which still haunt the minds of the great mass of the community. It cannot be said that the English are not a superstitious people. Here we have gone on for more than a hundred years proclaiming our opinion that the belief in witches, and wizards, and ghosts, and fetches was extinct throughout the land. Ministers of all denomina-

tions have preached them down, and philosophers convinced all the world of the absurdity of such vain superstitions ; and yet it has been reserved for another learned profession, the Law, to produce in one trial at the Staffordshire Assizes, a year or two ago, such a host of witnesses who firmly believed in witchcraft, and swore to their belief in spectre dogs and wizards, as to show that, in the Midland Counties at least, such traditions are anything but extinct. If so much of the bad has been spared by steam, by natural philosophy, and by the Church, let us hope that some of the good may still linger along with it, and that an English Grimm may yet arise who may carry out what Mr. Chambers has so well begun in Scotland, and discover in the mouth of an Anglo-Saxon Gammer Grethel some, at least, of those popular tales which England once had in common with all the Aryan race."

*January, 1859.*

## XXIV.

### TALES OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.<sup>1</sup>

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WHEN reviewing, some time ago, Dr. Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse," we expressed a hope that something might still be done for recovering at least a few fragments here and there of similar tales once current in England. Ever since the brothers Grimm surprised the world by their "Kinder und Hausmärchen," which they had picked up in various parts of Germany — in beer-houses, in spinning-rooms, or in the warm kitchen of an old goody — an active search has been set on foot in every corner of Germany, in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, nay, even in Finland and Lapland, for everything in the shape of popular sayings, proverbs, riddles, or tales. The result has been more than could have been expected. A considerable literature has been brought together, and we have gained an insight into the natural growth of popular lore, more instructive than anything that could be gathered from chronicles or historians. Our hope that Dr. Dasent's work would give a powerful impulse to similar researches in this country has not been disappointed. Good books seem to beget good

<sup>1</sup> *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*. Orally collected, with a translation by J. F. Campbell. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1860.

books, and in Mr. Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," orally collected, with a translation, we are glad to welcome the first response to the appeal made by the translator of the Norse Tales. It might be feared, indeed, as Dr. Dasent said in his learned and eloquent Introduction, whether the time for collecting such English traditions was not past and gone; whether the steam-engine and printing-press had not played their great work of enlightenment too well; and whether the popular tales, of which, no doubt, the land was once full, had not faded away before these great inventions, as the race of giants waned before the might of Odin and the Æsir. But not so. Of course such stories were not to be found in London or its immediate neighborhood. People who went out story-fishing to Richmond or Gravesend would find but poor sport among white-tied waiters or barmaids in silk. However, even in St. James' Street, a practiced hand may get a rise, as witness the following passage from Mr. Campbell's preface:—

"I met two tinkers in St. James' Street, in February, with black faces and a pan of burning coals each. They were followed by a wife, and preceded by a mangy terrier with a stiff tail. I joined the party, and one told me a version of 'the man who travelled to learn what shivering meant,' while we walked together through the Park to Westminster."

But though a stray story may thus be bagged in the West-end of London, Mr. Campbell knew full well that his best chance would lie as far away from the centre of civilization as railways could carry him, and as far away from railways as his legs could take him. So he went to his own native country, the Western

Islands and Highlands of Scotland. There he knew he would meet with people who could neither read nor write, who hardly knew a word of English, and from whom he remembered as a child to have heard stories exactly like those which Dr. Dasent had lately imported from Norway. We must copy at least one description of the haunts explored by Mr. Campbell:—

“Let me describe one of these old story-men as a type of his kind. I trust he will not be offended, for he was very polite to me. His name is MacPhie; he lives at the north end of South Uist, where the road ends at a sound, which has to be forded at the ebb to go to Benbecula. The house is built of a double wall of loose boulders, with a layer of peat three feet thick between the walls. The ends are round, and the roof rests on the inner wall, leaving room for a crop of yellow gowans. A man might walk round the roof on the top of the wall. There is but one room, with two low doors, one on each side of the house. The fire is on the floor; the chimney is a hole above it; and the rafters are hung with pendants and festoons of shining black peat reek. They are of birch of the main-land, American drift-wood, or broken wreck. They support a covering of turf and straw, and stones and heather ropes, which keep out the rain well enough.

“The house stands on a green bank, with gray rocks protruding through the turf; and the whole neighborhood is pervaded by cockle shells, which indicate the food of the people and their fishing pursuits. In a neighboring kiln there were many cart-loads about to be burned, to make that lime which is so durable in the old castles. The owner of the house,

whom I visited twice, is seventy-nine. He told me nine stories, and, like all the others, declared that there was no man in the island who knew them so well. 'He could not say how many he knew;' he seemed to know versions of nearly everything I had got; and he told me plainly that my versions were good for nothing. 'Huch! thou hast not got them right at all.' 'They came into his mind,' he said, 'sometimes at night when he could not sleep — old tales that he had not heard for threescore years.'

"He had the manner of a practiced narrator, and it is quite evident that he is one; he chuckled at the interesting parts, and laid his withered finger on my knee as he gave out the terrible bits with due solemnity. A small boy in a kilt, with large, round, glittering eyes, was standing mute at his knee, gazing at his wrinkled face, and devouring every word. The boy's mother first boiled and then mashed potatoes; and his father, a well grown man in tartan breeks, ate them. Ducks and ducklings, a cat and a kitten, some hens, and a baby, all tumbled about on the clay floor together, and expressed their delight at the savory prospect, each in his own fashion; and then wayfarers dropped in and listened for a spell, and passed their remarks, till the ford was shallow. The light came streaming down the chimney, and through a single pane of glass, lighting up a track in the blue mist of the peat smoke; and fell on the white hair and brown, withered face of the old man, as he sat on a low stool, with his feet to the fire; and the rest of the dwelling, with all its plenishing of boxes and box-beds, dishes and dresser, and gear of all sorts, faded away, through shades of deepening brown, to the black darkness of the smoked

roof and the 'peat corner.' There we sat, and smoked and talked for hours till the tide ebbed; and then I crossed the ford by wading up to the waist, and dried my clothes in the wind in Benbecula."

Mr. Campbell, we see, can describe well, and the small sketches which he inserts in his preface — bits of scenery from Scotland or Lapland, from Spain or Algiers — are evidently the work of a man who can handle brush and pen with equal skill. If he had simply given a description of his travels in the Western Highlands, interspersed with some stories gathered from the mouths of the people, he would have given us a most charming Christmas-book. But Mr. Campbell had a higher aim. He had learned from Dr. Dasent's preface, that popular stories may be made to tell a story of their own, and that they may yield most valuable materials for the palæontology of the human race. The nations who are comprehended under the common appellation of Aryan or Indo-European — the Hindus, the Persians, the Celts, Germans, Romans, Greeks, and Slaves — do not only share the same words and the same grammar slightly modified in each country, but they seem to have likewise preserved a mass of popular tradition which had grown up before they had left their common home. That this is true with regard to mythological traditions has been fully proved, and comparative mythology has by this time taken its place as a recognized science, side by side with comparative philology. But it is equally known that the gods of ancient mythology were changed into the demi-gods and heroes of ancient epic poetry, and that these demi-gods again became, at a later age, the principal characters of our nursery tales. If, therefore, the Saxons,

Celts, Romans, Greeks, Slaves, Persians, and Hindus once spoke the same language, if they worshipped the same gods and believed in the same myths and legends, we need not be surprised that even at the present day there is still a palpable similarity between the stories told by MacPhie of South Uist and those for which we are indebted to the old grannies in every village of Germany—nay, that the general features of their tales should be discovered in the stories of Vishnu-sarman and Somadeva in India.

The discovery of such similarities is no doubt highly interesting, but at the same time the subject requires the most delicate handling. Such has been the later literary intercourse between the nations of the East and the West, that many channels, besides that of the one common primitive language, were open for the spreading of popular stories. The researches of De Sacy and Benfey have laid open several of these channels through which stories, ready made, were carried through successive translations from India to Persia and Greece and the rest of Europe. This took place during the Middle Ages; whereas the original seeds of Indo-European legends must have been brought to Europe by the first Aryans who settled in Greece, Italy, Germany, and Gaul. These two classes of legends must, therefore, be carefully kept apart, though their separation is often a work of great difficulty. The first class of legends—those which were known to the primeval Aryan race, before it broke up into Hindus, Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Celts—may be called primitive, or organic. The second—those which were imported in later times from one literature into another—may be called secondary, or inorganic. The

former represent one common ancient stratum of language and thought, reaching from India to Europe; the latter consist of boulders of various strata carried along by natural and artificial means from one country to another. As we distinguish in each Aryan language between common and foreign words,—the former constituting the ancient heir-loom of the Aryan race, the latter being borrowed by Romans from Greeks, by Germans from Romans, by Celts from Germans,—so we ought to distinguish between common aboriginal Aryan legends and legends borrowed and transplanted at later times. The rules which apply to the treatment of words apply with equal force to the comparative analysis of legends. If we find words in Sanskrit exactly the same as in Greek, we know that they cannot be the same words. The phonetic system of Greek is different from that of Sanskrit; and words, in order to prove their original identity, must be shown to have suffered the modifying influences of the phonetic system peculiar to each language. “Ekatara” in Sanskrit cannot be the same word as *ἐκάτερος* in Greek; “better” in English cannot be the same as “behter” in Persian. “Ei” in German cannot be the same as English “eye.” If they were the same words, they would necessarily have diverged more widely through the same influence which made Greek different from Sanskrit, Persian different from English, and English different from German. This of course does not apply to foreign words. When the Romans adopted the word “philosophos” from Greek, they hardly changed it at all; whereas the root “sap” had, by a perfectly natural process, produced *sapiens* in Latin, and “sophos” in Greek.

Another rule of the science of language which ought to be carefully observed in the comparative study of legends is this, that no comparison should be made before each word is traced back to its most primitive form and meaning. We cannot compare English and Hindustani, but we can trace an English word back to Anglo-Saxon and Gothic, and a Hindustani word back to Hindu and Sanskrit; and then from Gothic and Sanskrit we can measure and discover the central point from whence the original Aryan word proceeded. We thus discover not only its original form, but at the same time its etymological meaning. Applying this rule to the comparison of popular tales, we maintain that before any comparison can be instituted between nursery tales of Germany, England, and India, each tale must be traced back to a legend or myth from whence it arose, and in which it had a natural meaning: otherwise we cannot hope to arrive at any satisfactory results. One instance must suffice to illustrate the application of these rules. In Mr. Campbell's *West Highland Tales* we meet with the story of a frog who wishes to marry the daughter of a queen, and who, when the youngest daughter of the queen consents to become his wife, is freed from a spell and changed into a handsome man. This story can be traced back to the year 1548. In Germany it is well known as the story of the "Froschkönig." Mr. Campbell thinks it is of Gaelic origin, because the speech of the frog in Gaelic is an imitation of the gurgling and quacking of spring frogs. However, the first question to answer is this, How came such a story ever to be invented? Human beings, we may hope, were at all times sufficiently enlightened to know that a marriage

between a frog and the daughter of a queen was absurd. No poet could ever have sat down to invent sheer nonsense like this. We may ascribe to our ancestors any amount of childlike simplicity, but we must take care not to degrade them to the rank of mere idiots. There must have been something rational in the early stories and myths; and until we find a reason for each, we must just leave them alone as we leave a curious petrification which has not yet been traced back to any living type. Now, in our case it can be shown that frog was used as a name of the sun. In the ancient floating speech of the Aryan family the sun had hundreds of names. Each poet thought he had a right to call the sun by his own name; and he would even call it by a different name at sunrise and at sunset, in spring and in winter, in war or in peace. Their ancient language was throughout poetical and metaphorical. The sun might be called the nourisher, the awakener, the giver of life, the messenger of death, the brilliant eye of heaven, the golden swan, the dog, the wolf, the lion. Now at sunrise and sunset, when the sun seemed squatting on the water, it was called the frog. This may have been at first the expression of one individual poet, or the slang name once used by a fisherman watching the sun as it slowly emerged from the clouds in winter. But the name possessed vitality; it remained current for a time; it was amplified into short proverbial sayings; and at last, when the original metaphor was lost sight of, when people no longer knew that the frog spoken of in their saws and proverbs was meant for the sun, these saws and proverbs became changed into myths and legends. In Sanskrit the name of the frog is "Bheka," and from it a feminine

was formed, "Bhekî." This feminine, "Bhekî," must have been at one time used as a name of the sun, for the sun was under certain circumstances feminine in India as well as in Germany. After a time, when this name had become obsolete, stories were told of "Bhekî" which had a natural sense only when told of the sun, and which are the same in character as other stories told of heroes or heroines whose original solar character cannot be doubted. Thus we find in Sanskrit the story that "Bhekî," the frog, was a beautiful girl; and that one day, when sitting near a well, she was discovered by a king, who asked her to be his wife. She consented, on condition that he should never show her a drop of water. One day, being tired, she asked the king for water, the king forgot his promise, brought water, and "Bhekî" disappeared. This story was known at the time when Kapila wrote his philosophical aphorisms in India, for it is there quoted as an illustration. But long before Kapila the story of "Bhekî" must have grown up gradually, beginning with a short saying about the sun, — such as that "Bhekî," the sun, will die at the sight of water, as we should say that the sun will set when it approaches the water from which it rose in the morning. Thus, viewed as a woman, the sun-frog might be changed into a woman and married to a king; viewed as a man he might be married to a princess. In either case stories would naturally arise to explain more or less fully all that seemed strange in these marriages between frog and man, and the change from sun to frog, and from frog to man, which was at first due to the mere spell of language, would, in our nursery tales, be ascribed to miraculous charms more familiar to a later age.

It is in this way alone that a comparison of tales, legends, and myths can lead to truly scientific results. Mere similarity between stories discovered in distant parts of the world is no more than similarity of sound between words. Words may be identical in sound, and yet totally distinct in origin. In all branches of science we want to know the origin of things, and to watch their growth and decay. If "Storiology," as Mr. Campbell calls it, is to be a scientific study, it must follow the same course. Mr. Campbell has brought together in his introduction and his notes much that is valuable and curious. The coincidences which he has pointed out between the stories of the Western Highlands and other parts of the Aryan world, are striking in themselves, and will be useful for further researches. But the most valuable parts of his work are the stories themselves. For these he will receive the thanks of all who are interested in the study of language and popular literature, and we hope that he will feel encouraged to go on with his work, and that his example will be followed by others, in other parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

*February, 1861.*

ON MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.<sup>1</sup>

THE study of mankind is making rapid progress in our days. The early history of the human race, which in former centuries was written chiefly by poets or philosophers, has now been taken up in good earnest by men who care for facts, and for facts only, and who, if they cannot reveal to us the very beginnings of human life and human thought, have succeeded, at least, in opening broad views into a distant past, hitherto impenetrable, and have brought together fragments of language, religion, mythology, legends, laws, and customs which give us a real and living idea of the early ancestors of our race.

The first impulse to these researches was given by the science of language. By a mere classification of languages and by a careful analysis of words, that science has shed a dazzling light on the darkest ages in the history of man. Where all was guess-work before, we have now a well-established pedigree of languages and races, which still stands the test of the most uncompromising skepticism. Who in the last century could have dreamt of a genealogical relation-

<sup>1</sup> *Researches into the Early History of Mankind, and the Development of Civilization.* By Edward Burnet Tylor, author of *Mexico and the Mexicans*. London: John Murray, 1865.

ship between the languages of the Greeks and Romans and that of the ancient Hindus, or the Persians of Zoroaster and Darius. Who would have ventured to maintain that the Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic nations were in reality of the same kith and kin as the Greeks and Romans, who looked down upon them as mere barbarians? The change from the Ptolemaic system to that which placed the sun in the centre of our planetary world was hardly more startling than the discovery of an Indo-European or Aryan family of speech, which unites by a common bond nations so distant as the inhabitants of Ceylon and Iceland. And by how close a bond! Let us consider but one instance. "I know" in modern German is "ich weiss;" "we know," in the plural, "wir wissen." Why this change of vowel in the singular and plural? Modern German can give us no answer, nor ancient German, not even the most ancient German of the fourth century, the Gothic of Ulphilas. Here, too, we find "vait," I know, with the diphthong in the singular, but "vitum," we know, with the simple vowel. A similar change meets us in the ancient language of England, and King Alfred would have said "wât," I know, but "witon," we know. If, then, we turn to Greek we see here, too, the same anomalous transition from "(v)oida," I know, to "(v)ismen," we know; but we look in vain for any intelligible explanation of so capricious a change. At last we turn to Sanskrit, and there not only do we meet with the change from "veda," I know, to "vidma," we know, but we also discover the key to it. In Sanskrit the accent of the perfect falls throughout on the first syllable in the singular, in the plural on the last; and it was this change

of accent which produced the analogous change in the length of the radical vowel. So small and apparently insignificant a fact as this, the change of *i* into *é* (*ai*) whenever the accent falls on it, teaches us lessons more important than all the traditions put together which the inhabitants of India, Greece, and Germany have preserved of their earliest migrations and of the foundations of their empires, ascribed to their gods, or to the sons of their gods and heroines. This one fact proves that before the Hindus migrated to the southern peninsula of Asia, and before the Greeks and Germans had trodden the soil of Europe, the common ancestors of these three races spoke one and the same language, a language so well regulated and so firmly settled that we can discover the same definite outlines in the grammar of the ancient songs of the Veda, the poems of Homer, and the Gothic Bible of Ulphilas. What does it mean, then, that in each of these three languages, "I know" is expressed by a perfect, originally meaning "I have perceived?" It means that this fashion or idiom had become permanent before the Greeks separated from the Hindus, before the Hindus became unintelligible to the Germans. And what is the import of the shortening of the vowel in the plural, or rather of its strengthening in the singular? Its import is that, at an early period in the growth of the most ancient Aryan language, the terminations of the first, second, and third persons singular had ceased to be felt as independent personal pronouns; that hence they had lost the accent, which fell back on the radical vowel; while in the plural the terminations, continuing to be felt as modificatory pronominal suffixes, retained the accent and left the radical

vowel unchanged. This rule continued to be observed in Sanskrit long after the reason of it had ceased to be perceived. The change of accent and the change of vowel remained in harmony. In Greek, on the contrary, the accentuation was gradually changed. The accent in the perfect remained in the plural on the same vowel as in the singular; yet, although thus the efficient cause for the change in the vowel had disappeared, we find the Greek continuing to strengthen the vowel in the singular “(v)oida,” and to shorten it in the plural “(v)ismen,” instead of “(v)idmen,” just as their forefathers had done before their common language had been broken up into so many national dialects — the Sanskrit, the Greek, the German. The facts of language, however small, are historical facts, and require an historical explanation; and no explanation of the fact just mentioned, which is one out of thousands, has yet been started, except that long before the earliest literary documents of Sanskrit, which go back to 1500 B. C., long before Homer, long before the first appearance of Latin, Celtic, German, and Slavonic speech, there must have been an earlier and more primitive language, the fountain-head of all, just as Latin was the fountain-head of Italian, French, and Spanish. How much time was required for this gradual change and separation, — how long it took before the Hindus and Greeks, starting from the same centre, became so different in their language as the Sanskrit of the Veda is from the Greek of Homer, — is a question which no honest scholar would venture to answer in definite chronological language. It must have taken several generations; it may have taken hundreds or thousands of years. We have no ad-

equate measures for such changes, and analogies derived from the time required for modern changes are as deceptive in language as in geology. The facts established once for all by the science of language are important enough in themselves, even though the ancient periods in the growth of human thought which have thus unexpectedly been opened before our eyes should resist all attempts at chronological measurement. There is a perspective order of facts which to those acquainted with the facts is more instructive than mere chronological perspective; and he who, after examining the grammars of Greek and Sanskrit, simply wonders how long it must have taken before two branches of speech, once united, could diverge so far, has a far more real and useful impression of the long process that led to such results than he who should assert that a thousand years is the minimum to account for such changes.

What it is important to know, and more important than any dates, is this, that if we search for monuments of the earliest history of our race, we have but to look around us. “*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.*” Our language, the dialects spoken at the present moment in every town and village of these islands, not excluding the Celtic vernaculars of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; the languages again of Germany, Sweden, Denmark, of Italy, France, Spain, of Russia and her dependencies, of Persia and of India; these are the most ancient monuments, these are the ancient mounds through which we may run our trenches if we wish to discover beneath their surface the very palaces which were the homes of our forefathers, the very temples in which they prayed and worshipped. Lan-

guages, it is true, are constantly changing, but never in the history of man has there been a new language. What does that mean? Neither more nor less than that in speaking as we do, we are using the same materials, however broken up, crushed, and put together anew, which were handled by the first speaker, *i. e.* the first real ancestor of our race. Call that ancestor Adam, and the world is still speaking the language of Adam. Call those ancestors Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and the races of mankind are still speaking the languages of Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Or if we use the terminology of the science of language, we say again that all Aryan nations are still speaking the language of the founders and fathers of the Aryan family, in the same sense in which Dante speaks the language of Virgil, or Guizot the language of Cicero; that all Semitic nations speak but varieties of the original speech of their first ancestors, and that the languages of the Turanian or Allophylic tribes are so many rivers and rivulets diverging from distant centres, changing so rapidly as almost to lose their own identity, yet in their first beginnings as ancient as any of the Aryan or Semitic branches of speech. The very words, which we are here using have their first beginning nowhere within the recollection of history. We hear of the invention of new tools and weapons, we never hear of the invention of new languages or even of new words. New words are old words; old in their material elements, though new, and constantly renewed, in their form. If we analyze any word, its last radical elements, those elements which resist further analysis, are prehistoric, primordial, older than anything human in the realm of nature or the realm of thought. In these

words, if carefully analyzed, is to be read the history of the human mind, the gradual progress from simple to mixed modes of thought, from material to abstract conceptions, from clear to obscure metaphors. Let us take one instance. Do we want to know what was uppermost in the minds of those who formed the word for punishment, the Latin *pœna*, or *punio*, to punish; the root “pû” in Sanskrit, which means to cleanse, to purify, tells us that the Latin derivative was originally formed, not to express mere striking or torturing, but cleansing, correcting, delivering from the stain of sin. In Sanskrit many a god is implored to cleanse away (“punîhi”) the sins of men, and the substantive “pâvana,” though it did not come to mean punishment,—this in Sanskrit is called by the most appropriate name “danda,” stick,—took in later times the sense of purification and penance. Now, it is clear that the train of thought which leads from purification to penance or from purification to punishment reveals a moral and even a religious sentiment in the conception and naming of *pœna*; and it shows us that in the very infancy of criminal justice punishment was looked upon, not simply as a retribution or revenge, but as a correction, as a removal of guilt. We do not feel the presence of these early thoughts when we speak of corporal punishment or castigation; yet “castigation,” too, was originally “chastening,” from *castus*, pure; and *incestum* was impurity or sin, which, according to Roman law, the priests had to make good, or to punish, by a *supplicium*, a supplication or prostration before the gods. The power of punishment, originally belonging to the father, as part of his *patria potestas*, was gradually transferred to the king; and if we want to know

the original conception of kingship among the Aryan nations, we have again only to analyze etymologically some of their names for king. These names tell us nothing of divinely given prerogative, nor of the possession of supereminent strength, courage, and wisdom. "*Ganaka*," one of the words for king in Sanskrit, means originally parent, father, then king, thus showing the natural transition from father to king, from *patria* to *regia potestas*. It was an important remark of one of the most thoughtful etymologists, Jacob Grimm, that the Old Norse word for king, "*Konungr*," or "*Kôngr*," cannot, as was commonly supposed, be derived from the Old Norse "*kyn*," race, nor the Anglo Saxon "*cyning*," from "*cyn*," kin, family. King is an old word common to the three branches of the Teutonic races, not coined afresh in Sweden, England, and Germany, nay, not even coined out of purely German ore. It did not mean originally a man of family, a man of noble birth, but it is, as we said, in reality the same word, both in form and meaning, as the Sanskrit "*ganaka*," formed previously to the separation of Sanskrit, from German, and meaning originally father, secondly, king.

And here we perceive the difference between etymology and definition, which has so often been overlooked. The etymology of a word can never give us its definition; it can only supply us with historical evidence that at the time when a word was formed, its predicative power represented one out of many characteristic features of the object to which it was applied. We are not justified in saying that because *punire* meant originally to purify, therefore the Roman conception of punishment was exclusively that of purifi-

cation. All we can say is that one aspect of punishment, which struck the earliest framers of the language of Italy, was that of *expiation*. Other views of punishment, however, were by no means overlooked, but found manifold expression in synonymous words. Thus the transition of meaning from father to king shows that as in each family the eldest male parent was supreme, so when families grew into clans, tribes, and nations, a similar supremacy over these larger communities was allowed to one of the fathers or elders. It shows us one phase in the origin of patriarchal kingship, one so well brought out by Mr. Maine in his "Ancient Law;" but it neither proves that kingly government among the Aryan nations was always paternal, nor that there were no other steps to sovereign power. Words such as *rex*, from *regere*, to steer; *dux*, from *ducere*, to lead, or *imperator*, a general, tell us of different ways in which ancient dynasties were founded.

By this process of comparing and analyzing words, particularly words common to many or all of the Aryan nations, it has been possible to recover some of the thoughts that filled the hearts and minds of our own most distant ancestors, of a race of men who lived we know not where and when, but to whose intellectual labors we owe not only the precious ore, but much of the ready money which still forms the intellectual currency of the Aryan world. Our dictionaries are but new editions of their dictionary; our grammars but abstracts of their grammar. If we are what we are, not only by flesh and blood, but by thought and language, then our true kith and kin are to be found among the nations of Greece and Italy, of India and Persia; our true ancestors lie buried in that central Aryan home

from which, at a time long before the fifteenth century B. C., migrated those who brought to India the language of the Vedas, and to the shores of the Ægean Sea the language of the Homeric songs.

Here, however, the science of language does not stop. Not satisfied with having proved the original identity of the grammatical structure of Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin, the Teutonic, Slavonic, and Celtic dialects, and thus having brought to light the original meaning of their words, it proceeded to establish another fact of equal importance, and to open a new field of research of even greater interest. It showed that the broad outlines of the ancient religions of those races were likewise the same; that originally they all worshipped the same gods, and that their earliest communities were not broken up before such pregnant conceptions as "God," "evil spirit," "heaven," "sacred," "to worship," "to believe," had found expression. The comparison of the different forms of Aryan religion and mythology in India, Persia, Greece, Italy, and Germany, has followed closely in the wake of comparative philology, and its results cannot fail to modify largely the views commonly entertained of the origin of the religions of mankind.

Nor was this all. It was soon perceived that in each of these nations there was a tendency to change the original conception of divine powers, to misunderstand the many names given to these powers, and to misinterpret the praises addressed to them. In this manner some of the divine names were changed into half-divine, half-human heroes; and at last the myths which were true and intelligible as told originally of the sun, or the dawn, or the storms, were turned into legends

or fables too marvelous to be believed of common mortals, yet too profane to be believed any longer of gods like those who were worshipped by the contemporaries of Thales or Herakleitos. This process can be watched in India, in Greece, in Germany. The same story, or nearly the same, is told of gods, of heroes, and of men. The divine myth becomes an heroic legend, and the heroic legend fades away into a nursery tale. Our nursery tales have well been called the modern *patois* of the ancient sacred mythology of the Aryan race, and as there are similarities between Hindustani and French (such similarities as we may expect between distant cousins), we may well understand how it came to pass that in many of the Norse tales or in Grimm's "Mährchen" the burden of the story is the same as in the Eastern fairy tales and in Grecian fables. Here, too, the ground-plan of a new science has been sketched out, and broken relics of the ancient folk-lore of the Aryan family have been picked up in the cottages of Scotland, the spinning-rooms of Germany, the bazaars of Herat, and the monasteries of Ceylon.

Thus we have finished our survey of the various inquiries into the ancient "works and days" of mankind which have been set on foot by the students of the science of language, and we have reached at last that point where we may properly appreciate the object and character of Mr. Tylor's book, "Researches into the Early History of Mankind and the Development of Civilization." The question had often been asked, — if everything in language which seems modern is really so very old, if an unbroken chain unites our thoughts with the first stammerings of our Aryan

forefathers, if the Robin Hood of our nursery tales is only a disguise of the Northern god Wodan or Odin, and our Harlequin a mollified representative of the Hellequin of the Franks, why should not the same apply to many of our manners and customs? It is true we are no longer shepherds and hunters, like our earlier forefathers. We wash, and comb, and dress, and shave, while they had no names for soap or razors, for combs or kilts. They were uncivilized Pagans — we are civilized Christians. Yet, in spite of all these differences, it was thought to be a question of interest whether some of our modern customs might not be traced back to earlier sources, and be shown to have prevailed not only on Teutonic soil, but among several, or all, of the races which together form the Aryan family. Jacob Grimm wrote a most interesting paper on the different forms of burial, and he came to the conclusion that both burning and burying were recognized forms of sepulture among the Aryan nations from the earliest times, but that burning was originally preferred by nomadic, burying by agricultural tribes. He likewise showed that the burning of widows was by no means a custom confined to India, but that it existed in earlier times among Thracians, Getæ, and Scythians, and that the self-immolation of Brynhild on the pile of Sigurd was by no means an isolated instance in the mythology of the Teutonic race. Curious coincidences have likewise been pointed out in the marriage ceremonies of the Hindus, Greeks, Romans, and Germans, and not a few of the laws and customs of the Teutonic tribes have been traced back by Grimm, with a more or less success, to corresponding laws and customs in India, Greece, and Italy.

It is, no doubt, desirable in researches of this kind to keep at first within the bounds laid down by the science of language, and to compare the customs of those nations only whose languages are known to be of the same origin. A comparative study of Aryan customs, of Semitic customs, of Turanian customs, would yield more satisfactory results than a promiscuous intercomparison of the customs of all mankind. In a book recently published by Mr. McLennan "On Primitive Marriage," in which he proves that among many nations wives were originally captured, and that the form of capture remained as a symbol in the marriage ceremonies of later ages, the want of some systematic treatment of this kind is felt very much, and while we find evidence from all quarters of the globe in support of his theory, we miss a due consideration of what is nearer home; for instance, the Old Norse word "quân-fang," "wife-catching," and the German "brût-loufti," "bride-racing," both used in the sense of marriage.

At the same time, a more comprehensive study of customs is necessary as a corrective for more special inquiries. If we find the same custom in India and in Greece, we are apt to suppose that it must have sprung from a common source, and we are inclined to ascribe its origin to the times preceding the Aryan separation. But if we find exactly the same custom in America or Australia, we are warned at once against too hasty conclusions. In this respect Mr. McLennan's book is very useful. We learn, for instance, that bride-racing, even as a merely symbolic ceremony, was by no means confined to the Aryan nations. Among the wild tribes of the Malay peninsula the bride and bride-

groom are led by one of the old men of the tribe towards a circle. The girl runs round first, and the young man pursues a short distance behind; if he succeed in reaching and retaining her, she becomes his wife; if not, he loses all claim to her. As in a comparative study of laws we must learn to distinguish the surface of conventional statutes from the lower and far more widely extending substratum of morality, so in a comparative study of customs, it is necessary to separate what is conventional, individual, local, or national from what is natural, general, universal, and simply human. If, for instance, we found metrical and rhythmical poetry in Greece, Rome, and India only, we might look upon it as an invention peculiar to the Aryan race; but if we find the same among Semitic and Turanian races, we see at once that metre and rhythm are forms which human language naturally assumes, and which may be brought to more or less perfection under circumstances more or less favorable. Lolling out the tongue as a sign of contempt is certainly an ancient Aryan custom, for the verb "lal" is found in Sanskrit with the same meaning as in English. Yet this gesture is not restricted to Aryan nations. Rubbing of noses, by way of salutation, might seem peculiar to the New Zealander; but it exists in China, and Linnæus found the same habit in the Lapland Alps. Here we perceive the principal difficulty in what may be called *ethological* as distinguished from *ethnological* researches; and we see why it is necessary that in a comparative study of manners special studies should always be checked by more general observations.

In the volume before us, which we hope is only the first of a long series, Mr Tylor has brought together

the most valuable evidence as to the similarity of customs, not only among races linguistically related to each other, but likewise among races whose languages are totally distinct. He has been a most patient and accurate collector of facts, and, considering how few predecessors he has had in this branch of study, he deserves great credit for his industry in collecting and his good sense in arranging his evidence. He expresses himself indebted to Dr. Gustav Clemm, of Dresden, and Dr. Bastian, whose works on the history of civilization are frequently quoted. But Mr. Tylor has supplied that which was wanting in those works, by giving life and purpose to facts, and making them instructive, instead of being simply oppressive. Some articles by Professor Lazarus, too, are quoted from a German periodical specially devoted to what is called "Völkerpsychologie," or ethnic psychology; but they are the works of a philosopher rather than of a collector of facts. They are full of deep metaphysical speculations, and we do not wonder at Mr. Tylor's remarks, who, when quoting a particularly lucid and eloquent passage on the relation of speech to thought, observes, "Transcendental as it is, it is put in such clear terms that we may almost think we understand it."

Mr. Tylor is particularly free from foregone conclusions; nay, he has been blamed for not attempting to bring his researches more to a point, and drawing general conclusions from the statements which he has grouped so well together. We have no doubt that his book would have been read with keener interest, if it had been written in support of any popular or unpopular theory, or if certain conclusions to which his researches seem to lead had been laid down as indubit-

able facts. But what thus detracts from the ephemeral interest will increase the permanent value of his work.

“The ethnologist,” says Mr. Tylor (p. 273), “must have derived from observation of many cases a general notion of what man does and does not do before he can say of any particular custom which he finds in two distant places either that it is likely that a similar state of things may have produced it more than once, or that it is unlikely — that it is even so unlikely as to approach the limit of impossibility — that such a thing should have grown up independently in the two, or three, or twenty places where he finds it. In the first case, it is worth little or nothing to him as evidence bearing on the early history of mankind, but in the latter it goes with more or less force to prove that the people who possess it are allied by blood, or have been in contact, or have been influenced indirectly one from the other, or both from a common source, or that some combination of these things has happened; in a word, that there has been historical connection between them.”

Thus, Mr. Tylor argues very correctly that a belief in immortality, which is found in many parts of the world, is no proof of any historical contact between the nations that hold it. The ancient Hindus believed in immortality, and in personal immortality; and we find them in the Veda praying to their gods that they might see their fathers and mothers again in the bright world to come. We can hardly imagine such a prayer from the lips of a Greek or a Roman, though it would not surprise us in the sacred groves of ancient Germany. What a deeply interesting work might be written on this one subject — on the different forms which a

belief in immortality has assumed among the different races of mankind ! We shall here only mention a few of its lowest forms.

The Greenlander believes that when a man dies his soul travels to Torngarsuk, the land where reigns perpetual summer, all sunshine, and no night ; where there is good water, and birds, fish, seals, and reindeer without end, that are to be caught without trouble, or are found cooking alive in a huge kettle. But the journey to this land is difficult ; the souls have to slide five days or more down a precipice all stained with the blood of those who have gone down before. And it is especially grievous for the poor souls, when the journey must be made in winter or in tempest, for then a soul may come to harm, or suffer the other death, as they call it, when it perishes utterly, and nothing is left. The bridge Es-Sirat, which stretches over the midst of the Moslem hell, finer than a hair, and sharper than the edge of a sword, conveys a similar conception ; and the Jews, too, when they came to believe in immortality, imagined a bridge of hell, at least for unbelievers to pass. Mr. Tylor traces this idea of a bridge in Java, in North America, in South America, and he shows how, in Polynesia, the bridge is replaced by canoes in which the souls had to pass the great gulf.

The native tribes of the lower end of South America believe in two great powers of good and evil, but likewise in a number of inferior deities. These are supposed to have been the creators and ancestors of different families, and hence when an Indian dies his soul goes to live with the deity who presides over his particular family. These deities have each their separate habitations in vast caverns under the earth, and

thither the departed repair to enjoy the happiness of being eternally drunk.

Messrs. Lewis and Clarke give the following account of the belief in a future state entertained by another American tribe, the Mandans :—

“ Their belief in a future state is connected with this tradition of their origin : The whole nation resided in one large village underground near a subterraneous lake. A grape-vine extended its roots down to their habitation and gave them a view of the light. Some of the most adventurous climbed up the vine, and were delighted with the sight of the earth, which they found covered with buffalo, and rich with every kind of fruit. Returning with the grapes they had gathered, their countrymen were so pleased with the taste of them that the whole nation resolved to leave their dull residence for the charms of the upper region. Men, women, and children ascended by means of the vine, but when about half the nation had reached the surface of the earth, a corpulent woman who was clambering up the vine broke it with her weight, and closed upon herself and the rest of the nation the light of the sun. Those who were left on earth made a village below where we saw the vine villages ; and when the Mandans die they expect to return to the original seats of their forefathers, the good reaching the ancient village by means of the lake, which the burden of the sins of the wicked will not enable them to cross.”

Mr. Tylor aptly compares the fable of the vine and the fat woman with the story of “ Jack and the Beanstalk,” and he brings other stories from Malay and Polynesian districts embodying the same idea. Among

the different ways by which it was thought possible to ascend from earth to heaven, Mr. Tylor mentions the rank spear-grass, a rope or thong, a spider's web, a ladder of iron or gold, a column of smoke, or the rainbow. In the Mongolic tales of Gesser Chan the hero lets himself down from heaven and ascends again by means of a chain.

The Polynesians imagine that the sky descends at the horizon and incloses the earth. Hence they call foreigners "papalangi," or "heaven-bursters," as having broken in from another world outside. According to their views, we live upon the ground-floor of a great house, with upper stories rising one over another above us and cellars down below. There are holes in the ceiling to let the rain through, and as men are supposed to visit the dwellers above, the dwellers from below are believed to come sometimes up to the surface, and likewise to receive visits from men in return.

Catlin's account of the Choctaw belief in a future state is equally curious. They hold that the spirit lives after death, and that it has a great distance to travel towards the west; that it has to cross a dreadful, deep, and rapid stream, over which, from hill to hill, there lies a long, slippery pine log, with the bark peeled off. Over this the dead have to pass before they reach the delightful hunting-grounds. The good walk on safely, though six people from the other side throw stones at them; but the wicked, trying to dodge the stones, slip off the log, and fall thousands of feet into the water which is dashing over the rocks.

The New Hollanders, according to Mr. Oldfield, believe that all who are good men and have been properly buried, enter heaven after death. Heaven, which

is the abode of the two good divinities, is represented as a delightful place, where there is abundance of game and food, never any excess of heat or cold, rain or drought, no malign spirits, no sickness or death; but plenty of rioting, singing, and dancing for evermore. They also believe in an evil spirit who dwells in the nethermost regions, and, strange to say, they represent him with horns and a tail, though one would think that prior to the introduction of cattle into New Holland, the natives could not have been aware of the existence of horned beasts.

Now, with regard to all these forms of belief in a future state, Mr. Tylor would hold that they had arisen independently among different races, and that they supply no argument in favor of any historical connection between these races. But let us now take a different instance. When we find in Africa the same beast fables with which we are familiar from "Reynard the Fox," then the coincidence is such that, according to Mr. Tylor, it cannot be ascribed to natural causes.

"Dr. Dasent," he writes, "in his Introduction to the Norse Tales, has shown that popular stories found in the west and south of Africa must have come from the same source with old myths current in distant regions of Europe. Still later, Dr. Bleek has published a collection of Hottentot Fables, 'Reynard the Fox in South Africa,' which shows that other mythic episodes, long familiar in remote countries, have established themselves among these rude people as household tales. As it happens, we know from other sources enough to explain the appearance in South Africa of stories from Reynard by referring them to European, and more particularly to Dutch influences. But, even without

such knowledge, the tales themselves prove an historical connection, near or remote, between Europe and the Cape of Good Hope."

Where coincidences occur in the customs and traditions of nations who, as far as history tells us, have never had any intercourse together, Mr. Tylor simply registers the fact, without drawing further conclusions. He has, indeed, endeavored in one instance to establish an historical connection between the mythology of America and that of Asia and the rest of the world, on the strength of a certain similarity of legends; but we doubt whether his evidence, however striking, is strong enough to support so bold an arch. There is in the popular traditions of Central America the story of two brothers who, starting on their dangerous journey to the land of Xibalba, where their father had perished, plant each a cane in the middle of their grandmother's house that she may know by its flourishing or withering whether they are alive or dead. Exactly the same conception occurs in Grimm's "Mährchen." When the two gold-children wish to see the world and to leave their father, and when their father is sad and asks them how he shall have news of them, they tell him, "We leave you the two golden lilies; from these you can see how we fare. If they are fresh, we are well; if they fade, we are ill; if they fall, we are dead." Grimm traces the same idea in Indian stories. Now this idea is strange enough, and its occurrence in India, Germany, and Central America is stranger still. If it occurred in Indian and German tales only, we might consider it as ancient Aryan property, but when we find it again in Central America, nothing remains but either to admit a later communication between

European settlers and native American story-tellers — an admission which, though difficult, is not quite impossible ; or to inquire whether there is not some intelligible and truly human element in this supposed sympathy between the life of flowers and the life of man. Mr. Tylor himself has brought together analogous cases in his chapter of images and names. Thus, when a Maori war-party is to start, the priests set up sticks in the ground to represent the warriors, and he whose stick is blown down, is to fall in the battle. In British Guiana, when young children are betrothed, trees are planted by the respective parties in witness of the contract, and if either tree should happen to wither, the child it belongs to is sure to die. And surely this is a feeling in which many can share even in this enlightened age. Perhaps we should only call it unlucky if a tree planted by an absent child were suddenly to wither, or if a distant friend's portrait were to fall from the wall, or if a wedding-ring were to roll off the finger ; yet the fact that we call such things unlucky shows that there must be something human in the sentiment which prompted the story of the gold-children, and of the brothers who went to Xibalba, and that we need not on that account admit an historical intercourse between the aborigines of Guatemala and the Aryans of India and Germany.

It is likewise a curious coincidence that the Mexicans represent an eclipse of the moon as the moon being devoured by a dragon, and that the Hindus do just the same ; nay, both nations continued to use this expression long after they had discovered the true cause of an eclipse. Yet here again the original conception is natural and intelligible, and its occurrence

in India and Mexico need not be the result of any historical intercourse. We know that such an intercourse was suspected by Alexander von Humboldt, and we are far from considering it impossible. But the evidence on the American side requires more careful sifting than it has yet received ; and we must remind Mr. Tylor that even the MS. of the "Popul Vuh," to which he refers for ancient American traditions, has never been traced beyond the end of the seventeenth century, and that even had it been written towards the end of the sixteenth century, it would not have been quite safe from European influences.

That there was in very early days a migration from the northeast of Asia to the northwest of America is, as yet, a postulate only. There are scattered indications in the languages and traditions, as well as in the fauna and flora of the two opposite continents, which seem to require the admission of a primeval bridge of islands across Behring's Straits. Yet the evidence has never been carefully sifted and properly summed up, and till that is done a verdict cannot be given. As a contribution, apparently small, yet by no means insignificant, towards a solution of this important problem, we shall mention only one of Mr. Tylor's observations. Joannes de Plano Carpini, describing in 1246 the manners and customs of the Tartars, says that one of their superstitious traditions concerns sticking a knife into the fire, or in any way touching the fire with a knife, or even taking meat out of a kettle with a knife, or cutting near the fire with an axe, for they believe that so the head of the fire would be cut off. In the far northeast of Asia, it may be found, in the remarkable catalogue of ceremonial sins of the Kamchadals, among

whom it is a sin to take up a burning ember with the knife-point, and light tobacco; but it must be taken hold of with the bare hands. How is it possible to separate from these the following statement taken out of a list of superstitions of the Sioux Indians of North America? "They must not stick an awl or needle into . . . a stick of wood on the fire. No person must chop on it with an axe or knife, or stick an awl into it; neither are they allowed to take a coal from the fire with a knife, or any other sharp instrument."

These, no doubt, are striking coincidences; but do they not at once lose much of their force by the fact, mentioned by Mr. Tylor himself, that among the ancient Pythagorean maxims we find, *πῦρ μαχαίρα μὴ σκαλεύειν*, "not to stir the fire with a sword."

Mr. Tylor seems almost to despair of the existence of any custom anywhere which cannot be matched somewhere else. "Indeed," he says (p. 175), "any one who claims a particular place as the source of even the smallest art, from the mere fact of finding it there, must feel that he may be using his own ignorance as evidence, as though it were knowledge. An ingenious little drilling instrument which I and other observers had set down as peculiar to the South Sea Islanders, in or near the Samoan group, I found kept one day in stock in the London tool-shops."

It is impossible to be too cautious in a comparative study of manners before admitting an historical connection on the strength of ethological coincidences, however startling. Let those who are inclined to blame Mr. Tylor for not having dogmatized more broadly on these problems, consider but one case, that of the Couvade, so well described in his book. Who

could believe that there was one single tribe, however silly in other respects, which should carry its silliness so far as to demand that on the birth of a child the father should take to his bed, while the mother attends to all the duties of the household? Yet there are few customs more widely spread than this, and better attested by historical evidence during nearly 2,000 years. The Chinese, whose usages are quaint enough, have long been credited with this custom, but, as it would seem, without good reason, Marco Polo, passing through China in the thirteenth century, observed this custom in the Chinese province of West Yunnan, and the widow's remark to Sir Hudibras owes its origin most probably to Marco Polo's travels:—

“For though Chinese go to bed,  
And lie-in in their ladies' stead.”

The people, however, among whom the Venetian traveller observed this custom were not properly Chinese, but the aboriginal tribes of the land. Among these tribes, commonly called Miao-tze, soil-children, the custom remarked by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century exists to the present day. The father of a newborn child, as soon as its mother has become strong enough to leave her couch, gets into bed himself, and there receives the congratulations of his acquaintances. But the custom is more ancient than the thirteenth century. About the beginning of the Christian era one of the most trustworthy geographers, Strabo,<sup>1</sup> mentions that among the Iberians of the north of Spain

<sup>1</sup> Strabo, III. 4, 17. Κοινὰ δὲ καὶ ταῦτα πρὸς τὰ Κελτικὰ ἔθνη καὶ τὰ Θράκια καὶ Σκυθικά, κοινὰ δὲ καὶ τὰ πρὸς ἀνδρείαν τήν τε τῶν ἀνδρῶν καὶ τήν τῶν γυναικῶν. γεωργοῦσι αὐταί, τεκοῦσαι τε διακονοῦσι τοῖς ἀνδράσιν, ἐκείνους ἀνθ' ἑαυτῶν καταλίναςαι.

the women, after the birth of a child, tend their husbands, putting them to bed, instead of going themselves. In the same locality, and among the modern Basques, the descendants of the Iberians, M. F. Michel found the same custom in existence but a few years ago. "In Biscay," he says, "the women rise immediately after childbirth, and attend to the duties of the household, while the husband goes to bed, taking the baby with him, and thus receives the neighbors' compliments." From the Basques in the Pyrenees this absurd custom seems to have spread to France, where it received the name of *faire la couvade*.

"It has been found in Navarre," Mr. Tylor writes, "and on the French side of the Pyrenees. Legrand d'Aussy mentions that in an old French fabliau, the king of Torelore is *au lit et en couche*, when Aucassin arrives and takes a stick to him and makes him promise to abolish the custom in his realm. And the same author goes on to say that the practice is said still to exist in some cantons of Béarn." Nor is this all. We have the respectable authority of Diodorus Siculus that among the natives of Corsica the wife was neglected and the husband put to bed and treated as the patient. And, if we may trust Apollonius Rhodius,<sup>1</sup> the same

<sup>1</sup> Apollonius, *Argonautica*, II. 1009-1014:—

Τοὺς δὲ μέτ' αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα Γενηταίου Διὸς ἄκρην  
 γνάμψαντες, σῶοντο παρ᾽ Ἐτιβαρηνίδα γαίαν.  
 Ἐνθ' ἔπει ἄρ κε τέκωνται ὑπ' ἀνδράσι τέκνα γυναῖκες,  
 αὐτοὶ μὲν στενάχουσιν ἐνὶ λεχέεσσι πεσόντες,  
 κράατα δησάμενοι· ταὶ δ' εὖ κομέουσι ἔδωδῃ  
 ἀνέρας, ἧδὲ λοετρὰ λεχώια τοῖσι πένονται.

See also Valerius Flaccus, *Argon.* V. 148:—

"Inde Genetæi rupem Jovis, hinc Tibarenûm  
 Dant virides post terga lacus, ubi deside mitra  
 Feta ligat, partuque virur fovet ipsa soluto."

almost incredible custom prevailed at the south of the Black Sea, among a people called Tibareni, where, when the child was born, the father lay groaning in bed with his head tied up, while the mother tended him with food and prepared his baths.

Thus, a custom which ought to be peculiar to Bedlam has been traced during more than 1,800 years in the most distant parts of the world—in Western China, near the Black Sea, in Corsica, in Spain, and among tribes who, as far as we know, had no historical intercourse with each other, and whose languages certainly show no traces of relationship. Is it, then, a natural custom? Is there anything rational or intelligible in it to which there might be some response from every human heart? Mr. Tylor thinks that he has discovered such an element. “The Couvade,” he says, “implicitly denies that physical separation of individuals which a civilized man would probably set down as a first principle. It shows us a number of distinct and distant tribes deliberately holding the opinion that the connection between father and child is not only, as we think, a mere relation of parentage, affection, and duty, but that their very bodies are joined by a physical bond; so that what is done to the one acts directly upon the other!” Mr. Tylor fixes on what he calls a “fusion of objective and subjective relations in the mind” as the source of this and other superstitions; and though allowing that it is difficult to place ourselves at the same angle of thought, he traces the effects of a similar confusion in many of the customs and ceremonies of earlier ages.

Without denying the existence of this mental confusion, nay, readily allowing to it some influence on

the latter modifications of the Couvade, we are inclined to take a different view of the origin of that extraordinary custom. Customs, however extraordinary, after a lapse of time, have generally very simple beginnings. Now, without exaggerating the treatment which a husband receives among ourselves at the time of his wife's confinement, not only from mothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, and other female relatives, but from nurses, from every consequential maid-servant in the house, it cannot be denied that while his wife is suffering, his immunity from pain is generally remarked upon, and if anything goes wrong for which it is possible to blame him, he is sure to hear of it. If his boots are creaking, if his dog is barking, if the straw has not been properly laid down, does he not catch it? And would it not be best for him to take to his bed at once, and not to get up till all is well over? If something of this kind exists in our highly civilized age, let us try to imagine what it must have been among nomadic races; or, rather, let us hear evidence. Among the land Dayaks of Borneo the husband, before the birth of his child, may do no work with a sharp instrument except what is necessary for the farm; nor may he fire guns, nor strike animals, nor do any violent work, lest bad influences should affect the child; and after it is born, the father is kept in seclusion in-doors for several days and dieted on rice and salt, to prevent not his own but his child's stomach from swelling. In Kamschatka the husband must not do such things as bend sledge-staves across his knee before his child is born. In Greenland he must for some weeks before his wife's confinement do no work except what is necessary to procure food, and this, it is believed, in order that the

child may not die. Among the Arawaks of Surinam for some time after the birth of his child the father must fell no tree, fire no gun, hunt no large game; he may stay near home, shoot little birds with a bow and arrow, and angle for little fish, but, his time hanging heavy on his head, the most comfortable thing he can do is to lounge in his hammock.

In all these arrangements the original intention is very clear. The husband was to keep quiet before as well as after the birth of his child, and he was told by the goodies of the house that if he went out hunting or came home drunk, it would injure the child. If the child happened to die he would never hear the last of his carelessness and want of consideration. Now, if this train of ideas was once started, the rest would follow. If a timid and kind-hearted husband had once been frightened into the belief that it was his eating too much or his coming home drunk from the Club that killed the child, need we wonder if the next time he tried to be on his good behavior, and even took to fasting in order to benefit his child, *i. e.* in reality, to save his servants the trouble of preparing dinner for him? Other husbands would then be told with significant looks what a pattern of a husband he had been, and how his children never died, and thus the belief would soon spread that if a child died it was the husband who killed it by some neglect or other. Fasting before or after the birth of a child would become meritorious, and would soon be followed by other kinds of mortification which the natural spitefulness of the female population against the unfortunate husband would tend to multiply and increase *ad infinitum*. Now, let us see whether in the peculiar formalities of

the Couvade we can still discover motives of this kind. The following account is given by Du Tertre of the Carib Couvade in the West Indies : —

“ When a child is born the mother goes presently to her work, but the father begins to complain and takes to his hammock, and there he is visited as though he were sick, and undergoes a course of dieting which would cure of the gout the most replete of Frenchmen. How they can fast so much, and not die of it (continues the narrator) is amazing to me. When the forty days are up, they invite their relations, who, being arrived, before they set to eating hack the skin of this poor wretch with agouti teeth, and draw blood from all parts of his body, in such sort that from being sick by pure imagination they often make a real patient of him. This is, however, so to speak, only the fish, for now comes the sauce they prepare for him ; they take sixty or eighty large grains of pimento, or Indian pepper, the strongest they can get, and after well washing it in water, they wash with this peppery infusion the wounds and scars of the poor fellow, who, I believe, suffers no less than if he were burnt alive ; however, he must not utter a single word if he will not pass for a coward and a wretch.<sup>1</sup> This ceremony ended, they bring him back to his bed, where he remains some days more, and the rest go and make good cheer in the house at his expense. Nor is this all. Through the

<sup>1</sup> Among the Koriaks, who inhabit the northern half of the peninsula of Kamtschatka, the bridegroom, when he receives his bride, is beaten with sticks by his future parents and neighbors. If he endures this manfully, he proves his ability “ to bear up against the ills of life,” and is then conducted without further ceremony to the apartment of his betrothed. See A. S. Bickmore, “ The Ainos or Hairy Men,” *American Journal of Science*, May, 1868, p. 12.

space of six whole months he eats neither birds nor fish, firmly believing that this would injure the child's stomach, and that it would participate in the natural faults of the animals on which its father had fed; for example, if the father ate turtle — poor alderman! — the child would be deaf and have no brains like this animal!"

The Jesuit missionary Dobrizhofer gives the following account of the Abipones in South America: —

"No sooner do you hear that the wife has borne a child than you will see the Abipone husband lying in bed huddled up with mats and skins, lest some ruder breath of air should touch him, fasting, kept in private, and for a number of days abstaining religiously from certain viands; you would aver it was he who had had the child. And in truth they observe this ancestral custom, troublesome as it is, the more willingly and diligently, from their being altogether persuaded that the sobriety and quiet of the father is effectual for the well-being of the new-born offspring, and is even necessary. They believe that the father's carelessness influences the new-born offspring, from a natural bond and sympathy of both. Hence if the child comes to a premature end, its death is attributed by the women to the father's intemperance, this or that cause being assigned: he did not abstain from mead; he had loaded his stomach with water-hog; he had swam across the river when the air was chilly; he had neglected to shave off his long eyebrows; he had devoured underground honey, stamping on the bees with his feet; he had ridden till he was tired and sweated. With raving like this the crowd of women accuse the father with impunity of causing the child's

death, and are accustomed to pour curses on the unoffending husband."

These statements, such as they are, given by unprejudiced observers, seem to support very strongly the natural explanation which we proposed of the *Couvade*. It is clear that the poor husband was at first tyrannized over by his female relations, and afterwards frightened into superstition. He then began to make a martyr of himself till he made himself really ill or took to his bed in self-defense. Strange and absurd as the *Couvade* appears at first sight, there is something in it with which, we believe, most mothers-in-law can sympathize; and if we consider that it has been proved to exist in Spain, Corsica, Pontus, Africa, the Eastern Archipelago, the West Indies, North and South America, we shall be inclined to admit that it arose from some secret spring in human nature, the effects of which may be modified by civilization, but are, perhaps, never entirely obliterated.

It is one of the principal charms in the study of customs to watch their growth and their extraordinary tenacity. It is true we are no longer savages; we do not thrust rings and bones and feathers through the cartilage of our noses, nor pull our ears in long nooses down to the shoulders by heavy weights. Still less do we put wooden plugs as big as table spoons through slits in the under lip, or stick the teeth of animals point outwards through holes in the cheeks. Yet the ears of female children are still mutilated even in Europe, and ladies are not ashamed to hang jewels in them.

What is the meaning of the wedding-ring which the wife has to wear? There is no authority for it either

in the Old or New Testament. It is simply a heathen custom, whether Roman or Teutonic we shall not attempt to decide, but originally expressive of the fetter by which the wife was tied to her husband. In England it is the wife only who wears the golden fetter, while all over Germany the tie is mutual; both husband and wife wearing the badge of the loss of their liberty. We thought, indeed, we had discovered among the wild tribes in the interior of the Malay peninsula an independent instance of the use of wedding-rings. But although every trace of Christianity seems extinct among the Mantras, there can be no doubt, from the description given by Father Bourrien ("Transactions of Ethnological Society," vol. iii. p. 82) that Christian missionaries had reached these people, though it may be, before the time when they migrated to their present seats.

We should not venture to call our levees and drawing-rooms the remnants of barbarism and savagery. Yet they must clearly be traced back to the Middle Ages, when homage was done by each subject by putting his hands joined between the hands of the king. This, again, was originally a mere symbol, an imitation of the act by which a vanquished enemy surrendered himself to his despoiler. We know from the sculptures of Nineveh and from other sources that it was the custom of the conqueror to put his foot on the neck of his enemy. This, too, has been abbreviated; and as in Europe gentlemen now only kiss the king's hand, we find that in the Tonga Islands, when a subject approaches to do homage, the chief has to hold up his foot behind, as a horse does, and the subject touches the sole with his fingers, thus placing himself, as it

were, under the sole of his lord's foot. Every one seems to have the right of doing reverence in this way when he pleases ; and chiefs get so tired of holding up their feet to be touched that they make their escape at the very sight of a loyal subject.

Who has not wondered sometimes at the fumbling efforts of gentlemen in removing their gloves before shaking hands with a lady, the only object being, it would seem, to substitute a warm hand for a cool glove? Yet in the ages of chivalry there was a good reason for it. A knight's glove was a steel gauntlet, and a squeeze with that would have been painful.

Another extraordinary feature in the history of manners is the utter disability of people to judge of the manners of other nations or of former ages with anything like fairness or common sense. An English lady travelling in the East turns away her face with disgust when she sees oriental women passing by with bare feet and bare legs ; while the Eastern ladies are horrified at the idea of women in Europe walking about barefaced. Admirers of Goethe may get over the idea that this great poet certainly ate fish with a knife ; but when we are told that Beatrice never used a fork, and that Dante never changed his linen for weeks, some of our illusions are rudely disturbed. We mourn in black, and think that nothing can be more natural ; the aborigines of Australia mourn in white, and, their clothing being of the scantiest, they plaster their foreheads, the tips of their noses, and the lower parts of the orbit of their eyes with pipe-clay. As long as the people of Europe represented the Devil in human form they represented him in black. In Africa the natives of the Guinea coast paint him in the whitest colors.

To Northern nations Hell was a cold place, a dreary region of snow and frost; to Eastern nations, and those who derive their notions from the East, the place of torment was ablaze with fire and flame. Who shall tell which is right?

And now, after we have gone through these few samples, ancient and modern, of barbarous and refined customs, we are afraid that we have given but a very incomplete idea of what may be found in Mr. Tylor's book on the early history of mankind. We have endeavored to point out the importance of the subject which he has treated, but we have hardly done justice to the careful yet pleasing manner in which he has treated it. There are in the beginning four chapters on the various ways in which man utters his thoughts in gestures, words, pictures, and writing. Of these we have not been able to say anything, though they contain much that is new, and the result of thoughtful observation. Then there is a chapter on images and names, where an attempt is made to refer a great part of the beliefs and practices included under the general name of magic to one very simple mental law, namely, the taking the name for the thing, the idol for the deity, the doll for the living child. There is an excellent essay on flints and celts, in which it is shown that the transition from implements of stone to those of metal took place in almost every part of the globe, and a progress from ruder to more perfect modes of making fire and boiling food is traced in many different countries. Here Mr. Tylor expresses his obligations to Mr. Henry Christie, whose great collection of the productions of the lower races has few rivals in Europe, and whose lucid Paper on the "Different Periods of the Stone

Age," lately published, is, we hope, but the first instalment of a larger work. Lastly, there are several chapters in which a number of stories are grouped together as "Myths of Observation," *i. e.* as stories invented to account, somehow or other, for actual facts, the real origin of which was unknown. Every one of these subjects would well deserve a separate review. But, having already overstepped the proper limits of a literary article, we will not anticipate any further the pleasure of those who want to have an instructive book to read during their leisure hours.

*April, 1865.*

## XXVI.

### OUR FIGURES.<sup>1</sup>

THE two words "cipher" and "zero," which are in reality but one, would almost in themselves be sufficient to prove that our figures are borrowed from the Arabs. "Cipher" is the Arabic "cifron," which means empty, a translation of the Sanskrit name of the nought, "sûnya." The same character, the nought, is called "ze-phiro" in Italian, and has by rapid pronunciation been changed into "zero" — a form occurring as early as 1491, in a work of Philip Calander on Arithmetic, published at Florence. "Cipher" — originally the name of the tenth of the numerical figures, the nought — became in most European languages the general term for all figures, "zero" taking its place as the technical name of the nought; while in English "cipher" retained its primitive sense, and is thus used even in common parlance, as, for instance, "He is a mere *cipher*."

The Arabs, however, far from claiming the discovery of the figures for themselves, unanimously ascribe it to the Indians; nor can there be much doubt that the Brahmans were the original inventors of those numerical symbols which are now used over the whole

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoire sur la Propagation des Chiffres Indiens.* Par M F Woepcke. Paris, 1863.

civilized world. But although this has long been admitted as true, there is considerable difficulty when we come to trace the channels through which the figures could have reached, and did reach the nations of Europe. If these numerical symbols had been unknown in Europe before the invasion of Spain by the Mohammedans, or before the rise of Mohammedanism, all would be easy enough. We possess the work through which the Arabs, under the Khalif Almâmûn, in the ninth century, became initiated into the science of Indian ciphering and arithmetic. This work of Abu Jafar Mohammed Ben Mûsâ Alkhârizmî was founded on treatises brought from India to Bagdad in 773, and was translated again into Latin during the Middle Ages, with the title of "Algoritmi de numero Indorum." It was generally supposed, therefore, that the Mohammedans brought the Indian figures into Spain; and that Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II., who died 1003, acquired a knowledge of them at Seville or Cordova, where he was supposed (though wrongly) to have lived as a student. Unfortunately, the figures used in the principal countries of Europe during the Middle Ages, and, with some modifications, to the present day, differ considerably from the figures used in the East; and while they differ from these, they approach very near to the figures used by the Arabs in Africa and Spain. This is the first point that has to be explained. Secondly, there is at the end of the first book of the "Geometry" of Boëthius a passage where, in describing the *Mensa Pythagorea*, also called the *Abacus*, Boëthius mentions nine figures which he ascribes to the Pythagoreans or Neo-Pythagoreans, and which, to judge from the best MSS., are curiously

like the figures used in Africa, Syria, and the principal countries of Europe. To increase the difficulty of our problem, this very important passage of Boëthius is wanting in some MSS., is considered spurious by several critics, and is now generally ascribed to a continuator of Boëthius, who drew, however, not from Eastern, but, as it would seem, from Greek sources. We have, therefore, in MSS. of the eleventh century, figures which are supposed to have been used, if not by Boëthius himself, at least by his continuators and successors in the sixth and following centuries — figures strikingly like those used by the Arabs in Africa and Spain, and yet not to be traced directly to an oriental source, but to the school of the Neo-Pythagoreans. The Neo-Pythagoreans, however, need not therefore be the inventors of these figures, any more than the Arabs. All that can be claimed for them is, that they were the first teachers of ciphering among the Greeks and Romans; that they, at Alexandria or in Syria, became acquainted with the Indian figures, and adapted them to the Pythagorean Abacus; that Boëthius, or his continuator, made these figures generally known in Europe by means of mathematical hand-books; and that thus, long before the time of Gerbert, who probably never went to Spain, and long before the influence of the Arabs could be felt in the literature of Europe, these same figures had found their way from Alexandria into our schools and monasteries. The names by which these nine figures are called in some of the MSS. of Boëthius, though extremely obscure, are supposed to show traces of that mingling of Semitic and Pythagorean ideas which could well be accounted for in the schools of Alexandria.

Yet all these considerations do not help us in tracing with any certainty the first appearance in Europe of our own figures beyond the eleventh century. The MSS. of Boëthius, which contain the earliest traces of them, belong to the eleventh century; and, strictly speaking, they cannot be made to prove that such figures as we there see existed in the time of Boëthius, *i. e.* the sixth century, still less that they were known to the Neo-Pythagorean philosophers. All that can be conceded is that Boëthius, or rather his continuator, knew of nine figures; but that they had in his time the same form which we find in the MSS. of the eleventh century, is not proven.

It is at this stage that M. Woepcke, an excellent Arabic scholar and mathematician, takes up the problem in his "Mémoire sur la Propagation des Chiffres Indiens," just published in the "Journal Asiatique." He points out, first of all, a fact which had been neglected by all previous writers, namely, that the Arabs have two sets of figures, one used chiefly in the East, which he therefore calls the "Oriental;" another used in Africa and Spain, and there called "Gobar." "Gobar" means "dust," and these figures were so called because, as the Arabs say, they were first introduced by an Indian who used a table covered with fine dust for the purpose of ciphering. Both sets of figures are called Indian by the Arabs. M. Woepcke then proceeds to show that the figures given in the MSS. of Boëthius coincide with the earliest forms of the Gobar figures, whilst they differ from the Oriental figures; and, adopting the view of Prinsep<sup>1</sup> that the Indian figures were originally the initial letters of the

<sup>1</sup> *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, April, 1838.

Sanskrit numerals, he exhibits in a table the similarity between the Gobar figures and the initial letters of the Sanskrit numerals, giving these letters from Indian inscriptions of the second century of our era. Hereby an important advance is made, for, as the Sanskrit alphabet changes from century to century, M. Woepcke argues very plausibly, though, we must add, not quite convincingly, that the *apices* given in Boëthius, and ascribed by him to the Neo-Pythagoreans, could not have been derived from India much after the third or fourth centuries. He points out that these nine figures were of less importance to the Greeks, who used their letters with numerical values, and who had in the Abacus something approaching to a decimal system; but that they would have been of the greatest value to the Romans as replacing their V, X, L, C, D, M. In Italy, therefore, and in the Roman provinces, in Gaul and Spain, the Indian figures, which were adopted by the Neo-Pythagoreans, and which resemble the Gobar figures, began to spread from the sixth century, so that the Mohammedans, when arriving in Spain in the eighth, found these figures there already established. The Arabs themselves, when starting on their career of conquest, were hardly able to read or to write; they certainly were ignorant of ciphering, and could not therefore be considered as the original propagators of the so-called Arabic figures. The Khalif Walid, who reigned at Damascus from 705 to 715 A. D., prohibited the use of Greek in public documents, but was obliged to make an exemption in favor of Greek figures, because it was impossible to write them in Arabic. In Egypt, the Arabs adopted the Coptic figures. In 773 an Indian embassy arrived at Bagdad, at the court of

the Khalif Almansur, bringing among other things a set of astronomical tables. In order to explain these tables, the ambassadors had naturally to begin with explaining their figures, their arithmetic, and algebra. Anyhow, the astronomical work, the Siddhânta of Brahmagupta, which that astronomer had composed in 628 A. D.,<sup>1</sup> at the court of king Vyâghra, was then and there translated into Arabic by Mohammed Ben Ibrâhim Alfâzâri, under the title of the "Great Sindhind." This work was abridged in the first half of the ninth century by a contemporary of the Khalif Almâmûn, Mohammed Ben Mûsâ Alkhârizmî, the same who afterwards wrote a manual of practical arithmetic, founded likewise on an Indian original (Woepcke, p. 58). We can well understand, therefore, that the Arabs, on arriving in Spain, without, as yet, any considerable knowledge of arithmetic, should have adopted there, as they did in Greece and Egypt, the figures which they found in use, and which had travelled there from the Neo-Pythagorean schools of Egypt, and originally from India; and likewise that when, in the ninth or tenth century, the new Arabic treatises on arithmetic arrived in Spain from the East, the Arabs of Spain should have adopted the more perfect system of ciphering, carried on without the Abacus, and rendering, in fact, the columns of the Abacus unnecessary by the judicious employment of the nought. But while dropping the Abacus, there was no necessity for their discontinuing or changing the figures to which the Arabs as well as the Spaniards had then been accustomed for centuries; and hence we find that the ancient figures

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Bhao Daji, "On the Age of Âryabhata," etc., in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1865, p. 410.

were retained in Spain, only adapted to the purposes of the new Indian arithmetic by the more general use of the nought. The nought was known in the Neo-Pythagorean schools, but with the columns of the Abacus it was superfluous, while, with the introduction of ciphering in fine powder, and without columns, its use naturally became very extensive. As the system of ciphering in fine powder was called "Indian," the Gobar figures, too, were frequently spoken of under the same name, and thus the Arabs in Spain brought themselves to believe that they had received both their new arithmetic and their figures from India; the truth being, according to M. Woepeke, that they had received their arithmetic from India directly, while their figures had come to them indirectly from India through the mediation of the Neo-Pythagorean schools.

M. Woepeke would therefore admit two channels through which the Indian figures reached Europe — one passing through Egypt about the third century of our era, when not only commercial but also philosophical interests attracted the merchants of Uggayinî (Ὀξίγη) towards Alexandria, and thinkers such as Plotinus and Numenius toward Persia and India; another passing through Bagdad in the eighth century, and following the track of the victorious Islam. The first carried the earlier forms of the Indian figures from Alexandria to Rome and as far as Spain, and, considering the active social, political, and commercial intercourse between Egypt, as a Roman province, and the rest of the Roman Empire, we must not look upon one philosophical school, the Neo-Pythagorean, as the only agents in disseminating so useful an invention.

The merchant may have been a more active agent than the philosopher or the schoolmaster. The second carried the later forms from Bagdad to the principal countries conquered by the Khalifs, with the exception of those where the earlier or Gobar figures had already taken firm root. M. Woepcke looks on our European figures as modifications of the early Neo-Pythagorean or Gobar forms, and he admits their presence in Europe long before the science and literature of the Arabs in Spain could have reacted on our seats of classical learning. He does not pronounce himself distinctly on the date and the authorship to be assigned to the much controverted passage of Boëthius, but he is evidently inclined to ascribe, with Boeckh, a knowledge of the nine Indian figures to the Western mathematicians of the sixth century. The only change produced in the ciphering of Europe by the Arabs was, according to him, the suppression of the Abacus, and the more extended use of the cipher. He thinks that our own figures are still the Gobar figures, written in a more cursive manner by the Arabs of Spain; and that Adlard of Bath, Robert of Reading, William Shelley, David Morley, Gerard of Cremona, and others who, in the twelfth century, went to Spain to study Arabic and mathematics, learnt there the same figures, only written more cursorily, which Boëthius or his continuator taught in Italy in the sixth. In MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the figures vary considerably in different parts of Europe, but they are at last fixed and rendered uniform by the introduction of printing.

It will be admitted by everybody who has taken an interest in the complicated problem of the origin and the migrations of our figures, that the system proposed

by M. Woepcke would remove many difficulties. It is quite clear that our figures could not have come to us from the Arabs of Bagdad, and that they are the same as those of the Arabs of Spain. But it might still be questioned whether it is necessary to admit that the Arabs found the Gobar figures on their arrival in Spain established in that country. Is there really any evidence of these Gobar figures being in common use anywhere in the West of Europe before the eleventh century? Could not the Gobar figures represent one of the many local varieties of the Indian figures of which Albirûni speaks in the eleventh century, nay, which existed in India from the earliest to the present time? It should be borne in mind that the Gobar figures are not entirely unknown among the Eastern Arabs, and there are traces of them in MSS. as early as the middle of the tenth century (p. 150). How could this be explained, if the Arabs became acquainted with the Gobar figures only after their arrival in Spain? Could not the mathematicians of the Meghrab have adopted one kind of Indian figures, the Gobar, and brought them to Spain, just as they brought their own peculiar system of numerical letters, differing slightly, yet characteristically, from the numerical alphabet of the Eastern Mohammedans? Once in Spain, these Gobar figures would naturally find their way into the rest of Europe, superseding the Eastern figures which had been adopted in the mathematical works of Neophytus, Planudes, and other Byzantine writers of the fourteenth century. There is, no doubt, that passage of Boëthius, or of his continuator. But to a skeptical mind that passage can carry no conviction. We do not know who wrote it, and, strictly speaking, the figures which it contains can only prove that the writer

of the MS. in the eleventh century was acquainted with the Gobar figures, which at that time were known, according to M. Woepcke's own showing, both at Shiraz and at Toledo. But though M. Woepcke has not driven away all our doubts, he has certainly contributed greatly to a final settlement of this problem, and he has brought together evidence which none but a first rate Arabic scholar and mathematician could have mastered. M. Woepcke, before grappling with this difficult subject, has even taken the trouble to familiarize himself with Sanskrit, and he has given, in his Essay, some valuable remarks about the enormous numbers used by the Buddhists in their sacred writings. Whether these enormous numbers necessitate the admission that the nine figures and the use of the cipher were known to the Buddhists in the third century B. C. is again a more doubtful point, particularly if we consider that the numbers contained in the Bactro-Pali inscriptions, in the first or second century B. C., show no trace, as yet, of that perfect system of ciphering. They either represent the numerals by a corresponding number of upright strokes, which is done up to five in the Kapurdi-giri inscription, or they adopt a special symbol for four — namely, a cross — and then express five by a cross and one stroke, eight by two crosses,<sup>1</sup> and ten, twenty, and a hundred by other special symbols. Thus seventy-eight is written in the Taxila inscription by three twenties, one ten, and two fours. This is a late discovery due to the ingenious

<sup>1</sup> It would be very desirable if the origin of the numerical figures in the Hieratic inscriptions could be satisfactorily explained. If the Hieratic figures for one, two, and three are mere corruptions of the hieroglyphic signs, the similarity between them and the Indian figures would certainly be startling. Writing the eight by two fours is likewise a strange coincidence between the Hieratic and the Indian system, and the figures for nine are almost identical in both.

researches of Professor Dowson, Mr. Norris, and General A. Cunningham, as published in the last numbers of the "Journals of the Royal Asiatic Society," and of the "Asiatic Society of Bengal." We also beg to call attention to a list of ancient Sanskrit numerals collected by Dr. Bhao Daji, and published in the last number of the "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal." They are of a totally different character, and place the theory of Prinsep, that the Indian figures were originally the initial letters of the numerals in Sanskrit, beyond all doubt. Yet here too, we see no trace, as yet, of decimal notation, or of the employment of the cipher. We find nine letters, the initials of the Sanskrit numerals, employed for 1 to 9 — a proceeding possible in Sanskrit, where every numeral begins with a different letter; but impossible in Greek, where four of the simple numerals began with *e*, and two with *t*. We then find a new symbol for ten, sometimes like the *d*, the initial letter of the Sanskrit numeral; another for twenty, for a hundred, and for a thousand; but these symbols are placed one after the other to express compound numerals, very much like the letters of the Greek alphabet, when employed for numerical purposes; they are never used with the nought. It would be highly important to find out at what time the nought occurs for the first time in Indian inscriptions. That inscription would deserve to be preserved among the most valuable monuments of antiquity, for from it would date in reality the beginning of true mathematical science, impossible without the nought — nay, the beginning of all the exact sciences to which we owe the discoveries of telescopes, steam-engines, and electric telegraphs.

## XXVII.

### CASTE.

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WHAT is caste? The word is used everywhere and by everybody. We have heard it of late in Parliament, at public meetings, in churches and chapels. It has found its way into English, and into most of the modern languages of Europe. We hear of caste not only in India, and in ancient Egypt, and among the Persians; but in England, in London, in the very drawing-rooms of Belgrave Square we are told by moralists and novel writers that there is caste. Among the causes assigned for the Sepoy mutiny, caste has been made the most prominent. By one party it is said that too much, by another that too little regard was paid to caste. An Indian colonel tells us that it was impossible to keep up military discipline among soldiers who, if their own officers happened to pass by while the privates were cooking their dinner, would throw their mess into the fire, because it had been defiled by the shadow of a European. An Indian civil-

<sup>1</sup> *Original Sanskrit Texts on the Origin and Progress of the Religion and Institutions of India*, collected, translated into English, and illustrated by notes, chiefly for the use of students and others in India. By J. Muir, Esq., D. C. L., late of the Bengal Civil Service. Part First, "The Mythical and Legendary Accounts of Caste." London, 1858. Williams & Norgate.

ian assures us with equal confidence that the Sepoys were driven mad by the greased cartridges ; that they believed they were asked to touch what was unclean in order to lose their caste, and that, rather than lose their caste, they would risk everything. Missionaries have been preaching against caste as the chief obstacle to conversion. Philanthropists have seen in the constant attacks of the missionaries upon caste the chief obstacle to the spreading of Christianity among the Hindus. Among the Hindus themselves some patriots have represented caste as the cause of India's humiliation and weakness, while their priests maintain that the dominion of the barbarians, under which India has been groaning for so many centuries, was inflicted as a divine vengeance for the neglect of the old and sacred distinctions of caste.

Where such different effects are attributed to the same cause, it is clear that different people must ascribe very different meanings to the same word. Nor is this at all extraordinary. In India caste, in one form or other, has existed from the earliest times. Words may remain the same, but their meaning changes constantly ; and what was meant by caste in India a thousand years B. C., in a simple, healthy, and patriarchal state of society, was necessarily something very different from what is called caste nowadays. M. Guizot, in his "History of Civilization," has traced the gradual and hardly perceptible changes which the meaning of such words as liberty, honor, right, has undergone in different periods of the history of Europe. But the history of India is a longer history than the history of Europe ; and creeds, and laws, and words, and traditions had been growing, and changing, and decaying on

the borders of the Sarasvatî and the Ganges, before the Saxons had reached the borders of the Elbe and their descendants had settled on the coast of Kent. There may have been less change in India than in Europe, but there has been considerable change in India too. The Brahmans of the present day are no longer the Brahmans of the Vedas, and the caste of the Sepoys is very different from the caste of the old Kshatriya warriors. Yet we call it all caste, — a word not even Indian in its origin, but adopted from the Portuguese, — and the Brahmans themselves do very much the same. They use, indeed, different words for what we promiscuously call caste. They call it “varna” and “gâti,” and they would use “kula” and “gotra,” and “pravara” and “karana,” in many cases where we promiscuously use the word “caste.” But on the whole they also treat the question of caste as if caste had been the same thing at all times. Where it answers their purpose they admit, indeed, that some of the old laws about caste have become obsolete, and are no longer applicable to a depraved age. But in the same breath they will appeal to the Veda as their most ancient and most sacred authority in order to substantiate their claim to a privilege which their forefathers enjoyed some thousand years ago. It is much the same as if the Archbishop of Canterbury were to declare the ninth commandment, “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,” was antiquated, because it had never been reënacted since the time of Moses ; and were to claim at the same time the right of excommunicating the Queen, or flogging the nobility, because, according to the most ancient testimonies of

Cæsar and Tacitus, the Druids and the ancient priests of Germany enjoyed the same privilege.

The question of caste in India has, however, assumed too serious an aspect to be treated any longer in this vague manner. New measures will soon have to be adopted with regard to it, and these measures must be such as will be approved by the more enlightened among the natives. Whatever the truth may be about the diabolical atrocities which are said to have been committed against women and children, a grievous wrong has been done to the people of India by making them responsible for crimes committed or said to have been committed by a few escaped convicts and raving fanatics; and, in spite of the efforts now making to counteract the promiscuous hatred against Hindus and Mohammedans, it will be long before the impression once created can be effaced, and before the inhabitants of India are treated again as men, and not as monsters. It is now perceived that it will never answer to keep India mainly by military force, and that the eloquent but irritating speeches of Indian reformers must prove very expensive to the tax-paying public of England. India can never be held or governed profitably without the good-will of the natives, and in any new measures that are to be adopted it will be necessary to listen to what they have to say, and to reason with them as we should reason with men quite capable of appreciating the force of an argument. There ought to be no idea of converting the Hindus by force, or of doing violence to their religious feelings. They have the promise, and that promise, we know, will never be broken, that their religion is not to be interfered with, except where it violates the laws of humanity. Hinduism is a decrepit

religion, and has not many years to live. But our impatience to see it annihilated cannot be pleaded as an excuse for employing violent and unfair means to hasten its downfall. If, therefore, caste is part of the Hindu religion, it will have to be respected as such by the Government. If it is not, it may be treated in the same spirit as social prejudices are treated at home.

Now, if we ask the Hindus whether their laws of caste are part of their religion, some will answer that they are, others that they are not. Under these circumstances we must clearly decide the question for ourselves. Thanks to the exertions of Sir William Jones, Colebrook, Wilson, and others, we possess in this country a nearly complete collection of the religious and legal works of the Brahmans. We are able to consult the very authorities to which the Hindus appeal, and we can form an opinion with greater impartiality than the Brahmans themselves.

The highest authority for the religion of the Brahmans is the Veda. All other works, — the “Laws of Manu,” the six orthodox systems of philosophy, the Purânas, or the legendary histories of India, — all derive their authority from their agreement with the Veda. The Veda alone is called *Sruti*, or revelation; everything else, however sacred, can only claim the title of *Smṛiti*, or tradition. The most elaborate arguments have been framed by the Brahmans to establish the divine origin and the absolute authority of the Veda. They maintain that the Veda existed before all time, that it was revealed by Brahman, and seen by divine sages, who themselves were free from the taint of humanity. “For what authority,” the Brahmans say, “could we claim for a revelation which had been

revealed by Brahman to fallible mortals? It might have been perfect truth as seen by Brahman, but as seen by men it would have been affected by their faulty vision. Hence revelation, in order to be above all suspicion, must be handed down by inspired *Rishis*, till at last it reaches in its perfect form the minds of the common believers, and is accepted by them as absolute truth." This is a curious argument, and not without some general interest. It is one of the many attempts to alleviate the responsibility of the believer in his own belief, to substitute a faith in man for a faith in God, to get something external to rest on instead of trying to stand on that which alone will last—a man's own faith in his own God. It is the story of the tortoise and the elephant and the earth over again, only in a different form; and the Brahmans, in order to meet all possible objections, have actually imagined a series of sages—the first quite divine, the second three fourths divine and one fourth human, the third half divine and half human, the fourth one fourth divine and three fourths human, the last human altogether. This Veda then, as handed down through this wonderful chain, is the supreme authority of all orthodox Brahmans. To doubt the divine origin and absolute authority of the Veda is heresy. Buddha, by denying the authority of the Veda, became a heretic. Kapila, an atheistic philosopher of the purest water, was tolerated by the Brahmans, because however much he differed from their theology, he was ready to sign the most important article of their faith—the divine origin and infallibility of scripture.

At the present day there are but few Brahmans who can read and understand the Veda. They learn por-

tions of it by heart, these portions consisting of hymns and prayers, which have to be muttered at sacrifices, and which every priest must know. But the language and grammar of the Veda being somewhat different from the common Sanskrit, the young priests have as much difficulty in understanding those hymns correctly as we have in translating old English. Hence arguments have not been wanting to prove that these hymns are really more efficacious if they are not understood, and all that the young student is required to learn is the pronunciation, the names of the metre, of the deity to whom the hymn is addressed, and of the poet by whom it was composed. In order to show that this is not an exaggerated account we quote from an article in the "Calcutta Review," written by a native and a real Sanskrit scholar: "The most learned Pandit in Bengal," he says, "has need to talk with diffidence of what he may consider to be the teaching of the Vedas on any point, especially when negative propositions are concerned. It may be doubted whether a copy of the entire Vedas is procurable in any part of Hindostan; it is more than probable that such a copy does not exist in Bengal. It would scarcely be modest or safe, under such circumstances, to say that such and such doctrines are not contained in the Vedas." In the South of India the Veda is perhaps studied a little more than in Bengal, yet even there the Brahmans would be completely guided in their interpretation by their scholastic commentaries; and when the Pandits near Madras were told by Dr. Graul, the director of the Lutheran Missions in India, that a countryman of his had been intrusted by the East India Company with the publication of the Veda, they all declared that it was an impossible task.

Instead of the Veda, the Brahmans of the present day read the "Laws of Manu," the six systems of philosophy, the Purânas, and the Tantras. Yet, ignorant as they are of the Veda, they believe in it as implicitly as the Roman Catholic friar believed in the Bible, though he had never seen it. The author of the so-called "Laws of Manu" is but a man, and he has to produce his credentials before the law which he teaches can be acknowledged as an authority. Now, what are his credentials, what is the authority of Manu? He tells us himself: "The root of the law," he says, "is the whole Veda and the tradition and customs of those who knew the Veda." Exactly the same words, only not yet reduced to a metrical form, occur in the old Sûtras or law-books which were paraphrased by the author of the "Laws of Manu." Towards the end of the law-book the author speaks of the Veda in still stronger terms: —

"To the departed, to gods and to men, the Veda is an imperishable eye; the Veda is beyond the power and beyond the reason of man: this is certain. Traditional codes of law, not founded on the Veda, and all the heterodox theories of man, produce no good fruit after death; they are all declared to rest on darkness. Whatever they are, they will rise and perish; on account of their modern date they are vain and false. The four classes of men, the three worlds, the four stages of life, all that has been, is, and will be, is known from the Veda. The imperishable Veda supports all creatures, and therefore I think it is the highest means of salvation for this creature — man. Command of armies, royal authority, power of inflicting punishment, and sovereign dominion over all na-

tions, he only will deserve who perfectly understands the Veda. As fire with augmented force burns up even humid trees, thus he, who well knows the Veda, burns out the taint of sin in his soul which arose from evil works. He who completely knows the sense of the Veda, while he remains in any one of the four stages of life, approaches the divine nature, even though he sojourn in this low world."

Again, whatever system of philosophy we open, we invariably find in the very beginning that as for right behavior ("dharma"), so for right knowledge, the Veda is to be considered as the highest authority. In the Vedânta philosophy the beginning of all wisdom is said to be a desire to know God, who is the cause of the Universe, and that he is the cause of the Universe is to be learnt from the scripture. The Nyâya philosophy acknowledges four sources of knowledge; and the fourth, which follows after perception, induction, and analogy, is the Word, or the Veda. The Vaisesika philosophy, an atomistic system, and looked upon with no very favorable eye by the orthodox Brahmans, is most emphatic in proclaiming the absolute authority of the Veda. And even the "Sânkhya," the atheistic "Sânkhya," which maintains that a personal God cannot be proved, conforms so far as to admit the received doctrine of the Veda as evidence in addition to perception and induction. At the time when these systems were originally composed, the Veda was still studied and understood; but in later times the Veda was superseded by more modern works, particularly the Purânas, and the less its real contents were known, the more easily could its authority be appealed to by the Brahmans in support of anything they wished to

establish as a divine ordinance. In their controversies with the Mohammedans, and in more recent times with the missionaries, the Brahmans, if they were hard pressed, invariably fell back upon the Veda. The "Laws of Manu" and other law-books were printed and translated. Some of their Purânas, also, had been rendered into English and French. With regard to these, therefore, the missionaries could ask for chapter and verse. But the Veda was unknown to either party, and on the principle of *omne ignotum pro mag-nifico*, the Brahmans maintained and the missionaries had to believe that everything which was to be found nowhere else was to be found in the Veda. There was no commandment of the Old Testament which, according to the Brahmans, might not be matched in the Veda. There was no doctrine of Christianity which had not been anticipated in the Veda. If the missionaries were incredulous and called for the manuscripts, they were told that so sacred a book could not be exposed to the profane looks of unbelievers, and there was an end to all further argument.

Under these circumstances it was felt that nothing would be of greater assistance to the missionaries in India than an edition of the Veda. Prizes were offered to any Sanskrit scholar who would undertake to edit the work, but after the first book, published by the late Dr. Rosen in 1838, no further progress was made. The Directors of the East India Company, always ready to assist the missionaries by any legitimate means, invited the Pandits, through the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, to undertake the work, and to publish a complete and authentic edition of their own sacred writings. The answers received only proved what was

known before, that in the whole of Bengal there was not a single Brahman who could edit the Veda. In spite of all these obstacles, however, the Veda is now being published in this country under the patronage of the East India Company. The missionaries have already derived great assistance from this edition of the Veda and its commentary, and constant applications are being made by various missionary societies for copies of the original and its English translation. The Brahmans, though they did not approve the publication of their sacred writings by a *Mlekkha*, have been honest enough to admit that the edition is complete and authentic. One of their most learned representatives, when speaking of this edition, says, "It will furnish the Vaidic Pandits with a complete collection of the Holy Sanhitâs, only detached portions of which are to be found in the possession of a few of them." And again, "It is surely a very curious reflection on the vicissitudes of human affairs that the descendants of the divine *Rishis* should be studying on the banks of the *Bhângîrathî*, the *Yamunâ*, and the *Sindhu*, their Holy Scriptures, published on the banks of the *Thames* by one whom they regard as a distant *Mlekkha*."

If, then, with all the documents before us, we ask the question, Does caste, as we find it in *Manu* and at the present day, form part of the most ancient religious teaching of the Vedas? we can answer with a decided "No." There is no authority whatever in the hymns of the Veda for the complicated system of castes; no authority for the offensive privileges claimed by the Brahmans; no authority for the degraded position of the *Sûdras*. There is no law to prohibit the different classes of the people from living together,

from eating and drinking together; no law to prohibit the marriage of people belonging to different castes; no law to brand the offspring of such marriages with an indelible stigma. All that is found in the Veda, at least in the most ancient portion of it, the hymns, is a verse, in which it is said that the priest, the warrior, the husbandman, and the serf, formed all alike part of Brahman. Rv. x. 90, 6, 7: "When they divided man, how many did they make him? What was his mouth? what his arms? what are called his thighs and feet? The Brâhmana was his mouth, the Râganya was made his arms, the Vaisya became his thighs, the Sûdra was born from his feet." European critics are able to show that even this verse is of later origin than the great mass of the hymns, and that it contains modern words, such as Sûdra and Râganya, which are not found again in the other hymns of the Rig-veda. Yet it belongs to the ancient collection of the Vedic hymns, and if it contained anything in support of caste, as it is now understood, the Brahmans would be right in saying that caste formed part of their religion, and was sanctioned by their sacred writings. But, as the case now stands, it is not difficult to prove to the natives of India that, whatever their caste may be, caste, as now understood, is not a Vedic institution, and that in disregarding the rules of caste, no command of the real Veda is violated. Caste in India is a human law, a law fixed by those who were most benefited by it themselves. It may be a venerable custom, but it has no authority in the hymns of the *Rishis*. The missionaries, if they wish to gain the ear and confidence of the natives, will have to do what the Reformers did for the Christian laity. The people in the six-

teenth century, no doubt, believed that the worship of the Virgin and the Saints, auricular confession, indulgences, the celibacy of the clergy, all rested on the authority of the Bible. They could not read the Bible in the original, and they were bound to believe what they were taught by the priests. As our own Reformers pointed out that all these were institutions of later growth, that they had become mischievous, and that no divine law was violated in disregarding them, it should be shown to the natives of India that the religion which the Brahmans teach is no longer the religion of the Veda, though the Veda alone is acknowledged by all Brahmans as the only divine source of faith. A Hindu who believes only in the Veda would be much nearer to Christianity than those who follow the *Purânas* and the *Tantras*. From a European point of view there is, no doubt, even in the Veda a great deal that is absurd and childish; and from a Christian point of view there is but little that we can fully approve. But there is no trace in the Veda of the atrocities of *Siva* and *Kali*, nor of the licentiousness of *Krishna*, nor of most of the miraculous adventures of *Vishnu*. We find in it no law to sanction the blasphemous pretensions of a priesthood to divine honors, or the degradation of any human being to a state below the animal. There is no text to countenance laws which allow the marriage of children and prohibit the remarriage of child-widows, and the unhallowed rite of burning the widow with the corpse of her husband is both against the spirit and the letter of the Veda. The great majority of those ancient hymns are mere prayers for food, health, and wealth; and it is extraordinary that words which any child might have uttered should ever have seemed to require

the admission of a divine author. Yet there are passages scattered about in these hymns which, apart from their interest as relics of the earliest period in the history of the human mind, are valuable as expressions of a simple faith in God, and of a belief in the moral government of the world. We should look in vain in Sanskrit works for hymns like the following: —

1. Wise and mighty are the works of him who stemmed asunder the wide firmaments (heaven and earth). He lifted on high the bright and glorious heaven; he stretched out apart the starry sky and the earth.

2. Do I say this to my own self? How can I get unto Varuna? Will he accept my offering without displeasure? When shall I, with a quiet mind, see him propitiated?

3. I ask, O Varuna, wishing to know this my sin. I go to ask the wise. The sages all tell me the same: Varuna it is who is angry with thee.

4. Was it an old sin, O Varuna, that thou wishest to destroy thy friend, who always praises thee? Tell me, thou unconquerable lord, and I will quickly turn to thee with praise, freed from sin.

5. Absolve us from the sins of our fathers, and from those which we committed with our own bodies. Release Vasishtha, O king, like a thief who has feasted on stolen oxen; release him like a calf from the rope.

6. It was not our own doing, O Varuna, it was necessity (or temptation), an intoxicating draught, passion, dice, thoughtlessness. The old is there to mislead the young; even sleep brings unrighteousness.

7. Let me without sin give satisfaction to the angry

god, like a slave to the bounteous lord. The lord god enlightened the foolish ; he, the wisest, leads his worshipper to wealth.

8. O lord Varuna, may this song go well to thy heart ! May we prosper in keeping and acquiring ! Protect us, O gods, always with your blessings !

It would be a mistake to suppose that the educated classes in India are unable to appreciate the argument which rests on a simple appeal to what, from their very childhood, they have been brought up to consider as the highest authority in matters of religion. They have seen the same argument used repeatedly by their own priests. Whenever discussions about right and wrong, about true and false doctrine, arose, each party appealed to the Veda. Decided heretics only, such as the Buddhists, objected to this line of argument. Thus, when the question was mooted whether the burning of widows was an essential part of the Hindu religion, the Brahmans were asked to produce an authority for it from the Veda. They did so by garbling a verse, and as the Veda was not yet published, it was impossible at that time to convict them of falsification. They tried to do the same in defense of the law which forbids the marriage of widows. But they were met by another party of more enlightened Brahmans, who, with the support of the excellent President of the Sanskrit College at Calcutta, Eshvar Chandra Vidya-sagar, and several enlightened members of the government, carried the day.

The following correspondence, which passed between an orthodox Brahman and the editor of one of the most influential native newspapers at Madras, may

serve as a specimen of the language used by native divines in arguments of this kind.

The pious correspondent begins with a prayer to Vishnu : —

“ O thou heavenly Boar, Vishnu, residing in Seitri-pötti (in the neighborhood of Madras), which place, rising like a mountain, is brilliant in its fullness, bless the inhabitants of the sea-girt Earth by knowledge which alone leads to virtue ! ”

Then comes an address to the editor : —

“ Among the followers of the six religions by which the four castes have been divided, there are but few to whom sound knowledge and good conduct have been granted. All the rest have been robbed of these blessings by the goddess of mischief. They will not find salvation either in this life or in the life to come. Now in order to benefit those miserable beings, there appears every Sunday morning your excellent paper, bearing on its front the three forms of *Siva*, and rising like the sun, the dispeller of darkness. Please to vouchsafe in that paper a small place to these lines. It is with that confident hope that I sharpen my pen and begin : —

“ For some time I have harbored great doubts within myself, and though I always intended to place them before the public in your newspaper, no opportunity seemed hitherto to offer itself. But you have yourself pronounced an opinion in one of your last numbers about infanticide, and you remark that it reveals a depravation more depraved than even the passion of lust. This seems a small saying, and yet it is so full of meaning that I should fain call it a drop of dew poised on the top of a blade of grass in which a mighty

tree is fully reflected. It is true there is on earth no greater bliss than love. This is proved by the word of the poet: 'Say, is the abode of the lotus-eyed god sweeter than a dream on the shoulders of the beloved?' No intoxication is so powerful as the intoxication of love. This is proved by another verse of the same poet: 'Not the palm-wine, no, it is love which runs through the veins, and enraptures even by sight.' Nay, more, love is a fire beyond all fires. And this also is proved by a verse of the poet: 'If I fly, there is fire; if I am near her, there is refreshing coolness. Whence did she take that strange fire?'

"And love leaves neither the high nor the low without temptation. Even the curly-haired Siva could not resist the power of love, as you may read in the story of Pandya and his Fish-flag, and in many other legends. Nor are women less moved by passion than men. And hence that secret criminal love, and, from fear of shame, the most awful of all crimes, infanticide! The child is killed, the mother frequently dies, and bad gossip follows; and her relations have to walk about with their heads bent low. Is it not all the consequence of that passion? And such things are going on among us, is it not so? It is said, indeed, that it is the fault of the present generation, and that good women would never commit such atrocities. But even in the patriarchal ages, which are called the virtuous ages, there was much vice, and it is owing to it that the present age is what it is. As the king, so the subjects. Where is chastity to be found among us? It is the exception, and no longer the rule. And what is the chief cause of all this misery?

"It is because people are married in their tender in

fancy. If the husband dies before the child grows into a woman, how much suffering, how much temptation, will come upon her. The poet says : ‘ A woman that faithfully serves her husband, even though she serve not the gods, if she prays, Send us rain, it will rain.’ Women who heed this will no doubt walk the path of virtue. Yet it is a sad thought. There is much that is good and true and beautiful in our poet ; people read it, but they do not act according to it. Most men follow another verse of the poet, — ‘ I swim about on the wild sea of love ; I see no shore ; the night also I am tossed about.’

“ Alas, my dear editor ! All this hellish sin is the fault of father and mother who do not prevent it. If, *in accordance with the Vedas, and in accordance with the sacred codes that are based on them*, women were allowed to marry again, much temptation and shame would be avoided. But then the world calls out, ‘ No, no, widow-marriage is against all our rules ; it is low and vulgar.’ Forsooth, tell me, are the four holy Vedas, which sprang from the lotus-born god, books of lies and blasphemy ? If we are to believe this, then our sacred laws, which are all ordained in the Vedas, are branded as lies. If we continue in this path, it will be like a shower of honey running down from a roof of sugar to the heathen, who are always fond of abusing us. Do we read in the Vedas that a man only may marry two, three, or four times ? Do we not read in the same place that a woman may marry at least twice ? Let our wise masters ponder on this. Really we are shamed by the lowest castes. They follow the holy Vedas on this point, and we disregard them. O marvel of marvels ! This country is full

already of people who do not scruple to murder the sacred cow! Should murder of infants be added thereto, as though the murder of cows was not yet enough? My dear editor, how long is our god likely to bear this?"

There is a good deal more in the same style, which is not quite adapted for publication in a more northern climate. At the end, the editor is exhorted not to follow the example of other editors, who are afraid of burning their fingers, and remain silent when they ought to speak.

After some weeks, the editor published a reply. He fully agrees with the arguments of his correspondent, but he says that the writer does not sufficiently appreciate the importance of universal custom. Universal custom, he continues, is more powerful than books, however sacred. For books are read, but customs are followed. He then quotes the instance of a learned Brahman, a great Sanskrit scholar. His daughter had become a child-widow. He began to search in the sacred writings in order to find whether the widow of a Brahman was really forbidden to marry again. He found just the contrary, and was determined to give his daughter in marriage a second time. But all his relations came running to his house, entreating him not to do a thing so contrary to all etiquette, and the poor father was obliged to yield.

At the end, however, the editor gives his correspondent some sensible advice. "Call a great meeting of wise men," he says. "Place the matter before them, and show the awful results of the present system. If some of them could be moved, then they might be of good cheer. A few should begin allowing their wid-

owed children to marry. Others would follow, and the new custom would soon become general etiquette."

The fact is that even now the Brahmanic law has by no means gained a complete ascendancy, and in Malabar, where a list has been drawn up of sixty-four offenses tolerated or even sanctioned in Kerala, the fifty-fourth offense is described as follows: "The Vedas say that the widow of a Brahman may marry again. This is not the law in Kerala or elsewhere."

We must be prepared, no doubt, to find the Brahmans standing up for their traditional law as equally sacred as the Veda. They will argue even against their own Veda in the same spirit in which the Church of Rome argued against the Bible, in order to defend the hierarchical and dogmatic system which, though it had no sanction in the Bible, was said to be but a necessary development of the spirit of the Bible. The Brahmans maintain, first of all, that there are four Vedas, each consisting of two portions, the hymns or Mantras, and theological tracts or Brâhmanas. Now, with regard to the hymns, it can easily be shown that there is but one genuine collection, the so-called Rig-veda, or the Veda of Praise. The Sâma-veda is but a short extract from the Rig-veda, containing such hymns as had to be chanted during the sacrifice. The Yagur-veda is a similar manual intended for another class of priests, who had to mutter certain hymns of the Rig-veda, together with invocations and other sacrificial formulas. The fourth, or Atharva-veda, is confessedly of later origin, and contains, besides a large number of hymns from the Rig-veda, some interesting specimens of incantations, popular rhymes, and mystical odes. There remains, therefore, the Rig-veda only which has a right to be called the Veda.

As to the theological tracts attached to each Veda, the Brahmans stoutly maintain that the arguments by which they have established the divine origin of the hymns apply with equal force to these tracts. It is in these Brâhmanas that they find most of the passages by which they support their priestly pretensions; and this is but natural, because these Brâhmanas were composed at a later time than the hymns, and when the Brahmans were already enjoying those very privileges which they wish to substantiate by a primeval revelation. But even if we granted, for argument's sake, that the Brâhmanas were as ancient as the hymns, the Brahmans would try in vain to prove the modern system of caste even from those works. Even there, all we find is the division of Indian society into four classes, — priests, warriors, husbandmen, and serfs. A great distinction, no doubt, is made between the three higher castes, the Âryas, and the fourth class, the Sûdras. Marriages between Âryas and Sûdras are disapproved of, but we can hardly say that they are prohibited (Vâj. Sanhitâ 23, 30); and the few allusions to mixed castes which have been pointed out, refer only to special professions. The fourth class, the Sûdras, is spoken of as a degraded race whose contact defiles the Aryan worshipper while he is performing his sacrifice, and they are sometimes spoken of as evil spirits; but even in the latest literary productions of the Vedic age, we look in vain for the complicated rules of Manu.

The last argument which a Brahman would use under these circumstances is this: "Though at present we find no authority in the Veda for the traditional rules about caste, we are bound to admit that such an authority did exist in portions of the Veda which have

been lost; for Manu and other ancient lawgivers are known to be trustworthy persons, and they would not have sanctioned such laws unless they had known some divine authority in support of them. Therefore, unless it can be proved that their laws are contrary to the Veda, we are bound to believe that they are based on lost portions of the Veda." However, there are few people, even in India, who do not see through this argument, which is ironically called the appeal to the dead witness.

The Brahmans themselves have made this admission, that when the Veda, the Law-books, and the Purânas differ, the Veda is the supreme authority; and that where the Purânas differ from the Law-books, the Purânas are overruled. According to this decision of Vyâsa, the fallibility of the Law-books and the Purânas is admitted. They may be respected as the works of good and wise men; but what was ruled by men may be overruled by men. And even Manu, after enumerating the various sources of law — the Veda, the traditions and customs of those who knew the Veda and the practice of good men, — adds as the last, man's own judgment ("âtmanas tushâtis"), or the approval of conscience.

As the case now stands, the government would be perfectly justified in declaring that it will no longer consider caste as part of the religious system of the Hindus. Caste, in the modern sense of the word, is no religious institution; it has no authority in the sacred writings of the Brahmans, and by whatever promise the government may have bound itself to respect the religion of the natives, that promise will not be violated, even though penalties were inflicted for the observation of the rules of caste.

It is a different question whether such a proceeding would be either right or prudent ; for, although caste cannot be called a religious institution, it is a social institution, based on the law of the country. It has been growing up for centuries, and the whole frame of Hindu society has been moulded in it. On these grounds the question of caste will have to be treated with great caution : only it is right that the question should be argued on its real merits, and that religious arguments should not be dragged in where they would only serve to make confusion worse confounded. If caste is tolerated in India, it should be known on both sides that it is not tolerated on religious grounds. If caste is to be put down, it should be put down as a matter of policy and police. How caste grew up as a social institution, how it changed, and how it is likely to change still further, these are questions which ought to be carefully considered before any decision is taken that would affect the present system of caste.

Mr. Muir, therefore, seems to us to have undertaken a very useful work at the present moment in collecting and publishing a number of extracts from Sanskrit works bearing on the origin and history of caste. In his first part he treats on the mythical and legendary accounts of caste, and he tries to discover in them the faint traces of the real history of that extraordinary institution.

As soon as we trace the complicated system of caste, such as we find it in India at the present day, back to its first beginnings, we find that it flows from at least three different sources, and that accordingly we must distinguish between *ethnological*, *political*, and *professional* caste.

Ethnological caste arises wherever different races are brought in contact. There is and always has been a mutual antipathy between the white and the black man, and when the two are brought together, either by conquest or migration, the white man has invariably asserted his superiority, and established certain social barriers between himself and his dark-skinned brother. The *Âryas* and the *Sûdras* seem to have felt this mutual antipathy. The difference of blood and color was heightened in ancient times by difference of religion and language; but in modern times also, and in countries where the negro has learnt to speak the same language and to worship the same God as his master, the white man can never completely overcome the old feeling that seems to lurk in his very blood, and makes him recoil from the embrace of his darker neighbor. And even where there is no distinction of color, an analogous feeling, the feeling of race, asserts its influence, as if inherent in human nature. Between the Jew and the Gentile, the Greek and the barbarian, the Saxon and the Celt, the Englishman and the foreigner, there is something — whether we call it hatred, or antipathy, or mistrust, or mere coldness — which in a primitive state of society would necessarily lead to a system of castes, and which, even in more civilized countries, will never be completely eradicated.

Political caste arises from the struggles of different parties in the same state for political supremacy. The feeling between the patrician and the plebeian at Rome was a feeling of caste, and for a long time marriage between the son of a plebeian and the daughter of a patrician was as distasteful at Rome as the marriage between a *Sûdra* and the daughter of a Brahman in India. In

addition to these two classes of society, the governing and the governed, the nobility and the people, we find a third class starting into existence at a very early period, and in almost all countries, the priests; and if we look at the history of the ancient world, particularly among Eastern nations, it chiefly consists in contests between the nobility and the priesthood for political supremacy. Thus, whereas ethnological caste leads generally only to one broad division between the white and the black man, between the conquering and the conquered race, between the freeman and the slave, political caste superadds a threefold division of the superior race, by separating a military nobility and a priestly hierarchy from the great body of the citizens.

Professional caste is in reality but a continuation of the same social growth which leads to the establishment of political caste. After the two upper classes have been separated from the main body of the people, the gradual advancement of society towards a more perfect organization takes place, chiefly by means of new subdivisions among the middle classes. Various trades and professions are established, and privileges once granted to them are defended by guilds and corporations, with the same jealousy as the political privileges of the nobility and the priesthood. Certain trades and professions become more respectable and influential than others, and, in order to keep up that respectability, the members of each bind themselves by regulations which are more strictly enforced and more severely felt than the laws of the people at large. Every nation must pass through this social phase, which in Europe was most completely realized during the Middle Ages. And though, in later times, with the progress of civil-

ization and true religion in Europe, all the barriers of caste became more and more leveled, the law being the same for all classes, and the services of Church and State being opened to the intellectual aristocracy of the whole nation, yet within smaller spheres the traditional feeling of caste, in its threefold character, lingers on ; and the antipathy between Saxon and Celt, the distinction between nobility and gentry, the distance between the man who deals in gold and silver and the man who deals in boots and shoes, are still maintained, and would seem almost indispensable to the healthy growth of every society.

The first trace of caste which we find in India is purely ethnological. India was covered by a stratum of Turanian inhabitants before the Âryas, or the people who spoke Sanskrit, took possession of the country. Traces of these aboriginal inhabitants are still to be found all over India. The main body of these earlier settlers, however, was driven to the South, and to the present day all the languages spoken in the south of India, Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, etc., are perfectly distinct from Sanskrit and the modern Sanskrit dialects, such as Hindustani, Bengali, and Mahratti. At the time of the great Aryan immigration the differences in the physical appearance of the conquered and the conquering races must have been considerable, and even at present a careful observer can easily distinguish the descendants of the two. "No sojourner in India," Dr. Stevenson remarks, "can have paid any attention to the physiognomy of the higher and lower orders of natives, without being struck with the remarkable difference that exists in the shape of the head, the build of the body, and the color of the skin between the

higher and the lower castes into which the Hindu population is divided. The high forehead, the stout build, and the light copper color of the Brahmans, and other castes allied to them, appear in strong contrast with the somewhat low and wide heads, slight make, and dark bronze of the low castes." Time, however, has worked many changes, and there are at present Brahmans, particularly in the South of India, as black as Pariahs.

The hymns of the Veda, though they never mention the word *Sûdra*, except in the passage pointed out before, allude frequently to these hostile races, and call them "Dasyus," or enemies. Thus one poet says (Rv. III. 34, 9) : —

"Indra gave horses, Indra gave the sun, he gave the earth with food for many, he gave gold, and he gave wealth ; destroying the Dasyus, Indra protected the *Âryan* color."

The word which is here translated by color, "*varna*," is the true Sanskrit name for caste. Nor can there be any doubt that there was a distinction of color between the *Âryas* and the Dasyus, and that the name "*varna*" — meaning originally color — was afterwards used in the more general sense of caste.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Muir has quoted a passage from the *Mahâbhârata*, where it is said that the color of the Brahmans was white ; that of the *Kshatriyas*, red ; that of the *Vaisyas*, yellow, and that of the *Sûdras*, black. But this seems to be a later allegory, and the colors seem to be chosen in order to express the respective character of the four castes. At the time when this name of "*varna*" was first used in the sense of caste, there were but two castes, the *Âryas*

<sup>1</sup> See page 176.

and the non-Âryas, the bright and the dark race. This dark race is sometimes called by the poets of the Veda "the black skin." Rig-veda I. 130, 8: "Indra protected in battle the Aryan worshipper, he subdued the lawless for Manu, he conquered the black skin." Other names given to them by their Aryan conquerors are "goat-nosed and noseless," whereas the Aryan gods are frequently praised for their beautiful noses. That those people were considered as heathen and barbarians by the Vedic poets we may conclude from other passages where they are represented as keeping no sacred fires and as worshipping mad gods. Nay, they are even taunted with eating raw flesh, — as in the Dekhan some of the low castes are called Puliars, or Poliars, *i. e.* flesh eaters, — and with feeding on human flesh. How they were treated by the Brahmans, we may conclude from the following invocation: —

"Indra and Soma, burn the devils, destroy them, throw them down, ye two Bulls, the people that grow in darkness! Hew down the madmen, suffocate them, kill them; hurl them away, and slay the voracious.

"Indra and Soma, up together against the cursing demon! May he burn and hiss like an oblation in the fire! Put your everlasting hatred upon the villain who hates the Brahman, who eats flesh, and whose look is abominable.

"Indra and Soma, hurl the evil-doer into the pit, even into unfathomable darkness! May your strength be full of wrath to hold out, that no one may come out again!"

This ancient division between Aryan and non-Aryan races, based on an original difference of blood, was

preserved in later times as the primary distinction between the three twice-born castes and the *Sûdras*. The word "ârya" (noble) is derived from "ãrya," which means a householder, and was originally used as the name of the third caste, or the *Vaiśyas*. These *Aryas* or *Vaiśyas* formed the great bulk of the Brahmanic society, and it is but natural that their name, in a derivative form, should have been used as a common name of the three classes into which these *Aryas* became afterwards divided. How these three upper castes grew up we can see very clearly in the hymns, in the *Brâhmanas*, and in the legendary stories contained in the epic poems. The three occupations of the *Aryas* in India were fighting, cultivating the soil, and worshipping the gods. Those who fought the battles of the people would naturally acquire influence and rank, and their leaders appear in the *Veda* as *Rajahs* or kings. Those who did not share in the fighting would occupy a more humble position; they were called "Vis," "Vaiśyas," or householders, and would no doubt have to contribute towards the maintenance of the armies. "Vispati," or "lord of the Vis," became the usual name for king, and the same word is found in the old Persian "Vispaiti," and the modern Lithuanian "wiêszpatis," king. But a third occupation, that of worshipping the gods, was evidently considered by the whole nation to be as important and as truly essential to the well-being of the country as fighting against enemies or cultivating the soil. However imperfect and absurd their notions of the Deity may seem to us, we must admit that no nation was ever so anxious to perform the service of their gods as the early *Hindus*. It is the gods who conquer the

enemy, it is the gods who vouchsafe a rich harvest. Health and wealth, children, friends, flocks, and gold, all are the gifts of the gods. And these are not unmeaning phrases with those early poets. No, the poet believes it ; he not only believes, but he knows it, that all good things come from above. "Without thee, O Varuna!" the poet says, "I am not the master even of a twinkling of the eye. Do not deliver us unto death, though we have offended against thy commandment day by day. Accept our sacrifice, forgive our offenses, let us speak together again, like old friends." Here it is where the charm of these old hymns lies. There is nothing in them as yet about a revelation to be believed in, because it was handed down by sages three fourths divine and one fourth human. They believe in one great revelation, and they require no one to answer for its truth, and that revelation is that God is wise, omnipotent, the Lord of heaven and earth ; that he hears the prayers of men, and forgives their offenses. Here is a short verse containing every one of these primitive articles of faith (Rig-veda I. 25, 19) : —

"Hear this my calling, O Varuna, and bless me now ; I call upon thee, desirous of thy help.

"Thou, O wise God, art the king of all, of heaven and earth, hear me on thy path."

Among a nation of this peculiar stamp the priests were certain to acquire great influence at a very early period, and, like most priests, they were as certain to use it for their own advantage, and to the ruin of all true religious feeling. It is the life-spring of all religion that man feels the immediate presence of God, and draws near to God as a child to his father. But the

priests maintained that no one should approach the gods without their intercession, and that no sacrifices should be offered without their advice. Most of the Indo-European nations have resisted these claims, but in India the priests were successful, and in the Veda, already, though only in some of the latest hymns, the position of the priest, or the Purohita, is firmly established. Thus we read (Rv. IV. 50, 8) : —

“That king before whom marches the priest, he alone dwells well-established in his own house ; to him the earth yields at all times, to him the people bow by themselves.

“The king who gives wealth to the priest that implores his protection, he will conquer unopposed the treasures, whether of his enemies or his friends ; him the gods will protect.”

This system of Purohitî, or priestly government, had gained ground in India before the first collection of the Vedic hymns was accomplished. These very hymns were the chief strength on which the priests relied, and they were handed down from father to son as the most valuable heir-loom. A hymn by which the gods had been invoked at the beginning of a battle, and which had secured to the king a victory over his enemies, was considered an unfailing spell, and it became the sacred war-song of a whole tribe. Thus we read, —

Rv. VII. 33, 3. “Did not Indra preserve Sudâs in the battle of the ten kings through your prayer, O Vasishthas ?”

Rv. III. 53, 12. “This prayer of Visvâmitra, of one who has praised heaven and earth and Indra, preserves the people of the Bhâratas.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> J. Muir, *On the Relations of the Priests*, p. 4.

But the priests only were allowed to chant these songs, they only were able to teach them, and they impressed the people with a belief that the slightest mistake in the words, or the pronunciation of the words, would rouse the anger of the gods. Thus they became the masters of all religious ceremonies, the teachers of the people, the ministers of kings. Their favor was courted, their anger dreaded, by a pious but credulous race.

The following hymn will show that at an early time the priests of India had learned, not only to bless, but also to curse (Rv. VI. 52):—

1. No, by heaven! no, by earth! I do not approve of this; no, by the sacrifice! no, by these rites! May the mighty mountains crush him! May the priest of Atiyâga perish!<sup>1</sup>

2. Whosoever, O Maruts, weans himself above us, or scoffs at the prayer (“bráhma”) which we have made, may hot plagues come upon him, may the sky burn up that hater of Brahmans (“brahma-dvísh”)!

3. Did they not call thee, Soma, the guardian of the Bráhman? did they not say that thou didst shield us against curses? Why dost thou look on when we are scoffed at? Hurl against the hater of the Brahman the fiery spear!

4. May the coming dawns protect me, may the swelling rivers protect me! May the firm mountains protect me! May the Fathers protect me at the invocation of the gods!

5. May we always be happy, may we see the rising

<sup>1</sup> See J. Muir, *On the Relations of the Priests*, p. 33; and Wilson *Translation of the Rig-veda*, vol. iii. p. 490.

sun! May the Lord of the Vasus order it thus, he who brings the gods, and is most ready with his help;—

6. Indra who comes nearest with his help; Sarasvatî, the swelling, with the rivers; Parganya who blesses us with plants; the glorious Agni who, like a father, is ready to hear when we call;—

7. All ye gods, come hither! hear this my prayer! Sit down on this altar!

8. To him, O gods, who honors you by an oblation flowing with butter, to him ye come all.

9. May they who are the sons of the Immortal, hear our prayers, may they be gracious to us!

10. May all the righteous gods who hear our prayers, receive at all seasons this acceptable milk!

11. May Indra, with the host of the Maruts, accept our praise; may Mitra with Tvashtar, may Aryaman receive these our oblations!

12. O Agni, carry this our sacrifice wisely, looking for the divine host.

13. All ye gods, hear this my call, ye who are in the air, and in the sky, ye who have tongues of fire,<sup>1</sup> and are to be worshipped; sit down on this altar and rejoice!

14. May all the holy gods hear, may Heaven and Earth, and the Child of the waters (the Sun) hear my prayer! May I not speak words which you cannot approve, may we rejoice in your favors, as your nearest friends!

15. May the great gods, who are as strong as the enemy, who sprang from the earth, from heaven, and

<sup>1</sup> This means the gods who receive sacrifice offered on the fire of the altar.

from the conflux of the waters, give us gifts according to our desire, all our life, day and night !

16. Agni and Parganya, accept my prayer, and our praise at this invocation, ye who are well invoked. One made the earth, the other the seed : give to us here wealth and progeny !

17. When the grass is spread, when the fire is kindled, I worship with a hymn with great veneration. Rejoice to-day, ye adorable Visve Devas, in the oblation offered at this our sacrifice !

The priests never aspired to royal power. "A Brahmin," they say, "is not fit for royalty." (*Satapatha-brâhmana*, V. 1, 1, 12). They left the insignia of royalty to the military caste. But woe to the warrior who would not submit to their spiritual guidance, or who would dare to perform his sacrifice without waiting for his Samuel ! There were fierce and sanguinary struggles between the priests and the nobility before the king consented to bow before the Brahmin. In the Veda we still find kings composing their own hymns to the gods, royal bards, *Râgarshis*, who united in their person the powers both of king and priest. The family of *Visvâmitra* has contributed its own collection of hymns to the *Rig-veda*, but *Visvâmitra* himself was of royal descent ; and if in later times he is represented as admitted into the Brahmanic family of the *Bhrigus*, — a family famous for its sanctity as well as its valor, — this is but an excuse invented by the Brahmans, in order to explain what would otherwise have upset their own system. King *Ganaka* of *Vîdeha* is represented in some of the *Brâhmanas* as more learned than any of the Brahmans at his court. Yet,

when instructed by Yâgñavalkya as to the real nature of the soul and its identity with Brahma, or the divine spirit, he exclaims, "I will give thee, O Venerable, the kingdom of the Videhas, and my own self, to become thy slave."

As the influence of the Brahmans extended, they became more and more jealous of their privileges, and, while fixing their own privileges, they endeavored at the same time to circumscribe the duties of the warriors and the householders. Those of the Âryas who would not submit to the laws of the three estates were treated as outcasts, and they are chiefly known by the name of "Vrâtyas," or tribes. They spoke the same language as the three Aryan castes, but they did not submit to Brahmanic discipline, and they had to perform certain penances if they wished to be readmitted into the Aryan society. The aboriginal inhabitants again, who conformed to the Brahmanic law, received certain privileges, and were constituted as a fourth caste, under the name of "Sûdras," whereas all the rest who kept aloof were called "Dasyus," whatever their language might be (Manu, X. 45). This Brahmanic constitution, however, was not settled in a day, and we find everywhere in the hymns, in the Brâhmanas, and in the epic poems, the traces of a long continued warfare between the Âryas and the aboriginal inhabitants, and violent contests between the two highest classes of the Âryas striving for political supremacy. For a long time the three upper classes continued to consider themselves as one race, all claiming the title of Ârya, in contradistinction from the fourth caste, or the Sûdras. In the Brâhmanas it is stated distinctly: Âryas are only the Brahmans, Kshatriyas, and Vaisyas, for they

are admitted to the sacrifices. They shall not speak with everybody, for the gods did not speak with everybody, but only with the Brahman, the Kshatriya, and the Vaisya. If they should fall into a conversation with a Sûdra, let them say to another man, "Tell this Sûdra so." In several passages of the Purânas, where an account of the creation is given, we hear of but one original caste, which, by the difference of works, became afterwards divided into three. Professor Wilson says : —

"The existence of but one caste in the age of purity, however incompatible with the legend which ascribes the origin of the four castes to Brahmâ, is everywhere admitted. Their separation is assigned to different individuals, whether accurately to any one may be doubted; but the notion indicates that the distinction was of a social or political character."

In some places the threefold division of caste is represented to have taken place in the Tretâ age, and Mr. Muir quotes a passage from the Bhâgavatapurâna, where it is said, —

"There was formerly only one Veda, only one God, one fire, and one caste. From Purûravas came the triple Veda, in the beginning of the Tretâ age."

A similar idea is expressed in the account of the creation given in the Brihad-âraṇyaka-upanishad. It is there stated that in the beginning there was but One, which was Brahman; that Brahman created the war-like gods, such as Indra, Varuna, Soma, Rudra, Parganya, Yama, Mrityu, and Isâna. That after that, he created the corporations of gods, the Vasus, Rudras, Âdityas, Visve Devas, and Maruts; and at last he created the earth, which supports all things. This

creation of the gods is throughout treated as a prelude to the creation of man. And as Brahman was the first god, so the Brâhman is the first man. As the warlike gods came after, so after the Brâhman comes the Kshatriya. As the corporations of gods came third, so the corporations of men, the Vaisyas, occupy the third place, whereas the fourth order, the Sûdra color, is represented as the earth or Pûshan, this being one of their ancient gods, who is called Pûshan because he nourishes all beings. Practical conclusions are at once drawn from this passage. "Brahman," it is said, "is the birthplace of the Kshatriya; therefore, although the king obtains the highest dignity, he at last takes refuge in Brahman as in his birthplace. Whosoever despises him, destroys his own birthplace; he is a very great sinner, like a man who injures his superior."

Even the name of gods is claimed for the Brâhman as early as the Brâhmana period. In the *Satapatha-brâhmana* (II. 2, 2, 6), we read: "There are two kinds of gods: first the gods, then those who are Brâhman, and who have learnt the Veda and repeat it; they are human gods ('manushya-devâh'). And this sacrifice is twofold: oblations for the gods, gifts for the human gods, the Brâhman, who have learnt the Veda and repeat it. With oblations he appeases the gods, with gifts the human gods, the Brâhman, who have learnt the Veda and repeat it. Both gods when they are pleased, place him in bliss."

Nevertheless, the Brahman knew how to be humble where it was necessary. "None is greater," he says, "than the warrior, therefore the Brâhman under the warrior worships at the royal sacrifice."

After long and violent struggles between the Brâh-

mans and the Kshatriyas, the Brâhmins carried the day, and, if we may judge from the legends which they themselves have preserved of these struggles, they ended with the total destruction of most of the old Kshatriya families and the admission of a few of them to the privileges of the first caste. Parasurâma is the great hero of the Brahmans : —

“He cleared the earth thrice seven times of the Kshatriya caste, and filled with their blood the five large lakes of Samanta, from which he offered libations to the race of Bhrigu. Offering a solemn sacrifice to the king of the gods, Parasurâma presented the earth to the ministering priests. Having given the earth to Kasyapa, the hero of immeasurable prowess retired to the Mahendra mountain, where he still resides ; and in this manner was there enmity between him and the race of the Kshatriyas, and thus was the whole earth conquered by Parasurâma.”

The destruction of the Kshatriyas by Parasurâma had been provoked by the cruelty of the Kshatriyas. We are told that there had been a king Kritavîrya, by whose liberality the Bhrigus, who officiated as his priests, had been greatly enriched with corn and money. After he had gone to heaven his descendants were in want of money, and came to beg for a supply from the Bhrigus, of whose wealth they were aware. Some of the latter hid their money under ground, others bestowed it on Brâhmins, being afraid of the Kshatriyas, while others again gave these last what they wanted. It happened, however, that a Kshatriya, while digging the ground, discovered the money concealed in the house of a Bhrigu. The Kshatriyas then assembled and saw this treasure, and slew in consequence all the

Bhrigus down to the children in the womb. One of them concealed her unborn child. The Kshatriyas, hearing of its existence, sought to kill it; but it issued forth with a lustre which blinded the persecutors. They now humbly supplicated the mother of the child for the restoration of their sight; but she referred them to her wonderful infant, Aurva, into whom the whole Vedas had entered, as the person who had robbed them of their sight, and who alone could restore it. Aurva did restore their sight, and, admonished by the spirits of his ancestors, he abstained from taking vengeance on the Kshatriyas; but vengeance was to come from the Bhrigus upon the Kshatriyas. Parasurâma, the scourge of the Kshatriyas, was, through his father Gamadagni and his grandfather *Rikîka*, a descendant of the Bhrigus, though, through his grandmother, the daughter of Gâdhi, the king of Kanyâkubga, he belonged to the royal race of the Kusikas.

This royal race of the Kusikas, which produced the avenger of the Brahmans, the destroyer of all Kshatriyas, Parasurâma, counts among its members another equally remarkable person, Visvâmitra. He was the son of the same Gâdhi whose daughter, Satyâvatî, became the mother of Gamadagni and the grandmother of Parasurâma. Though of royal extraction, Visvâmitra conquered for himself and his family the privileges of a Brahman. He became a Brahman, and thus broke through all the rules of caste. The Brahmans cannot deny the fact, because it forms one of the principal subjects of their legendary poems. But they have spared no pains to represent the exertions of Visvâmitra, in his struggle for Brahmahood, as so superhuman that no one would easily be tempted to follow

his example. No mention is made of these monstrous penances in the Veda, where the struggle between Visvâmitra, the leader of the Kusikas or Bharatas, and the Brahman Vasishtha, the leader of the white-robed Tritsus, is represented as the struggle of two rivals for the place of Purohita, or chief priest and minister at the court of king Sudâs, the son of Pigavana. In the epic poems this story is frequently alluded to, and we give the following extracts from Mr. Muir's book, as likely to throw some light on the history of caste in India : —

“Saudâsa was king of the race of Ikshvâku. Visvâmitra wished to be employed by him as his officiating priest, but the king preferred Vasishtha. It happened, however, that the king had gone out to hunt, and meeting Saktri, the eldest of Vasishtha's hundred sons, on the road, he ordered him to get out of his way. The priest civilly replied, ‘The path is mine, O king; this is the immemorial law; in all observances the king must cede the way to the Brahman.’ In later times he would have quoted a less civil sentence from the Brahma-vaivarta : ‘He who does not immediately bow down when he sees his tutor, or a Brahman, or the image of a god, becomes a hog on earth.’ The king struck the priest with a whip; the priest cursed the king to become a cannibal. Visvâmitra, who happened to be near, took advantage of this *fracas*, prevented the king from imploring the priest's mercy, and the priest himself, the son of Vasishtha, fell as the first victim of Saudâsa's cannibalism. The same fate befell all the other sons of Vasishtha. Vasishtha, on hearing of the destruction of his sons by Visvâmitra, supported his affliction as the great mountain sustains the earth

He meditated his own destruction, and never thought of exterminating the Kausikas. In spite of repeated efforts, however, *Vasishtha* failed in depriving himself of his life, and when returning to his hermitage he discovered that the wife of his eldest son was pregnant, and that there was hope of his lineage being continued. A son was born, and he was called *Parâsara*. The king *Saudâsa* was going to swallow him also, when *Vasishtha* interfered, exorcised the king, and delivered him from the curse by which he had been affected for twelve years. *Vasishtha* resumed his duties as priest, and the king remained a patron of the Brahmins, but he is always quoted as an instance of a Kshatriya, hostile to the Brahmins, and punished for his hostility."

The most important point in the eyes of the later Brahmins was how *Visvâmitra*, being born a Kshatriya, could have become a Brahmin, and it is for the solution of this difficulty that they invented the most absurd fables. The object of his ambition is said to have been the cow of *Vasishtha*, a most wonderful animal, and, though in the end he did not obtain that cow, yet he obtained by penance, performed during thousands of years, a share in the benefits of the priesthood. Mr. Muir has carefully collected all the passages from the *Purânas* and the epic poems, which illustrate the contest for the milk-cow of the priest, and the chief passages from the *Râmâyana* may be read in *Chevalier Gorresio's* excellent Italian translation of that epic poem.

Another difficulty for the later Brahmins was the case of their own most famous legislator, *Manu*. He, too, was by birth, a *Râganya* or Kshatriya, and his father *Vivasvat* is called "the seed of all the Ksha-

triyas" (Madhusûdana, Bhagavadgîtâ, IV. 1). For a Kshatriya to teach the law was a crime ("svadharmâtikrama"), and it is only by a most artificial line of argument that the dogmatic philosophers of the Mîmâmsâ school tried to explain this away. The Brahmans seem to have forgotten that, according to their own Upanishads, Agâtasatru, the king of Kâsî, possessed more knowledge than Gârgya, the son of Balâka, who was renowned as a reader of the Veda,<sup>1</sup> and that Gârgya desired to become his pupil, though it was not right, as the king himself remarked, that a Kshatriya should initiate a Brahman. They must have forgotten that Pravâhana Gaivali, king of the Pañjâlas, silenced Svetaketu Aruneya and his father, and then communicated to them doctrines which Kshatriyas only, but no Brahmans, had ever known before.<sup>2</sup> That king Ganaka of Videha possessed superior knowledge is acknowledged by one of the most learned among the Brahmans, by Yâgñavalkya himself; and in the Satapatha-brâhmana, which is believed to have been the work of Yâgñavalkya, it is said that king Ganaka became a Brahman.<sup>3</sup>

Whatever we may think of the historical value of such traditions, one thing is quite clear, namely, that the priests succeeded in establishing, after a time, a lucrative supremacy, and that it was worth fighting for to be admitted to their caste. When the supremacy of the Brahmans was once firmly established, the rules

<sup>1</sup> Kaushîtaki-brâhmana-upanishad, cap. 4, ed. Cowell, p. 167. In the Satapatha-brâhmana, XIV. 5, 1, nearly the same story is told of Dripta-balâki Gârgya.

<sup>2</sup> Khândogya-upanishad, V. 3, 7, translated by Dr. Roëer, p. 85. In the Satapatha-brâhmana, XIV. 9, 1, read Gaivali.

<sup>3</sup> Satapatha-brâhmana, XI. 6, 2, 5.

about caste became stricter than ever, and the prohibition of marriage, not only between Âryas and Sûdras, but between the different castes of Âryas, became essential for the maintenance of those privileges for which the Brahmans and Kshatriyas had been fighting their sanguinary battles. It is, indeed, only in the very latest works of the Vedic period of literature that we meet with the first traces of that intolerant spirit of caste which pervades the "Laws of Manu." But that the oppressiveness of the system and the arrogant tyranny of the Brahmans were felt by the people at an earlier period we may guess from that reaction which called forth the opposite system of Buddha, and led to the adoption of Buddhism as the state religion of India in the third century B. C. Buddha himself was a Kshatriya, a royal prince, like Ganaka, like Visvâmitra, and the secret of his success lies in his disregard of the privileges of the priestly caste. He addressed himself to all classes; nay, he addressed himself to the poor and the degraded rather than to the rich and the high. He did not wish to abolish caste as a social institution, and there is no trace of social leveling or democratic communism in any of his sermons. His only attacks were leveled against the exclusive privileges claimed by the Brahmans, and against their cruel treatment of the lowest castes. He was met by the Brahmans with the same arguments with which they had met former reformers: "How can a Kshatriya take upon himself the office of a priest? He breaks the most sacred law by attempting to interfere in religious matters." Buddha, however, having no views of personal aggrandizement like Visvâmitra, and abstaining from all offensive warfare, sim-

ply went on preaching and teaching, that "all that is born must die, that virtue is better than vice, that passions must be subdued, till a man is ready to give up everything, even his own self." These doctrines would hardly have possessed so great a charm in the eyes of the people if they had not been preached by a man of royal extraction, who had given up his exalted position and mixed with the lowest classes as his friends and equals.

"As the four rivers which fall in the Ganges lose their names as soon as they mingle their waters with the holy river, so all who believe in Buddha cease to be Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sûdras."

This was the teaching of Buddha. Or again, —

"Between a Brahman and a man of another caste there is not the same difference as between gold and a stone, or between light and darkness. The Brahman is born of a woman, so is the *Kandâla*. If the Brahman is dead, he is left as a thing impure, like the other castes. Where is the difference?" "If the Brahmans were above the law, if for them there were no unhappy consequences of sins committed, then, indeed, they might be proud of their caste." "My law is a law of grace for all." "My doctrine is like the sky. There is room for all without exception — men, women, boys, girls, poor, and rich."

Such a doctrine, preached in a country enthralled under the rules of caste, was sure to conquer. At the bidding of Buddha the evil spirit of caste seems to have vanished. Thieves and robbers, beggars and cripples, slaves and prostitutes, bankrupts and sweepers gathered around him. But kings also came to confess their sins and to perform public penance, and

the most learned among the Brahmans confessed their ignorance before Buddha. Hindu society was changed. The dynasties which reigned in the chief cities of India were *Sûdras*. The language used in their edicts is no longer Sanskrit, but the vulgar dialects. The Brahmanic sacrifices were abolished, and buildings rose over the whole of India, sacred through the relics of Buddha which they contained, and surrounded by monasteries open to all ranks, to Brahmans and *Sûdras*, to men and women. How long this state of things lasted it is difficult to say. Towards the end of the fourth century, when Fahian, the Chinese pilgrim, travelled through India, a Brahmanic reaction had already commenced in some parts of the country. At the time of Hiouen-thsang, in the middle of the seventh century, Buddhism was losing ground rapidly, and some of its most sacred places were in ruins. The Brahmans had already gained back much of their former influence, and they soon grew strong enough to exterminate forever the heresy of Buddha on the soil of India, and to reëstablish orthodoxy under *Sankarâ-Âkârya*. There are at present no Buddhists left in India; they have migrated to Ceylon in the South, to Nepal, Thibet, and China in the North. After the victorious return of the Brahmans the old laws of caste were reënacted more vigorously than ever, and the Brahmans became again what they had been before the rise of Buddhism — the terrestrial gods of India. A change, however, had come over the system of caste. Though the laws of *Manu* still spoke of four castes, of Brahmans, *Kshatriyas*, *Vaisyas*, and *Sûdras*, the social confusion during the long reign of Buddhism had left but one broad distinction; on the one side the pure

caste of the Brahman; on the other, the mixed and impure castes of the people. In many places the pure castes of the Kshatriyas and Vaisyas had become extinct, and those who could not prove their Brahmanic descent were all classed together as Sûdras. At present we should look in vain for pure Kshatriyas and Vaisyas in India, and the families which still claim those titles would find it difficult to produce their pedigree. Nay there are few who could even lay claim to the pure blood of the Sûdra. Low as the Sûdra stood in the system of Manu, he stood higher than most of the mixed castes, the Varnasaṅkaras. The son of a Sûdra by a Sûdra woman is purer than the son of a Sûdra by a woman of the highest caste (Manu, X. 30). Manu calls the *Kandâla* one of the lowest outcasts, because he is the son of a Sûdra father and a Brahmanic mother. He evidently considered the *mésalliance* of a woman more degrading than that of a man. For the son of a Brahman father and a Sûdra mother may in the seventh generation raise his family to the highest caste (Manu, X. 64); while the son of a Sûdra father and a Brahman mother belongs forever to the *Kandâlas*. The abode of the *Kandâlas* must be out of the town, and no respectable man is to hold intercourse with them. By day they must walk about distinguished by badges; by night they are driven out of the city.

Manu represents, indeed, all the castes of Hindu society, and their number is considerable, as the result of mixed marriages between the four original castes. According to him, the four primitive castes, by intermarrying in every possible way, gave rise to sixteen mixed castes, which by continuing their intermarriages

produced the long list of the mixed castes. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether Manu meant to say that at all times the offspring of a mixed marriage had to enter a lower caste. He could not possibly maintain that the son of a Brahman father and a Vaisya mother would always be a physician or a Vaidya, this being the name given by Manu to the offspring of these two castes. At present the offspring of a Sûdra father and a Brahman mother would find no admission in any respectable caste. Their marriage would not be considered marriage at all. The only rational explanation of Manu's words seems to be that originally the caste of the Vaidyas or physicians sprang from the union of a Brahman father and a Vaisya mother, though this, too, is of course nothing but a fanciful theory. If we look more carefully, we shall find that most of these mixed castes are in reality the professions, trades, and guilds of a half-civilized society. They did not wait for mixed marriages before they came into existence. Professions, trades, and handicrafts had grown up without any reference to caste in the ethnological or political sense of the word. Some of their names were derived from towns and countries where certain professions were held in particular estimation. Servants who waited on ladies were called "Vaidehas," because they came from Videha, the Athens of India, just as the French called the "porteur d'eau" a "Savoyard." To maintain that every member of the caste of the Vaidehas, in fact, every lady's maid, had to be begotten through the marriage of a Vaisya and a Brâhmanî, is simply absurd. In other cases the names of Manu's castes were derived from their occupations. The caste of musicians, for

instance, were called "Venas," from "vînâ," the lyre. Now, it was evidently Manu's object to bring these professional corporations in connection with the old system of the castes, assigning to each, according to its higher or lower position, a more or less pure descent from the original castes. The Vaidyas, for instance, or the physicians, evidently a respectable corporation, were represented as the offspring of a Brahman father and a Vaisya mother, while the guild of the fishermen, or Nishâdas, were put down as the descendants of a Brahman father and a Sûdra mother. Manu could hardly mean to say that every son of a Vaisya father and Kshatriya mother was obliged to become a commercial traveller, or to enter the caste of the Magadhas. How could that caste have been supplied after the extinction in many places of the Kshatriya and Vaisya castes? But, having to assign to the Magadhas a certain social position, Manu recognized them as the descendants of the second and third castes, in the same manner as the Herald office would settle the number of quarters of an earl or a baron.

Thus, after the political caste had become nearly extinct in India, leaving nothing behind but the broad distinction between the Brahmans and mixed castes, a new system of caste came in of a purely professional character, though artificially grafted on the rotten trunk of the ancient political castes. This is the system which is still in force in India, and which has exercised its influence on the state of Indian society for good and evil. During periods of history when public opinion is weak, and when the administration of justice is precarious, institutions analogous to these Indian castes must necessarily spring into existence. Men who have

the same interests, the same occupations, the same principles, unite in self-defense, and after acquiring power and influence they not only defend their rights, but claim important privileges. They naturally impose upon their members certain rules which are considered essential to the interest of their caste or company. These rules, sometimes of apparently the most trifling character, are observed by individual members with greater anxiety than even the laws of religion, because an offense against the latter may be pardoned, while a disregard of the former would lead to instant exclusion or loss of caste. Many a Hindu carrier would admit that there was no harm in his fetching water for his master. But he belongs to a caste of carriers who have bound themselves not to fetch water, and it would be dishonorable if he, for his own personal convenience, were to break that rule. Besides it would interfere with the privileges of another caste, the water-carriers. There is an understanding in most parts of India that certain trades should be carried on by certain castes, and the people no doubt have the same means of punishing interlopers as the guilds had during the Middle Ages. The more lucrative the trade, the more jealously it was guarded, and there was evidently no trade in India so lucrative as that of the priests. The priests were therefore the strongest advocates of the system of caste, and after investing it with a sacred character in the eyes of the people, they expanded it into an immense spider's web, which separated class from class, family from family, man from man, and which, while it rendered all united public action impossible, enabled the watchful priests to pounce upon all who dared to disturb the threads of their social tissue, and to wither

them to death. But although much harm was done by allowing the priests to gain too great an influence, much good also was achieved by the system of caste with regard to public morality. A man knew that he might lose caste for offenses of which the law would take no cognizance. Immorality and drunkenness might be punished by degradation or loss of caste. In fact, if caste could be divested of that religious character which the priests for their own advantage succeeded in fastening upon it, thereby giving an unnatural permanence and sanctity to what ought to be, like all social institutions, capable of change and growth, it would probably be found that the system of caste was well adapted to that state of society and that form of government which has hitherto existed in India; and that if it were suddenly destroyed, more harm than good would follow from such a change.

The great objections against the system of castes as it exists at present, are, that it prevents people from dining with whom they please, from marrying whom they please, and from following what profession they please. The mere prohibition of dining together is no very serious inconvenience, particularly in Eastern countries; and people belonging to different castes, and abstaining from mutual hospitality, may entertain, nevertheless, the most friendly relations. Dining together among oriental nations has a different meaning from what it has with us. It is more than our social feeding together. It is dining *en famille*. No one invites, and no one wishes to be invited. At all events there is something mutual in caste. It is not that the rich may visit the poor, but that the poor must not visit the rich. It is not that the Brahman may invite

the Sûdra to dinner, but must not be invited in turn. No one in India is ashamed of his caste, and the lowest Pariah is as proud and as anxious to preserve his own caste as the highest Brahman. The Turas, a class of Sûdras, consider their houses defiled, and throw away their cooking utensils, if a Brahman visit them. Another class of Sûdras throw away their cooking vessels if a Brahman comes upon their boat. Invite one of the lowest orders of Sûdras to a feast with a European of the highest rank, and he turns away his face with the most marked disgust.

The prohibition of certain marriages, again, is less keenly felt in an Eastern country than it would be among ourselves. Nor is the prohibition of marriages the result of caste alone. People belonging to the same caste are prohibited from marrying on account of their pedigree. Kulins, Srotriyas, and Vamsagas, though all of them Brahmans, will freely dine together, though they have scruples about allowing their children to marry. The six divisions of the caste of the Tatis, or weavers, will neither visit nor intermarry with each other. These are social prejudices which exist in half-civilized countries, and which even in Europe are not quite extinct. Nay, it is doubtful whether an absolute prohibition of certain marriages is more cruel than a partial prohibition. It is certainly a curious fact, which psychologists have still to explain, that people very seldom fall in love when marriage is absolutely impossible. Now, there never has been, and there never will be, any state of society without the distinctions of birth, position, education, and wealth; and, in order to keep up these distinctions, marriages between high and low, educated and uneducated, rich and poor

people, must to a certain extent be discouraged and prohibited. In England, where women occupy so different a position in society from what they do in the East, where they are conscious of their own worth and of their own responsibility, exceptions will no doubt occur. A young lord may imagine that a poor governess is more beautiful, more charming, more ladylike, more likely to make him truly happy than any rich heiress that happens to be in the market; the daughter of an earl may imagine that the young curate of the village is more manly, more cultivated, more of a gentleman, than any of the young scions of the nobility; yet such is the power of society, such is the hidden influence of caste, that these marriages are violently opposed by fathers and mothers, by uncles and aunts. In countries where such marriages are altogether impossible, much shedding of tears and breaking of hearts are avoided, and the hardship in reality is not greater than what every commoner in England endures in abstaining from falling in love with the most charming of the princesses of the Royal Family.

As to the choice of a profession being circumscribed by caste, it may seem to be a great grievance. We read but lately in a very able article on caste in the "Calcutta Review:" —

"The systems by which a person's studies and profession are made dependent on his birth can never be sufficiently execrated. The human mind is free, it will not submit to restraints; it will not succumb to the regulations of freakish legislators. The Brahman or the Kshatriya may have a son whose mind is ill adapted to his hereditary profession; the Vaisya may have a son with a natural dislike for a counting-house, and the

Sûdra may have talents superior to his birth. If they be forced to adhere to their hereditary professions their minds must deteriorate."

Now, this is language applicable to England in the nineteenth century, but hardly to India. Where there is a well organized system of public education, a boy may choose what profession he likes. But where this is not the case, the father most likely will be the best teacher of his son. Even in England the public service has but very lately been thrown open to all classes, and we heard it stated by one of the most eminent men that the Indian Civil Service would no longer be fit for the sons of gentlemen. Why? Because one of the elected candidates was the son of a missionary. The system of caste, no doubt, has its disadvantages, but many of them are inherent in human society, and are felt in England as well as in India.

There may seem to be an essential distinction between caste in India and caste in Europe, the one being invested with a sacred character and supposed to be unchangeable, the other being based merely on traditional prejudices and amenable to the pressure of public opinion. But that sacred character of caste is a mere imposition of the priests, and could be removed without removing at the same time those necessary social distinctions which are embodied in India in the system of caste. In a country governed, if not politically, at least intellectually, by priests, the constant appeal to divine right, divine grace, divine institutions, loses much of its real meaning. Though the Brahmans may appeal to the "Laws of Manu," these Laws of Manu, like the Canon Law of the Church of Rome, are not unchangeable. The Brahmans themselves vio-

late these laws daily. They accept gifts from *Sûdras*, though *Manu* declares that a Brahman shall not accept gifts from a *Sûdra*. They will bow before a rich banker, however low his caste, and they will sit on the same carpet and at the feet of a *Sûdra*, though *Manu* declares (VIII. 281), "A man of the lowest class anxious to place himself on the same seat with one of the highest, is to be banished with a mark branded on his back," etc. In fact, however unchangeable the laws of caste may seem in the eyes of the Brahmans, they have only to open their eyes, to read their ancient works, and to look at the society around them, in order to convince themselves that caste is not proof against the changes of time. The president of the *Dharma-sabhâ* at Calcutta is a *Sûdra*, while the secretary is a Brahman. Three fourths of the Brahmans in Bengal are the servants of others. Many traffic in spirituous liquors, some procure beef for the butchers, and wear shoes made of cow leather. Some of the Brahmans themselves are honest enough to admit that the Laws of *Manu* were intended for a different age, for the mythical *Satyayuga*, while the Laws of the *Kaliyuga* were written by *Parâsara*. In places like Calcutta and Bombay the contact with English society exercises a constant attrition on the system of castes, and produces silently and imperceptibly a greater effect than can ever be produced by violent declamation against the iniquity of caste. As soon as the female population of India can be raised from their present degradation; as soon as a better education and a purer religion will have inspired the women of India with feelings of moral responsibility and self-respect; as soon as they have learned — what Christianity alone can teach —

that in the true love of a woman there is something far above the law of caste or the curses of priests, their influence will be the most powerful, on the one side, to break through the artificial forms of caste, and on the other, to maintain in India, as elsewhere, the true caste of rank, manners, intellect, and character.

With many of the present missionaries, the abolition of caste has become a fixed idea. Some of the early Roman Catholic missionaries, no doubt, went too far in their toleration of caste, but some of the most efficient Protestant missionaries, men of the school of Schwarz, have never joined in the indiscriminate condemnation of caste, and have allowed their Christian converts to keep up, under the name of caste, those social distinctions which in European countries are maintained by public opinion, by the good feeling and the self-respect of the lower classes, and, where necessary, by the power of the law. As regards the private life of the natives, their match-making, their hospitality, their etiquette, and their rules of precedence, it would be unwise for missionaries as well as for the Government to attempt any sudden interference. What would people say in England if Parliament, after admitting the Jews, were to insist on Mr. Newdegate shaking hands with Baron Rothschild, or asking the Jewish members to his dinner parties? How would the fashionable occupants of our church pews in their crisp muslin dresses like it if the bishops were to require that they should sit side by side with men in oily fustian jackets? How would our bankers and Quakers bear any interference with their system of marrying, if possible, within their own families?

There are, however, certain points where the Gov-

ernment will have to interfere with caste, and where it may do so without violating any pledge and without rousing any serious opposition. If any of its Indian subjects are treated with indignity on account of their caste, the law will have to give them protection. In former times a Pariah was obliged to carry a bell — the very name of Pariah is derived from that bell — in order to give warning to the Brahmans, who might be polluted by the shadow of an outcast. In Malabar, a Nayadi defiles a Brahman at a distance of seventy-four paces; and a Nayer, though himself a *Sûdra*, would shoot one of these degraded races if they approached too near. Here the duty of the Government is clear.

Secondly, no attention should be paid to caste in any contract which the Government makes with the natives. Where natives are to be employed, whether in the civil or military service, no concession should be made to the punctilio of caste. Soldiers must not only fight together, but they must live and mess together. Those who have any conscientious objections must stay away.

Thirdly, caste must be ignored in all public institutions, such as schools, hospitals, and prisons. Railway companies cannot provide separate carriages for each of the fifty castes that may wish to travel by themselves, nor can Government provide separate forms, or wards, or cells for Brahmans and *Sûdras*. Firmness on the part of the Government is all that is required. At Madras a few Pariah boys were admitted at the High-school. The other boys rebelled, and forty left the school. After a time, however, twenty returned, and the spell was broken.

The missionaries are not obliged to act with the same rigor. Their relation to the natives, and particularly to their converts, is a private relation, and much of their success will depend on their discretion in dealing with native prejudices. A Hindu who embraces Christianity loses caste, and is cut off from all his friends. But if he was brought up as a gentleman, it is not fair that, as a Christian, he should be forced to mix with other converts, his inferiors in birth, education, and manners. Much offense has been given by the missionaries by maintaining that no one can be a true convert who refuses to eat and drink with his fellow-converts. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink." The social position of the converts in India will be for a long time a stumbling-block. Native converts are not admitted to English caste, and it is the dread of this isolated position which acts most powerfully against conversion. The Mohammedans admit Hindu converts into their own society, and treat every Mussulman on terms of equality. Christian society in India is hardly able to do this, and it is a question whether even the purest religion will be able to overcome that deep-rooted feeling of caste which divided the Ârya from the Dasyu, and which still divides the white European from the dark Asiatic. Measures must be adopted to give to the Hindus who accept Christianity something in place of the caste which they lose. In a certain sense no man ought to be without caste, without friends who take care of him, without companions who watch him, without associates whose good opinion he values, without companions with whom he can work for a common cause. The healthy life of a political body can only be supported by means of as-

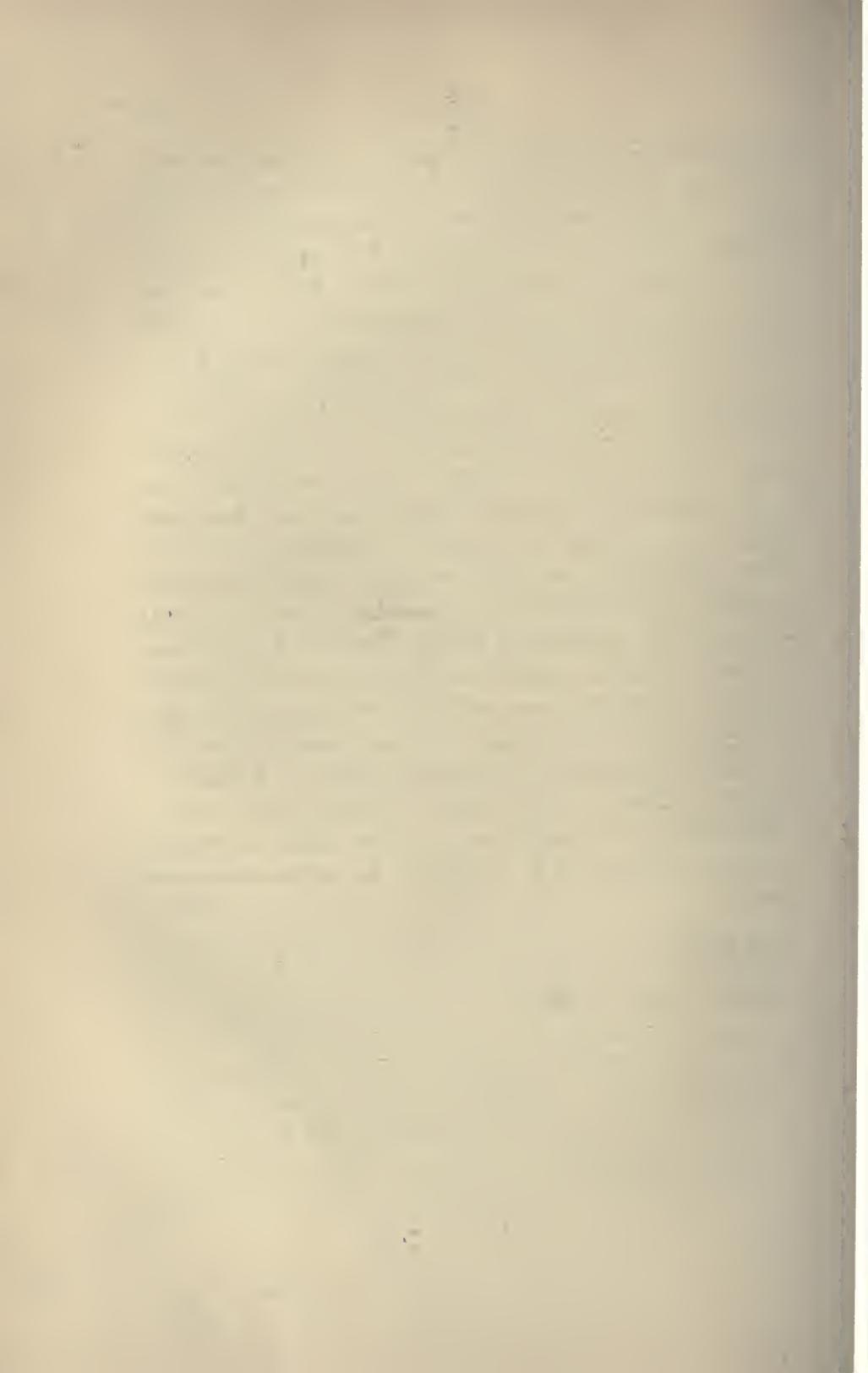
sociations, circles, leagues, guilds, clans, clubs, or parties; and in a country where caste takes the place of all this, the abolition of caste would be tantamount to a complete social disorganization. Those who know the Hindus best are the least anxious to see them without caste. Colonel Sleeman remarks:—

“What chiefly prevents the spread of Christianity is the dread of exclusion from caste and all its privileges, and the utter hopelessness of their ever finding any respectable circle of society of the adopted religion, which converts, or would be converts, to Christianity now everywhere feel. Form such circles for them; make the members of these circles excel in the exertion of honest and independent industry. Let those who rise to eminence in them feel that they are considered as respectable and important in the social system as the servants of Government, and converts will flock around you from all parts and from all classes of the Hindu community. I have, since I have been in India, had, I may say, at least a score of Hindu grass-cutters turn Mussulmans, merely because the grooms and the other grass-cutters of my establishment happened to be of that religion, and they could neither eat, drink, nor smoke with them. Thousands of Hindus, all over India, become every year Mussulmans from the same motive, and we do not get the same number of converts to Christianity, merely because we cannot offer them the same advantages. I am persuaded that a dozen such establishments as that of Mr. Thomas Ashton, of Hyde, as described by a physician of Manchester, and noticed in Mr. Baines' admirable work on the cotton manufactures of Great Britain (page 447), would do more in the way of con-

version among the people of India than has ever yet been done by all the religious establishments, or ever will be done by them, without some such aid."

Caste, which has hitherto proved an impediment to the conversion of the Hindus, may in future become one of the most powerful engines for the conversion not merely of individuals, but of whole classes of Indian society. Caste cannot be abolished in India, and to attempt it would be one of the most hazardous operations that was ever performed on a living political body. As a religious institution caste will die; as a social institution it will live and improve. Let the Sûdras, or, as they are called in Tamil, the Petta Pitteï, the children of the house, grow into free laborers, the Vaisyas into wealthy merchants, the Kshatriyas into powerful barons, and let the Brahmans aspire to the position of that intellectual aristocracy which is the only true aristocracy in truly civilized countries, and the four castes of the Veda will not be out of date in the nineteenth century, nor out of place in a Christian country. But all this must be the work of time. "The teeth," as a native writer, says, "fall off themselves in old age, but it is painful to extract them in youth."

*April, 1858.*



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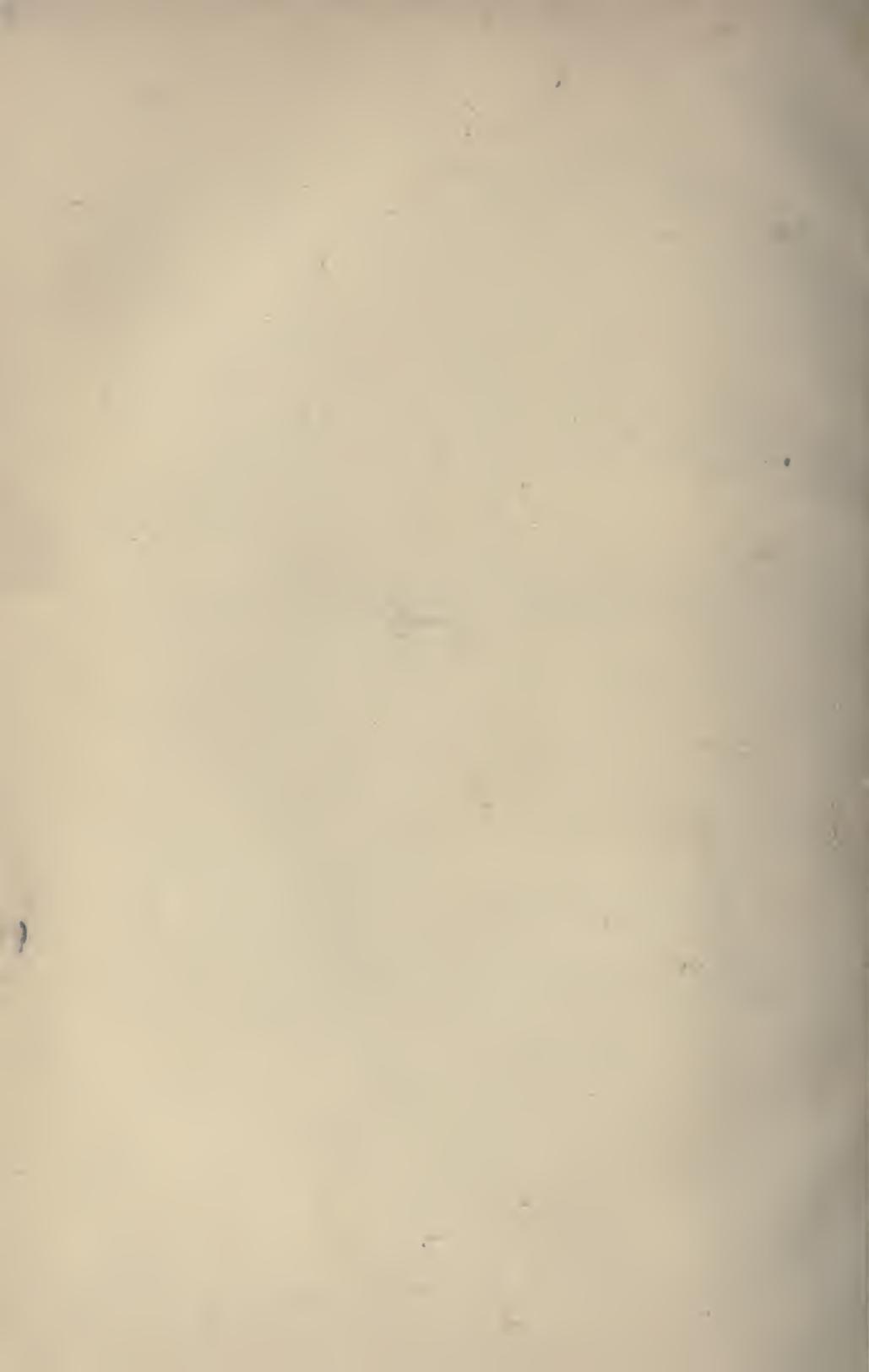
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BY

F. MAX MÜLLER, M. A.,

FOREIGN MEMBER OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE, ETC.

VOLUME III.

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TO

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF KIND HELP

GIVEN TO ME

IN MY FIRST ATTEMPTS AT WRITING IN ENGLISH,

AND AS A MEMORIAL

OF MANY YEARS OF FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES

THE FIRST

OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY JOHN HAYWARD

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## L.

# GERMAN LITERATURE.<sup>1</sup>

---

THERE is no country where so much interest is taken in the literature of Germany as in England, and there is no country where the literature of England is so much appreciated as in Germany. Some of our modern classics, whether poets or philosophers, are read by Englishmen with the same attention as their own; and the historians, the novel-writers, and the poets of England have exercised, and continue to exercise, a most powerful and beneficial influence on the people of Germany. In recent times, the literature of the two countries has almost grown into one. Lord Macaulay's *History* has not only been translated into German, but reprinted at Leipzig in the original; and it is said to have had a larger sale in Germany than the work of any German historian. Baron Humboldt and Baron Bunsen address their writings to the English as much as to the German public. The novels of Dickens and Thackeray are expected with the same

<sup>1</sup> This article formed the preface to a collection of extracts published in 1858, under the title of *German Classics*. The extracts are arranged chronologically, and extend from the fourth to the nineteenth century. They are given in the original Gothic, Old High-German, and Middle High-German with translations, while in the more modern portions the difficult words only are explained in notes. A list of the principal works from which the extracts are taken will be found at the end of the article, p. 44.

impatience at Leipzig and Berlin as in London. The two great German classics, Schiller and Goethe, have found their most successful biographers in Carlyle and Lewes; and several works of German scholarship have met with more attentive and thoughtful readers in the colleges of England than in the universities of Germany. Goethe's idea of a world-literature has, to a certain extent, been realized; and the strong feeling of sympathy between the best classes in both countries holds out a hope that, for many years to come, the supremacy of the Teutonic race, not only in Europe, but over all the world, will be maintained in common by the two champions of political freedom and of the liberty of thought, — Protestant England and Protestant Germany.

The interest, however, which Englishmen take in German literature has hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the literature of the last fifty years, and very little is known of those fourteen centuries during which the German language had been growing up and gathering strength for the great triumphs which were achieved by Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. Nor is this to be wondered at. The number of people in England, who take any interest in the early history of their own literature, is extremely small, and there is as yet no history of English literature worthy of that name. It cannot be expected, therefore, that in England many people will care to read in the original the ancient epic poems of the "Nibelunge" or "Gudrun," or acquire a grammatical knowledge of the Gothic of Ulfilas and the Old High-German of Otfried. Gothic, Old High-German, and Middle High-German are three distinct languages, each possessing its own grammar, each differing from the others and from Modern

German more materially than the Greek of Homer differs from the Greek of Demosthenes. Even in Germany these languages are studied only by professional antiquarians and scholars, and they do not form part of the general system of instruction in public schools and universities. The study of Gothic grammar alone (where we still find a dual in addition to the singular and plural, and where some tenses of the passive are still formed, as in Greek and Latin, without auxiliary verbs), would require as much time as the study of Greek grammar, though it would not offer the key to a literature like that of Greece. Old High-German, again, is as difficult a language to a German as Anglo-Saxon is to an Englishman; and the Middle High-German of the "Nibelunge," of Wolfram, and Walther, nay even of Eckhart and Tauler, is more remote from the language of Goethe than Chaucer is from Tennyson.

But, without acquiring a grammatical knowledge of these ancient languages, there are, I believe, not a few people who wish to know something of the history of German literature. Nor is this, if properly taught, a subject of narrow or merely antiquarian interest. The history of literature reflects and helps us to interpret the political history of a country. It contains, as it were, the confession which every generation, before it passed away, has made to posterity. "Without Literary History," as Lord Bacon says, "the History of the World seemeth to be as the Statue of Polyphemus with his eye out; that part being wanting which doth most shew the spirit and life of the person." From this point of view the historian of literature learns to value what to the critic would seem unmeaning and tedious, and he is loath to miss the works even of medi-

ocre poets, where they throw light on the times in which they lived, and serve to connect the otherwise disjointed productions of men of the highest genius, separated, as these necessarily are, by long intervals in the annals of every country.

Although there exists no literature to reward the student of Gothic, yet every one who cares for the history of Germany and of German thought should know something of Ulfilas, the great Bishop of the Goths, who anticipated the work of Luther by more than a thousand years, and who, at a time when Greek and Latin were the only two respectable and orthodox languages of Europe, dared for the first time to translate the Bible into the vulgar tongue of Barbarians, as if foreseeing with a prophetic eye the destiny of these Teutonic tribes, whose language, after Greek and Latin had died away, was to become the life-spring of the Gospel over the whole civilized world. He ought to know something of those early missionaries and martyrs, most of them sent from Ireland and England to preach the Gospel in the dark forests of Germany, — men like St. Gall (died 638), St. Kilian (died 689), and St. Boniface (died 755), who were not content with felling the sacred oak-trees and baptizing unconverted multitudes, but founded missionary stations, and schools, and monasteries; working hard themselves in order to acquire a knowledge of the language and the character of the people, and drawing up those curious lists of barbarous words, with their no less barbarous equivalents in Latin, which we still possess, though copied by a later hand. He ought to know the gradual progress of Christianity and civilization in Germany, previous to the time of Charlemagne; for we see from the German translations of the Rules of the Ben-

edictine monks, of ancient Latin hymns, the Creeds, the Lord's Prayer, and portions of the New Testament, that the good sense of the national clergy had led them to do what Charlemagne had afterwards to enjoin by repeated Capitularia.<sup>1</sup> It is in the history of German literature that we learn what Charlemagne really was. Though claimed as a saint by the Church of Rome, and styled *Empereur Français* by modern French historians, Karl was really and truly a German king, proud, no doubt, of his Roman subjects, and of his title of Emperor, and anxious to give to his uncouth Germans the benefit of Italian and English teachers, but fondly attached in his heart to his own mother tongue, to the lays and laws of his fatherland: feelings displayed in his own attempt to compose a German grammar, and in his collection of old national songs, fragments of which may have been preserved to us in the ballads of Hildebrand and Hadubrand.

After the death of Charlemagne, and under the reign of the good but weak King Ludwig, the prospects of a national literature in Germany became darkened. In one instance, indeed, the king was the patron of a German poet; for he encouraged the author of the "Heliand" to write that poem for the benefit of his newly converted countrymen. But he would hardly have approved of the thoroughly German and almost heathen spirit which pervades that Saxon epic of the New Testament, and he expressed his disgust at the old German poems which his great father had taught him in his youth. The seed, however, which Charlemagne had sown had fallen on

<sup>1</sup> " Ut easdam homilias quisque (episcopus) aperte transferre studeat in rusticam romanam linguam aut theodiscam, quo facilius cuncti possint intelligere quæ dicantur." — Conc. Tur. can. 17 Wackernagel, *Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur*, § 26.

healthy soil, and grew up even without the sunshine of royal favor. The monastery of Fulda, under Hrabanus Maurus, the pupil of Alcuin, became the seminary of a truly national clergy. Here it was that Otfried, the author of the rhymed "Gospel-book" was brought up. In the mean time, the heterogeneous elements of the Carlovingian Empire broke asunder. Germany, by losing its French and Italian provinces, became Germany once more. Ludwig the German was King of Germany, Hrabanus Maurus Archbishop of Mayence; and the spirit of Charlemagne, Alcuin, and Eginhard was revived at Aachen, Fulda, and many other places, such as St. Gall, Weissenburg, and Corvey, where schools were founded on the model of that of Tours. The translation of the "Harmony of the Gospels," gives us a specimen of the quiet studies of those monasteries, whereas the lay on the victory of Louis III. over the Normans, in 881, reminds us of the dangers that threatened Germany from the West at the same time that the Hungarians began their inroads from the East. The Saxon Emperors had hard battles to fight against these invaders, and there were few places in Germany where the peaceful pursuits of the monasteries and schools could be carried on without interruption. St. Gall is the one bright star in the approaching gloom of the next centuries. Not only was the Bible read, and translated, and commented upon in German at St. Gall, as formerly at Fulda, but Greek and Roman classics were copied and studied for educational purposes. Notker Teutonicus is the great representative of that school, which continued to maintain its reputation for theological and classical learning, and for a careful cultivation of the national language, nearly to the close of

the eleventh century. At the court of the Saxon Emperors, though their policy was thoroughly German, there was little taste for German poetry. The Queen of Otto I. was a Lombard, the Queen of Otto II. a Greek lady; and their influence was not favorable to the rude poetry of national bards. If some traces of their work have been preserved to us, we owe it again to the more national taste of the monks of St. Gall and Passau. They translate some of the German epics into Latin verse, such as the poem of the "Nibelunge," of "Walther of Aquitain," and of "Ruodlieb." The first is lost; but the other two have been preserved and published.<sup>1</sup> The stories of the Fox and the Bear, and the other animals, — a branch of poetry so peculiar to Germany, and epic rather than didactic in its origin, — attracted the attention of the monks; and it is owing again to their Latin translations that the existence of this curious style of poetry can be traced back so far as the tenth century.<sup>2</sup> As these poems are written in Latin, they could not find a place in a German reading-book; but they, as well as the unduly suspected Latin plays of the nun Hrosvitha, throw much light on the state of German civilization during the tenth and eleventh centuries.

The eleventh century presents almost an entire blank in the history of literature. Under the Frankish or Salic dynasty, Germany had either to defend herself against the inroads of Hungarian and Slavonic armies, or it was the battle-field of violent feuds between the Emperors and their vassals. The second half of that century was filled with the struggles be-

<sup>1</sup> *Lateinische Gedichte des X. und XI. Jahrhunderts*, von J. Grimm und A. Schmeller. Göttinger, 1838.

<sup>2</sup> *Reinhard Fuchs*, von Jacob Grimm. Berlin, 1834. *Sendschreiben*, von Karl Lachmann. Leipzig, 1840.

tween Henry IV. and Pope Gregory VII. The clergy, hitherto the chief support of German literature, became estranged from the German people; and the insecurity of the times was unfavorable to literary pursuits. Williram's German had lost the classical correctness of Notker's language, and the "Merigarto," and similar works, are written in a hybrid style, which is neither prose nor poetry. The Old High-German had become a literary language chiefly through the efforts of the clergy, and the character of the whole Old High-German literature is preëminently clerical. The Crusades put an end to the preponderance of the clerical element in the literature of Germany. They were, no doubt, the work of the clergy. By using to the utmost the influence which they had gradually gained and carefully fomented, the priests were able to rouse a whole nation to a pitch of religious enthusiasm never known before or after. But the Crusades were the last triumph of the clergy; and with their failure the predominant influence of the clerical element in German society is checked and extinguished.

From the first beginning of the Crusades the interest of the people was with the knight,—no longer with the priest. The chivalrous Emperors of the Hohenstaufen dynasty formed a new rallying point for all national sympathies. Their courts, and the castles of their vassals, offered a new and more genial home to the poets of Germany than the monasteries of Fulda and St. Gall. Poetry changed hands. The poets took their inspirations from real life, though they borrowed their models from the romantic cycles of Brittany and Provence. Middle High-German, the language of the Swabian court, became the language of poetry. The

earliest compositions in that language continue for a while to bear the stamp of the clerical poetry of a former age. The first Middle High-German poems are written by a nun; and the poetical translation of the Books of Moses, the poem on Anno, Bishop of Cologne, and the "Chronicle of the Roman Emperors," all continue to breathe the spirit of cloisters and cathedral towns. And when a new taste for chivalrous romances was awakened in Germany; when the stories of Arthur and his knights, of Charlemagne and his champions, of Achilles, Æneas, and Alexander, in their modern dress, were imported by French and Provençal knights, who, on their way to Jerusalem, came to stay at the castles of their German allies, the first poets who ventured to imitate these motley compositions were priests, not laymen. A few short extracts from Konrad's "Roland" and Lamprecht's "Alexander" are sufficient to mark this period of transition. Like Charlemagne, who had been changed into a legendary hero by French poets before he became again the subject of German poetry, another German worthy returned at the same time to his native home, though but slightly changed by his foreign travels, "Reinhard the Fox." The influence of Provence and of Flanders is seen in every branch of German poetry at that time; and yet nothing can be more different than the same subject, as treated by French and German poets. The German Minnesänger in particular were far from being imitators of the Trouvères or Troubadours. There are a few solitary instances of lyric poems translated from Provençal into German;<sup>1</sup> as there is, on the other hand, one poem translated from German into

<sup>1</sup> *Poems of Grave Ruodolf von Feins, Her Bernger von Horheim; see Des Minnesangs Frühling*, by Lachmann and Haupt. Leipzig, 1857

Italian,<sup>1</sup> early in the thirteenth century. But the great mass of German lyrics are of purely German growth. Neither the Romans, nor the lineal descendants of the Romans, the Italians, the Provençals, the Spaniards, can claim that poetry as their own. It is Teutonic, purely Teutonic in its heart and soul, though its utterance, its rhyme and metre, its grace and imagery, have been touched by the more genial rays of the brilliant sun of a more southern sky. The same applies to the great romantic poems of that period. The first impulse came from abroad. The subjects were borrowed from a foreign source, and the earlier poems, such as Heinrich von Veldeke's "*Æneid*," might occasionally paraphrase the sentiments of French poets. But in the works of Hartmann von Aue, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and Gottfried von Strassburg, we breathe again the pure German air; and we cannot but regret that these men should have taken the subjects of their poems, with their unpronounceable names, extravagant conceits, and licentious manners, from foreign sources, while they had at home their grand mythology, their heroic traditions, their kings and saints, which would have been more worthy subjects than Tristan and Isold, Schionatulander and Sigune. There were new thoughts stirring in the hearts and minds of those men of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A hundred years before Dante, the German poets had gazed with their eyes wide open into that infinite reality which underlies our short existence on earth. To Wolfram, and to many a poet of his time, the human tragedy of this world presented the same unreal, transitory, and transparent aspect which we find again in Dante's "*Divine Comedy*." Every

<sup>1</sup> Poem of the *Kürenberger*; see *Des Minnesangs Frühling*, pp. 8 and 230.

thing points to another world. Beauty, love, virtue, happiness, — everything, in fact, that moves the heart of the poet, — has a hidden reference to something higher than this life; and the highest object of the highest poetry seems to be to transfer the mind to those regions where men feel the presence of a Divine power and a Divine love, and are lost in blissful adoration. The beginning of the thirteenth century is as great an era in the history of German literature as the beginning of the nineteenth. The German mind was completely regenerated. Old words, old thoughts, old metres, old fashions, were swept away, and a new spring dawned over Germany. The various branches of the Teutonic race which, after their inroads into the seats of Roman civilization, had for a time become separated, were beginning to assume a national independence, — when suddenly a new age of migration threatened to set in. The knights of France and Flanders, of England, Lombardy, and Sicily, left their brilliant castles. They marched to the East, carrying along with them the less polished, but equally enthusiastic, nobility of Germany. From the very first the spirit of the Roman towns in Italy and Gaul had exercised a more civilizing influence on the Barbarians who had crossed the Alps and the Rhine, whereas the Germans of Germany proper had been left to their own resources, assisted only by the lessons of the Roman clergy. Now, at the beginning of the Crusades, the various divisions of the German race met again, but they met as strangers; no longer with the impetuosity of Franks and Goths, but with the polished reserve of a Godefroy of Bouillon and the chivalrous bearing of a Frederick Barbarossa. The German Emperors and nobles opened their courts to receive their guests with

brilliant hospitality. Their festivals, the splendor and beauty of their tournaments, attracted crowds from great distances, and foremost among them poets and singers. It was at such festivals as Heinrich von Veldeke describes at Mayence, in 1184, under Frederick I., that French and German poetry were brought face to face. It was here that high-born German poets learnt from French poets the subjects of their own romantic compositions. German ladies became the patrons of German poets; and the etiquette of French chivalry was imitated at the castles of German knights. Poets made bold for the first time to express their own feelings, their joys and sufferings, and epic poetry had to share its honors with lyric songs. Not only France and Germany, but England and Northern Italy were drawn into this gay society. Henry II. married Eleanor of Poitou, and her grace and beauty found eloquent admirers in the army of the Crusaders. Their daughter Mathilde was married to Henry the Lion, of Saxony, and one of the Provençal poets has celebrated her loveliness. Frenchmen became the tutors of the sons of the German nobility. French manners, dresses, dishes, and dances were the fashion everywhere. The poetry which flourished at the castles was soon adopted by the lower ranks. Travelling poets and jesters are frequently mentioned, and the poems of the "Nibelunge" and "Gudrun," such as we now possess them, were composed at that time by poets who took their subjects, their best thoughts and expressions, from the people, but imitated the language, the metre, and the manners of the court poets. The most famous courts to which the German poets resorted, and where they were entertained with generous hospitality, were the court of Leopold, Duke of

Austria (1198-1230), and of his son Frederick II. ; of Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, who resided at the Wartburg, near Eisenach (1190-1215) ; of Berthold, Duke of Zähringen (1186-1218) ; and of the Swabian Emperors in general. At the present day, when not only the language, but even the thoughts of these poets have become to most of us unintelligible and strange, we cannot claim for their poetry more than an historical interest. But if we wish to know the men who took a leading part in the Crusades, who fought with the Emperors against the Pope, or with the Pope against the Emperors, who lived in magnificent castles like that of the Wartburg, and founded cathedrals like that of Cologne (1248), we must read the poetry which they admired, which they composed or patronized. The subjects of their Romances cannot gain our sympathy. They are artificial, unreal, with little of humanity, and still less of nationality in them. But the mind of a poet like Wolfram von Eschenbach rises above all these difficulties. He has thoughts of his own, truly human, deeply religious, and thoroughly national ; and there are expressions and comparisons in his poetry which had never been used before. His style, however, is lengthy, his descriptions tiresome, and his characters somewhat vague and unearthly. As critics, we should have to bestow on Wolfram von Eschenbach, on Gottfried von Strassburg, even on Hartman von Aue and Walther von der Vogelweide, as much of blame as of praise. But as historians, we cannot value them too highly. If we measure them with the poets that preceded and those that followed them, they tower above all like giants. From the deep marks which they left behind, we discover that they were men of creative genius, men who had looked at

life with their own eyes, and were able to express what they had seen and thought and felt in a language which fascinated their contemporaries, and which even now holds its charm over all who can bring themselves to study their works in the same spirit in which they read the tragedies of Æschylus, or the "Divina Commedia" of Dante.

But the heyday of German chivalry and chivalrous poetry was of short duration. Toward the end of the thirteenth century we begin to feel that the age is no longer aspiring, and hoping, and growing. The world assumes a different aspect. Its youth and vigor seem spent; and the children of a new generation begin to be wiser and sadder than their fathers. The Crusades languish. Their object, like the object of many a youthful hope, has proved unattainable. The Knights no longer take the Cross "because God wills it;" but because the Pope commands a Crusade, bargains for subsidies, and the Emperor cannot decline his commands. Walther von der Vogelweide already is most bitter in his attacks on Rome. Walther was the friend of Frederick II. (1215-50), an Emperor who reminds us, in several respects, of his namesake of Prussia. He was a sovereign of literary tastes, — himself a poet and a philosopher. Harassed by the Pope, he retaliated most fiercely, and was at last accused of a design to extirpate the Christian religion. The ban was published against him, and his own son rose in rebellion. Germany remained faithful to her Emperor, and the Emperor was successful against his son. But he soon died in disappointment and despair. With him the star of the Swabian dynasty had set, and the sweet sounds of the Swabian lyre died away with the last breath of Corradino, the last of the Hohenstaufen.

on the scaffold at Naples, in 1268. Germany was breaking down under heavy burdens. It was visited by the papal interdict, by famine, by pestilence. Sometimes there was no Emperor, sometimes there were two or three. Rebellion could not be kept under, nor could crime be punished. The only law was the "Law of the Fist." The Church was deeply demoralized. Who was to listen to romantic poetry? There was no lack of poets or of poetry. Rudolf von Ems, a poet called Der Stricker, and Konrad von Würzburg, all of them living in the middle of the thirteenth century, were more fertile than Hartmann von Aue and Gottfried von Strassburg. They complain, however, that no one took notice of them, and they are evidently conscious themselves of their inferiority. Lyric poetry continued to flourish for a time, but it degenerated into an unworthy idolatry of ladies, and affected sentimentality. There is but one branch of poetry in which we find a certain originality, the didactic and satiric. The first beginnings of this new kind of poetry carry us back to the age of Walther von der Vogelweide. Many of his verses are satirical, political, and didactic; and it is supposed, on very good authority, that Walther was the author of an anonymous didactic poem, "Freidank's Bescheidenheit." By Thomasin von Zerclar, or Tommasino di Circlaria, we have a metrical composition on manners, the "Italian Guest," which likewise belongs to the beginning of the thirteenth century.<sup>1</sup> Somewhat later we meet, in the works of the Stricker, with the broader satire of the middle classes; and toward the close of the cen-

<sup>1</sup> See an account of the *Italian Guest* of Thomasin von Zerclaria by Eugene Oswald, in *Queen Elizabeth's Academy*, edited by F. J. Furnivall. London, 1869. This thoughtful essay contains some important information on Thomasin.

ture, Hugo von Trimberg, in his "Renner," addresses himself to the lower ranks of German society, and no longer to princes, knights, and ladies.

How is this to be accounted for? Poetry was evidently changing hands again. The Crusades had made the princes and knights the representatives and leaders of the whole nation; and during the contest between the imperial and the papal powers, the destinies of Germany were chiefly in the hands of the hereditary nobility. The literature, which before that time was entirely clerical, had then become worldly and chivalrous. But now, when the power of the emperors began to decline, when the clergy was driven into taking a decidedly anti-national position, when the unity of the empire was well-nigh destroyed, and princes and prelates were asserting their independence by plunder and by warfare, a new element of society rose to the surface, — the middle classes, — the burghers of the free towns of Germany. They were forced to hold together, in order to protect themselves against their former protectors. They fortified their cities, formed corporations, watched over law and morality, and founded those powerful leagues, the first of which, the Hansa, dates from 1241. Poetry also took refuge behind the walls of free towns; and at the fireside of the worthy citizen had to exchange her gay, chivalrous, and romantic strains, for themes more subdued, practical, and homely. This accounts for such works as Hugo von Trimberg's "Renner," as well as for the general character of the poetry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Poetry became a trade like any other. Guilds were formed, consisting of master-singers and their apprentices. Heinrich Frauenlob is called the first Meistersänger; and during the four-

teenth, the fifteenth, and even the sixteenth centuries, new guilds or schools sprang up in all the principal towns of Germany. After order had been restored by the first Hapsburg dynasty, the intellectual and literary activity of Germany retained its centre of gravitation in the middle classes. Rudolf von Hapsburg was not gifted with a poetical nature, and contemporaneous poets complain of his want of liberality. Attempts were made to revive the chivalrous poetry of the Crusades by Hugo von Montfort and Oswald von Wolkenstein in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and again at the end of the same century by the "Last of the German Knights," the Emperor Maximilian. But these attempts could not but fail. The age of chivalry was gone, and there was nothing great or inspiring in the wars which the Emperors had to wage during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries against their vassals, against the Pope, against the precursors of the Reformation, the Hussites, and against the Turks. In Fritsche Closener's "Chronicle" there is a description of the citizens of Strassburg defending themselves against their bishop in 1312; in Twinger's "Chronicle" a picture of the processions of the Flagellants and the religious enthusiasm of that time (1349). The poems of Suchenwirt and Halbsuter represent the wars of Austria against Switzerland (1386), and Niclas von Weyl's translation gives us a glimpse into the Council of Constance (1414) and the Hussite wars, which were soon to follow. The poetry of those two centuries, which was written by and for the people, is interesting historically, but, with few exceptions, without any further worth. The poets wish to amuse or to instruct their humble patrons, and they do this, either by giving them the dry bones of

the romantic poetry of former ages, or by telling them fables and the quaint stories of the "Seven Wise Masters." What beauty there was in a *Meistergesang* may be fairly seen from the poem of Michael Beheim; and the Easter play by no means shows the lowest ebb of good taste in the popular literature of that time.

It might seem, indeed, as if all the high and noble aspirations of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had been lost and forgotten during the fourteenth and fifteenth. And yet it was not quite so. There was one class of men on whom the spirit of true nobility had descended, and whose works form a connecting chain between the great era of the Crusades and the still greater era of the Reformation. These are the so-called Mystics, — true Crusaders, true knights of the Spirit, many of whom sacrificed their lives for the cause of truth, and who at last conquered from the hands of the infidels that Holy Sepulchre in which the true Christian faith had been lying buried for centuries. The name of Mystics, which has been given to these men, is apt to mislead. Their writings are not dark or unintelligible, and those who call them so must find Christianity itself unintelligible and dark. There is more broad daylight in Eckh art and Tauler than in the works of all the Thomists and Scotists. Eckhart was not a dreamer. He had been a pupil of Thomas Aquinas, and his own style is sometimes painfully scholastic. But there is a fresh breeze of thought in his works, and in the works of his disciples. They knew that whenever the problems of man's relation to God, the creation of the world, the origin of evil, and the hope of salvation come to be discussed, the sharpest edge of logical reasoning will turn, and the best defined terms of metaphysics die away into mere mu-

ic. They knew that the hard and narrow categories of the schoolmen do greater violence to the highest truths of religion than the soft, and vague, and vanishing tones with which they tried to shadow forth in the vulgar language of the people the distant objects which transcend the horizon of human understanding. They did not handle the truths of Christianity as if they should or could be proved by the syllogisms of our human reasoning. Nevertheless these Mystics were hard and honest thinkers, and never played with words and phrases. Their faith is to them as clear and as real as sunshine ; and instead of throwing scholastic dust into the eyes of the people, they boldly told them to open their eyes and to look at the mysteries all around them, and to feel the presence of God within and without, which the priests had veiled by the very revelation which they had preached. For a true appreciation of the times in which they lived, the works of these Reformers of the Faith are invaluable. Without them we should try in vain to explain how a nation which, to judge from its literature, seemed to have lost all vigor and virtue, could suddenly rise and dare the work of a reformation of the Church. With them we learn how that same nation, after groaning for centuries under the yoke of superstition and hypocrisy, found in its very prostration the source of an irresistible strength. The higher clergy contributed hardly anything to the literature of these two centuries ; and what they wrote would better have remained unwritten. At St. Gall, toward the end of the thirteenth century, the monks, the successors of Notker, were unable to sign their names. The Abbot was a nobleman who composed love-songs, a branch of poetry at all events out of place in the monastery founded by St. Gall.

It is only among the lower clergy that we find the traces of genuine Christian piety and intellectual activity, though frequently branded by obese prelates and obtuse magistrates with the names of mysticism and heresy. The orders of the Franciscans and Dominicans, founded in 1208 and 1215, and intended to act as clerical spies and confessors, began to fraternize in many parts of Germany with the people against the higher clergy. The people were hungry and thirsty after religious teaching. They had been systematically starved, or fed with stones. Part of the Bible had been translated for the people, but what Ulfilas was free to do in the fourth century, was condemned by the prelates assembled at the Synod of Trier in 1231. Nor were the sermons of the itinerant friars in towns and villages always to the taste of bishops and abbots. We possess collections of these discourses, preached by Franciscans and Dominicans under the trees of cemeteries, and from the church-towers of the villages. Brother Berthold, who died in 1272, was a Franciscan. He travelled about the country, and was revered by the poor like a saint and prophet. The doctrine he preached, though it was the old teaching of the Apostles, was as new to the peasants who came to hear him, as it had been to the citizens of Athens who came to hear St. Paul. The saying of St Chrysostom that Christianity had turned many a peasant into a philosopher, came true again in the time of Eckhart and Tauler. Men who called themselves Christians had been taught, and had brought themselves to believe, that to read the writings of the Apostles was a deadly sin. Yet in secret they were yearning after that forbidden Bible. They knew that there were translations, and though these translations had

been condemned by popes and synods, the people could not resist the temptation of reading them. In 1373, we find the first complete version of the Bible into German, by Matthias of Beheim. Several are mentioned after this. The new religious fervor that had been kindled among the inferior clergy, and among the lower and middle classes of the laity, became stronger; and, though it sometimes degenerated into wild fanaticism, the sacred spark was kept in safe hands by such men as Eckhart (died 1329), Tauler (died 1361), and the author of the German Theology. Men like these are sure to conquer; they are persecuted justly or unjustly; they suffer and die, and all they thought and said and did seems for a time to have been in vain. But suddenly their work, long marked as dangerous in the smooth current of society, rises above the surface like the coral reefs in the Pacific, and it remains for centuries the firm foundation of a new world of thought and faith. Without the labors of these Reformers of the Faith, the Reformers of the Church would never have found a whole nation waiting to receive, and ready to support them.

There are two other events which prepared the way of the German Reformers of the sixteenth century: the foundation of universities, and the invention of printing. Their importance is the same in the literary and in the political history of Germany. The intellectual and moral character of a nation is formed in schools and universities; and those who educate a people have always been its real masters, though they may go by a more modest name. Under the Roman Empire public schools had been supported by the government, both at Rome and in the chief towns of the Provinces. We know of their existence in Gaul and

parts of Germany. With the decline of the central authority, the salaries of the grammarians and rhetors in the Provinces ceased to be paid, and the pagan gymnasia were succeeded by Christian schools, attached to episcopal sees and monasteries. Whilst the clergy retained their vigor and efficiency, their schools were powerful engines for spreading a half clerical and half classical culture in Germany. During the Crusades, when ecclesiastical activity and learning declined very rapidly, we hear of French tutors at the castles of the nobility, and classical learning gave way to the superficial polish of a chivalrous age. And when the nobility likewise relapsed into a state of savage barbarism, new schools were wanted, and they were founded by the towns, the only places where, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we see any evidence of a healthy political life. The first town schools are mentioned in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and they were soon followed by the high schools and universities. The University of Prague was founded in 1348; Vienna, 1366; Heidelberg, 1386; Erfurt, 1392; Leipzig, 1408; Basle, 1460; Tübingen, 1477; Mainz, 1482. These universities are a novel feature in the history of German and of European civilization. They are not ecclesiastical seminaries, not restricted to any particular class of society; they are national institutions, open to the rich and the poor, to the knight, the clerk, the citizen. They are real universities of learning: they profess to teach all branches of knowledge, — theology and law, medicine and philosophy. They contain the first practical acknowledgment of the right of every subject to the highest education, and through it to the highest offices in Church and State. Neither Greece

nor Rome had known such institutions: neither the Church nor the nobility, during the days of their political supremacy, were sufficiently impressed with the duty which they owed to the nation at large to provide such places of liberal education. It was the nation itself, when forsaken by its clergy and harassed by its nobility, which called these schools into life; and it is in these schools and universities that the great men who inaugurate the next period of literature — the champions of political liberty and religious freedom — were fostered and formed.

The invention of printing was in itself a reformation, and its benefits were chiefly felt by the great masses of the people. The clergy possessed their libraries, where they might read and study if they chose; the castles contained collections of MSS., sacred and profane, illuminated with the most exquisite taste; while the citizen, the poor layman, though he might be able to read and to write, was debarred from the use of books, and had to satisfy his literary tastes with the sermons of travelling Franciscans, or the songs of blind beggars and peddlers. The art of printing admitted that large class to the same privileges which had hitherto been enjoyed almost exclusively by clergy and nobility: it placed in the hands of the third estate arms more powerful than the swords of the knights, and the thunderbolts of the priests: it was a revolution in the history of literature more eventful than any in the history of mankind. Poets and philosophers addressed themselves no longer to emperors and noblemen, to knights and ladies, but to the people at large, and especially to the middle classes, in which henceforth the chief strength of the nation resides.

The years from 1450 to 1500 form a period of preparation for the great struggle that was to inaugurate the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was an age "rich in scholars, copious in pedants, but poor in genius, and barren of strong thinkers." One of the few interesting men in whose life and writings the history of that preliminary age may be studied, is Sebastian Brant, the famous author of the famous "Ship of Fools."

With the sixteenth century, we enter upon the modern history and the modern literature of Germany. We shall here pass on more rapidly, dwelling only on the men in whose writings the political and social changes of Germany can best be studied.

With Luther, the literary language of Germany became New High-German. A change of language invariably betokens a change in the social constitution of a country. In Germany, at the time of the Reformation, the change of language marks the rise of a new aristocracy, which is henceforth to reside in the universities. Literature leaves its former homes. It speaks no longer the language of the towns. It addresses itself no longer to a few citizens, nor to imperial patrons, such as Maximilian I. It indulges no longer in moral saws, didactic verses, and prose novels, nor is it content with mystic philosophy and the secret outpourings of religious fervor. For a time, though but for a short time, German literature becomes national. Poets and writers wish to be heard beyond the walls of their monasteries and cities. They speak to the whole nation; nay, they desire to be heard beyond the frontiers of their country. Luther and the Reformers belonged to no class,—they belonged to the people. The voice of the people, which during

the preceding periods of literature could only be heard like the rolling of distant thunder, had now become articulate and distinct, and for a time one thought seemed to unite all classes,—emperors, kings, nobles, and citizens, clergy and laity, high and low, old and young. This is a novel sight in the history of Germany. We have seen in the first period the gradual growth of the clergy, from the time when the first missionaries were massacred in the marshes of Friesland to the time when the Emperor stood penitent before the gates of Canossa. We have seen the rise of the nobility, from the time when the barbarian chiefs preferred living outside the walls of cities to the time when they rivaled the French cavaliers in courtly bearing and chivalrous bravery. Nor were the representatives of these two orders, the Pope and the Emperor, less powerful at the beginning of the sixteenth century than they had been before. Charles V. was the most powerful sovereign whom Europe had seen since the days of Charlemagne, and the papal see had recovered by diplomatic intrigue much of the influence which it had lost by moral depravity. Let us think, then, of these two ancient powers: the Emperor with his armies, recruited in Austria, Spain, Naples, Sicily, and Burgundy, and with his treasures brought from Mexico and Peru; and the Pope with his armies of priests and monks, recruited from all parts of the Christian world, and armed with the weapons of the Inquisition and the thunderbolts of excommunication: let us think of their former victories, their confidence in their own strength, their belief in their divine right: and let us then turn our eyes to the small University of Wittenberg, and into the bleak study of a poor Augustine monk, and see that monk

step out of his study with no weapon in his hand but the Bible, — with no armies and no treasures, — and yet defying with his clear and manly voice both Pope and Emperor, both clergy and nobility : there is no grander sight in history ; and the longer we allow our eyes to dwell on it, the more we feel that history is not without God, and that at every decisive battle the divine right of truth asserts its supremacy over the divine right of Popes and Emperors, and overthrows with one breath both empires and hierarchies. We call the Reformation the work of Luther ; but Luther stood not alone, and no really great man ever stood alone. The secret of their greatness lies in their understanding the spirit of the age in which they live, and in giving expression with the full power of faith and conviction to the secret thoughts of millions. Luther was but lending words to the silent soul of suffering Germany, and no one should call himself a Protestant who is not a Lutheran with Luther at the Diet of Worms, and able to say with him in the face of princes and prelates, “ Here I stand ; I can do otherwise ; God help me : Amen.”

As the Emperor was the representative of the nobility, as the Pope was the representative of the clergy, Luther was the head and leader of the people, which through him and through his fellow-workers claimed now, for the first time, an equality with the two old estates of the realm. If this national struggle took at first an aspect chiefly religious, it was because the German nation had freedom of thought and of belief more at heart than political freedom. But political rights also were soon demanded, and demanded with such violence, that during his own life-time Luther had to repress the excesses of enthusiastic theorists and of a violent peasantry. Luther's great influence on the lit-

erature of Germany, and the gradual adoption of his dialect as the literary language, were owing in a great measure to this, that whatever there was of literature during the sixteenth century, was chiefly in the hands of one class of men. After the Reformation, nearly all eminent men in Germany — poets, philosophers, and historians — belonged to the Protestant party, and resided chiefly in the universities.

The universities were what the monasteries had been under Charlemagne, the castles under Frederick Barbarossa, — the centres of gravitation for the intellectual and political life of the country. The true nobility of Germany was no longer to be found among the priests, — Alcuin, Hrabanus Maurus, Notker Teutonicus; nor among the knights, — Walther von der Vogelweide, Wolfram von Eschenbach, and their patrons, Frederick II., Hermann von Thüringen, and Leopold of Austria. The intellectual sceptre of Germany was wielded by a new nobility, — a nobility that had risen from the ranks, like the priests and the knights, but which, for a time at least, kept itself from becoming a caste, and from cutting away those roots through which it imbibed its vigor and sustained its strength. It had its castles in the universities, its tournaments in the diets of Worms and Augsburg, and it counted among its members, dukes and peasants, divines and soldiers, lawyers and artists. This was not, indeed, an hereditary nobility, but on that very ground it is a nobility which can never become extinct. The danger, however, which threatens all aristocracies, whether martial, clerical, or municipal, was not averted from the intellectual aristocracy of Germany. The rising spirit of caste deprived the second generation of that power which men like Luther

had gained at the beginning of the Reformation. The moral influence of the universities in Germany was great, and it is great at the present day. But it would have been greater and more beneficial if the conceit of caste had not separated the leaders of the nation from the ranks whence they themselves had arisen, and to which alone they owed their position and their influence. It was the same with the priests, who would rather form a hierarchy than be merged in the laity. It was the same with the knights, who would rather form a select society than live among the gentry. Both cut away the ground under their feet; and the Reformers of the sixteenth century fell into the same snare before they were aware of it. We wonder at the eccentricities of the priesthood, at the conceit of the hereditary nobility, at the affectation of majestic stateliness inherent in royalty. But the pedantic display of learning, the disregard of the real wants of the people, the contempt of all knowledge which does not wear the academic garb, show the same foible, the same conceit, the same spirit of caste among those who, from the sixteenth century to the present day, have occupied the most prominent rank in the society of Germany. Professorial knight-errantry still waits for its Cervantes. Nowhere have the objects of learning been so completely sacrificed to the means of learning, nowhere has that Dulcinea, — knowledge for its own sake, — with her dark veil and her barren heart, numbered so many admirers; nowhere have so many windmills been fought, and so many real enemies been left unhurt, as in Germany, particularly during the last two centuries. New universities have been founded: Marburg, in 1527; Königsberg, in 1547; Jena, in 1558; Helmstädt, in 1575; Giessen, in 1607

And the more the number and the power of the professors increased, the more they forgot that they and their learning, their universities and their libraries, were for the benefit of the people ; that a professor might be very learned, and very accurate, and very laborious, yet worse than useless as a member of our toiling society. It was considered more learned and respectable to teach in Latin, and all lectures at the universities were given in that language. Luther was sneered at because of his little German tracts which "any village clerk might have written." Some of the best poets in the sixteenth century were men such as Eoban Hessius (1540), who composed their poetry in Latin. National poems, for instance, Brant's "Ship of Fools," were translated into Latin in order to induce the German professors to read them. The learned doctors were ashamed of their honest native names. Schwarzerd must needs call himself Melancthon ; Meissel Celtes, Schnitter Agricola ; Hausschein, Ecolampadius ! All this might look very learned, and professorial, and imposing ; but it separated the professors from the people at large ; it retarded the progress of national education, and blighted the prospects of a national policy in Germany. Everything promised well at the time of the Reformation ; and a new Germany might have risen before a new France, if, like Luther, the leaders of the nation had remained true to their calling. But when to speak Latin was considered more learned than to speak German, when to amass vast information was considered more creditable than to digest and to use it, when popularity became the same bugbear to the professors which profanity had been to the clergy, and vulgarity to the knights, Luther's work was undone ; and two more

centuries had to be spent in pedantic controversies, theological disputes, sectarian squabbles, and political prostration, before a new national spirit could rise again in men like Lessing, and Schiller, and Fichte, and Stein. Ambitious princes and quarrelsome divines continued the rulers of Germany, and, towards the end of the sixteenth century, everything seemed drifting back into the Middle Ages. Then came the Thirty Years' War, a most disastrous war for Germany, which is felt in its results to the present day. If, as a civil and religious contest, it had been fought out between the two parties, — the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Germany, — it would have left, as in England, one side victorious; it would have been brought to an end before both were utterly exhausted. But the Protestants, weakened by their own dissensions, had to call in foreign aid. First Denmark, then Sweden, poured their armies into Germany, and even France — Roman Catholic France — gave her support to Gustavus Adolphus and the Protestant cause. England, the true ally of Germany, was too weak at home to make her influence felt abroad. At the close of the war, the Protestants received indeed the same rights as the Roman Catholics; but the nation was so completely demoralized that it hardly cared for the liberties guaranteed by the treaty of Westphalia. The physical and moral vigor of the nation was broken. The population of Germany is said to have been reduced by one half. Thousands of villages and towns had been burnt to the ground. The schools, the churches, the universities, were deserted. A whole generation had grown up during the war, particularly among the lower classes, with no education at all. The merchants of Germany, who formerly, as Æneas Sylvius said, lived more hand-

somely than the Kings of Scotland, were reduced to small traders. The Hansa was broken up. Holland, England, and Sweden had taken the wind out of her sails. In the Eastern provinces, commerce was suspended by the inroads of the Turks; whilst the discovery of America, and of the new passage to the East Indies, had reduced the importance of the mercantile navy of Germany and Italy in the Mediterranean. Where there was any national feeling left, it was a feeling of shame and despair, and the Emperor and the small princes of Germany might have governed even more selfishly than they did, without rousing opposition among the people.

What can we expect of the literature of such times? Popular poetry preserved some of its indestructible charms. The *Meistersänger* went on composing according to the rules of their guilds, but we look in vain for the raciness and honest simplicity of Hans Sachs. Some of the professors wrote plays in the style of Terence, or after English models, and fables became fashionable in the style of Phædrus. But there was no trace anywhere of originality, truth, taste, or feeling, except in that branch which, like the palm-tree, thrives best in the desert, — sacred poetry. Paul Gerhard is still without an equal as a poet of sacred songs; and many of the best hymns which are heard in the Protestant churches of Germany date from the seventeenth century. Soon, however, this class of poetry also degenerated on one side into dry theological phraseology, on the other into sentimental and almost erotic affectation.

There was no hope of a regeneration in German literature, unless either great political and social events should rouse the national mind from its lan-

guor, or the classical models of pure taste and true art should be studied again in a different spirit from that of professorial pedantry. Now, after the Thirty Years' War, there was no war in Germany in which the nation took any warm interest. The policy pursued in France during the long reign of Louis XIV. (1643-1708) had its chief aim in weakening the house of Hapsburg. When the Protestants would no longer fight his battles, Louis roused the Turks. Vienna was nearly taken, and Austria owed its delivery to Johann Sobiesky. By the treaty of Ryswick (1697), all the country on the left side of the Rhine was ceded to France, and German soldiers fought under the banners of the Great Monarch. The only German prince who dared to uphold the honor of the empire, and to withstand the encroachments of Louis, was Frederick William, the great Elector of Prussia (1670-88). He checked the arrogance of the Swedish court, opened his towns to French Protestant refugees, and raised the house of Brandenburg to a European importance. In the same year in which his successor, Frederick III., assumed the royal title as Frederick I., the King of Spain, Charles I., died; and Louis XIV., whilst trying to add the Spanish crown to his monarchy, was at last checked in his grasping policy by an alliance between England and Germany. Prince Eugene and Marlborough restored the peace and the political equilibrium of Europe. In England, the different parties in Parliament, the frequenters of the clubs and coffee-houses, were then watching every move on the political chess-board of Europe, and criticising the victories of their generals and the treaties of their ambassadors. In Germany, the nation took but a passive part. It was excluded from all rea

share in the great questions of the day; and, if it showed any sympathies, they were confined to the simple admiration of a great general, such as Prince Eugene.

While the policy of Louis XIV. was undermining the political independence of Germany, the literature of his court exercised an influence hardly less detrimental on the literature of Germany. No doubt, the literature of France stood far higher at that time than that of Germany. "Poet" was amongst us a term of abuse, while in France the Great Monarch himself did homage to his great poets. But the professorial poets who had failed to learn the lessons of good taste from the Greek and Roman classics, were not likely to profit by an imitation of the spurious classicality of French literature. They heard the great stars of the court of Louis XIV. praised by their royal and princely patrons, as they returned from their travels in France and Italy, full of admiration for everything that was not German. They were delighted to hear that in France, in Holland, and in Italy, it was respectable to write poetry in the modern vernacular, and set to work in good earnest. After the model of the literary academies in Italy, academies were founded at the small courts of Germany. Men like Opitz would hardly have thought it dignified to write verses in their native tongue had it not been for the moral support which they received from these academies and their princely patrons. His first poems were written in Latin, but he afterwards devoted himself completely to German poetry. He became a member of the "Order of the Palm-tree," and the founder of what is called the *First Silesian School*. Opitz is the true representative of the classical poetry of the

seventeenth century. He was a scholar and a gentleman ; most correct in his language and versification · never venturing on ground that had not been trodden before by some classical poet, whether of Greece, Rome, France, Holland, or Italy. In him we also see the first traces of that baneful alliance between princes and poets which has deprived the German nation of so many of her best sons. But the charge of mean motives has been unjustly brought against Opitz by many historians. Poets require an audience, and at his time there was no class of people willing to listen to poetry, except the inmates of the small German courts. After the Thirty Years' War the power of these princes was greater than ever. They divided the spoil, and there was neither a nobility, nor a clergy, nor a national party to control or resist them. In England, the royal power had, at that time, been brought back to its proper limits, and it has thus been able to hold ever since, with but short interruptions, its dignified position, supported by the self-respect of a free and powerful nation. In France it assumed the most enormous proportions during the long reign of Louis XIV., but its appalling rise was followed, after a century, by a fall equally appalling, and it has not yet regained its proper position in the political system of that country. In Germany the royal power was less imposing, its prerogatives being divided between the Emperor and a number of small but almost independent vassals, remnants of that feudal system of the Middle Ages which in France and England had been absorbed by the rise of national monarchies. These small principalities explain the weakness of Germany in her relation with foreign powers, and the instability of her political constitution. Continental wars gave

an excuse for keeping up large standing armies, and these standing armies stood between the nation and her sovereigns, and made any moral pressure of the one upon the other impossible. The third estate could never gain that share in the government which it had obtained, by its united action, in other countries; and no form of government can be stable which is deprived of the support and the active coöperation of the middle classes. Constitutions have been granted by enlightened sovereigns, such as Joseph II. and Frederick William IV., and barricades have been raised by the people at Vienna and at Berlin; but both have failed to restore the political health of the country. There is no longer a German nobility in the usual sense of the word. Its vigor was exhausted when the powerful vassals of the empire became powerless sovereigns with the titles of king or duke, while what remained of the landed nobility became more reduced with every generation, owing to the absence of the system of primogeniture. There is no longer a clergy as a powerful body in the state. This was broken up at the time of the Reformation; and it hardly had time to recover and to constitute itself on a new basis, when the Thirty Years' War deprived it of all social influence, and left it no alternative but to become a salaried class of servants of the crown. No third estate exists powerful enough to defend the interests of the commonwealth against the encroachments of the sovereign; and public opinion, though it may pronounce itself within certain limits, has no means of legal opposition, and must choose, at every critical moment, between submission to the royal will and rebellion.

Thus, during the whole modern history of Ger

many, the political and intellectual supremacy is divided. The former is monopolized by the sovereigns, the latter belongs to a small class of learned men. These two soon begin to attract each other. The kings seek the society, the advice, and support of literary men; whilst literary men court the patronage of kings, and acquire powerful influence by governing those who govern the people. From the time of Opitz there have been few men of eminence in literature or science who have not been drawn toward one of the larger or smaller courts of Germany; and the whole of our modern literature bears the marks of this union between princes and poets. It has been said that the existence of these numerous centres of civilization has proved beneficial to the growth of literature; and it has been pointed out that some of the smallest courts, such as Weimar, have raised the greatest men in poetry and science. Goethe himself gives expression to this opinion. "What has made Germany great," he says, "but the culture which is spread through the whole country in such a marvellous manner, and pervades equally all parts of the realm? And this culture, does it not emanate from the numerous courts which grant it support and patronage? Suppose we had had in Germany for centuries but two capitals, Vienna and Berlin, or but one; I should like to know how it would have fared with German civilization, or even with that general well-being which goes hand in hand with true civilization." In these words we hear Goethe, the minister of the petty court of Weimar, not the great poet of a great nation. Has France had more than one capital? Has England had more than one court? Great men have risen to eminence in great monarchies like France, and

they have risen to eminence in a great commonwealth such as England, without the patronage of courts, by the support, the sympathy, the love of a great nation. Truly national poetry exists only where there is a truly national life; and the poet who, in creating his works, thinks of a whole nation which will listen to him and be proud of him, is inspired by a nobler passion than he who looks to his royal master, or the applause even of the most refined audience of the *dames de la cour*. In a free country, the sovereign is the highest and most honored representative of the national will, and he honors himself by honoring those who have well deserved of his country. There a poet laureate may hold an independent and dignified position, conscious of his own worth, and of the support of the nation. But in despotic countries, the favor even of the most enlightened sovereign is dangerous. Germany never had a more enlightened king than Frederick the Great; and yet, when he speaks of the Queen receiving Leibnitz at court, he says, "She believed that it was not unworthy of a queen to show honor to a philosopher; and as those who have received from heaven a privileged soul rise to the level of sovereigns, she admitted Leibnitz into her familiar society."

The seventeenth century saw the rise and fall of the first and the second Silesian schools. The first is represented by men like Opitz and Weckherlin, and it exercised an influence in the North of Germany on Simon Dach, Paul Flemming, and a number of less gifted poets, who are generally known by the name of the *Königsberg School*. Its character is pseudo-classical. All these poets endeavored to write correctly, sedately, and eloquently. Some of them aimed at a certain

simplicity and sincerity, which we admire particularly in Flemming. But it would be difficult to find in all their writings one single thought, one single expression, that had not been used before. The second Silesian school is more ambitious; but its poetic flights are more disappointing even than the honest prose of Opitz. The "Shepherds of the Pegnitz" had tried to imitate the brilliant diction of the Italian poets; but the modern Meistersänger of the old town of Nürnberg had produced nothing but wordy jingle. Hoffmannswaldau and Lohenstein, the chief heroes of the second Silesian school, followed in their track, and did not succeed better. Their compositions are bombastic and full of metaphors. It is a poetry of adjectives, without substance, truth, or taste. Yet their poetry was admired, praised not less than Goethe and Schiller were praised by their contemporaries, and it lived beyond the seventeenth century. There were but few men during that time who kept aloof from the spirit of these two Silesian schools, and were not influenced by either Opitz or Hoffmannswaldau. Among these independent poets we have to mention Friedrich von Logau, Andreas Gryphius, and Moscherosch. Beside these, there were some prose writers whose works are not exactly works of art, but works of original thought, and of great importance to us in tracing the progress of science and literature during the dreariest period of German history. We can only mention the "Simplicissimus," a novel full of clever miniature drawing, and giving a truthful picture of German life during the Thirty Years' War; the patriotic writings of Professor Schupp; the historical works of Professor Pufendorf (1631-94); the pietistic sermons of Spener, and of Professor Franke (1663-1727), the

founder of the Orphan School at Halle; Professor Arnold's (1666-1714) Ecclesiastical History; the first political pamphlets by Professor Thomasius (1655-1728); and among philosophers, Jacob Böhme at the beginning, and Leibnitz at the end of the seventeenth century.

The second Silesian school was defeated by Gottsched, professor at Leipzig. He exercised, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the same dictatorship as a poet and a critic which Opitz had exercised at the beginning of the seventeenth. Gottsched was the advocate of French models in art and poetry, and he used his wide-spread influence in recommending the correct and so-called classical style of the poets of the time. After having rendered good service in putting down the senseless extravagance of the school of Lohenstein, he became himself a pedantic and arrogant critic; and it was through the opposition which he roused by his "Gallomania" that German poetry was delivered at last from the trammels of that foreign school. Then followed a long literary warfare; Gottsched and his followers at Leipzig defended the French, Bodmer and his friends in Switzerland the English style of literature. The former insisted on classical form and traditional rules; the latter on natural sentiment and spontaneous expression. The question was, whether poets should imitate the works of the classics, or imitate the classics who had become classics by imitating nobody. A German professor wields an immense power by means of his journals. He is the editor; he writes in them himself, and allows others to write; he praises his friends, who are to laud him in turn; he patronizes his pupils, who are to call him master; he abuses his adversaries, and asks his

allies to do the same. It was in this that Professor Gottsched triumphed for a long time over Bodmer and his party, till at last public opinion became too strong, and the dictator died the laughing-stock of Germany. It was in the very thick of this literary struggle that the great heroes of German poetry grew up, — Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller. Goethe, who knew both Gottsched and Bodmer, has described that period of fermentation and transition in which his own mind was formed, and his extracts may be read as a commentary on the poetical productions of the first half of the eighteenth century. He does justice to Günther, and more than justice to Liscow. He shows the influence which men like Brockes, Hagedorn, and Haller exercised in making poetry respectable. He points out the new national life which, like an electric spark, flew through the whole country when Frederick the Great said, "*J'ai jeté le bonnet par-dessus les moulins ;*" and defied, like a man, the political popery of Austria. The estimate which Goethe forms of the poets of the time, of Gleim and Uz, of Gessner and Rabener, and more especially of Klopstock, Lessing, and Wieland, should be read in the original, as likewise Herder's "Rhapsody on Shakspeare." The latter contains the key to many of the secrets of that new period of literature, which was inaugurated by Goethe himself and by those who like him could dare to be classical by being true to nature and to themselves.

My object in taking this rapid survey of German literature has been to show that the extracts which I have collected in my "German Classics" have not been chosen at random, and that, if properly used they can be read as a running commentary on the po-

litical and social history of Germany. The history of literature is but an applied history of civilization. As in the history of civilization we watch the play of the three constituent classes of society, — clergy, nobility, and commoners, — we can see, in the history of literature, how that class which is supreme politically shows for the time being its supremacy in the literary productions of the age, and impresses its mark on the works of poets and philosophers.

Speaking very generally, we might say that, during the first period of German history, the really moving, civilizing, and ruling class was the clergy; and in the whole of German literature, nearly to the time of the Crusades, the clerical element predominates. The second period is marked by the Crusades, and the triumph of Teutonic and Romantic chivalry, and the literature of that period is of a strictly correspondent tone. After the Crusades, and during the political anarchy that followed, the sole principle of order and progress is found in the towns, and in the towns the poetry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries finds its new home. At last, at the time of the Reformation, when the political life of the country assumed for a time a national character, German literature also is for a short time national. The hopes, however, which had been raised of a national policy and of a national literature were soon blighted, and, from the Thirty Years' War to the present day, the inheritance of the nation has been divided between princes and professors. There have been moments when the princes had to appeal to the nation at large, and to forget for a while their royal pretensions; and these times of national enthusiasm, as during the wars of Frederick the Great, and during the wars against Napoleon, have not

failed to tell on the literature of Germany. They produced a national spirit, free from professorial narrowness, such as we find in the writings of Lessing and Fichte. But with the exception of these short lucid intervals, Germany has always been under the absolute despotism of a number of small sovereigns and great professors, and her literature has been throughout in the hands of court poets and academic critics. Klopstock, Lessing, and Schiller are most free from either influence, and most impressed with the duties which a poet owes, before all, to the nation to which he belongs. Klopstock's national enthusiasm borders sometimes on the fantastic; for, as his own times could not inspire him, he borrowed the themes of his national panegyrics from the distant past of Arminius and the German bards. Lessing looked more to his own age, but he looked in vain for national heroes. "Pity the extraordinary man," says Goethe, "who had to live in such miserable times, which offered him no better subjects than those which he takes for his works: Pity him, that in his 'Minna von Barnhelm,' he had to take part in the quarrel between the Saxons and the Prussians, because he found nothing better. It was owing to the rottenness of his time that he always took, and was forced to take, a polemical position. In his 'Emilia Galotti,' he shows his *pique* against the princes; in 'Nathan,' against the priests." But, although the subjects of these works of Lessing were small, his object in writing was always great and national. He never condescended to amuse a provincial court by masquerades and comedies, nor did he degrade his genius by pandering, like Wieland, to the taste of a profligate nobility. Schiller, again, was a poet truly national and truly liberal; and although a

man of aspirations rather than of actions, he has left a deeper impress on the kernel of the nation than either Wieland or Goethe. These considerations, however, must not interfere with our appreciation of the greatness of Goethe. On the contrary, when we see the small sphere in which he moved at Weimar, we admire the more the height to which he grew, and the freedom of his genius. And it is, perhaps, owing to this very absence of a strongly marked national feeling, that in Germany the first idea of a world-literature was conceived. "National literature," Goethe says, "is of little importance: the age of a world-literature is at hand, and every one ought to work in order to accelerate this new era." Perhaps Goethe felt that the true poet belonged to the whole of mankind, and that he must be intelligible beyond the frontiers of his own country. And, from this point of view, his idea of a world-literature has been realized, and his own works have gained their place side by side with the works of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare. But, so long as there are different languages and different nations, let each poet think and work and write for his own people, without caring for the applause of other countries. Science and philosophy are cosmopolitan; poetry and art are national: and those who would deprive the Muses of their home-sprung character, would deprive them of much of their native charms.

LIST OF EXTRACTS FOR ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF  
GERMAN LITERATURE.

FOURTH CENTURY AFTER CHRIST.

*Gothic* : —

Ulphilas, Translation of the Bible; the Lord's Prayer.

SEVENTH CENTURY.

*Old High-German* : —

Vocabulary of St. Gall.

EIGHTH CENTURY.

*Old High-German* : —

Interlinear Translation of the Benedictine Rules.

Translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew.

Exhortation addressed to the Christian Laity.

Literal Translations of the Hymns of the Old Church : —

1. Deus qui cordi lumen es.

2. Aurora lucis rutilat.

3. Te Deum laudamus.

The Song of Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand, — in alliterative metre.

The Prayer from the Monastery of Wessobrun, — in alliterative metre.

The Apostolic Creed.

NINTH CENTURY.

*Old High-German* : —

From Einhard's Life of Charlemagne, — the German names of the Months and the Winds fixed by the Emperor.

Muspilli, or on the Last Judgment, — alliterative poem.

The Oaths of Lewis the German and Charles the Bald, and their armies at Strassburg, 842, in Old Frankish and Old French; from the History of Nithard, the grandson of Charlemagne.

The Heliand, or the Saviour, — old Saxon poem, in alliterative metre.

The Krist, or the Gospel-book, — poem in rhyme by Otfried, the pupil of Hrabanus Maurus, dedicated to Lewis the German.

*Old High-German* (continued): —

Translation of a Harmony of the Gospels.

Lay on St. Peter.

Song on the Victory gained by King Lewis III. at Saucourt, in 881, over the Normans.

## TENTH CENTURY.

*Old High-German* : —

Notker Teutonicus of St. Gall, —

1. Translation of the Psalms.

2. Treatise on Syllogisms.

2. Translation of Aristotle.

4. Translation of Boëthius de Consolatione.

## ELEVENTH CENTURY.

*Old High-German* : —

Williram's Explanation of the Song of Solomon.

Merigarto, or the Earth,— fragment of a geographical poem.

## TWELFTH CENTURY.

*Middle High-German* : —

The Life of Jesus, — poem by the Nun Ava.

Poetical Translation of the Books of Moses.

Historical Poem on Anno, Bishop of Cologne.

Poetical Chronicle of the Roman Emperors.

Nortperti Tractatus de Virtutibus, translated.

The poem of Roland, by Konrad the Priest.

The poem of Alexander, by Lamprecht the Priest.

Poem of Reinhart the Fox.

Dietmar von Aist, — lyrics.

The Spervogel, — lyrics.

The Kürenberger, — lyrics.

The Eneid, by Heinrich von Veldecke.

## THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

*Middle High-German* : —

Hartmann von Aue; extracts from his "Iwein," — a heroic poem.

The Old Reinmar, — lyrics.

Walther von der Vogelweide, — lyrics.

Freidank's Bescheidenheit, — didactic poem.

*Middle High-German* (continued) :

Wolfram von Eschenbach, —

1. Extracts from his "Parcival," — a heroic poem.

2. Extracts from his "Titurel," — a heroic poem.

Gottfried von Strassburg; extracts from his "Tristan," — a heroic poem.

The poem of the "Nibelunge," — epic poem.

Thomasin von Zerclar; extracts from his poem on manners, called "The Italian Guest."

Neidhart von Reuenthal, — lyrics.

Otto von Botenlaube, — lyrics.

Gudrun, — epic poem.

The Stricker, — extract from his satirical poem, "Amis the Priest."

Rudolf von Ems, — extract from his "Wilhelm von Orleans."

Christian von Hamle, — lyrics.

Gottfried von Neifen, — lyrics.

Ulrich von Lichtenstein, — lyrics.

Sermon of Friar Berthold of Regensburg.

Reinmar von Zweter, — lyrics.

Master Stolle, — satire.

The Marner, — lyrics.

Master Konrad of Würzburg, —

1. Poem.

2. Extract from the Trojan War.

Anonymous poet, — extract from the life of St. Elizabeth Herman der Damen.

Anonymous poet, — extract from the "Wartburg Krieg."

Marcgrave Otto von Brandenburg, — lyrics.

Heinrich, Duke of Breslau, — lyrics.

Hugo von Trimberg, — extract from the "Benner."

## FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

*Middle High-German*: —

Heinrich Frauenlob, — lyrics.

Master Johann Hadlaub, — lyrics.

The Great Rosegarden, — popular epic poem.

Master Eckhart, — homily.

Hermann von Fritzlar, — life of St. Elizabeth.

Dr. Johann Tauler, — sermon.

Heinrich Suso.

*Middle High-German* (continued) : —

Heinrich der Teichner, — fable.

Peter Suchenwirt, — on the death of Leopold, Duke of Austria, 1386.

Halbutter's poem on the Battle of Sempach, 1386.

Fritsche Closener's Strassburg Chronicle.

Jacob Twinger's Chronicle, — on the Flagellants.

## FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

*Middle High-German* : —

Hugo von Montfort, — lyrics.

Oswald von Wolkenstein, — lyrics.

Muscatblüt, — lyrics.

Hans von Büchel's Life of Diocletian, or The Seven Wise Masters.

Popular Songs.

Sacred Songs.

The Soul's Comfort, — didactic prose.

Michael Beheim, — Meistergesang.

An Easter Mystery.

Popular Rhymes.

Caspar von der Roen's Heldenbuch, — Hildebrand and his Son.

Niclas von Weyl's Translations, — Hieronymus at the Council of Constance.

Veit Weber's poem on the Victory of Murten, 1476.

Heinrich Steinhöwel's Fables.

Sebastian Brant's "Ship of Fools."

Johann Geiler von Kaisersberg, — sermon.

Emperor Maximilian, — extract from the "Theuerdank."

## SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

*Modern High-German* : —

Martin Luther, —

1. Sacred Song.

2. Letter on the Diet of the Jackdaws and Crows.

3. His Last Sermon.

Ulrich Zwingli : —

1. A Poem on his Illness.

2. Criticism on Luther.

Philipp Nicolai, — sacred songs.

Justus Jonas, — sacred songs.

*Modern High-German* (continued) : —

Ulrich von Hutten, —

1. Letter to Franz von Sickingen.
2. Political poem.

Sebastian Frank, —

1. Preface to his *Germania*.
2. Rudolf von Hapsburg.
3. Maximilian der Erste.
4. Fables.

Burkard Waldis, — fables.

Hans Sachs, —

1. Sacred Song.
2. Poem on the Death of Martin Luther.
3. Poem on the War.

Petermann Etterlin's Chronicle, — William Tell and Rudolf von Hapsburg.

Ægidius Tschudi's Chronicle, — William Tell.

Paulus Melissus Schede.

Johann Fischart, —

1. Exhortation addressed to the German people.
2. Das glückhafte Schiff.

Georg Rollenhagen, — fable.

Popular Books, —

1. Tyll Eulenspiegel.
2. Dr. Faust.

Popular Songs.

## SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

*Modern High-German* : —

Martin Opitz, and the First Silesian School.

Georg Rudolf Weckherlin.

Anonymous Poem, — "O Ewigkeit."

Michael Altenburg's Camp-song (Gustavus Adolphus).

Johannes Heermann, — sacred song.

Popular Songs.

Johann Arndt, —

1. Sacred Song.
2. On the Power and Necessity of Prayer.

Jacob Böhme, *Mysterium Magnum*.

Johann Valentin Andreae.

Friedrich Spee.

Julius Wilhelm Zingreff.

*Modern High-German* (continued) : —

Friedrich von Logau.

Simon Dach and the Königsberg School.

Paul Flemming.

Paul Gerhard.

Georg Philipp Harsdörffer and the Nürnberg School.

Johannes Rist.

Andreas Gryphius, —

1. Sonnets.

2. From the Tragedy "Cardenio and Celinde."

Joachim Rachel, — satire.

Johann Michael Moscherosch, — satires.

Christoph von Grimmelshausen, *Simplicissimus*, — novel.

Johann Balthasar Schupp, — on the German Language.

Angelus Silesius.

Hoffmannswaldau and Lohenstein, — Second Silesian School.

Abraham a Santa Clara, — sermon.

Philipp Jacob Spener, — on Luther.

Gottfried Arnold, — sacred poem.

Christian Weise.

Hans Assmann von Abschatz.

Friedrich R. L. von Canitz.

Christian Wernicke.

Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibnitz, — on the German Language.

## EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

*Modern High-German* · —

Johann Christoph Gottsched, — Cato.

Johann Jacob Bodmer, — Character of German Poetry.

Barthold Heinrich Brockes.

Johann Christian Günther.

Nicolaus Ludwig Graf von Zinzendorf.

Christian Ludwig Liscow.

Friedrich von Hagedorn.

Albrecht von Haller.

Gottlieb Wilhelm Rabener.

Ewald Christian von Kleist.

Christian Fürchtegott Gellert.

Johann Ludwig Gleim.

Johann Peter Uz.

*Modern High-German (continued): —*

Justus Möser.

Klopstock. See below.

Salomon Gessner.

Johann Winckelmann.

Lessing. See below.

Johann Georg Hamann.

Immanuel Kant.

Johann August Musæus.

Wieland. See below.

Gottlieb Konrad Pfeffel.

Christian Friedrich Daniel **Schubart**.

Matthias Claudius.

Johann Caspar Lavater.

Herder. See below.

Heinrich Jung, Stilling.

Georg Christoph Lichtenberg.

Gottfried August Bürger.

Johann Heinrich Voss.

Friedrich Leopold und Christian Grafen zu Stollberg.

Das Siebengestirn der Dichter des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, —

1. Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock.

2. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

3. Christoph Martin Wieland.

4. Johann Gottfried von Herder.

5. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

6. Johann Christoph Friedrich von **Schiller**.

7. Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.

1858.

## II.

### OLD GERMAN LOVE-SONGS.<sup>1</sup>

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SEVEN hundred years ago! What a long time it seems! Philip Augustus, King of France; Henry II., King of England; Frederic I., the famous Barbarossa, Empéror of Germany! When we read of their times, the times of the Crusades, we feel as the Greeks felt when reading of the War of Troy. We listen, we admire, but we do not compare the heroes of St. Jean d'Acre with the great generals of the nineteenth century. They seem a different race of men from those who are now living, and poetry and tradition have lent to their royal frames such colossal proportions that we hardly dare to criticise the legendary history of their chivalrous achievements. It was a time of heroes, of saints, of martyrs, of miracles! Thomas à Becket was murdered at Canterbury, but for more than three hundred years his name lived on, and his bones were working miracles, and his soul seemed as it were embodied and petrified in the lofty pillars that surround the spot of his martyrdom. Abelard was persecuted and imprisoned, but his spirit revived in the Reformers of the sixteenth century,

<sup>1</sup> *Des Minnesangs Frühling*. Herausgegeben von Karl Lachmann und Moritz Haupt. Leipzig, 1857.

and the shrine of Abelard and Héloïse in the Père La Chaise is still decorated every year with garlands of *immortelles*. Barbarossa was drowned in the same river in which Alexander the Great had bathed his royal limbs, but his fame lived on in every cottage of Germany, and the peasant near the Kyffhäuser still believes that some day the mighty Emperor will awake from his long slumber, and rouse the people of Germany from their fatal dreams. We dare not hold communion with such stately heroes as Frederick the Red-beard and Richard the Lion-heart; they seem half to belong to the realm of fable. We feel from our very school-days as if we could shake hands with a Themistocles and sit down in the company of a Julius Cæsar, but we are awed by the presence of those tall and silent knights, with their hands folded and their legs crossed, as we see them reposing in full armor on the tombs of our cathedrals.

And yet, however different in all other respects, these men, if they once lift their steel beaver and unbuckle their rich armor, are wonderfully like ourselves. Let us read the poetry which they either wrote themselves, or to which they liked to listen in their castles on the Rhine or under their tents in Palestine, and we find it is poetry which a Tennyson or a Moore, a Goethe or Heine, might have written. Neither Julius Cæsar nor Themistocles would know what was meant by such poetry. It is modern poetry, — poetry unknown to the ancient world, — and who invented it nobody can tell. It is sometimes called Romantic, but this is a strange misnomer. Neither the Romans, nor the lineal descendants of the Romans, the Italians, the Provençals, the Spaniards, can claim that poetry as their own. It is Teutonic poetry, —

purely Teutonic in its heart and soul, though its utterance, its rhyme and metre, its grace and imagery, show the marks of a warmer clime. It is called sentimental poetry, the poetry of the heart rather than of the head, the picture of the inward rather than of the outward world. It is subjective, as distinguished from objective poetry, as the German critics, in their scholastic language, are fond of expressing it. It is Gothic, as contrasted with classical poetry. The one, it is said, sublimizes nature, the other bodies forth spirit; the one deifies the human, the other humanizes the divine; the one is ethnic, the other Christian. But all these are but names, and their true meaning must be discovered in the works of art themselves, and in the history of the times which produced the artists, the poets, and their ideals. We shall perceive the difference between these two hemispheres of the Beautiful better if we think of Homer's "Helena" and Dante's "Beatrice," if we look at the "Venus of Milo" and a "Madonna" of Francia, than in reading the profoundest systems of æsthetics.

The work which has caused these reflections is a volume of German poetry, just published by Lachmann and Haupt. It is called "Des Minnesangs Frühling," — "the Spring of the Songs of Love;" and it contains a collection of the poems of twenty German poets, all of whom lived during the period of the Crusades, under the Hohenstaufen Emperors, from about 1170 to 1230. This period may well be called the spring of German poetry, though the summer that followed was but of short duration, and the autumn was cheated of the rich harvest which the spring had promised. Tieck, one of the first who gathered the flowers of that forgotten spring, describes it in glow-

ing language. "At that time," he says, "believers sang of faith, lovers of love, knights described knightly actions and battles; and loving, believing knights were their chief audience. The spring, beauty, gayety, were objects that could never tire: great duels and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely, the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircle the flock, so did religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality; and every heart, in equal love, humbled itself before her." Carlyle, too, has listened with delight to those merry songs of spring. "Then truly," he says, "was the time of singing come; for princes and prelates, emperors and squires, the wise and the simple, men, women, and children, all sang and rhymed, or delighted in hearing it done. It was a universal noise of song, as if the spring of manhood had arrived, and warblings from every spray — not, indeed, without infinite twitterings also, which, except their gladness, had no music — were bidding it welcome." And yet it was not all gladness; and it is strange that Carlyle, who has so keen an ear for the silent melancholy of the human heart, should not have heard that tone of sorrow and fateful boding which breaks, like a suppressed sigh, through the free and light music of that Swabian era. The brightest sky of spring is not without its clouds in Germany, and the German heart is never happy without some sadness. Whether we listen to a short ditty, or to the epic ballads of the "Nibelunge," or to Wolfram's grand poems of the "Parcival" and the "Holy Grail," it is the same everywhere. There is always a mingling of light and shade, — in joy a fear of sorrow, in sorrow a ray of hope, and throughout the whole, a silent wondering

at this strange world. Here is a specimen of an anonymous poem ; and anonymous poetry is an invention peculiarly Teutonic. It was written before the twelfth century ; its language is strangely simple, and sometimes uncouth. But there is truth in it ; and it is truth after all, and not fiction, that is the secret of all poetry :—

“ It has pained me in the heart,  
 Full many a time,  
 That I yearned after that  
 Which I may not have,  
 Nor ever shall win.  
 It is very grievous.  
 I do not mean gold or silver ;  
 It is more like a human heart.

“ I trained me a falcon,  
 More than a year.  
 When I had tamed him,  
 As I would have him,  
 And had well tied his feathers  
 With golden chains,  
 He soared up very high,  
 And flew into other lands.

I saw the falcon since,  
 Flying happily ;  
 He carried on his foot  
 Silken straps,  
 And his plumage was  
 All red of gold. . . . .  
 May God send them together,  
 Who would fain be loved.”

The key-note of the whole poem of the “ Nibeunge,” such as it was written down at the end of the twelfth, or the beginning of the thirteenth century, is “ Sorrow after Joy.” This is the fatal spell against which all the heroes are fighting, and fighting in vain. And as Hagen dashes the Chaplain into the waves, in order to belie the prophecy of the Mermaids, but the Chaplain rises, and Hagen rushes headlong into destruction, so Chriemhilt is bargaining and playing with

the same inevitable fate, cautiously guarding her young heart against the happiness of love, that she may escape the sorrows of a broken heart. She, too, has been dreaming "of a wild young falcon that she trained for many a day, till two fierce eagles tore it." And she rushes to her mother Ute, that she may read the dream for her; and her mother tells her what it means. And then the coy maiden answers: —

"No more, no more, dear mother, say,  
From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear as day,  
That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites us ever.  
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never."

But Siegfried comes, and Chriemhilt's heart does no longer cast up the bright and the dark days of life. To Siegfried she belongs; for him she lives, and for him, when "two fierce eagles tore him," she dies. A still wilder tragedy lies hidden in the songs of the "Edda," the most ancient fragments of truly Teutonic poetry. Wolfram's poetry is of the same sombre cast. He wrote his "Parcival" about the time when the songs of the "Nibelunge" were written down. The subject was taken by him from a French source. It belonged originally to the British cycle of Arthur and his knights. But Wolfram took the story merely as a skeleton, to which he himself gave a new body and soul. The glory and happiness which this world can give is to him but a shadow, — the crown for which his hero fights is that of the Holy Grail.

Faith, Love, and Honor are the chief subjects of the so-called Minnesänger. They are not what we should call erotic poets. *Minne* means love in the old German language, but it means, originally, not so much passion and desire, as thoughtfulness, reverence, and remembrance. In English *Minne* would be "Minding," and

it is different therefore from the Greek *Eros*, the Roman *Amor*, and the French *Amour*. It is different also from the German *Liebe*, which means originally desire, not love. Most of the poems of the "Minnesänger" are sad rather than joyful, — joyful in sorrow, sorrowful in joy. The same feelings have since been so often repeated by poets in all the modern languages of Europe, that much of what we read in the "Minnesänger" of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries sounds stale to our ears. Yet there is a simplicity about these old songs, a want of effort, an entire absence of any attempt to please or to surprise; and we listen to them as we listen to a friend who tells us his sufferings in broken and homely words, and whose truthful prose appeals to our heart more strongly than the most elaborate poetry of a Lamartine or a Heine. It is extremely difficult to translate these poems from the language in which they are written, the so-called Middle High-German, into Modern German, — much more so to render them into English. But translation is at the same time the best test of the true poetical value of any poem, and we believe that many of the poems of the Minnesängers can bear that test. Here is another poem, very much in the style of the one quoted above, but written by a poet whose name is known, — Dietmar von Eist: —

"A lady stood alone,  
 And gazed across the heath,  
 And gazed for her love.  
 She saw a falcon flying.  
 'O happy falcon that thou art,  
 Thou fliest wherever thou likest  
 Thou choosest in the forest  
 A tree that pleases thee.  
 Thus I too had done  
 I chose myself a man:  
 Him my eyes selected.

Beautiful ladies envy me for it.  
 Alas! why will they not leave me my love?  
 I did not desire the beloved of any one of them.  
 Now woe to thee, joy of summer!  
 The song of birds is gone;  
 So are the leaves of the lime-tree:  
 Henceforth, my pretty eyes too  
 Will be overcast.  
 My love, thou shouldst take leave  
 Of other ladies;  
 Yes, my hero, thou shouldst avoid them.  
 When thou sawest me first,  
 I seemed to thee in truth  
 Right lovely made:  
 I remind thee of it, dear man! "

These poems, simple and homely as they may seem to us, were loved and admired by the people for whom they were written. They were copied and preserved with the greatest care in the albums of kings and queens, and some of them were translated into foreign languages. The poem which we quoted first was translated as an Italian sonnet in the thirteenth century, and has been published in Franc Trucchi's "Poesie Italiane Inedite:" —

"Tapina me, che amava uno sparviero;  
 amava tanto ch' io me ne moria;  
 a lo richiamo ben m' era maniero  
 ed unque troppo pascer no' l' dovia.  
 or è montato e salito sì altero,  
 assai più altero che far non solia;  
 ed è assiso dentro a un verziero,  
 e un' altra donna l' averà in balla.  
 isparvier mio, ch' io t' avea nodrito;  
 sonaglio d' oro ti faceva portare,  
 perchè nell' uccellar fossi più ardito.  
 cr sei salito siccome lo mare,  
 ed hai rotti li getti, e sel fuggito  
 quando eri fermo nel tuo uccellare."

One of the most original and thoughtful of the "Minnesänger" is the old Reinmar. His poems are given now for the first time in a correct and read

able text by Lachmann and Haupt, and many a difficult passage has been elucidated by their notes. His poems, however, are not easy to read, and we should have been thankful for some more help than the editors have given us in their notes. The following is a specimen of Reinmar's poetry: —

“ High as the sun stands my heart;  
That is because of a lady who can be without change  
In her grace, wherever she be.  
She makes me free from all sorrow.

“ I have nothing to give her, but my own life,  
That belongs to her: the beautiful woman gives me *always*  
Joy, and a high mind,  
If I think of it, what she does for me.

“ Well is it for me that I found her so true !  
Wherever she dwell, she alone makes every land dear to me;  
If she went across the wild sea,  
There I should go; I long so much for her.

“ If I had the wisdom of a thousand men, it would be well  
That I keep her, whom I should serve:  
May she take care right well,  
That nothing sad may ever befall me through her.

“ I was never quite blessed, but through her:  
Whatever I wish to her, may she allow it to me !  
It was a blessed thing for me  
That she, the Beautiful, received me into her grace.”

Carlyle, no doubt, is right when he says that, among all this warbling of love, there are infinite twitterings which, except their gladness, have little to charm us. Yet we like to read them as part of the bright history of those by-gone days. One poet sings: —

“ If the whole world was mine,  
From the Sea to the Rhine,  
I would gladly give it all,  
That the Queen of England  
Lay in my arms,” etc.

Who was the impertinent German that dared to fall in love with a Queen of England? We do not know. But there can be no doubt that the Queen of England whom he adored was the gay and beautiful Eleanor of Poitou, the Queen of Henry II., who filled the heart of many a Crusader with unholy thoughts. Her daughter, too, Mathilde, who was married to Henry the Lion of Saxony, inspired many a poet of those days. Her beauty was celebrated by the Provençal Troubadours; and at the court of her husband, she encouraged several of her German vassals to follow the example of the French and Norman knights, and sing the love of Tristan and Isolt, and the adventures of the knights of Charlemagne. They must have been happy times, those times of the Crusades! Nor have they passed away without leaving their impress on the hearts and minds of the nations of Europe. The Holy Sepulchre, it is true, is still in the hands of the Infidels, and the bones of the Crusaders lie buried in unhallowed soil, and their deeds of valor are well-nigh forgotten, and their chivalrous Tournaments and their Courts of Love are smiled at by a wiser generation. But much that is noble and heroic in the feelings of the nineteenth century has its hidden roots in the thirteenth. Gothic architecture and Gothic poetry are the children of the same mother; and if the true but unadorned language of the heart, the aspirations of a real faith, the sorrow and joy of a true love, are still listened to by the nations of Europe; and if what is called the Romantic school is strong enough to hold its ground against the classical taste and its royal patrons, such as Louis XIV., Charles II., and Frederick the Great, — we owe it to those chivalrous poets who dared for the first

time to be what they were, and to say what they felt, and to whom Faith, Love, and Honor were worthy subjects of poetry, though they lacked the sanction of the Periclean and Augustan ages.

The new edition of the Poems of the "Minnesänger" is a masterpiece of German scholarship. It was commenced by Lachmann, the greatest critic, after Wolf, that Germany has produced. Lachmann died before the work was finished, and Professor Haupt, his successor at Berlin, undertook to finish it. His share in the edition, particularly in the notes, is greater than that of Lachmann; and the accuracy with which the text has been restored from more than twenty MSS., is worthy of the great pupil of that great master.

1858.

### III.

## YE SCHYPPE OF FOOLES.<sup>1</sup>

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THE critical periods in the history of the world are best studied in the lives of a few representative men. The history of the German Reformation assumes a living, intelligible, and human character in the biographies of the Reformers; and no historian would imagine that he understood the secret springs of that mighty revolution in Germany without having read the works of Hutten, the table-talk of Luther, the letters of Melancthon, and the sermons of Zwingle. But although it is easy to single out representative men in the great decisive struggles of history, they are more difficult to find during the preparatory periods. The years from 1450 to 1500 are as important as the years from 1500 to 1550, — nay, to the thoughtful historian, that silent period of incubation is perhaps of deeper interest than the violent outburst of the sixteenth century. But where, during those years, are the men of sufficient eminence to represent the age in which they lived? It was an age of transition and preparation, of dissatisfaction and hesitation. Like the whole of the fifteenth century, “It was rich in scholars, copious in

<sup>1</sup> Sebastian Brant's *Narrenschiff*. Herausgegeben von Friedrich Zarncke. Leipzig, 1857.

pedants, but poor in genius, and barren of strong thinkers." We must not look for heroes in so unheroic an age, but be satisfied with men if they be but a head taller than their contemporaries.

One of the most interesting men in whose life and writings the history of the preliminary age of the German Reformation may be studied, is Sebastian Brant, the famous author of the famous "Ship of Fools." He was born in the year 1457. The Council of Basle had failed to fulfill the hopes of the German laity as to a *reformatio ecclesiæ in capite et membris*. In the very year of Brant's birth, Martin Meyer, the Chancellor of Mayence, had addressed his letter to his former friend, Æneas Sylvius, — a national manifesto, in boldness and vigor only surpassed by the powerful pamphlet of Luther, "To the Nobility of the German Nation." Germany seemed to awaken at last to her position, and to see the dangers that threatened her political and religious freedom. The new movement which had taken place in Italy in classical learning, supported chiefly by Greek refugees, began to extend its quickening influence beyond the Alps. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., 1458, writes in one of his letters, that poets were held in no estimation in Germany, though he admits that their poetry is less to be blamed for this than their patrons, the princes, who care far more for any trifles than for poetry. The Germans, he says, do not care for science nor for a knowledge of classical literature, and they have hardly heard the name of Cicero or any other orator. In the eyes of the Italians, the Germans were barbarians; and when Constantine Lascaris saw the first specimen of printing, he was told by the Italian priests that this invention had lately been made *apud barbaros in urbe*

*Germanie.* They were dangerous neighbors — these barbarians, who could make such discoveries as the art of printing ; and Brant lived to see the time when Joh. Cæsarius was able to write to a friend of his : “ At this moment, Germany, if she does not surpass Italy, at least need not, and will not, yield to her, not so much on account of her empire, as for her wonderful fecundity in learned men, and the almost incredible growth of learning.”

This period of slow but steady progress, from the invention of printing to the Council of Worms, is bridged over by the life of Sebastian Brant, who lived from 1457 to 1521. Brant was very early the friend of Peter Schott, and through him had been brought in contact with a circle of learned men, who were busily engaged in founding one of the first schools of classical learning at Schlettstadt. Men like Jac. Wimpheling, Joh. Torrentinus, Florentinus Hundius, and Johannes Hugo, belonged to that society. Brant afterwards went to Basle to study law. Basle was then a young university. It had only been founded in 1459, but it was already a successful rival of Heidelberg. The struggle between the Realists and Nominalists was then raging all over Europe, and it divided the University of Basle into two parties, each of them trying to gain influence and adherents among the young students. It has been usual to look upon the Realists as the Conservative, and upon the Nominalists as the Liberal party of the fifteenth century. But although at times this was the case, philosophical opinions, on which the differences between these two parties were founded, were not of sufficient strength to determine for any length of time the political and religious bias of either school. The Realists were chiefly supported

by the Dominicans, the Nominalists by the Franciscans; and there is always a more gentle expression beaming in the eyes of the followers of the seraphic Doctor, particularly if contrasted with the stern frown of the Dominican. Ockam himself was a Franciscan, and those who thought with him were called *doctores renovatores* and *sophistæ*. Suddenly, however, the tables were turned. At Oxford, the Realists, in following out their principles in a more independent spirit, had arrived at results dangerous to the peace of the Church. As philosophers, they began to carry out the doctrines of Plato in good earnest; as reformers, they looked wistfully to the early centuries of the Christian Church. The same liberal and independent spirit reached from Oxford to Prague, and the expulsion of the German nation from that university may be traced to the same movement. The Realists were at that time no longer in the good odor of orthodoxy; and, at the Council of Constanz, the Nominalists, such as Joh. Gerson and Petrus de Alliaco, gained triumphs which seemed for a time to make them the arbiters of public opinion in Germany, and to give them the means of securing the Church against the attacks of Huss on one side, and against the more dangerous encroachments of the Pope and the monks on the other. This triumph, however, was of short duration. All the rights which the Germans seemed to have conquered at the Councils of Constanz and Basle were sacrificed by their own Emperor. No one dared to say again what Gregory von Heimburg had said to the Italian clergy, — “*Quid fines alienos invaditis? quid falcem vestram in messem alienam extenditis?*” Under Æneas Sylvius, the power of the Pope in Germany was as absolute as ever. The Nominalist party lost all

the ground which it had gained before. It was looked upon with suspicion by Pope and Emperor. It was banished from courts and universities, and the disciples of the Realistic school began a complete crusade against the followers of Ockam.

Johannes Heynlin a Lapide, a former head of a house in Paris, migrated to Basle, in order to lend his influence and authority to the Realist party in that rising university. Trithemius says of him: "Hic doctrinam eorum Parisiensium qui reales appellantur primus ad Basiliensium universitatem transtulit, ibidemque plantavit, roboravit et auxit." This Johannes Heynlin a Lapide, however, though a violent champion of the then victorious Realist party, was by no means a man without liberal sentiments. On many points the Realists were more tolerant, or at least more enlightened, than the Nominalists. They counted among themselves better scholars than the adherents of Ockam. They were the first and foremost to point out the uselessness of the dry scholastic system of teaching grammar and logic, and nothing else. And though they cherished their own ideas as to the supreme authority of the Pope, the divine right of the Emperor, or the immaculate conception of the Virgin (a dogma denied by the Dominicans, and defended by the Franciscans), they were always ready to point out abuses and to suggest reforms. The age in which they lived was not an age of decisive thought or decisive action. There was a want of character in individuals as well as in parties; and the points in which they differed were of small importance, though they masked differences of greater weight. At Basle, the men who were gathered round Johannes a Lapide were what we should call Liberal Conservatives, and it is among

them that we find Sebastian Brant. Basle could then boast of some of the most eminent men of the time. Besides Agricola, and Wimpheling, and Geiler von Kaisersberg, and Trithemius, Reuchlin was there for a time, and Wessel, and the Greek Kontablacos. Sebastian Brant, though on friendly terms with most of these men, was their junior; and, among his contemporaries, a new generation grew up, more independent and more free-spoken than their masters, though as yet very far from any revolutionary views in matters of Church or State. Feuds broke out very soon between the old and the young schools. Locher, the friend of Brant, — the poet who had turned his "Ship of Fools" into Latin verse, — published a poem, in which he attacked rather petulantly the scholastic philosophy and theology. Wimpheling, at the request of Geiler of Kaisersberg, had to punish him for this audacity, and he did it in a pamphlet full of the most vulgar abuse. Reuchlin also had given offense, and was attacked and persecuted; but his party retaliated by the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*." Thus the Conservative, or Realistic party became divided; and when, at the beginning of a new century and a new era in the history of the world, Luther raised his voice in defense of national and religious freedom, he was joined not only by the more advanced descendants of the Nominalistic school, but by all the vigor, the talent, and the intellect of the old Conservatives.

Brant himself, though he lived at Strassburg up to 1521, did not join the standard of the Reformation. He had learned to grumble, to find fault, to abuse, and to condemn; but his time was gone when the moment for action arrived. And yet he helped toward the

success of the Reformation in Germany. He had been one of the first, after the discovery of printing, to use the German language for political purposes. His fly-sheets, his illustrated editions, had given useful hints how to address the large masses of the people. If he looked upon the world, as it then was, as a ship of fools, and represented every weakness, vice, and wickedness under the milder color of foolery, the people who read his poems singled out some of his fools, and called them knaves. The great work of Sebastian Brant was his "Narrenschiff." It was first published in 1497, at Basle, and the first edition, though on account of its wood-cuts it could not have been a very cheap book, was sold off at once. Edition after edition followed, and translations were published in Latin, in Low-German, in Dutch, in French, and English. Sermons were preached on the "Narrenschiff;" Trithemius calls it *Divina Satira*, Locher compares Brant with Dante, Hutten calls him the new lawgiver of German poetry. The "Narrenschiff" is a work which we may still read with pleasure, though it is difficult to account for its immense success at the time of its publication. Some historians ascribe it to the wood-cuts. They are certainly very clever, and there is reason to suppose that most of them were, if not actually drawn, at least suggested by Brant himself. Yet even a Turner has failed to render mediocre poetry popular by his illustrations, and there is nothing to show that the caricatures of Brant were preferred to his satires. Now his satires, it is true, are not very powerful, nor pungent, nor original. But his style is free and easy. Brant is not a ponderous poet. He writes in short chapters, and mixes his fools in such a manner that we always meet

with a variety of new faces. It is true that all this would hardly be sufficient to secure a decided success for a work like his at the present day. But then we must remember the time in which he wrote. What had the poor people of Germany to read toward the end of the fifteenth century? Printing had been invented, and books were published and sold with great rapidity. People were not only fond, but proud, of reading books. Reading was fashionable, and the first fool who enters Brant's ship is the man who buys books. But what were the books that were offered for sale? We find among the early prints of the fifteenth century religious, theological, and classical works in great abundance, and we know that the respectable and wealthy burghers of Augsburg and Strassburg were proud to fill their shelves with these portly volumes. But then German aldermen had wives, and daughters, and sons, and what were they to read during the long winter evenings? The poetry of the thirteenth century was no longer intelligible, and the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had produced very little that would be to the taste of young ladies and gentlemen. The poetry of the "Meistersänger" was not very exhilarating. The romances of "The Book of Heroes" had lost all their native charms under the rough treatment they had experienced at the hand of their latest editor, Casper von der Roen. The so-called "Misteries" (not mysteries) might be very well as Christmas pantomimes once a year, but they could not be read for their own sake, like the dramatic literature of later times. The light literature of the day consisted entirely in novels; and in spite of their miserable character, their popularity was immense. Besides the

“Gesta Romanorum,” which were turned into German verse and prose, we meet with French novels, such as “Lother and Maler,” translated by a Countess of Nassau in 1437, and printed in 1514; “Pontus and Sidonia,” translated from the French by Eleanor of Scotland, the wife of Sigismund of Austria, published 1498; “Melusina,” equally from the French, published 1477. The old epic poems of “Tristan,” and “Lancelot,” and “Wigalois,” were too long and tedious. People did not care any longer for the deep thoughts of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and the beautiful poetry of Gottfried von Strassburg. They wanted only the plot, the story, the dry bones; and these were dished up in the prose novels of the fifteenth century, and afterwards collected in the so-called “Book of Love.” There was room, therefore, at that time for a work like the “Ship of Fools.” It was the first printed book that treated of contemporaneous events and living persons, instead of old German battles and French knights. People are always fond of reading the history of their own times. If the good qualities of their age are brought out, they think of themselves or their friends; if the dark features of their contemporaries are exhibited, they think of their neighbors and enemies. Now, the “Ship of Fools” is just such a satire which ordinary people would read, and read with pleasure. They might feel a slight twinge now and then, but they would put down the book at the end, and thank God that they were not like other men. There is a chapter on Misers, — and who would not gladly give a penny to a beggar? There is a chapter on Gluttony, — and who was ever more than a little exhilarated after dinner? There is a chapter on Church-goers, — and who ever went to

church for respectability's sake, or to show off a gaudy dress, or a fine dog, or a new hawk? There is a chapter on Dancing, — and who ever danced except for the sake of exercise? There is a chapter on Adultery, — and who ever did more than flirt with his neighbor's wife? We sometimes wish that Brant's satire had been a little more searching, and that, instead of his many allusions to classical fools (for his book is full of scholarship), he had given us a little more of the *chronique scandaleuse* of his own time. But he was too good a man to do this, and his contemporaries no doubt were grateful to him for his forbearance.

Brant's poem is not easy to read. Though he was a contemporary of Luther, his language differs much more from modern German than Luther's translation of the Bible. His "Ship of Fools" wanted a commentary, and this want has been supplied by one of the most learned and industrious scholars of Germany, Professor Zarncke, in his lately published edition of the "Narrenschiff." This must have been a work of many years of hard labor. Nothing that is worth knowing about Brant and his works has been omitted, and we hardly know of any commentary on Aristophanes or Juvenal in which every difficulty is so honestly met as in Professor Zarncke's notes on the German satirist. The editor is a most minute and painstaking critic. He tries to reestablish the correct reading of every word, and he enters upon his work with as much zeal as if the world could not be saved till every tittle of Brant's poem had been restored. He is, however, not only a critic, but a sensible and honest man. He knows what is worth knowing and what is not, and he does not allow himself to be carried

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away by a desire to display his own superior acquirements, — a weakness which makes so many of his colleagues forgetful of the real ends of knowledge, and the real duties of the scholar and the historian.

We have to say a few words on the English translation of Brant's "Ship of Fools." It was not made from the original, but from Locher's Latin translation. It reproduces the matter, but not the manner of the original satire. Some portions are added by the translator, Alexander Barclay, and in some parts his translation is an improvement on the original. It was printed in 1508, published 1509, and went through several editions.

The following may serve as a specimen of Barclay's translation, and of his original contributions to Brant's "Navis Stultifera : " —

"Here beginneth the 'Ship of Fooles,' and first of unprofitable bocks : --

"I am the first foole of all the whole navie,  
To keep the Pompe, the Helme, and eke the Sayle :  
For this is my minde, this one pleasure have I,  
Of bookes to have great plentie and apparayle.  
I take no wisdome by them, not yet awayle,  
Nor them perceave not, and then I them despise :  
Thus am I a foole, and all that sue that guise.

"That in this Ship the chiefe place I governe,  
By this wide Sea with fooles wandring,  
The cause is plaine and easy to discerne,  
Still am I busy, bookes assembling,  
For to have plentie it is a pleasant thing  
In my conceyt, and to have them ay in hande :  
But what they meane do I not understande.

"But yet I have them in great reverence  
And honoure, saving them from filth and ordure,  
By often brusshing and much diligence,  
Full goodly bounde in pleasant coverture,  
Of Damas, Sattin, or els of Velvet pure :  
I keepe them sure, fearing least they should be lost,  
For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

"But if it fortune that any learned men  
 Within my house fall to disputation,  
 I draw the curtaynes to shewe my bokes then,  
 That they of my cunning should make probation:  
 I kepe not to fall in alterication,  
 And while they comment, my bookes I turne and winde,  
 For all is in them, and nothing in my minde."

In the fourth chapter, "Of newe fassions and disguised garmentes," there is at the end what is called "The Lenvoy of Alexander Barclay," and in it an allusion to Henry VIII. : —

"But ye proude galants that thus your selfe disguise,  
 Be ye ashamed, beholde unto your prince:  
 Consider his sadness, his honestie devise,  
 His clothing expresseth his inwarde prudence,  
 Ye see no example of such inconvenience  
 In his highness, but godly wit and gravitie,  
 Ensee him, and sorrowe for your enormitie."

1858.

#### IV.

### LIFE OF SCHILLER.<sup>1</sup>

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THE hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Schiller, which, according to the accounts published in the German newspapers, seems to have been celebrated in most parts of the civilized, nay, even the uncivilized world, is an event in some respects unprecedented in the literary annals of the human race. A nation honors herself by honoring her sons, and it is but natural that in Germany every town and village should have vied in doing honor to the memory of one of their greatest poets. The letters which have reached us from every German capital relate no more than what we expected. There were meetings and feasting, balls and theatrical representations. The veteran philologist, Jacob Grimm, addressed the Berlin Academy on the occasion in a soul-stirring oration; the directors of the Imperial Press at Vienna seized the opportunity to publish a splendid album, or "Schiller-

<sup>1</sup> *Rede auf Schiller*, von Jacob Grimm. Berlin, 1859. (Address on Schiller, by Jacob Grimm.)

*Schiller-Buch*, von Tannenberg; Wien. From the Imperial Printing Press, 1859.

*Schiller's Life and Works*. By Emil Pallaske. Translated by Lady Wallace. London, Longman and Co., 1860.

*Vie de Schiller*. Par Ad. Regnier, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, Hachette, 1859.

Buch," in honor of the poet; unlimited eloquence was poured forth by professors and academicians; school children recited Schiller's ballads; the German students shouted the most popular of his songs; nor did the ladies of Germany fail in paying their tribute of gratitude to him who, since the days of the Minnesängers, had been the most eloquent herald of female grace and dignity. In the evening torch processions might be seen marching through the streets, bonfires were lighted on the neighboring hills, houses were illuminated, and even the solitary darkness of the windows of the Papal Nuncio at Vienna added to the lustre of the day.<sup>1</sup> In every place where Schiller had spent some years of his life, local recollections were revived and perpetuated by tablets and monuments. The most touching account of all came from the small village of Cleversulzbach. On the village cemetery, or, as it is called in German, the "God's-acre," there stands a tombstone, and on it the simple inscription, "Schiller's Mother." On the morning of her son's birthday the poor people of the village were gathered together round that grave, singing one of their sacred hymns, and planting a lime-tree in the soil which covers the heart that loved him best.

But the commemoration of Schiller's birthday was not confined to his native country. We have seen, in the German papers, letters from St. Petersburg and Lisbon, from Venice, Rome, and Florence, from Amsterdam, Stockholm, and Christiana, from Warsaw and Odessa, from Jassy and Bucharest, from Constantinople, Algiers, and Smyrna, and lately from America and Australia, all describing the festive gatherings which were suggested, no doubt, by Schiller's cosmo-

<sup>1</sup> See *The Times'* Special Correspondent from Vienna, November 14.

politan countrymen, but joined in most cheerfully by all the nations of the globe. Poets of higher rank than Schiller — Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe — have never aroused such world-wide sympathies; and it is not without interest to inquire into the causes which have secured to Schiller this universal popularity. However superlative the praises which have lately been heaped on Schiller's poetry by those who cannot praise except in superlatives, we believe that it was not the poet, but the man, to whom the world has paid this unprecedented tribute of love and admiration. After reading Schiller's works we must read Schiller's life, — the greatest of all his works. It is a life not unknown to the English public, for it has been written by Carlyle. The last festivities, however, have given birth to several new biographies. Palleske's "Life of Schiller" has met with such success in Germany that it well deserved the honor which it has lately received at the hands of Lady Wallace, and under the special patronage of the Queen, of being translated into English. Another very careful and lucid account of the poet's life is due to the pen of a member of the French Institute, M. A. Regnier, the distinguished tutor of the Comte de Paris.

In reading these lives, together with the voluminous literature which is intended to illustrate the character of the German poet, we frequently felt inclined to ask one question, to which none of Schiller's biographers has returned a satisfactory answer: "What were the peculiar circumstances which brought out in Germany, and in the second half of the eighteenth century, a man of the moral character, and a poet of the creative genius, of Schiller?" Granted that he was endowed by nature with the highest talents, how did he grow

to be a poet, such as we know him, different from all other German poets, and yet in thought, feeling, and language the most truly German of all the poets of Germany? Are we reduced to appeal to the mysterious working of an unknown power, if we wish to explain to ourselves why, in the same country and at the same time, poetical genius assumed such different forms as are seen in the writings of Schiller and Goethe? Is it to be ascribed to what is called individuality, a word which in truth explains nothing; or is it possible for the historian and psychologist to discover the hidden influences which act on the growing mind, and produce that striking variety of poetical genius which we admire in the works of contemporaneous poets, such as Schiller and Goethe in Germany, or Wordsworth and Byron in England? Men grow not only from within, but also from without. We know that a poet is born, — *poeta nascitur*, — but we also know that his character must be formed; the seed is given, but the furrow must be ploughed in which it is to grow; and the same grain which, if thrown on cultivated soil, springs into fullness and vigor, will dwindle away, stunted and broken, if cast upon shallow and untilled land. There are certain events in the life of every man which fashion and stamp his character; they may seem small and unimportant in themselves, but they are great and important to each of us; they mark that slight bend where two lines which had been running parallel begin to diverge, never to meet again. The Greeks call such events *epochs*, i. e. halts.

We halt for a moment, we look about and wonder, and then choose our further way in life. It is the duty of biographers to discover such epochs, such halting-points, in the lives of their heroes; and we shall

endeavor to do the same in the life of Schiller by watching the various influences which determined the direction of his genius at different periods of his poetical career.

The period of Schiller's childhood is generally described with great detail by his biographers. We are told who his ancestors were. I believe they were bakers. We are informed that his mother possessed in her *trousseau*, among other things, four pairs of stockings, — three of cotton, one of wool. There are also long discussions on the exact date of his birth. We hear a great deal of early signs of genius, or rather, we should say, of things done and said by most children, but invested with extraordinary significance if remembered of the childhood of great men. To tell the truth, we can find nothing very important in what we thus learn of the early years of Schiller, nor does the poet himself in later years dwell much on the recollections of his dawning mind. If we must look for some determinating influences during the childhood of Schiller, they are chiefly to be found in the character of his father. The father was not what we should call a well-educated man, He had been brought up as a barber and surgeon; had joined a Bavarian regiment in 1745, during the Austrian war of succession; and had acted as a non-commissioned officer, and, when occasion required, as a chaplain. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he had married the daughter of an innkeeper. He was a brave man, a God-fearing man, and, as is not unfrequently the case with half-educated people, a man very fond of reading. What he had failed to attain himself, he wished to see realized in his only son. The following prayer was found among the papers of the father: "And Thou, Being of all be-

ings, I have asked Thee after the birth of my only son, that Thou wouldst add to his powers of intellect what I from deficient instruction was unable to attain. Thou hast heard me. Thanks be to Thee, bounteous Being, that Thou heedest the prayers of mortals." A man of this stamp of mind would be sure to exercise his own peculiar influence on his children. He would make them look on life, not as a mere profession, where the son has only to follow in the steps of his father; his children would early become familiar with such ideas as "*making* one's way in life," and would look forward to a steep path rather than to a beaten track. Their thoughts would dwell on the future at a time when other children live in the present only, and an adventurous spirit would be roused, without which no great work has ever been conceived and carried out.

When his children, young Frederick and his sisters, were growing up, their father read to them their morning and evening prayers; and so fond was the boy of the Old and New Testament stories that he would often leave his games in order to be present at his father's readings. In 1765 the family left Marbach on the Neckar. The father was ordered by the Duke of Wurtemberg to Lorch, a place on the frontier, where he had to act as recruiting officer. His son received his education in the house of a clergyman, began Latin at six, Greek at seven; and as far as we are able to see, he neither seems to have considered himself, nor to have been considered by his masters, as very superior to other boys. He was a good boy, tenderly attached to his parents, fond of games, and regular at school. There are but two marked features which we have an opportunity of watching in him as

a boy. He knew no fear, and he was full of the warmest sympathy for others. The first quality secured him the respect, the second the love, of those with whom he came in contact. His parents, who were poor, had great difficulty in restraining his generosity. He would give away his school-books and the very buckles off his shoes. Both his fearlessness and universal sympathy are remarkable through the whole of his after-life. Not even his enemies could point out one trait of cowardice or selfishness in anything he ever did, or said, or wrote. There are some pertinent remarks on the combination of these two qualities, sympathy with others and courage, by the author of "Friends in Council."

"If greatness," he writes, "can be shut up in qualities, it will be found to consist in courage and in openness of mind and soul. These qualities may not seem at first to be so potent. But see what *growth* there is in them. The education of a man of open mind is never ended. Then with openness of soul a man sees some way into all other souls that come near him, feels with them, has their experience, is in himself a people. Sympathy is the universal solvent. Nothing is understood without it. . . . Add courage to this openness, and you have a man who can own himself in the wrong, can forgive, can trust, can adventure, can, in short, use all the means that insight and sympathy endow him with."

A plucky and warm-hearted boy, under the care of an honest, brave, and intelligent father and a tender and religious mother, — this is all we know and care to know about Schiller during the first ten years of his life. In the year 1768 there begins a new period in the life of Schiller. His father was settled at Ludwigsburg, the ordinary residence of the reigning Duke of Wurtemberg, the Duke Charles. This man was destined to exercise a decisive influence on Schiller's character. Like many German sovereigns in the middle of

the last century, Duke Charles of Wurtemberg had felt the influence of those liberal ideas which had found so powerful an utterance in the works of the French and English philosophers of the eighteenth century. The philosophy which in France was smiled at by kings and statesmen, while it roused the people to insurrection and regicide, produced in Germany a deeper impression on the minds of the sovereigns and ruling classes than of the people. In the time of Frederick the Great and Joseph II. it became fashionable among sovereigns to profess Liberalism, and to work for the enlightenment of the human race. It is true that this liberal policy was generally carried out in a rather despotic way, and people were emancipated and enlightened very much as the ancient Saxons were converted by Charlemagne. We have an instance of this in the case of Schiller. Duke Charles had founded an institution where orphans and the sons of poor officers were educated free of expense. He had been informed that young Schiller was a promising boy, and likely to reflect credit on his new institution, and he proceeded without further inquiry to place him on the list of his *protégés*, assigning to him a place at his military school. It was useless for the father to remonstrate, and explain to the Duke that his son had a decided inclination for the Church. Schiller was sent to the Academy in 1773, and ordered to study law. The young student could not but see that an injustice had been done him, and the irritation which it caused was felt by him all the more deeply because it would have been dangerous to give expression to his feelings. The result was that he made no progress in the subjects which he had been commanded to study. In 1775 he was allowed to give up law, not, however, to

return to theology, but to begin the study of medicine. But medicine, though at first it seemed more attractive, failed, like law, to call forth his full energies. In the mean time another interference on the part of the Duke proved even more abortive, and to a certain extent determined the path which Schiller's genius was to take in life. The Duke had prohibited all German classics at his Academy; the boys, nevertheless, succeeded in forming a secret library, and Schiller read the works of Klopstock, Klinger, Lessing, Goethe, and Wieland's translations of Shakespeare with rapture, no doubt somewhat increased by the dangers he braved in gaining access to these treasures. In 1780, the same year in which he passed his examination and received the appointment of regimental surgeon, Schiller wrote his first tragedy, "The Robbers." His taste for dramatic poetry had been roused partly by Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen" and Shakespeare's plays, partly by his visits to the theatre, which, under the patronage of the Duke, was then in a very flourishing state. The choice of the subject of his first dramatic composition was influenced by the circumstances of his youth. His poetical sympathy for a character such as Karl Moor, a man who sets at defiance all the laws of God and man, can only be accounted for by the revulsion of feeling produced on his boyish mind by the strict military discipline to which all the pupils at the Academy were subjected. His sense of right and wrong was strong enough to make him paint his hero as a monster, and to make him inflict on him the punishment he merited. But the young poet could not resist the temptation of throwing a brighter light on the redeeming points in the character of a robber and murderer by pointedly placing him

in contrast with the even darker shades of hypocritical respectability and saintliness in the picture of his brother Franz. The language in which Schiller paints his characters is powerful, but it is often wild and even coarse. The Duke did not approve of his former *protégé*; the very title-page of "The Robbers" was enough to offend his Serene Highness, — it contained a rising lion, with the motto "*In tyrannos.*" The Duke gave a warning to the young military surgeon, and when, soon after, he heard of his going secretly to Mannheim to be present at the first performance of his play, he ordered him to be put under military arrest. All these vexations Schiller endured, because he knew full well there was no escape from the favors of his royal protector. But when at last he was ordered never to publish again except on medical subjects, and to submit all his poetical compositions to the Duke's censorship, this proved too much for our young poet. His ambition had been roused. He had sat at Mannheim a young man of twenty, unknown, amid an audience of men and women who listened with rapturous applause to his own thoughts and words. That evening at the theatre of Mannheim had been a decisive evening, — it was an epoch in the history of his life; he had felt his power and the calling of his genius; he had perceived, though in a dim distance, the course he had to run and the laurels he had to gain. When he saw that the humor of the Duke was not likely to improve, he fled from a place where his wings were clipped and his voice silenced. Now, this flight from one small German town to another may seem a matter of very little consequence at present. But in Schiller's time it was a matter of life and death. German sovereigns were accustomed

to look upon their subjects as their property. Without even the show of a trial the poet Schubart had been condemned to life-long confinement by this same Duke Charles. Schiller, in fleeing his benefactor's dominions, had not only thrown away all his chances in life, but he had placed his safety and the safety of his family in extreme danger. It was a bold, perhaps a reckless step. But whatever we may think of it in a moral point of view, as historians we must look upon it as the *Hegira* in the life of the poet.

Schiller was now a man of one or two and twenty, thrown upon the world penniless, with nothing to depend on but his brains. The next ten years were hard years for him; they were years of unsettledness, sometimes of penury and despair, sometimes of extravagance and folly. This third period in Schiller's life is not marked by any great literary achievements. It would be almost a blank were it not for the "*Don Carlos*," which he wrote during his stay near Dresden, between 1785-87. His "*Fiesco*" and "*Cabale und Liebe*," though they came out after his flight from Stuttgart, had been conceived before, and they were only repeated protests, in the form of tragedies, against the tyranny of rulers and the despotism of society. They show no advance in the growth of Schiller's mind. Yet that mind, though less productive than might have been expected, was growing as every mind grows between the years of twenty and thirty; and it was growing chiefly through contact with men. We must make full allowance for the powerful influence exercised at that time by the literature of the day (by the writings of Herder, Lessing, and Goethe), and by political events, such as the French Revolution. But if we watch Schiller's career carefully, we see that his

character was chiefly moulded by his intercourse with men. His life was rich in friendships, and what mainly upheld him in his struggles and dangers was the sympathy of several high-born and high-minded persons, in whom the ideals of his own mind seemed to have found their fullest realization.

Next to our faith in God, there is nothing so essential to the healthy growth of our whole being as an unshaken faith in man. This faith in man is the great feature in Schiller's character, and he owes it to a kind Providence which brought him in contact with such noble natures as Frau von Wolzogen, Körner, Dalberg; in later years with his wife; with the Duke of Weimar, the Prince of Augustenburg, and lastly with Goethe. There was at that time a powerful tension in the minds of men, and particularly of the higher classes, which led them to do things which at other times men only aspire to do. The impulses of a most exalted morality — a morality which is so apt to end in mere declamation and deceit — were not only felt by them, but obeyed and carried out. Frau von Wolzogen, knowing nothing of Schiller except that he had been at the same school with her son, received the exiled poet, though fully aware that by doing so she might have displeased the Duke and blasted her fortunes and those of her children. Schiller preserved the tenderest attachment to this motherly friend through life, and his letters to her display a most charming innocence and purity of mind.

Another friend was Körner, a young lawyer living at Leipzig, and afterwards at Dresden — a man who had himself to earn his bread. He had learned to love Schiller from his writings; he received him at his house, a perfect stranger, and shared with the poor

poet his moderate income with a generosity worthy of a prince. He, too, remained his friend through life; his son was Theodore Körner, the poet of "Lyre and Sword," who fell fighting as a volunteer for his country against French invaders.

A third friend and patron of Schiller was Dalberg. He was the coadjutor, and was to have been the successor, of the Elector of Hesse, then an ecclesiastical Electorate. His rank was that of a reigning prince, and he was made afterwards by Napoleon Fürst-Primas — Prince Primate — of the Confederation of the Rhine. But it was not his station, his wealth, and influence, it was his mind and heart which made him the friend of Schiller, Goethe, Herder, Wieland, Jean Paul, and all the most eminent intellects of his time. It is refreshing to read the letters of this Prince. Though they belong to a later period of Schiller's life, a few passages may here be quoted in order to characterize his friend and patron. Dalberg had promised Schiller a pension of 4,000 florins (not 4,000 thalers, as M. Regnier asserts) as soon as he should succeed to the Electorate, and Schiller in return had asked him for some hints with regard to his own future literary occupations. The Prince answers: "Your letter has delighted me. To be remembered by a man of your heart and mind is a true joy to me. I do not venture to determine what Schiller's comprehensive and vivifying genius is to undertake. But may I be allowed to humbly express a wish that spirits endowed with the powers of giants should ask themselves, 'How can I be most useful to mankind?' This inquiry, I think, leads most surely to immortality, and the rewards of a peaceful conscience. May you enjoy the purest happiness, and think sometimes of your

friend and servant, Dalberg." When Schiller was hesitating between history and dramatic poetry, Dalberg's keen eye discovered at once that the stage was Schiller's calling, and that there his influence would be most beneficial. Schiller seemed to think that a professorial chair in a German university was a more honorable position than that of a poet. Dalberg writes: "Influence on mankind" (for this he knew to be Schiller's highest ambition) "depends on the vigor and strength which a man throws into his works. Thucydides and Xenophon would not deny that poets like Sophocles and Horace have had at least as much influence on the world as they themselves." When the French invasion threatened the ruin of Germany and the downfall of the German sovereigns, Dalberg writes again, in 1796, with perfect serenity: "True courage must never fail! The friends of virtue and truth ought now to act and speak all the more vigorously and straightforwardly. In the end, what you, excellent friend, have so beautifully said in your 'Ideals' remains true: 'The diligence of the righteous works slowly but surely, and friendship is soothing comfort. It is only when I hope to be hereafter of assistance to my friends that I wish for a better fate.'" The society and friendship of such men, who are rare in all countries and in all ages, served to keep up in Schiller's mind those ideal notions of mankind which he had first imbibed from his own heart, and from the works of philosophers. They find expression in all his writings, but are most eloquently described in his "Don Carlos." We should like to give some extracts from the dialogue between King Philip and the Marquis Posa; but our space is precious, and hardly allows us to do more than just to glance at those other friends

and companions whose nobility of mind and generosity of heart left so deep an impress on the poet's soul.

The name of Karl August, the Duke of Weimar, has acquired such a world-wide celebrity as the friend of Goethe and Schiller that we need not dwell long on his relation to our poet. As early as 1784 Schiller was introduced to him at Darmstadt, where he was invited to court to read some scenes of his "Don Carlos." The Duke gave him then the title of "Rath," and from the year 1787, when Schiller first settled at Weimar, to the time of his death, in 1804, he remained his firm friend. The friendship of the Prince was returned by the poet, who, in the days of his glory, declined several advantageous offers from Vienna and other places, and remained at the court of Weimar, satisfied with the small salary which that great Duke was able to give him.

There was but one other Prince whose bounty Schiller accepted, and his name deserves to be mentioned, not so much for his act of generosity as for the sentiment which prompted it. In 1792, when Schiller was ill and unable to write, he received a letter from the Hereditary Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg and from Count Schimmelmann. We quote from the letter : —

"Your shattered health, we hear, requires rest, but your circumstances do not allow it. Will you grudge us the pleasure of enabling you to enjoy that rest? We offer you for three years an annual present of 1,000 thalers. Accept this offer, noble man. Let not our titles induce you to decline it. We know what they are worth; we know no pride but that of being men, citizens of that great republic which comprises more than the life of single generations, more than the limits of this globe. You have to deal with men, — your brothers, — not with proud princes, who, by this employment of their wealth, would fain indulge but in a more refined kind of pride."

No conditions were attached to this present, though a situation in Denmark was offered if Schiller should wish to go there. Schiller accepted the gift so nobly offered, but he never saw his unknown friends.<sup>1</sup> We owe to them, humanly speaking, the last years of Schiller's life, and with them the master-works of his genius, from "Wallenstein" to "William Tell." As long as these works are read and admired, the names of these noble benefactors will be remembered and revered.

The name of her whom we mentioned next among Schiller's noble friends and companions, — we mean his wife, — reminds us that we have anticipated events, and that we left Schiller after his flight in 1782, at the very beginning of his most trying years. His hopes of success at Mannheim had failed. The director of the Mannheim theatre, also a Dalberg, declined to assist him. He spent the winter in great solitude at the country-house of Frau von Wolzogen, finishing "Cabale und Liebe," and writing "Fiesco." In the summer of 1783 he returned to Mannheim, where he received an appointment in connection with the theatre of about £40 a year. Here he stayed till 1785, when he went to Leipzig, and afterwards to Dresden, living chiefly at the expense of his friend Körner. This unsettled kind of life continued till 1787, and produced, as we saw, little more than his tragedy of "Don Carlos." In the mean time, however, his taste for history had been developed. He had been reading more systematically at Dresden, and after he had gone to Weimar in 1787 he was able to publish, in 1788, his "History of the Revolt of the

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg was the grandfather of the present Duke and of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

Netherlands." On the strength of this he was appointed professor at Jena in 1789, first without a salary, afterwards with about £30 a year. He tells us himself how hard he had to work: "Every day," he says, "I must compose a whole lecture and write it out, — nearly two sheets of printed matter, not to mention the time occupied in delivering the lecture and making extracts." However, he had now gained a position, and his literary works began to be better paid. In 1790 he was enabled to marry a lady of rank, who was proud to become the wife of the poor poet, and was worthy to be the "wife of Schiller." Schiller was now chiefly engaged in historical researches. He wrote his "History of the Thirty Years' War" in 1791-92, and it was his ambition to be recognized as a German professor rather than as a German poet. He had to work hard in order to make up for lost time, and under the weight of excessive labor his health broke down. He was unable to lecture, unable to write. It was then that the generous present of the Duke of Augustenburg freed him for a time from the most pressing cares, and enabled him to recover his health.

The years of thirty to thirty-five were a period of transition and preparation in Schiller's life, to be followed by another ten years of work and triumph. These intermediate years were chiefly spent in reading history and studying philosophy, more especially the then reigning philosophy of Kant. Numerous essays on philosophy, chiefly on the Good, the Beautiful, and the Sublime, were published during this interval. But what is more important, Schiller's mind was enlarged, enriched, and invigorated; his poetical genius, by lying fallow for a time, gave promise of

a richer harvest to come ; his position in the world became more honorable, and his confidence in himself was strengthened by the confidence placed in him by all around him. A curious compliment was paid him by the Legislative Assembly then sitting at Paris. On the 26th of August, 1792, a decree was passed, conferring the title of *Citoyen Français* on eighteen persons belonging to various countries, friends of liberty and universal brotherhood. In the same list with Schiller were the names of Klopstock, Campe, Washington, Kosciusko, and Wilberforce. The decree was signed by Roland, Minister of the Interior, and countersigned by Danton. It did not reach Schiller till after the enthusiasm which he too had shared for the early heroes of the French Revolution had given way to disappointment and horror. In the month of December of the very year in which he had been thus honored by the Legislative Assembly, Schiller was on the point of writing an appeal to the French nation in defense of Louis XVI. The King's head, however, had fallen before this defense was begun. Schiller, a true friend of true liberty, never ceased to express his aversion to the violent proceedings of the French revolutionists. "It is the work of passion," he said. "and not of that wisdom which alone can lead to real liberty." He admitted that many important ideas, which formerly existed in books only or in the heads of a few enlightened people, had become more generally current through the French Revolution. But he maintained that the real principles which ought to form the basis of a truly happy political constitution were still hidden from view. Pointing to a volume of Kant's "Criticism of Pure Reason," he said, "There they are, and

nowhere else ; the French republic will fall as rapidly as it has risen ; the republican government will lapse into anarchy, and sooner or later a man of genius will appear (he may come from any place) who will make himself not only master of France, but perhaps also of a great part of Europe." This was a remarkable prophecy for a young professor of history.

The last decisive event in Schiller's life was his friendship with Goethe. It dates from 1794, and with this year begins the great and crowning period of Schiller's life. To this period belong his "Wallenstein," his "Song of the Bell," his Ballads (1797-98), his "Mary Stuart" (1800), the "Maid of Orleans" (1801), the "Bride of Messina" (1803), and "William Tell;" in fact, all the works which have made Schiller a national poet and gained for him a world-wide reputation and an immortal name.

Goethe's character was in many respects diametrically opposed to Schiller's, and for many years it seemed impossible that there should ever be a community of thought and feeling between the two. Attempts to bring together these great rivals were repeatedly made by their mutual friends. Schiller had long felt himself drawn by the powerful genius of Goethe, and Goethe had long felt that Schiller was the only poet who could claim to be his peer. After an early interview with Goethe, Schiller writes, "On the whole, this meeting has not at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe ; but I doubt if we shall ever come into close communication with each other. Much that interests me has already had its epoch with him ; his world is not my world." Goethe had expressed the same feeling. He saw Schiller occupying the very

position which he himself had given up as untenable ; he saw his powerful genius carrying out triumphantly "those very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which he was struggling to get liberated." "No union," as Goethe writes, "was to be dreamt of. Between two spiritual antipodes there was more intervening than a simple diameter of the spheres. Antipodes of that sort act as a kind of poles, which can never coalesce." How the first approach between these two opposite poles took place Goethe has himself described, in a paper entitled "Happy Incidents." But no happy incident could have led to that glorious friendship, which stands alone in the literary history of the whole world, if there had not been on the part of Schiller his warm sympathy for all that is great and noble, and on the part of Goethe a deep interest in every manifestation of natural genius. Their differences on almost every point of art, philosophy, and religion, which at first seemed to separate them forever, only drew them more closely together, when they discovered in each other those completing elements which produced true harmony of souls. Nor is it right to say that Schiller owes more to Goethe than Goethe to Schiller. If Schiller received from Goethe the higher rules of art and a deeper insight into human nature, Goethe drank from the soul of his friend the youth and vigor, the purity and simplicity, which we never find in any of Goethe's works before his "Hermann and Dorothea." And, as in most friendships, it was not so much Goethe as he was, but Goethe as reflected in his friend's soul, who henceforth became Schiller's guide and guardian. Schiller possessed the art of admiring, an art so much more rare than the art of criticising. His eye was so absorbed in all that was

great, and noble, and pure, and high in Goethe's mind, that he could not, or would not, see the defects in his character. And Goethe was to Schiller what he was to no one else. He was what Schiller believed him to be; afraid to fall below his friend's ideal, he rose beyond himself until that high ideal was reached, which only a Schiller could have formed. Without this regenerating friendship it is doubtful whether some of the most perfect creations of Goethe and Schiller would ever have been called into existence.

We saw Schiller gradually sinking into a German professor, the sphere of his sympathies narrowed, the aim of his ambition lowered. His energies were absorbed in collecting materials and elaborating his "History of the Thirty Years' War," which was published in 1792. The conception of his great dramatic Trilogy, the "Wallenstein," which dates from 1791, was allowed to languish until it was taken up again for Goethe, and finished for Goethe in 1799. Goethe knew how to admire and encourage, but he also knew how to criticise and advise. Schiller, by nature meditative rather than observant, had been most powerfully attracted by Kant's ideal philosophy. Next to his historical researches, most of his time at Jena was given to metaphysical studies. Not only his mind, but his language suffered from the attenuating influences of that rarefied atmosphere which pervades the higher regions of metaphysical thought. His mind was attracted by the general and the ideal, and lost all interest in the individual and the real. This was not a right frame of mind, either for an historian or a dramatic poet. In Goethe, too, the philosophical element was strong, but it was kept under by the practical tendencies of his mind. Schiller looked for

his ideal beyond the real world ; and, like the pictures of a Raphael, his conceptions seemed to surpass in purity and harmony all that human eye had ever seen. Goethe had discovered that the truest ideal lies hidden in real life ; and like the master-works of a Michael Angelo, his poetry reflected that highest beauty which is revealed in the endless variety of creation, and must there be discovered by the artist and the poet. In Schiller's early works every character was the personification of an idea. In his "Wallenstein" we meet for the first time with real men and real life. In his "Don Carlos," Schiller, under various disguises more or less transparent, acts every part himself. In "Wallenstein" the heroes of the "Thirty Years' War" maintain their own individuality, and are not forced to discuss the social problems of Rousseau, or the metaphysical theories of Kant. Schiller was himself aware of this change, though he was hardly conscious of its full bearing. While engaged in composing his "Wallenstein," he writes to a friend : —

"I do my business very differently from what I used to do. The subject seems to be so much outside me that I can hardly get up any feeling for it. The subject I treat leaves me cold and indifferent, and yet I am full of enthusiasm for my work. With the exception of two characters to which I feel attached, Max Piccolomini and Thekla, I treat all the rest, and particularly the principal character of the play, only with the pure love of the artist. But I can promise you that they will not suffer from this. I look to history for limitation, in order to give, through surrounding circumstances, a stricter form and reality to my ideals. I feel sure that the historical will not draw me down or cripple me. I only desire through it to impart life to my characters and their actions. The life and soul must come from another source, through that power which I have already perhaps shown elsewhere, and without which even the first conception of this work would, of course, have been impossible."

How different is this from what Schiller felt in

former years! In writing "Don Carlos," he laid down as a principle, that the poet must not be the painter but the lover of his heroes, and in his early days he found it intolerable in Shakespeare's dreams that he could nowhere lay his hand on the poet himself. He was then, as he himself expresses it, unable to understand nature, except at second-hand.

Goethe was Schiller's friend, but he was also Schiller's rival. There is a perilous period in the lives of great men, namely, the time when they begin to feel that their position is made, that they have no more rivals to fear. Goethe was feeling this at the time when he met Schiller. He was satiated with applause, and his bearing towards the public at large became careless and offensive. In order to find men with whom he might measure himself, he began to write on the history of Art, and to devote himself to natural philosophy. Schiller, too, had gained his laurels chiefly as a dramatic poet; and though he still valued the applause of the public, yet his ambition as a poet was satisfied; he was prouder of his "Thirty Years' War" than of his "Robbers" and "Don Carlos." When Goethe became intimate with Schiller, and discovered in him those powers which as yet were hidden to others, he felt that there was a man with whom even he might run a race. Goethe was never jealous of Schiller. He felt conscious of his own great powers, and he was glad to have those powers again called out by one who would be more difficult to conquer than all his former rivals. Schiller, on the other hand, perceived in Goethe the true dignity of a poet. At Jena his ambition was to have the title of Professor of History; at Weimar he saw that it was a greater honor to be called a poet, and the friend of Goethe.

When he saw that Goethe treated him as his friend, and that the Duke and his brilliant court looked upon him as his equal, Schiller, too modest to suppose he had earned such favors, was filled with a new zeal, and his poetical genius displayed for a time an almost inexhaustible energy. Scarcely had his "Wallenstein" been finished, in 1799, when he began his "Mary Stuart." This play was finished in the summer of 1800, and a new one was taken in hand in the same year, — the "Maid of Orleans." In the spring of 1801 the "Maid of Orleans" appeared on the stage, to be followed in 1803 by the "Bride of Messina," and in 1804 by his last great work, his "William Tell." During the same time Schiller composed his best ballads, his "Song of the Bell," his epigrams, and his beautiful Elogy, not to mention his translations and adaptations of English and French plays for the theatre at Weimar. After his "William Tell" Schiller could feel that he no longer owed his place by the side of Goethe to favor and friendship, but to his own work and worth. His race was run, his laurels gained. His health, however, was broken, and his bodily frame too weak to support the strain of his mighty spirit. Death came to his relief, giving rest to his mind, and immortality to his name.

Let us look back once more on the life of Schiller. The lives of great men are the lives of martyrs; we cannot regard them as examples to follow, but rather as types of human excellence to study and to admire. The life of Schiller was not one which many of us would envy; it was a life of toil and suffering, of aspiration rather than of fulfillment, a long battle with scarcely a moment of rest for the conqueror to enjoy his hard-won triumphs. To an ambitious man the

last ten years of the poet's life might seem an ample reward for the thirty years' war of life which he had to fight single-handed. But Schiller was too great a man to be ambitious. Fame with him was a means, never an object. There was a higher, a nobler aim in his life, which upheld him in all his struggles. From the very beginning of his career Schiller seems to have felt that his life was not his. He never lived for himself; he lived and worked for mankind. He discovered within himself how much there was of the good, the noble, and the beautiful in human nature; he had never been deceived in his friends. And such was his sympathy with the world at large that he could not bear to see in any rank of life the image of man, created in the likeness of God, distorted by cunning, pride, and selfishness. His whole poetry may be said to be written on the simple text, "Be true, be good, be noble!" It may seem a short text, but truth is very short, and the work of the greatest teachers of mankind has always consisted in the unflinching inculcation of these short truths. There is in Schiller's works a kernel full of immortal growth, which will endure long after the brilliant colors of his poetry have faded away. That kernel is the man, and without it Schiller's poetry, like all other poetry, is but the song of sirens. Schiller's character has been subjected to that painful scrutiny to which, in modern times, the characters of great men are subjected; everything he ever did, or said, or thought, has been published; and yet it would be difficult, in the whole course of his life, to point out one act, one word, one thought, that could be called mean, untrue, or selfish. From the beginning to the end Schiller remained true to himself; he never acted a part, he never bargained with the world. We

may differ from him on many points of politics, ethics, and religion ; but though we differ, we must always respect and admire. His life is the best commentary on his poetry ; there is never a discrepancy between the two. As mere critics, we may be able to admire a poet without admiring the man ; but poetry, it should be remembered, was not meant for critics only, and its highest purpose is never fulfilled, except where, as with Schiller, we can listen to the poet and look up to the man.

1859.

WILHELM MÜLLER.<sup>1</sup>

1794-1827.

SELDOM has a poet in a short life of thirty years engraven his name so deeply on the memorial tablets of the history of German poetry as Wilhelm Müller. Although the youthful efforts of a poet may be appreciated by those few who are able to admire what is good and beautiful, even though it has never before been admired by others, yet in order permanently to win the ear and heart of his people, a poet must live with the people, and take part in the movements and struggles of his age. Thus only can he hope to stir and mould the thoughts of his contemporaries, and to remain a permanent living power in the recollections of his countrymen. Wilhelm Müller died at the very moment when the rich blossoms of his poetic genius were forming fruit; and after he had warmed and quickened the hearts of the youth of Germany with the lyric songs of his own youth, only a short span of time was granted him to show the world, as he did more especially in his "Greek Songs" and "Epi-

<sup>1</sup> Preface to a new edition of Wilhelm Müller's poems, published in 1868, in the *Bibliothek der Deutschen National-Literatur des achtzehnten und neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Leipzig, Brockhaus. Translated from the German by G. A. M.

grams," the higher goal toward which he aspired. In these his last works one readily perceives that his poetry would not have reflected the happy dreams of youth only, but that he could perceive the poetry of life in its sorrows as clearly as in its joys, and depict it in true and vivid colors.

One may, I think, divide the friends and admirers of Wilhelm Müller into two classes: those who rejoice and delight in his fresh and joyous songs, and those who admire the nobleness and force of his character as shown in the poems celebrating the war of Greek independence, and in his epigrams. All poetry is not for every one, nor for every one at all times. There are critics and historians of literature who cannot tolerate songs of youth, of love, and of wine; they always ask "why?" and "wherefore?" and they demand in all poetry, before anything else, high or deep thoughts. No doubt there can be no poetry without thought, but there are thoughts which are poetical without being drawn from the deepest depths of the heart and brain, nay, which are poetical just because they are as simple and true and natural as the flowers of the field or the stars of heaven. There is a poetry for the old, but there is also a poetry for the young. The young demand in poetry an interpretation of their own youthful feelings, and first learn truly to understand themselves through those poets who speak for them as they would speak for themselves, had nature endowed them with melody of thought and harmony of diction. Youth is and will remain the majority of the world, and will let no gloomy brow rob it of its poetic enthusiasm for young love and old wine. True, youth is not over-critical; true, it does not know how to speak or write in learned phrases of the merits of its favorite

poets. But for all that, where is the poet who would not rather live in the warm recollection of the never-dying youth of his nation than in voluminous encyclopædias, or even in the marble Walhallas of Germany? The story and the songs of a miller's man who loves his master's daughter, and of a miller's daughter who loves a huntsman better, may seem very trivial, commonplace, and unpoetical to many a man of forty or fifty. But there are men of forty and fifty who have never lost sight of the bright but now far-off days of their own youth, who can still rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, and love with those that love, — aye, who can still fill their glasses with old and young, and in whose eyes every-day life has not destroyed the poetic bloom that rests everywhere on life so long as it is lived with warm and natural feelings. Songs which, like the "Beautiful Miller's Daughter" and the "Winter Journey," could so penetrate and again spring forth from the soul of Franz Schubert, may well stir the very depths of our own hearts, without the need of fearing the wise looks of those who possess the art of saying nothing in many words. Why should poetry be less free than painting to seek for what is beautiful wherever a human eye can discover, wherever human art can imitate it? No one blames the painter if, instead of giddy peaks or towering waves, he delineates on his canvas a quiet narrow valley, filled with a green mist, and enlivened only by a gray mill and a dark brown mill-wheel, from which the spray rises like silver dust, and then floats away, and vanishes in the rays of the sun. Is what is not too common for the painter, too common for the poet? Is an idyl in the truest, warmest, softest colors of the soul, like the

“Beautiful Miller’s Daughter,” less a work of art than a landscape by Ruysdael? And observe in these songs how the execution suits the subject; their tone is thoroughly popular, and reminds many of us, perhaps too much, of the popular songs collected by Arnim and Brentano in “Des Knaben Wunderhorn.” But this could not be helped. Theocritus could not write his idyls in grand Attic Greek; he needed the homeliness of the Bœotian dialect. It was the same with Wilhelm Müller, who must not be blamed for expressions which now perhaps, more than formerly, may sound, to fastidious ears, too homely or commonplace.

His simple and natural conception of nature is shown most beautifully in the “Wanderer’s Songs,” and in the “Spring Wreath from the Plauen Valley.” Nowhere do we find a labored thought or a labored word. The lovely spring world is depicted exactly as it is, but over all is thrown the life and inspiration of a poet’s eye and a poet’s mind, which perceives and gives utterance to what others fail to see, and silent nature cannot utter. It is this recognition of the beautiful in what is insignificant, of greatness in what is small, of the marvelous in ordinary life, — yes, this perception of the divine in every earthly enjoyment, — which gives its own charm to each of Wilhelm Müller’s smallest poems, and endears them so truly to those who, amidst the hurry of life, have not forgotten the delight of absorption in nature, who have never lost their faith in the mystery of the divine presence in all that is beautiful, good, and true on earth. We need only read the “Frühlingsmahl,” or “Pfungsten” to see how a whole world, aye, a whole heaven, may be mirrored in the tiniest drop of dew.

And as enjoyment of nature finds so clear an echo

in the poetry of Wilhelm Müller, so also does the delight which man should have in man. Drinking songs and table songs do not belong to the highest flights of poetry; but if the delights of friendly meetings and greetings belong to some of the brightest moments of human happiness, why should a poet hold them to be beneath his muse? There is something especially German in all drinking songs, and no other nation has held its wine in such honor. Can one imagine English poems on port and sherry? or has a Frenchman much to tell us of his Bordeaux, or even of his Burgundy? The reason that the poetry of wine is unknown in England and France is, that in these countries people know nothing of what lends its poetry to wine, namely, the joyous consciousness of mutual pleasure, the outpouring of hearts, the feeling of common brotherhood, which makes learned professors and divines, generals and ministers, men once more at the sound of the ringing glasses. This purely human delight in the enjoyment of life, in the flavor of the German wine, and in the yet higher flavor of the German Symposium, finds its happiest expression in the drinking songs of Wilhelm Müller. They have often been set to music by the best masters, and have long been sung by the happy and joyous. The name of the poet is often forgotten, whilst many of his songs have become popular songs, just because they were sung from the heart and soul of the German people, as the people were fifty years ago, and as the best of them still are, in spite of many changes in the Fatherland.

It is easy to see that a serious tone is not wanting even in the drinking songs. The wine was good, but the times were bad. Those who, like Wilhelm Müller, had shared in the great sufferings and the great

hopes of the German people, and who then saw that after all the sacrifices that had been made, all was in vain, all was again as bad or even worse than before, could with difficulty conceal their disaffection, however helpless they felt themselves against the brutalities of those in power, Many, who like Wilhelm Müller had labored to reanimate German popular feeling; who like him had left the university to sacrifice as common soldiers their life and life's happiness to the freedom of the Fatherland, and who then saw how the terror felt by the scarcely rescued princes of their deliverers, and the fear of foreign nations of a united and strong Germany, joined hand in hand to destroy the precious seed sown in blood and tears, — could not always suppress their gloomy anger at such faint-hearted, weak-minded policy. On the first of January, 1820, Wilhelm Müller wrote thus, in the dedication of the second part of his "Letters from Rome" to his friend Atterbom, the Swedish poet, with whom he had but a short time before passed the Carnival time in Italy joyously and carelessly: "And thus I greet you in your old sacred Fatherland, not jokingly and merrily, like the book, whose writer seems to have become a stranger to me, but earnestly and briefly; for the great fast of the European world, expecting the passion, and waiting for deliverance, can endure no indifferent shrug of the shoulders and no hollow compromises and excuses. He who cannot act at this time, can yet rest and mourn." For such words, veiled as they were, resigned as they were, the fortress of Mayence was at that time the usual answer.

"Deutsch und frei und stark und lauter  
 In dem deutschen Land  
 Ist der Wein allein geblieben  
 An der Rheines Strand.

Ist *der* nicht ein Demagoge,  
 Wer soll einer sein ?  
 Mainz, du stolze Bundesfeste,  
 Sperr ihn nur nicht ein." <sup>1</sup>

That Wilhelm Müller escaped the petty and annoying persecutions of the then police system, he owed partly to the retired life he led in his little native country, partly to his own good spirits, which prevented him from entirely sinking the man in the politician. He had some enemies in the little court, whose Duke and Duchess were personally so attached to him. A prosperous life such as his could not fail to attract envy, and his frank, guileless character gave plenty of occasion for suspicion. But the only answer which he vouchsafed to his detractors was : —

“ Und lasst mir doch mein volles Glass,  
 Und lasst mir meinen guten Spass,  
 Mit unsrer schlechten Zeit!  
 Wer bei dem Weine singt und lacht,  
 Den thut, ihr Herrn, nicht in die Acht!  
 Ein Kind ist Fröhlichkeit.” <sup>2</sup>

Wilhelm Müller evidently felt that when words are not deeds, or do not lead to deeds, silence is more worthy of a man than speech. He never became a political poet, at least never in his own country. But when the rising of the Greeks appealed to those human sympathies of Christian nations which can never be

<sup>1</sup> “ Free, and strong, and pure, and German,  
 On the German Rhine,  
 Nothing can be now discovered  
 Save alone our wine;  
 If the wine is not a rebel,  
 Then no more are we;  
 Mainz, thou proud and frowning fortress,  
 Let him wander free ! ”

<sup>2</sup> “ And let me have my full glass, and let me have my hearty laugh at these wretched times! He who can sing and laugh with his wine, you need not put under the ban, my lords: mirth is a harmless child.”

quite extinguished, and when here, too, the faint-hearted policy of the great powers played and bargained over the great events in the east of Europe instead of trusting to those principles which alone can secure the true and lasting well-being of states, as well as of individuals, then the long accumulated wrath of the poet and of the man burst forth and found utterance in the songs on the Greek war of independence. Human, Christian, political, and classical sympathies stirred his heart, and breathed that life into his poems, which most of them still possess. It is astonishing how a young man in a small isolated town like Dessau, almost shut out from intercourse with the great world, could have followed step by step the events of the Greek revolution, seizing on all the right, the beauty, the grandeur of the struggle, making himself intimately acquainted with the dominant characters, whilst he at the same time mastered the peculiar local coloring of the passing events. Wilhelm Müller was not only a poet, but he was intimately acquainted with classic antiquity. He *knew* the Greeks and the Romans. And just as during his stay in Rome he recognized at all points the old in what was new, and everywhere sought to find what was eternal in the eternal city, so now with him the modern Greeks were inseparably joined with the ancient. A knowledge of the modern Greek language appeared to him the natural completion of the study of old Greek; and it was his acquaintance with the popular songs of modern as well as of ancient Hellas that gave the color which imparted such a vivid expression of truth and naturalness to his own Greek songs. It was thus that the "Griechen Lieder" arose, which appeared in separate but rapid numbers, and found great favor with the people. But

even these "Griechen Lieder" caused anxiety to the paternal governments of those days: —

"Ruh und Friede will Europa — warum hast du sie gestört?  
Warum mit dem Wahn der Freiheit eigenmächtig dich bethört?  
Hoff' auf keines Herren Hülfe gegen eines Herren Frohn:  
Auch des Türkenkaisers Polster nennt Europa einen Thron."<sup>1</sup>

His last poems were suppressed by the Censor, as well as his "Hymn on the Death of Raphael Riego." Some of these were first published long after his death; others must have been lost whilst in the Censor's hands.

Two of the Greek songs, "Mark Bozzaris," and "Song before Battle," may help the English reader to form his own opinion both of the poetical genius and of the character of Wilhelm Müller: —

#### MARK BOZZARI.<sup>2</sup>

Oeffne deine hohen Thore, Missolunghi, Stadt der Ehren,  
Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen, die uns fröhlich sterben lehren,  
Oeffne deine hohen Thore, öffne deine tiefen Gräfte,  
Auf, und streue Lorberreiser auf den Pfad und in die Lüfte;  
Mark Bozzari's edlen Leib bringen wir zu dir getragen.  
Mark Bozzari's! Wer darf's wagen, solchen Helden zu beklagen?  
Willst zuerst du seine Wunden oder seine Siege zählen?  
Keinem Sieg wird eine Wunde, keiner Wund' ein Sieg hier fehlen.  
Sieh auf unsern Lanzenspitzen sich die Turbanhäupter drehen,  
Sieh, wie über seiner Bahre die Osmanenfahnen wehen,  
Sieh, o sieh die letzten Werke, die vollbracht des Helden Rechte  
In dem Feld von Karpinissi, wo sein Stahl im Blute zechte!  
In der schwarzen Geisterstunde rief er unsre Schar zusammen.  
Funken sprühten unsre Augen durch die Racht wie Wetterflammen,  
Uebers Knie zerbrachen wir jauchzend nnsrer Schwerter Scheiden,  
Um mit Sensen einzumähen in die feisten Türkenweiden;  
Und wir drückten uns die Hände, und wir strichen uns die Bärte,

<sup>1</sup> "Europe wants but peace and quiet: why hast thou disturbed her rest?  
How with silly dreams of freedom dost thou dare to fill thy breast?  
If thou rise against thy rulers, Hellas, thou must fight alone.  
E'en the bolster of a Sultan, loyal Europe calls a throne."

<sup>2</sup> I am enabled through the kindness of Mr. Theodore Martin to supply an excellent translation of these two poems, printed by him in 1863, in a volume intended for private circulation only.

Und der stampfte mit dem Fusze, und der rieb an seinem Schwerte.  
 Da erscholl Bozzari's Stimme: "Auf, ins Lager der Barbaren!  
 Auf, mir nach! Verirrt euch nicht, Brüder, in der Feinde Scharen!  
 Sucht ihr mich, im Zelt des Paschas werdet ihr mich sicher finden.  
 Auf, mit Gott! Er hilft die Feinde, hilft den Tod auch überwinden!  
 Auf!" Und die Trompete ritz er hastig aus des Bläasers Händen  
 Und stiesz selbst hinein so hell, daz es von den Felsenwänden  
 Heller stets und heller muszte sich verdoppelnd widerhallen;  
 Aber heller widerhallt' es doch in unsern Herzen allen.  
 Wie des Herren Blitz und Donner aus der Wolkenburg der Nächte,  
 Also traf das Schwert der Freien die Tyrannen und die Knechte;  
 Wie die Tuba des Gerichtes wird dereinst die Sünder wecken,  
 Also scholl durchs Türkenlager brausend dieser Ruf der Schrecken:  
 "Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Sulioten! Sulioten!"  
 Solch ein guter Morgengrusz ward den Schläfern da entboten.  
 Und sie rüttelten sich auf, und gleich hirtelosen Schafen  
 Rannten sie durch alle Gassen, bis sie aneinander trafen  
 Und, bethört von Todesengeln, die durch ihre Schwärme gingen,  
 Brüder sich in blinder Wuth stürzten in der Brüder Klingen.  
 Frag' die Nacht nach unsern Thaten; sie hat uns im Kampf gesehen —  
 Aber wird der Tag es glauben, was in dieser Nacht geschehen?  
 Hundert Griechen, tausend Türken: also war die Saat zu schauen  
 Auf dem Feld von Karpinissi, als das Licht begann zu grauen.  
 Mark Bozzari, Mark Bozzari, und dich haben wir gefunden —  
 Kenntlich nur an deinem Schwerte, kenntlich nur an deinen Wunden,  
 An den Wunden, die du schlugest, und an denen, die dich trafen —  
 Wie du es verheizen hattest, in dem Zelt des Paschas schlafen.

Oeffne deine hohen Thore, Missolonghi, Stadt der Ehren,  
 Wo der Helden Leichen ruhen, die uns fröhlich sterben lehren,  
 Oeffne deine tiefen Grüfte, daz wir in den heil'gen Stätten  
 Neben Helden unsern Helden zu dem langen Schläfe betten! —  
 Schläfe bei dem deutschen Grafen, Grafen Normann, Fels der Ehren,  
 Bis die Stimmen des Gerichtes alle Gräber werden leeren.

#### MARK BOZZARIS.

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,  
 Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!  
 Open wide thy lofty portals, open wide thy vaults profound;  
 Up, and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on the ground!  
 Mark Bozzaris' noble body is the freight to thee we bear, —  
 Mark Bozzaris'! Who for hero great as he to weep will dare?  
 Tell his wounds, his victories over! Which in number greatest be?  
 Every victory has its wound, and every wound its victory!  
 See, a turbaned head is grimly set on all our lances here!  
 See, how the Osmanli's banner swathes in purple folds his bier!

See, O see the latest trophies, which our hero's glory seaed,  
 When his glaive with gore was drunken on great Karpinissi's field!  
 In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his call arise;  
 Through the gloom like lightning-flashes flashed the fury from our eyes;  
 With a shout, across our knees we snapp'd the scabbards of our swords,  
 Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow Turkish hordes;  
 And we clasped our hands together, and each warrior stroked his beard,  
 And one stamped the sward, another rubbed his blade, and vowed **its**  
 wield.

'Then Bozzaris' voice resounded: "On, to the barbarian's lair!  
 On, and follow me, my brothers, see you keep together there!  
 Should you miss me, you will find me surely in the Pasha's tent!  
 On, with God! Through Him our foemen, death itself through Him is  
 shent!

On!" And swift he snatched the bugle from the hands of him that blew  
 And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale and mountain flew,  
 Till each rock and cliff made answer clear and clearer to the call,  
 But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us all!  
 As from midnight's battlemented keep the lightnings of the Lord  
 Sweep, so swept our swords, and smote the tyrants and their slavish horde;  
 As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in their graves that lie,  
 So through all the Turkish leaguer thundered his appalling cry:  
 "Mark Bozzaris! Mark Bozzaris! Suliotes, smite them in their lair!"  
 Such the goodly morning greeting that we gave the sleepers there.  
 And they staggered from their slumber, and they ran from street to street,  
 Ran like sheep without a shepherd, striking wild at all they meet;  
 Ran, and frenzied by Death's angels, who amidst their myriads strayed,  
 Brother, in bewildered fury, dashed and fell on brother's blade.  
 Ask the night of our achievements! It beheld us in the fight,  
 But the day will never credit what we did in yonder night.  
 Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there like scattered seed **they**  
 lay,

On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning broke in gray.  
 Mark Bozzaris, Mark Bozzaris, and we found thee gashed and mown  
 By thy sword alone we knew thee, knew thee by thy wounds alone;  
 By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the wounds that seamed thy  
 breast,  
 Lying, as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's tent at rest!

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,  
 Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!  
 Open wide thy vaults! Within their holy bounds a couch we'd make  
 Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his last long slumber take!  
 Rest beside that Rock of Honor, brave Count Normann, rest thy head,  
 Till, at the archangel's trumpet, all the graves give up their dead!

## LIED VOR DER SCHLACHT.

Wer für die Freiheit kämpft und fällt, desz Ruhm wird blühend **stehn**,  
 Solange frei die Winde noch durch freie Lüfte wehn,  
 Solange frei der Bäume Laub noch rauscht im grünen Wald,  
 Solang' des Stromes Woge noch frei nach dem Meere wallt,  
 Solang' des Adlers Fittich frei noch durch die Wolken flengt,  
 Solang' ein freier Odem noch aus freiem Herzen steigt.

Wer für die Freiheit kämpft und fällt, desz Ruhm wird blühend **stehn**,  
 Solange freie Geister noch durch Erd' und Himmel gehn.  
 Durch Erd' und Himmel schwebt er noch, der Helden Schattenreihn,  
 Und rauscht um uns in stiller Nacht, in hellem Sonnenschein,  
 Im Sturm, der stolze Tannen bricht, und in dem Lüftchen auch,  
 Das durch das Gras auf Gräbern spielt mit seinem leisen Hauch,  
 In ferner Enkel Hause noch um alle Wiegen kreist  
 Auf Hellas' heldenreicher Flur der freien Ahnen Geist;  
 Der haucht in Wunderträumen schon den zarten Säugling an  
 Und weilt in seinem ersten Schlaf das Kind zu einem Mann;  
 Den Jüngling lockt sein Ruf hinaus mit nie gefühlter Lust  
 Zur Stätte, wo ein Freier fiel; da greift er in die Brust  
 Dem Zitternden, und Schauer ziehn ihm durch das tiefe Herz,  
 Er weisz nicht, ob es Wonne sei, ob es der erste Schmerz.  
 Herab, du heil'ge Geisterschar, schwell' unsre Fahnen auf,  
 Beflügle unsrer Herzen Schlag und unsrer Füße Lauf;  
 Wir ziehen nach der Freiheit aus, die Waffen in der Hand,  
 Wir ziehen aus auf Kampf und Tod für Gott, fürs Vaterland!  
 Ihr seid mit uns, ihr rauscht um uns, eu'r Geisterodem zieht  
 Mit zauberischen Tönen hin durch unser Jubellied;  
 Ihr seid mit uns, ihr schwebt daher, ihr aus Thermopylä,  
 Ihr aus dem grünen Marathon, ihr von der blauen See,  
 Am Wolkenfelsen Mykale, am Salaminerstrand,  
 Ihr all' aus Wald, Feld, Berg und Thal im weiten Griechenland!

Wer für die Freiheit kämpft und fällt, desz Ruhm wird blühend **stehn**,  
 Solange frei die Winde noch durch freie Lüfte wehn,  
 Solange frei der Bäume Laub noch rauscht im grünen Wald,  
 Solang' des Stromes Woge noch frei nach dem Meere wallt,  
 Solang' des Adlers Fittich frei noch durch die Wolken flengt,  
 Solang' ein freier Odem noch aus freiem Herzen steigt.

## SONG BEFORE BATTLE.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall **know**,  
 As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes freely blow,  
 As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,  
 As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,

As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the skies,  
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath doth rise.

Who'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall know,  
As long as spirits of the free through earth and air shall go;  
Through earth and air a spirit-band of heroes moves always,  
'Tis near us at the dead of night, and in the noontide's blaze,  
In the storm that levels towering pines, and in the breeze that waves  
With low and gentle breath the grass upon our fathers' graves.  
There's not a cradle in the bounds of Hell as broad and fair,  
But the spirit of our free-born sires is surely hovering there.  
It breathes in dreams of fairy-land upon the infant's brain,  
And in his first sleep dedicates the child to manhood's pain;  
Its summons lures the youth to stand, with new-born joy possessed  
Where once a freeman fell, and there it fires his thrilling breast,  
And a shudder runs through all his frame; he knows not if it be  
A throb of rapture, or the first sharp pang of agony.  
Come, swell our banners on the breeze, thou sacred spirit-band,  
Give wings to every warrior's foot, and nerve to every hand.  
We go to strike for freedom, to break the oppressor's rod,  
We go to battle and to death for our country and our God.  
Ye are with us, we hear your wings, we hear in magic tone  
Your spirit-voice the pæan swell, and mingle with our own.  
Ye are with us, ye throng around, — you from Thermopylæ,  
You from the verdant Marathon, you from the azure sea,  
By the cloud-capped rocks of Mykale, at Salamis, — all you  
From field and forest, mount and glen, the land of Hellas through!

Who'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight shall know,  
As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes freely blow,  
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter free,  
As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,  
As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the skies,  
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath doth rise.

When we remember all that was compressed into this short life, we might well believe that this ceaseless acquiring and creating must have tired and weakened and injured both body and mind. Such, however, was not the case. All who knew the poet agree in stating that he never overworked himself, and that he accomplished all he did with the most perfect ease and enjoyment. Let us only remember how his life as a student was broken into by his service during the war, how his journey to Italy occupied several years of his life,

how later in Dessau he had to follow his profession as teacher and librarian, and then let us turn our thoughts to all the work of his hands and the creations of his mind, and we are astonished, not only at the amount of work done, but still more at the finished form which distinguishes all his works. He was one of the first who with Zeune, Von der Hagen, and the brothers Grimm, labored to reawaken an interest in ancient and mediæval German literature. He was a favorite pupil of Wolf, and his "Homerische Vorschule" did more than any other work at that time to propagate the ideas of Wolf. He had explored the modern languages of Europe, — French, Italian, English, and Spanish; and his critiques in all these fields of literature show how intimately acquainted he was with the best authors of these nations. Besides all this, he worked regularly for journals and encyclopædias, and was engaged co-editor of the great "Encyclopædia of Arts and Sciences," by Ersch and Gruber. He also undertook the publication of a "Library of the German Poets of the Seventeenth Century," and all this, without mentioning his poems and novels, in the short space of a life of thirty-three years.

I almost forget that I am speaking of my father; for indeed I hardly knew him, and when his scientific and poetic activity reached its end, he was far younger than I am now. I do not believe, however, that a natural affection and veneration for the poet deprives us of the right of judging. It is well said that love is blind, but love also strengthens and sharpens the dull eye, so that it sees beauty where thousands pass by unmoved. If one reads most of our critical writings, it would almost appear as if the chief duty of the reviewer were to find out the weak points and faults of

every work of art. Nothing has so injured the art of criticism as this prejudice. A critic is a judge ; but a judge, though he is no advocate, should also be no prosecutor. The weak points of any work of art betray themselves only too soon ; but in order to discover its beauties, not only a sharp, but an experienced eye is needed ; and love and sympathy are necessary above anything else. It is the heart that makes the critic, not the nose. It is well known how many of the most beautiful spots in Scotland, and Wales, and Cornwall, were not many years ago described as wastes and wildernesses. Richmond and Hampton Court were admired, people travelled also to Versailles, and admired the often admired blue sky of Italy. But poets such as Walter Scott and Wordsworth discovered the beauties of their native land. Where others had only lamented over bare and wearisome hills, they saw the battle-fields and burial-places of the primeval Titan struggles of nature. Where others saw nothing but barren moors full of heather and broom, the land in their eyes was covered as with a carpet softer and more variegated than the most precious loom of Turkey. Where others lost their temper at the gray cold fog, they marveled at the silver veil of the bride of the morning, and the gold illumination of the departing sun. Now every cockney can admire the smallest lake in Westmoreland or the barest moor in the Highlands. Why is this ? Because few eyes are so dull that they cannot see what is beautiful after it has been pointed out to them, and when they know that they need not feel ashamed of admiring it. It is the same with the beauties of nature, as with the beauties of poetry, as with the beauties of nature. We must first discover what is beautiful in poetry, and, when it is discovered, communicate it

otherwise the authors of Scotch ballads are but strolling singers, and the Niebelungen songs are, as Frederick the Great said, not worth powder and shot. The trade of fault-finding is quickly learnt; the art of admiration is a difficult art, at least for little minds, narrow hearts, and timid souls, who prefer treading broad and safe paths. Thus many critics and literary historians have rushed by the poems of Wilhelm Müller, just like travellers, who go on in the beaten track, passing by on the right hand and on the left the most beautiful scenes of nature, and who only stand still and open both eyes and mouth when their "Murray" tells them there is something they ought to admire. Should an old man who is at home here meet them on their way, and counsel the travellers to turn for a moment from the high road in order to accompany him through a shady path to a mill, many may feel at first full of uneasiness and distrust. But when they have refreshed themselves in the dark green valley with its lively mill stream and delicious wood fragrance, they no longer blame their guide for having called somewhat loudly to them to pause in their journey. It is such a pause that I have tried in these few introductory lines to enforce on the reader, and I believe that I too may reckon on pardon, if not on thanks, from those who have followed my sudden call.

VI

ON THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY  
OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

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AFTER all that has been written about the Schleswig-Holstein question, how little is known about those whom that question chiefly concerns, — the Schleswig-Holsteiners! There may be a vague recollection that, during the general turmoil of 1848, the German inhabitants of the Duchies rose against the Danes; that they fought bravely, and at last succumbed, not to the valor, but to the diplomacy of Denmark. But, after the treaty of London in 1852 had disposed of them as the treaty of Vienna had disposed of other brave people, they sank below the horizon of European interests, never to rise again, it was fondly hoped, till the present generation had passed away.

Yet these Schleswig-Holsteiners have an interest of their own, quite apart from the political clouds that have lately gathered round their country. Ever since we know anything of the history of Northern Europe, we find Saxon races established as the inhabitants of that northern peninsula which was then called the *Cimbric Chersonese*. The first writer who ever mentions the name of Saxons is Ptolemy,<sup>1</sup> and he speaks of them as settled in what is now called Schles-

<sup>1</sup> Ptol. ii. 11, ἐπὶ τὸν αὐχένα τῆς Κιμβρικῆς Χερσονήσου Σάξονες.

wig-Holstein.<sup>1</sup> At the time of Charlemagne the Saxon race is described to us as consisting of three tribes: the *Ostfalai*, *Westfalai*, and *Angrarii*. The *Westphalians* were settled near the Rhine, the *Eastphalians* near the Elbe, and the intermediate country, washed by the Weser, was held by the *Angrarii*.<sup>2</sup> The name of Westphalia is still in existence; that of Eastphalia has disappeared, but its memory survives in the English *sterling*. Eastphalian traders, the ancestors of the merchant princes of Hamburg, were known in England by the name of *Easterlings*; and their money being of the purest quality, *easterling*, in Latin *esterlingus*, shortened to *sterling*, became the general name of pure or sterling money. The name of the third tribe, the *Angrarii*, continued through the Middle Ages as the name of a people; and to the present day, my own sovereign, the Duke of Anhalt, calls himself Duke of "*Sachsen, Engern, und Westphalen.*" But the name of the *Angrarii* was meant to fulfill another and more glorious destiny. The name *Angrarii* or *Angarii*<sup>3</sup> is a corruption of the older name, *Angrivarii*, the famous German race mentioned by Tacitus as the neighbors of the *Cherusci*. These *Angrivarii* are in later documents called *Anglevarii*. The termination *varii*<sup>4</sup> represents the same word which exists in A.-S. as *ware*; for instance, in *Cant-ware*, inhabitants of Kent, or *Cant-ware-burh*, Canterbury; *burh-ware*, inhabitants of a town, burghers. It is derived from *werian*, to defend, to hold, and may be connected with *wer*, a man.

<sup>1</sup> Grimm, *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*, p. 609. Strabo, Pliny, and Tacitus do not mention the name of Saxons.

<sup>2</sup> Grimm, l. c. p. 629.

<sup>3</sup> See *Poeta Saxo*, anno 772, in Pertz, *Monum. I.* 228, line 36; Grimm, l. c. p. 629.

<sup>4</sup> See Grimm, *Deutsche Sprache* p. 781.

The same termination is found in *Ansivarii* or *Amp-sivarii*; probably also in *Teutonoarii* instead of *Teutoni*, *Chattuari* instead of *Chatti*.

The principal seats of these *Angrarii* were, as we saw, between the Rhine and Elbe, but Tacitus<sup>1</sup> knows of *Anglii*, i. e. *Angrii*, east of the Elbe; and an offshoot of the same Saxon tribe is found very early in possession of that famous peninsula between the Schlei and the Bay of Flensburg on the eastern coast of Schleswig,<sup>2</sup> which by Latin writers was called *Anglia*, i. e. *Angria*. To derive the name of *Anglia* from the Latin *angulus*,<sup>3</sup> corner, is about as good an etymology as the kind-hearted remark of St. Gregory, who interpreted the name of *Angli* by *angeli*. From that *Anglia*, the *Angli*, together with the *Saxons* and *Juts*, migrated to the British Isles in the fifth century, and the name of the *Angli*, as that of the most numerous tribe, became in time the name of *Englaland*.<sup>4</sup> In the Latin laws ascribed to King Edward the Confessor, a curious supplement is found, which states "that the *Juts* (*Guti*) came formerly from the noble blood of the *Angli*, namely, from the state of *Engra*, and that the English came from the same blood. The *Juts*, therefore, like the *Angli* of Germany, should always be received in England as brothers, and as citizens of the realm, because the *Angli* of England and Germany had always intermarried, and had fought together against the Danes."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Germania*, c. 40. Grimm, l. c. p. 604.

<sup>2</sup> Grimm, p. 641.

<sup>3</sup> Beda, *Hist. Eccl.* l. 15. "Porro de Anglis, hoc est, de illa patria que Angulus dicitur," etc. Ethelwert, Chron. l., "Porro Anglia vetus sita est inter Saxones et Giotos, habens oppidum capitale, quod sermone Saxonice *Sleswic* nuncupatur, secundum vero Danos, *Haithaby*."

<sup>4</sup> Grimm, l. c. p. 630.

<sup>5</sup> "Guti vero similiter cum veniant (in regnum Britannicæ) suscipi

Like the Angli of Anglia, the principal tribes clustering round the base of the Cimbric peninsula, and known by the general name of *Northalbingi* or *Transalbiani*, also *Nordleudi*, were all offshoots of the Saxon stem. Adam of Bremen (2, 15) divides them into *Tedmarsgoi*, *Holcetae*, and *Sturmarii*. In these it is easy to recognize the modern names of *Dithmarschen*, *Holtseten* or *Holsten*, and *Stormarn*. It would require more space than we can afford, were we to enter into the arguments by which Grimm has endeavored to identify the *Dithmarschen* with the *Teutoni*, the *Stormarn* with the *Cimbri*, and the *Holsten* with the *Harudes*. His arguments, if not convincing, are at least highly ingenious, and may be examined by those interested in these matters, in his "History of the German Language," pp. 633-640.

For many centuries the Saxon inhabitants of those regions have had to bear the brunt of the battle between the Scandinavian and the German races. From the days when the German Emperor Otho I. (died 973) hurled his swift spear from the northernmost promontory of Jutland into the German Ocean to mark the true frontier of his empire, to the day when

debent, et protegi in regno isto sicut conjurati fratres, sicut propinqui et proprii cives regni hujus. Exierunt enim quondam de nobili sanguine Anglorum, scilicet de Engra civitate, et Anglici de sanguine illorum, et semper efficiuntur populus unus et gens una. Ita constituit optimus Ina Rex Anglorum. . . . Multi vero Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Anglorum Germaniæ, et quidam Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Scottorum; proceres vero Scottorum, et Scoti fere omnes ceperunt uxores suas de optimo genere et sanguine Anglorum Germaniæ, et ita fuerunt tunc temporis per universum regnum Britannicæ duo in carne una. . . . Universi prædicti semper postea pro communi utilitate coronæ regni in simul et in unum viriliter contra Danos et Norwegienses semper steterunt; et atrocissime unanimi voluntate contra inimicos pugnaverunt, et bella atrocissima in regno gesserunt." (*Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen* ed. Schmid, p. 296.)

Christian IX. put his unwilling pen to that Danish constitution which was to incorporate all the country north of the Eider with Denmark, they have had to share in all the triumphs and all the humiliations of the German race, to which they are linked by the strong ties of a common blood and a common language.

Such constant trials and vicissitudes have told on the character of these German borderers, and have made them what they are, a hardy and determined, yet careful and cautious race. Their constant watchings and struggles against the slow encroachments or sudden inroads of an enemy more inveterate even than the Danes, — namely, the sea, — had imparted to them from the earliest times somewhat of that wariness and perseverance which we perceive in the national character of the Dutch and the Venetians. But the fresh breezes of the German Ocean and the Baltic kept their nerves well braced and their hearts buoyant; and for muscular development the arms of these sturdy ploughers of the sea and the land can vie with those of any of their neighbors on the isles or on the Continent. *Holsten-treue*, i. e. Holstein-truth, is proverbial throughout Germany, and it has stood the test of long and fearful trials.

There is but one way of gaining an insight into the real character of a people, unless we can actually live among them for years; and that is to examine their language and literature. Now it is true that the language spoken in Schleswig-Holstein is not German, — at least not in the ordinary sense of the word, — and one may well understand how travellers and correspondents of newspapers; who have picked up their German phrases from Ollendorf, and who, on the

strength of this, try to enter into a conversation with Holstein peasants, should arrive at the conclusion that these peasants speak Danish, or, at all events, that they do not speak German.

The Germans of Schleswig-Holstein are Saxons, and all true Saxons speak Low-German, and Low-German is more different from High-German than English is from Lowland Scotch. Low-German, however, is not to be mistaken for vulgar German. It is the German which from time immemorial was spoken in the low countries and along the northern sea-coast of Germany, as opposed to the German of the high country, of Swabia, Thuringia, Bavaria, and Austria. These two dialects differ from each other like Doric and Ionic; neither can be considered as a corruption of the other; and however far back we trace these two branches of living speech, we never arrive at a point when they diverge from one common source. The Gothic of the fourth century, preserved in the translation of the Bible by Ulfilas, is not, as has been so often said, the mother both of High and Low German. It is to all intents and purposes Low-German, only Low-German in its most primitive form, and more primitive therefore in its grammatical framework than the earliest specimens of High-German also, which date only from the seventh or eighth century. This Gothic, which was spoken in the east of Germany, has become extinct. The Saxon, spoken in the north of Germany, continues its manifold existence to the present day in the Low-German dialects, in Frisian, in Dutch, and in English. The rest of Germany was and is occupied by High-German. In the West the ancient High-German dialect of the Franks has been absorbed in French, while the German spoken from

the earliest times in the centre and south of Germany has supplied the basis of what is now called the literary and classical language of Germany.

Although the literature of Germany is chiefly High-German, there are a few literary compositions, both ancient and modern, in the different spoken dialects of the country, sufficient to enable scholars to distinguish at least nine distinct grammatical settlements; in the Low-German branch, *Gothic*, *Saxon*, *Anglo-Saxon*, *Frisian*, and *Dutch*; in the High-German branch, *Thuringian*, *Frankish*, *Bavarian*, and *Alemannish*. Professor Weinhold is engaged at present in publishing separate grammars of six of these dialects, namely, of *Alemannish*, *Bavarian*, *Frankish*, *Thuringian*, *Saxon*, and *Frisian*: and in his great German Grammar Jacob Grimm has been able to treat these, together with the Scandinavian tongues, as so many varieties of one common, primitive type of Teutonic speech.

But although, in the early days of German life, the Low and High German dialects were on terms of perfect equality, Low-German has fallen back in the race, while High-German has pressed forward with double speed. High-German has become the language of literature and good society. It is taught in schools, preached in church, pleaded at the bar; and, even in places where ordinary conversation is still carried on in Low-German, High-German is clearly intended to be the language of the future. At the time of Charlemagne this was not so; and one of the earliest literary monuments of the German language, the "Heliand," *i. e.* the Saviour, is written in Saxon or Low-German. The Saxon Emperors, however, did little for German literature, while the Swabian Emperors were proud of being the patrons of art and poetry.

The language spoken at their court being High-German, the ascendancy of that dialect may be said to date from their days, though it was not secured till the time of the Reformation, when the translation of the Bible by Luther put a firm and lasting stamp on what has since become the literary speech of Germany.

But language, even though deprived of literary cultivation, does not easily die. Though at present people write the same language all over Germany, the towns and villages teem everywhere with dialects, both High and Low. In Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, the Free Towns, and in Schleswig-Holstein, the lower orders speak their own German, generally called *Platt-Deutsch*, and in many parts of Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, Ostfriesland, and Holstein, the higher ranks too cling in their every-day conversation to this more homely dialect.<sup>1</sup> Children frequently

<sup>1</sup> Klaus Groth writes: "The island of Friesian speech on the continent of Schleswig between Husum and Tondern is a very riddle and miracle in the history of language, which has not been sufficiently noticed and considered. Why should the two extreme ends only of the whole Friesian coast between Belgium and Jutland have retained their mother-speech? For the Ost Friesians in Oldenburg speak simply Platt-Deutsch like the Westphalians and ourselves. Cirk Hinrich Stüremburg's so called Ost-Friesian Dictionary has no more right to call itself Friesian than the Bremen Dictionary. Unless the whole coast has sunk into the sea, who can explain that close behind Husum, in a flat country as monotonous as a Hungarian Pussta, without any natural frontier or division, the traveller, on entering the next inn, may indeed be understood if he speaks High or Low German, nay, may receive to either an answer in pure German, but hears the host and his servants speak in words that sound quite strange to him? Equally strange is the frontier north of the Wiede-au, where Danish takes the place of Friesian. Who can explain by what process the language has maintained itself so far and no farther, a language with which one cannot travel beyond eight or ten square miles? Why should these few thousand people not have surrendered long ago this 'useless remnant of an unschooled dialect,' considering they learn at the same time Low and High German, or Low-German and Danish? In the far-stretching, straggling villages a Low-German house stands sometimes alone among Friesian houses, and *vice versa*, and that has been going on for generations.

speak two languages: High-German at school, Low-German at their games. The clergyman speaks High-German when he stands in the pulpit; but when he visits the poor, he must address them in their own peculiar *Platt*. The lawyer pleads in the language of Schiller and Goethe; but when he examines his witnesses he has frequently to condescend to the vulgar tongue. That vulgar tongue is constantly receding from the towns; it is frightened away by railways, it is ashamed to show itself in parliament. But it is loved all the more by the people; it appeals to their hearts, and it comes back naturally to all who have ever talked it together in their youth. It is the same with the local patois of High-German. Even where at school the correct High-German is taught and spoken, as in Bavaria and Austria, each town still keeps its own patois, and the people fall back on it as soon as they are among themselves. When Maria Theresa went to the Burgtheater to announce to the people of Vienna the birth of a son and heir, she did not address them in high-flown literary German. She bent forward from her box, and called out: "*Hörts! der Leopold hot ân Buebá*:" "Hear! Leopold has a boy." In German comedies, characters from Berlin, Leipzig, and Vienna are constantly introduced speaking their own local dialects. In Bavaria, Styria, and the Tyrol, much of the poetry of the people is written in their patois; and in some parts of Germany sermons even, and other religious tracts, continue to be published in the local vernaculars.

In the Saxon families they do not find it necessary to learn Friesian, for all the neighbors can speak Low-German; but in the Friesian families one does not hear German spoken except when there are German visitors. Since the seventeenth century German has hardly conquered a single house, certainly not a village." (*Illustrirte Deutsche Monatshefte*, 1869 p. 330.)

There are here and there a few enthusiastic champions of dialects, particularly of Low-German, who still cherish a hope that High-German may be thrown back, and Low-German restored to its rights and former dominion. Yet, whatever may be thought of the relative excellences of High and Low German, — and in several points, no doubt, Low-German has the advantage of High-German, — yet, practically, the battle between the two is decided, and cannot now be renewed. The national language of Germany, whether in the South or the North, will always be the German of Luther, Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. This, however, is no reason why the dialects, whether of Low or High German, should be despised or banished. Dialects are everywhere the natural feeders of literary languages; and an attempt to destroy them, if it could succeed, would be like shutting up the tributaries of great rivers.

After these remarks it will be clear that, if people say that the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein do not speak German, there is some truth in such a statement, at least just enough of truth to conceal the truth. It might be said, with equal correctness, that the people of Lancashire do not speak English. But, if from this a conclusion is to be drawn that the Schleswig-Holsteiners, speaking this dialect, which is neither German nor Danish, might as well be taught in Danish as in German, this is not quite correct, and would deceive few if it were adduced as an argument for introducing French instead of English in the national schools of Lancashire.

The Schleswig-Holsteiners have their own dialect, and cling to it as they cling to many things which, in other parts of Germany, have been discarded as old-

fashioned and useless. "*Oll Knust hölt Hus,*" — "Stale bread lasts longest," — is one of their proverbs. But they read their Bible in High-German; they write their newspapers in High-German, and it is in High-German that their children are taught, and their sermons preached in every town and in every village. It is but lately that Low-German has been taken up again by Schleswig-Holstein poets; and some of their poems, though intended originally for their own people only, have been read with delight, even by those who had to spell them out with the help of a dictionary and a grammar. This kind of homespun poetry is a sign of healthy national life. Like the songs of Burns in Scotland, the poems of Klaus Groth and others reveal to us, more than anything else, the real thoughts and feelings, the every-day cares and occupations, of the people whom they represent, and to whose approval alone they appeal. But as Scotland, proud though she well may be of her Burns, has produced some of the best writers of English, Schleswig-Holstein, too, small as it is in comparison with Scotland, counts among its sons some illustrious names in German literature. Niebuhr, the great traveller, and Niebuhr, the great historian, were both Schleswig-Holsteiners, though during their lifetime that name had not yet assumed the political meaning in which it is now used. Karsten Niebuhr, the traveller, was a Hanoverian by birth; but, having early entered the Danish service, he was attached to a scientific mission sent by King Frederick V. to Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, in 1760. All the other members of that mission having died, it was left to Niebuhr, after his return in 1767, to publish the results of his own observations and of those of his companions. His "Description of Arabia," and

his "Travels in Arabia and the Adjoining Countries," though published nearly a hundred years ago, are still quoted with respect, and their accuracy has hardly ever been challenged. Niebuhr spent the rest of his life as a kind of collector and magistrate at Meldorf, a small town of between two and three thousand inhabitants, in Dithmarschen. He is described as a square and powerful man, who lived to a good old age, and who, even when he had lost his eyesight, used to delight his family and a large circle of friends by telling them of the adventures in his Oriental travels, of the starry nights of the desert, and of the bright moonlight of Egypt, where, riding on his camel, he could, from his saddle, recognize every plant that was growing on the ground. Nor were the listeners that gathered round him unworthy of the old traveller. Like many a small German town, Meldorf, the home of Niebuhr, had a society consisting of a few government officials, clergymen, and masters at the public school; most of them men of cultivated mind, and quite capable of appreciating a man of Niebuhr's powers. Even the peasants there were not the mere clods of other parts of Germany. They were a well-to-do race, and by no means illiterate. Their sons received at the Gymnasium of Meldorf a classical education, and they were able to mix with ease and freedom in the society of their betters. The most hospitable house at Meldorf was that of Boie, the High Sheriff of Dithmarschen. He had formerly, at Göttingen, been the life and soul of a circle of friends who have become famous in the history of German literature, under the name of "Hainbund." That "Hainbund," or Grove-club, included Bürger, the author of "Lenore;" Voss, the translator of Homer; the Counts Stolberg, Hölty, and

others. With Goethe, too, Boie had been on terms of intimacy, and when, in after life, he settled down at Meldorf, many of his old friends, his brother-in-law Voss, Count Stolberg, Claudius, and others, came to see him and his illustrious townsman, Niebuhr. Many a seed was sown there, many small germs began to ripen in that remote town of Meldorf, which are yielding fruit at the present day, not in Germany only, but here in England. The sons of Boie, fired by the descriptions of the old, blind traveller, followed his example, and became distinguished as explorers and discoverers in natural history. Niebuhr's son, young Barthold, soon attracted the attention of all who came to see his father, particularly of Voss; and he was enabled by their help and advice, to lay, in early youth, that foundation of solid learning which fitted him, in the intervals of his checkered life, to become the founder of a new era in the study of Ancient History. And how curious the threads which bind together the destinies of men! how marvelous the rays of light which, emanating from the most distant centres, cross each other in their onward course, and give their own peculiar coloring to characters apparently original and independent! We have read, of late, in the Confessions of a modern St. Augustine, how the last stroke that severed his connection with the Church of England was the establishment of the Jerusalem bishopric. But for that event, Dr. Newman might now be a bishop, and his friends a strong party in the Church of England. Well, that Jerusalem bishopric owes something to Meldorf. The young schoolboy of Meldorf was afterwards the private tutor and personal friend of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and he thus exercised an influence both on the political and the religious views of King Frederick

William IV. He was likewise Prussian Ambassador at Rome, when Bunsen was there as a young scholar, full of schemes, and planning his own journey to the East. Niebuhr became the friend and patron of Bunsen, and Bunsen became his successor in the Prussian embassy at Rome. It is well known that the Jerusalem bishopric was a long-cherished plan of the King of Prussia, Niebuhr's pupil, and that the bill for the establishment of a Protestant bishopric at Jerusalem was carried chiefly through the personal influence of Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr. Thus we see how all things are working together for good or for evil, though we little know of the grains of dust that are carried along from all quarters of the globe, to tell like infinitesimal weights in the scales that decide hereafter the judgment of individuals and the fate of nations.

If Holstein, and more particularly Dithmarschen, of which Meldorf had in former days been the capital, may claim some share in Niebuhr the historian, — if he himself, as the readers of his history are well aware, is fond of explaining the social and political institutions of Rome by references to what he had seen or heard of the little republic of Dithmarschen, — it is certainly a curious coincidence that the only worthy successor of Niebuhr, in the field of Roman history, Theodore Mommsen, is likewise a native of Schleswig. His *History of Rome*, though it did not produce so complete a revolution as the work of Niebuhr, stands higher as a work of art. It contains the results of Niebuhr's critical researches, sifted and carried on by a most careful and thoughtful disciple. It is, in many respects, a most remarkable work, particularly in Germany. The fact that it is readable, and has become a popular book, has excited the wrath of many critics, who evidently

consider it beneath the dignity of a learned professor that he should digest his knowledge, and give to the world, not all and everything he has accumulated in his note-books, but only what he considers really important and worth knowing. The fact, again, that he does not load his pages with references and learned notes has been treated like a *crimen læsæ majestatis*; and yet, with all the clamor and clatter that has been raised, few authors have had so little to alter or rectify in their later editions as Mommsen. To have produced two such scholars, historians, and statesmen as Niebuhr and Mommsen, would be an honor to any kingdom in Germany: how much more to the small duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, in which we have been told so often that nothing is spoken but Danish and some vulgar dialects of Low-German!

Well, even those vulgar dialects of Low-German, and the poems and novels that have been written in them by true Schleswig-Holsteiners, are well worth a moment's consideration. In looking at their language, an Englishman at once discovers a number of old acquaintances: words which we would look for in vain in Schiller or Goethe. We shall mention a few.

*Black* means black; in High-German it would be *schwarz*. *De black* is the black horse; *black up wit* is black on white; *gif mek kil un blak*, give me quill and ink. *Blid* is *blithe*, instead of the High-German *mild*. *Bottervogel*, or *botterhahn*, or *botterhex*, is *butterfly*, instead of *schmetterling*. It is a common superstition in the North of Germany, that one ought to mark the first butterfly one sees in spring. A white one betokens mourning, a yellow one a christening, a variegated one a wedding. *Bregen* or *brehm* is used instead of the High-German *gehirn*; it is the English *brain*.

People say of a very foolish person, that his brain is frozen, *de brehm is em verfrorn*. The peculiar English *but*, which has given so much trouble to grammarians and etymologists, exists in the Holstein *buten*, literally outside, the Dutch *buiten*, the Old-Saxon *bi-ûtan*. *Buten* in German is a regular contraction, just as *bin-nen*, which means inside, within, during. *Heben* is the English heaven, while the common German name is *Himmel*. *Hückup* is a sigh, and no doubt the English *hiccough*. *Düsig* is dizzy; *talkig* is talkative.

There are some curious words which, though they have a Low-German look, are not to be found in English or Anglo-Saxon. Thus *plitsch*, which is used in Holstein in the sense of clever, turns out to be a corruption of *politisch*, i. e. political. *Krüdsch* means particular or over nice; it is a corruption of *kritisch*, critical. *Katolsch* means angry, mad, and is a corruption of *catholic*, i. e. Roman Catholic. *Kränsch* means plucky, and stands for *courageux*. *Fränksch*, i. e. Frankish, means strange; *Flämsch*, i. e. Flemish, means sulky, and is used to form superlatives; *Polsch*, i. e. Polish, means wild. *Forsch* means strong and strength, and comes from the French *force*. *Kliir* is a corruption of *couleur*, and *Kunkelfusen* stands for confusion or fibs.

Some idiomatic and proverbial expressions, too, deserve to be noted. Instead of saying, "The sun has set," the Holsteiners, fond as they are of their beer, particularly in the evening after a hard day's work, say, "*De Sünn geht to Beer*," "The sun goes to beer." If you ask in the country how far it is to some town or village, a peasant will answer, "'n *Hunnblaff*," "A dog's bark," if it is quite close; or "'n *Pip Toback*," "A pipe of tobacco," meaning about half an hour. Of a conceited

fellow they say, "*Hê hört de Flégn hosten,*" "He hears the flies coughing." If a man is full of great schemes, he is told, "*In Gedanken fört de Bur ók in't Kutsch.*" "In thought the peasant, too, drives in a coach." A man who boasts is asked, "*Pracher! häst ók Lüis, oder schuppst di man so?*" "Braggart! have you really lice, or do you only scratch yourself as if you had?"

"*Holstein singt nicht,*" "Holstein does not sing," is a curious proverb; and if it is meant to express the absence of popular poetry in that country, it would be easy to convict it of falsehood by a list of poets whose works, though unknown to fame beyond the limits of their own country, are cherished, and deservedly cherished, by their own countrymen. The best known among the Holstein poets is Klaus Groth, whose poems, published under the title of "*Quickborn,*" *i. e.* quick bourn, or living spring, show that there is a well of true poetical feeling in that country, and that its strains are all the more delicious and refreshing if they bubble up in the native accent of the country. Klaus Groth was born in 1819. He was the son of a miller; and, though he was sent to school, he had frequently to work in the field in summer, and make himself generally useful. Like many Schleswig-Holsteiners, he showed a decided talent for mathematics; but, before he was sixteen, he had to earn his bread, and work as a clerk in the office of a local magistrate. His leisure hours were devoted to various studies: German, Danish, music, psychology, successively engaged his attention. In his nineteenth year he went to the seminary at Tondern to prepare himself to become a schoolmaster. There he studied Latin, French, Swedish; and, after three years, was appointed teacher at a girls' school. Though he had to give forty-three lessons a week, he

found time to continue his own reading, and he acquired a knowledge of English, Dutch, Icelandic, and Italian. At last, however, his health gave way, and in 1847 he was obliged to resign his place. During his illness his poetical talent, which he himself had never trusted, became a source of comfort to himself and to his friends, and the warm reception which greeted the first edition of his "Quickborn" made him what he was meant to be, — the poet of Schleswig-Holstein.

His political poems are few; and, though a true Schleswig-Holsteiner at heart, he has always declined to fight with his pen when he could not fight with his sword. In the beginning of this year, however, he published "Five Songs for Singing and Praying," which, though they fail to give an adequate idea of his power as a poet, may be of interest as showing the deep feelings of the people in their struggle for independence. The text will be easily intelligible with the help of a literal English translation.

#### DUTSCHE EHR AND DUTSCHE EER.

##### I.

*Frühling, 1848.*

Dar keemn Soldaten æwer de Elf,  
Hurah, hurah, na't Norn!  
Se keemn so dicht as Wagg an Wagg,  
Un as en Koppel vull Korn.

Gundag, Soldaten! wo kamt jü her?  
Vun alle Bargen de Krüz un Quer,  
Ut dütschen Landen na't dütsche Meer —  
So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

Wat liggt so eben as weert de See?  
Wat schint so gel as Gold?  
Dat is de Marschen er Saat un Staat,  
Dat is de Holsten er Stoet.

Gundag jü Holsten op dütsche Eer!  
 Gundag jü Friesen ant dütsche Meer!  
 To leben un starben vær dütsche Ehr  
 So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

GERMAN HONOR AND GERMAN EARTH.

*Spring, 1848.*

There came soldiers across the Elbe,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, to the North!  
 They came as thick as wave on wave,  
 And like a field full of corn.

Good day, soldiers! whence do you come?  
 From all the hills on the right and left,  
 From German lands to the German sea, —  
 Thus wanders and marches the host.

What lies so still as it were the sea?  
 What shines so yellow as gold?  
 The splendid fields of the Marshes they are,  
 The pride of the Holsten race.

Good day, ye Holsten, on German soil!  
 Good day, ye Friesians, on the German sea  
 To live and to die for German honor, —  
 Thus wanders and marches the host.

II.

*Sommer, 1851.*

Dat treckt so trurig æwer de Elf,  
 In Tritt un Schritt so swar —  
 De Swalw de wannert, de Hatbar treckt —  
 Se kamt wedder to tokum Jahr.

Ade, ade, du dütsches Heer!  
 "Ade, ade, du Holsten meer!  
 Ade op Hoffen un Wiederkehr!"  
 Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

De Storch kumt wedder, de Swalw de singt  
 So fröhlich as all tovær —  
 Wann kumt de dütsche Adler un bringt  
 Di wedder, du dütsche Ehr?

Wak op du Floth, wak op du Meer!  
 Wak op du Dunner, un weck de Eer!  
 Wi sitt op Hæpen un Wedderkehr —  
 Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

*Summer, 1851.*

They march so sad across the Elbe,  
 So heavy, step by step, —  
 The swallow wanders, the stork departs, —  
 They come back in the year to come.

Adieu, adieu, thou German host!  
 "Adieu, adieu, thou Holsten sea!  
 Adieu, in hope, and to meet again!"  
 We mourn alone by the sea.

The stork comes back, the swallow sings  
 As blithe as ever before, —  
 When will the German eagle return,  
 And bring thee back, thou German honor!

Wake up, thou flood! wake up, thou sea!  
 Wake up, thou thunder, and rouse the land  
 We are sitting in hope to meet again, —  
 We mourn alone by the sea.

### III.

*Winter, 1863.*

Dar kumt en Brusen as Værjahswind,  
 Dat dræhnt as wær dat de Floth, —  
 Will't Fröhjahr kamen to Wihnachtstid?  
 Hölpt Gott uns sülb'n inne Noth?

Vun alle Bargaen de Krüz un Quer  
 Dar is dat wedder dat dütsche Heer!  
 Dat gelt op Nu oder Nimmermehr!  
 So rett se, de dütsche Ehr!

Wi hört den Adler, he kumt, he kumt!  
 Noch eenmal hæpt wi un harrt!  
 Is't Friheit endlich, de he uns bringt?  
 Is't Wahrheit, wat der ut ward?

Sunst hölp uns Himmel, nu geit't ni mehr!  
 Hölp du, un bring uns den Herzog her!

Denn wüllt wi starben vør dütsche Ehr!  
 Denn begravt uns in dütsche Eer!

30 December, 1863

*Winter, 1863.*

There comes a blast like winter storm ;  
 It roars as it were the flood.  
 Is the spring coming at Christmas-tide?  
 Does God himself help us in our need?

From all the hills on the right and left,  
 There again comes the German host!  
 It is to be now or never!  
 O, save the German honor!

We hear the eagle, he comes, he comes!  
 Once more we hope and wait!  
 Is it freedom at last he brings to us?  
 Is it truth what comes from thence?

Else Heaven help us, now it goes no more!  
 Help thou, and bring us our Duke!  
 Then will we die for German honor!  
 Then bury us in German earth!

*December 30, 1863.*

It is not, however, in war songs or political invective that the poetical genius of Klaus Groth shows to advantage. His proper sphere is the quiet idyl, a truthful and thoughtful description of nature, a reproduction of the simplest and deepest feelings of the human heart, and all this in the homely, honest, and heartfelt language of his own "Platt Deutsch." That the example of Burns has told on Groth, that the poetry of the Scotch poet has inspired and inspirited the poet of Schleswig-Holstein, is not to be denied. But to imitate Burns, and to imitate him successfully, is no mean achievement, and Groth would be the last man to disown his master. The poem "Min Jehann" might have been written by Burns. I shall give a free metrical translation of it, but should advise the reader

to try to spell out the original; for much of its charm lies in its native form, and to turn Groth even into High-German destroys his beauty as much as when Burns is translated into English.

## MIN JEHANN.

Ik wull, wi weern noch kleen, Jehann,  
Do weer de Welt so grot!  
We seten op den Steen, Jehann,  
Weest noch? by Nawers Sot.  
An Heben seil de stille Maan,  
Wi segen, wa he leep,  
Un snacken, wa de Himmel hoch,  
Un wa de Sot wul deep.

Weest noch, wa still dat weer, Jehann?  
Dar röhr keen Blatt an Bom.  
So is dat nu ni mehr, Jehann,  
As höchstens noch in Drom.  
Och ne, wenn do de Scheper sung —  
Alleen in't wide Feld:  
Ni wahr, Jehann? dat weer en Ton —  
De eenzige op de Welt.

Mitünner inne Schummerntid  
Denn ward mi so to Mod,  
Denn löppt mi't langs den Rügg so hitt,  
As domals bi den Sot.  
Den dreih ik mi so hasti um,  
As weer ik nich alleen:  
Doch Allens, wat ik finn, Jehann,  
Dat is — ik stah un ween.

## MY JOHN.

I wish we still were little, John,  
The world was then so wide!  
When on the stone by neighbor's bourn  
We rested side by side.  
We saw the moon in silver veiled  
Sail silent through the sky;  
Our thoughts were deeper than the bourn,  
And as the heavens high.

You know how still it was then, John;  
All nature seemed at rest;

So is it now no longer, John,  
 Or in our dreams at best!  
 Think when the shepherd boy then sang  
 Alone o'er all the plain,  
 Aye, John, you know, that was a sound  
 We ne'er shall hear again.

Sometimes now, John, the eventides  
 The self-same feelings bring,  
 My pulses beat as loud and strong  
 As then beside the spring.  
 And then I turn affrighted round,  
 Some stranger to descry;  
 But nothing can I see, my John, —  
 I am alone and cry.

The next poem is a little popular ballad, relating to a tradition, very common on the northern coast of Germany, both east and west of the peninsula, of islands swallowed by the sea, their spires, pinnacles, and roofs being on certain days still visible, and their bells audible, below the waves. One of these islands was called *Büsen*, or *Old Büsum*, and is supposed to have been situated opposite the village now called *Büsen*, on the west coast of *Dithmarschen*. Strange to say, the inhabitants of that island, in spite of their tragic fate, are represented rather in a comical light, as the *Bœotians* of *Holstein*.

#### WAT SIK DAT VOLK VERTELLT.

##### *O! Büsum.*

O! Büsen hgg't int wille Haff,  
 De Floth de keem un wöhl en Graff.  
 De Floth de keem un spöl un spöl,  
 Bet se de Insel ünner wöhl.  
 Dar blev keen Steen, dar blev keen Pahl,  
 Dat Water schæel dat all hendal.  
 Dar weer keen Beest, dar weer keen Hund,  
 De ligt nu all in depen Grund.  
 Un Allens, wat der lev un lach,  
 Dat deck de See mit depe Nach.

Mitänner in de holle Ebb  
 So süht man vunne Hüis' de Köpp.  
 Denn dukt de Thorn herut ut Sand,  
 As weert en Finger vun en Hand.  
 Denn hört man sach de Klocken klingn,  
 Denn hört man sach de Kanter singn;  
 Denn geit dat lisen dær de Luft:  
 "Begrabt den Leib in seine Gruft."

## WHAT THE PEOPLE TELL.

*Old Büsum.*

Old Büsen sank into the waves;  
 The sea has made full many graves;  
 The flood came near and washed around,  
 Until the rock to dust was ground.  
 No stone remained, no belfry steep;  
 All sank into the waters deep.  
 There was no beast, there was no hound;  
 They all were carried to the ground.  
 And all that lived and laughed around  
 The sea now holds in gloom profound.  
 At times, when low the water falls,  
 The sailor sees the broken walls;  
 The church tower peeps from out the sand,  
 Like to the finger of a hand.  
 Then hears one low the church bells ringing  
 Then hears one low the sexton singing;  
 A chant is carried by the gust:  
 "Give earth to earth, and dust to dust."

In the Baltic, too, similar traditions are current of sunken islands and towns buried in the sea, which are believed to be visible at certain times. The most famous tradition is that of the ancient town of Vineta, — once, it is said, the greatest emporium in the north of Europe, — several times destroyed and built up again, till, in 1183, it was upheaved by an earthquake and swallowed by a flood. The ruins of Vineta are believed to be visible between the coast of Pomerania and the island of Rügen. This tradition has suggested one of Wilhelm Müller's — my father's — lyrical songs, published in his "Stones and Shells from the Island of

Rügen," 1825, of which I am able to give a translation by Mr. J. A. Froude.

## VINETA.

## I.

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde  
Klingen Abendglocken dumpf und matt,  
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde  
Von der schönen alten Wunderstadt.

## II.

In der Fluthen Schooss hinabgesunken  
Blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn,  
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken  
Wiederscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

## III.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer  
Einmal sah im hellen Abendroth,  
Nach derselben Stelle schiff er immer,  
Ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

## IV.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde  
Klingt es mir, wie Glocken, dumpf und matt:  
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde  
Von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

## V.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,  
Ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn,  
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelfunken  
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

## VI.

Und dann möcht' ich tauchen in die Tiefen,  
Mich versenken in den Widerschein,  
Und mir ist als ob mich Engel riefen  
In die alte Wunderstadt herein.

## VINETA.

## I.

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,  
Far off evening bells come sad and slow;

Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing  
Of the old enchanted town below.

## II.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,  
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,  
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,  
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

## III.

And the boatman who at twilight hour  
Once that magic vision shall have seen,  
Heedless how the crags may round him lour,  
Evermore will haunt the charmed scene.

## IV.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,  
Far I hear them, bell-notes sad and slow,  
Ah, a wild and wondrous tale revealing  
Of the drowned wreck of love below.

## V.

There a world, in loveliness decaying,  
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;  
Phantom forms, across my senses playing,  
Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.

## VI.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,  
And I long to plunge and wander free,  
Where I hear the angel-voices singing  
In those ancient towers below the sea.

I give a few more specimens of Klaus Groth's poetry, which I have ventured to turn into English verse, in the hope that my translations, though very imperfect, may, perhaps on account of their very imperfection, excite among some of my readers a desire to become acquainted with the originals.

## HE SÄ MI SO VEL.

## I.

He sä mi so vel, un ik sä em keen Wort,  
Un all wat ik sä, weer: Jehann, ik mutt fort!

## II.

He sä mi vun Lev un vun Himmel un Eer,  
He sä mi vun allens — ik weet ni mal mehr!

## III.

He sä mi so vel, un ik sä em keen Wort,  
Un all wat ik sä, weer: Jehann, ik mutt fort!

## IV.

He heeld mi de Hann, un he be mi so dull,  
Ik schull em doch gut wen, un ob ik ni wull?

## V.

Ik weer je ni bös, awer sä doch keen Wort,  
Un all wat ik sä, weer: Jehann, ik mutt fort!

## VI.

Nu sitt ik un denk, un denk jümmer daran  
Mi düch, ik muss seggt hebbn: Wa geern, min Jehann!

## VII.

Un doch, kumt dat wedder, so segg ik keen Wort,  
Un hollt he mi, segg ik: Jehann, ik mutt fort!

## HE TOLD ME SO MUCH.

## I.

Though he told me so much, I had nothing to say  
And all that I said was, John, I must away!

## II.

He spoke of his true love, and spoke of all that,  
Of honor and heaven, — I hardly know what.

## III.

Though he told me so much, I had nothing to say,  
And all that I said was, John, I must away!

## IV.

He held me, and asked me, as hard as he could,  
That I too should love him, and whether I would?

## V.

I never was wrath, but had nothing to say,  
And all that I said was, John, I must away!

## VI.

I sit now alone, and I think on and on,  
Why did I not say then, How gladly, my John!

## VII.

Yet even the next time, O what shall I say,  
If he holds me and asks me?— John, I must away!

## TÖF MAL!

Se is doch de stillste vun alle to Kark!  
Se is doch de schönste vun alle to Mark!  
So weekli, so bleekli, un de Ogen so grot,  
So blau as en Heben un deep as en Sot.

Wer kikt wul int Water, un denkt ni sin Deel?  
Wer kikt wul nan Himmel, un wünscht sik ne vel?  
Wer süht er in Ogen, so blau un so fram,  
Un denkt ni an Engeln, un allerhand Kram?

## I.

In church she is surely the stillest of all,  
She steps through the market so fair and so tall,

## II.

So softly, so lightly, with wondering eyes,  
As deep as the sea, and as blue as the skies.

## III.

Who thinks not a deal when he looks on the main?  
Who looks to the skies, and sighs not again?

## IV.

Who looks in her eyes, so blue and so true,  
And thinks not of angels and other things too?

## KEEN GRAFF IS SO BRUT.

## I.

Keen Graff is so brut un keen Miier so hoch,  
Wenn Twe sik man gut sünd, so drapt se sik doch

## II.

Keen Wedder so gruli, so düster keen Nacht,  
Wenn Twe sik mau sehn wüillt, so seht se sik sach

## III.

Dat gif wul en Maanschin, dar schint wul en Steern,  
Dat gift noch en Licht oder Lucht un Lantern.

## IV.

Dar fiint sik en Ledder, en Stegelsch un Steg:  
Wenn Twe sik man leef hebbt — keen Sorg vaer den Weg.

## I.

No ditch is so deep, and no wall is so high,  
If two love each other, they'll meet by and by.

## II.

No storm is so wild, and no night is so black,  
If two wish to meet, they will soon find a track.

## III.

There is surely the moon, or the stars shining bright,  
Or a torch, or a lantern, or some sort of light;

## IV.

There is surely a ladder, a step, or a stile,  
If two love each other, they'll meet ere long while.

## JEHANN, NU SPANN DE SCHIMMELS AN!

## I.

Jehann, nu spann de Schimmels an.  
Nu fahr wi na de Brut!  
Un hebbt wi nix as brune Per,  
Jehann, so is't ok gut!

## II.

Un hebbt wi nix as swarte Per,  
Jehann, so is't ok recht!  
Un bün ik nich uns Weerth sin Soen,  
So bün'k sin jüingste Knecht!

## III.

Un hebbt wi gar keen Per un Wag',  
So hebbt wi junge Been!  
Un de so glückli is as ik,  
Jehann, dat wüll wi sehn!

## MAKE HASTE, MY JOHN, PUT TO THE GRAYS.

## I.

Make haste, my John, put to the grays,  
 We'll go and fetch the bride,  
 And if we have but two brown hacks,  
 They'll do as well to ride.

## II.

And if we've but a pair of blacks,  
 We still can bear our doom,  
 And if I'm not my master's son,  
 I'm still his youngest groom.

## III.

And have we neither horse nor cart,  
 Still strong young legs have we, —  
 And any happier man than I,  
 John, I should like to see.

## DE JUNGE WETFRU.

Wenn Abends roth de Wolken **treckt**,  
 So denk ik och! an di!  
 So trock verbi dat ganze Heer,  
 Un du weerst mit derbi.

Wenn ut de Böm de Blaeder **fallt**,  
 So denk ik glik an di:  
 So full so menni brawe Jung,  
 Un du weerst mit derbi.

Denn sett ik mi so truri hin,  
 Un denk so vel an di,  
 Ik et alleen min Abendbrot —  
 Un du büst nich derbi.

## THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

When ruddy clouds are driving **past**,  
 'Tis more than I can bear;  
 Thus did the soldiers all march by,  
 And thou, too, thou wert there.

When leaves are falling on the ground,  
 'Tis more than I can bear;

Thus fell full many a valiant lad,  
And thou, too, thou wert there.

And now I sit so still and sad,  
'Tis more than I can bear;  
My evening meal I eat alone,  
For thou, thou art not there.

I wish I could add one of Klaus Groth's tales ("Vertellen," as he calls them), which give the most truthful description of all the minute details of life in Dithmarschen, and bring the peculiar character of the country and of its inhabitants vividly before the eyes of the reader. But, short as they are, even the shortest of them would fill more pages than could here be spared for Schleswig-Holstein. I shall, therefore, conclude this sketch with a tale which has no author, — a simple tale from one of the local Holstein newspapers. It came to me in a heap of other papers, fly-sheets, pamphlets, and books, but it shone like a diamond in a heap of rubbish; and, as the tale of "The Old Woman of Schleswig-Holstein," it may help to give to many who have been unjust to the inhabitants of the Duchies some truer idea of the stuff there is in that strong and staunch and sterling race to which England owes its language, its best blood, and its honored name.

"When the war against Denmark began again in the winter of 1863, offices were opened in the principal towns of Germany for collecting charitable contributions. At Hamburg, Messrs. L. and K. had set apart a large room for receiving lint, linen, and warm clothing, or small sums of money. One day, about Christmas, a poorly clad woman from the country stepped in and inquired, in the pure Holstein dialect, whether contributions were received here for Schles-

wig-Holstein. The clerk showed her to a table covered with linen rags and such like articles. But she turned away and pulled out an old leather purse, and, taking out pieces of money, began to count aloud on the counter: 'One mark, two marks, three marks,' till she had finished her ten marks. 'That makes ten marks,' she said, and shoved the little pile away. The clerk, who had watched the poor old woman while she was arranging her small copper and silver coins, asked her,—'From whom does the money come?'

"'From me,' she said, and began counting again, 'One mark, two marks, three marks.' Thus she went on emptying her purse, till she had counted out ten small heaps of coin, of ten marks each. Then, counting each heap once over again, she said: 'These are my hundred marks for Schleswig-Holstein; be so good as to send them to the soldiers.'

"While the old peasant woman was doing her sums, several persons had gathered round her; and, as she was leaving the shop, she was asked again in a tone of surprise from whom the money came.

"'From me,' she said; and, observing that she was closely scanned, she turned back, and looking the man full in the face, she added, smiling: 'It is all honest money; it won't hurt the good cause.'

"The clerk assured her that no one had doubted her honesty, but that she herself had, no doubt, often known want, and that it was hardly right to let her contribute so large a sum, probably the whole of her savings.

"The old woman remained silent for a time, but, after she had quietly scanned the faces of all present, she said: 'Surely it concerns no one how I got the

money. Many a thought passed through my heart while I was counting that money. You would not ask me to tell you all? But you are kind gentlemen, and you take much trouble for us poor people. So I'll tell you whence the money came. Yes, I have known want; food has been scarce with me many a day, and it will be so again, as I grow older. But our gracious Lord watches over us. He has helped me to bear the troubles which He sent. He will never forsake me. My husband has been dead this many and many a year. I had one only son; and my John was a fine stout fellow, and he worked hard, and he would not leave his old mother. He made my home snug and comfortable. Then came the war with the Danes. All his friends joined the army; but the only son of a widow, you know, is free. So he remained at home, and no one said to him, "Come along with us," for they knew that he was a brave boy, and that it broke his very heart to stay behind. I knew it all. I watched him when the people talked of the war, or when the schoolmaster brought the newspaper. Ah, how he turned pale and red, and how he looked away, and thought his old mother did not see it! But he said nothing to me, and I said nothing to him. Gracious God, who could have thought that it was so hard to drive our oppressors out of the land? Then came the news from Fredericia! That was a dreadful night. We sat in silence opposite each other. We knew what was in our hearts, and we hardly dared to look at each other. Suddenly he rose and took my hand, and said, "Mother!" — God be praised, I had strength in that moment — "John," I said, "our time has come; go in God's name. I know how thou lovest me, and what thou hast suffered. God knows what will be-

come of me if I am left quite alone, but our Lord Jesus Christ will forsake neither thee nor me." John enlisted as a volunteer. The day of parting came. Ah, I am making a long story of it all! John stood before me in his new uniform. "Mother," he said, "one request before we part—if it is to be"—"John," I said to him, "I know what thou meanest,—O, I shall weep, I shall weep very much when I am alone; but my time will come, and we shall meet again in the day of our Lord, John! and the land shall be free, John! the land shall be free!"

"Heavy tears stood in the poor old woman's eyes as she repeated her sad tale; but she soon collected herself, and continued: 'I did not think then it would be so hard. The heart always hopes even against hope. But for all that'—and here the old woman drew herself up, and looked at us like a queen—'I have never regretted that I bade him go. Then came dreadful days; but the most dreadful of all was when we read that the Germans had betrayed the land, and that they had given up our land with all our dead to the Danes! Then I called on the Lord and said, "O Lord, my God, how is that possible? Why lettest Thou the wicked triumph and allowest the just to perish?" And I was told that the Germans were sorry for what they had done, but that they could not help it. But that, gentlemen, I could never understand. We should never do wrong, nor allow wrong to be done. And, therefore, I thought, it cannot always remain so; our good Lord knows his own good time, and in his own good time He will come and deliver us. And I prayed every evening that our gracious Lord would permit me to see that day when the land should be free, and our dear dead

should sleep no more in Danish soil. And, as I had no other son against that day, I saved every year what I could save, and on every Christmas Eve I placed it before me on a table, where, in former years, I had always placed a small present for my John, and I said in my heart, The war will come again, and the land will be free, and thou shalt sleep in a free grave, my only son, my John! And now, gentlemen, the poor old woman has been told that the day has come, and that her prayer has been heard, and that the war will begin again; and that is why she has brought her money, the money she saved for her son. Good morning, gentlemen,' she said, and was going quickly away.

"But, before she had left the room, an old gentleman said, loud enough for her to hear, 'Poor body! I hope she may not be deceived.'

"'Ah,' said the old woman, turning back, 'I know what you mean; I have been told all is not right yet. But have faith, men! the wicked cannot prevail against the just; man cannot prevail against the Lord. Hold to that, gentlemen; hold fast together, gentlemen! This very day I — begin to save up again.'

"Bless her, good old soul! And, if Odin were still looking out of his window in the sky as of yore, when he granted victory to the women of the Lombards, might he not say even now: —

" 'When women are heroes,  
What must the men be like?  
Theirs is the victory;  
No need of me.' "

## VII.

### JOINVILLE.<sup>1</sup>

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OUR attention was attracted a few months ago by a review published in the "Journal des Débats," in which a new translation of Joinville's "Histoire de Saint Louis," by M. Natalis de Wailly, a distinguished member of the French Institute, was warmly recommended to the French public. After pointing out the merits of M. de Wailly's new rendering of Joinville's text, and the usefulness of such a book for enabling boys at school to gain an insight into the hearts and minds of the Crusaders, and to form to themselves a living conception of the manners and customs of the people of the thirteenth century, the reviewer, whose name is well known in this country as well as in France by his valuable contributions to the history of medicine, dwelt chiefly on the fact that through the whole of Joinville's "Mémoires" there is no mention whatever

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de St. Louis*, par Joinville. Texte rapproché du Français Moderne par M. Natalis de Wailly, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1865.

*Œuvres de Jean Sire de Joinville*, avec un texte rapproché du Français Moderne, par M. Natalis de Wailly. Paris, 1867. M. Natalis de Wailly has since published a new edition of Joinville, *Histoire de Saint Louis*, par Jean Sire de Joinville, suivie du Credo et de la lettre à Louis X.; texte ramené à l'orthographe des Chartes du Sire de Joinville. Paris, 1868. He has more fully explained the principles according to which the text of Joinville has been restored by him in his *Mémoire sur la Langue de Joinville*. Paris, 1868.

of surgeons or physicians. Nearly the whole French army is annihilated, the King and his companions lie prostrate from wounds and disease, Joinville himself is several times on the point of death; yet nowhere, according to the French reviewer, does the chronicler refer to a medical staff attached to the army or to the person of the King. Being somewhat startled at this remark, we resolved to peruse once more the charming pages of Joinville's History; nor had we to read far before we found that one passage at least had been overlooked, a passage which establishes beyond the possibility of doubt the presence of surgeons and physicians in the camp of the French Crusaders. On page 78 of M. de Wailly's spirited translation, in the account of the death of Gautier d'Autrèche, we read that when that brave knight was carried back to his tent nearly dying, "several of the surgeons and physicians of the camp came to see him, and not perceiving that he was dangerously injured, they bled him on both his arms." The result was what might be expected: Gautier d'Autrèche soon breathed his last.

Having once opened the "Mémoires" of Joinville, we could not but go on to the end, for there are few books that carry on the reader more pleasantly, whether we read them in the quaint French of the fourteenth century, or in the more modern French in which they have just been clothed by M. Natalis de Wailly. So vividly does the easy gossip of the old soldier bring before our eyes the days of St. Louis and Henry III., that we forget that we are reading an old chronicle, and holding converse with the heroes of the thirteenth century. The fates both of Joinville's "Mémoires" and of Joinville himself suggest in fact many reflections apart from mere mediæval history; and a few of

them may here be given in the hope of reviving the impressions left on the minds of many by their first acquaintance with the old Crusader, or of inviting others to the perusal of a work which no one who takes an interest in man, whether past or present, can read without real pleasure and real benefit.

It is interesting to watch the history of books, and to gain some kind of insight into the various circumstances which contribute to form the reputation of poets, philosophers, or historians. Joinville, whose name is now familiar to the student of French history, as well as to the lover of French literature, might fairly have expected that his memory would live by his acts of prowess, and by his loyal devotion and sufferings when following the King of France, St. Louis, on his unfortunate crusade. When, previous to his departure for the Holy Land, the young Sénéchal de Champagne, then about twenty-four years of age, had made his confession to the Abbot of Cheminon; when, barefoot and in a white sheet, he was performing his pilgrimages to Blehecourt (Blechicourt), St. Urbain, and other sacred shrines in his neighborhood, and when on passing his own domain he would not once turn his eyes back on the castle of Joinville, "*pour ce que li cuers ne me attendrisist dou biau chastel que je lessioie et de mes dous enfans*" ("that the heart might not make me pine after the beautiful castle which I left behind, and after my two children"), he must have felt that, happen what might to himself, the name of his family would live, and his descendants would reside from century to century in those strong towers where he left his young wife, Alix de Grandpré, and his son and heir Jean, then but a few months old. After five years he returned from his crusade, full of honors and

full of wounds. He held one of the highest positions that a French nobleman could hold. He was Sénéchal de Champagne, as his ancestors had been before him. Several members of his family had distinguished themselves in former crusades, and the services of his uncle Geoffroi had been so highly appreciated by Richard Cœur de Lion that he was allowed by that King to quarter the arms of England with his own. Both at the court of the Comtes de Champagne, who were Kings of Navarre, and at the court of Louis IX., King of France, Joinville was a welcome guest. He witnessed the reigns of six kings, — of Louis VIII., 1223–26; Louis IX., or St. Louis, 1226–70; Philip III., le Hardi, 1270–85; Philip IV., le Bel, 1285–1314; Louis X., le Hutin, 1314–16; and Philip V., le Long, 1316–22. Though later in life Joinville declined to follow his beloved King on his last and fatal crusade in 1270, he tells us himself how, on the day on which he took leave of him, he carried his royal friend, then really on the brink of death, in his arms from the residence of the Comte d'Auxerre to the house of the Cordeliers. In 1282 he was one of the principal witnesses when, previous to the canonization of the King, an inquest was held to establish the purity of his life, the sincerity of his religious professions, and the genuineness of his self-sacrificing devotion in the cause of Christendom. When the daughter of his own liege lord, the Comte de Champagne, Jeanne de Navarre, married Philip le Bel, and became Queen of France, she made Joinville Governor of Champagne, which she had brought as her dowry to the grandson of St. Louis. Surely, then, when the old Crusader, the friend and counselor of many kings, closed his earthly career, at the good age of ninety-five, he might have looked forward to ar

honored grave in the Church of St. Laurent, and to an eminent place in the annals of his country, which were then being written in more or less elegant Latin by the monks of St. Denis.

But what has happened? The monkish chroniclers, no doubt, have assigned him his proper place in their tedious volumes, and there his memory would have lived with that kind of life which belongs to the memory of Geoffroi, his illustrious uncle, the friend of Philip Augustus, the companion of Richard Cœur de Lion, whose arms were to be seen in the Church of St. Laurent, at Joinville, quartered with the royal arms of England. Such parchment or hatchment glory might have been his, and many a knight, as good as he, has received no better, no more lasting reward for his loyalty and bravery. His family became extinct in his grandson. Henri de Joinville, his grandson, had no sons; and his daughter, being a wealthy heiress, was married to one of the Dukes of Lorraine. The Dukes of Lorraine were buried for centuries in the same Church of St. Laurent where Joinville reposed, and where he had founded a chapel dedicated to his companion in arms, Louis IX., the Royal Saint of France; and when, at the time of the French Revolution, the tombs of St. Denis were broken open by an infuriated people, and their ashes scattered abroad, the vaults of the church at Joinville, too, shared the same fate, and the remains of the brave Crusader suffered the same indignity as the remains of his sainted King. It is true that there were some sparks of loyalty and self-respect left in the hearts of the citizens of Joinville. They had the bones of the old warrior and of the Dukes of Lorraine reinterred in the public cemetery; and there they now rest, mingled with the dust of

their faithful lieges and subjects. But the Church of St. Laurent, with its tombs and tombstones, is gone. The property of the Joinvilles descended from the Dukes of Lorraine to the Dukes of Guise, and, lastly, to the family of Orleans. The famous Duke of Orleans, Egalité, sold Joinville in 1790, and stipulated that the old castle should be demolished. Poplars and fir-trees now cover the ground of the ancient castle, and the name of Joinville is borne by a royal prince, the son of a dethroned king, the grandson of Louis Egalité, who died on the guillotine.

Neither his noble birth, nor his noble deeds, nor the friendship of kings and princes, would have saved Joinville from that inevitable oblivion which has blotted from the memory of living men the names of his more eminent companions, — Robert, Count of Artois; Alphonse, Count of Poitiers; Charles, Count of Anjou; Hugue, Duke of Burgundy; William, Count of Flanders, and many more. A little book which the old warrior wrote or dictated, — for it is very doubtful whether he could have written it himself, — a book which for many years attracted nobody's attention, and which even now we do not possess in the original language of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth centuries — has secured to the name of Jean de Joinville a living immortality, and a fame that will last long after the bronze statue which was erected in his native place in 1853 shall have shared the fate of his castle, of his church, and of his tomb. Nothing could have been further from the mind of the old nobleman when, at the age of eighty-five, he began the history of his royal comrade, St. Louis, than the hope of literary fame. He would have scouted it. That kind of fame might have been good enough for monks

and abbots, but it would never at that time have roused the ambition of a man of Joinville's stamp. How the book came to be written he tells us himself in his dedication, dated in the year 1309, and addressed to Louis le Hutin, then only King of Navarre and Count of Champagne, but afterwards King of France. His mother, Jeanne of Navarre, the daughter of Joinville's former liege lord, the last of the Counts of Champagne, who was married to Philip le Bel, the grandson of St. Louis, had asked him "to have a book made for her, containing the sacred words and good actions of our King, St. Loos." She died before the book was finished, and Joinville, therefore, sent it to her son. How it was received by him we do not know; nor is there any reason to suppose that there were more than a few copies made of a work which was intended chiefly for members of the royal family of France and of his own family. It is never quoted by historical writers of that time; and the first historian who refers to it is said to be Pierre le Baud, who, toward the end of the fifteenth century, wrote his "Histoire de Bretagne." It has been proved that for a long time no mention of the dedication copy occurs in the inventories of the private libraries of the Kings of France. At the death of Louis le Hutin his library consisted of twenty-nine volumes, and among them the History of St. Louis does not occur. There is, indeed, one entry, "Quatre cahiers de Saint Loos;" but this could not be meant for the work of Joinville, which was in one volume. These four *cahiers* or quires of paper were more likely manuscript notes of St. Louis himself. His confessor, Geoffroy de Beaulieu, relates that the King, before his last illness, wrote down with his own hand some salutary counsels in French, of

which he, the confessor, procured a copy before the King's death, and which he translated from French into Latin.

Again, the widow of Louis X. left at her death a collection of forty-one volumes, and the widow of Charles le Bel a collection of twenty volumes; but in neither of them is there any mention of Joinville's History.

It is not till we come to the reign of Charles V. (1364-80) that Joinville's book occurs in the inventory of the royal library, drawn up in 1373 by the King's valet de chambre, Gilles Mallet. It is entered as "La vie de Saint Loys, et les fais de son voyage d'outre mer;" and in the margin of the catalogue there is a note, "Le Roy l'a par devers soy," — "The King has it by him." At the time of his death the volume had not yet been returned to its proper place in the first hall of the Louvre; but in the inventory drawn up in 1411 it appears again, with the following description: <sup>1</sup> —

"Une grant partie de la vie et des fais de Monseigneur Saint Loys que fist faire le Seigneur de Joinville; très-bien escript et historié. Couvert de cuir rouge, à empreintes, à deux fermoirs d'argent. Escrip de lettres de forme en françois à deux coulombes; commençant au deuxième folio 'et porceque,' et au derrenier 'en tele maniere.'"

This means, "A great portion of the life and actions of St. Louis which the Seigneur de Joinville had made, very well written and illuminated. Bound in red leather, tooled, with two silver clasps. Written in formal letters in French, in two columns, beginning on the second folio with the words "*et porceque*," and on the last with "*en tele maniere*."

During the Middle Ages and before the discovery

<sup>1</sup> See Paulin Paris, p. 175.

of printing, the task of having a literary work published, or rather of having it copied, rested chiefly with the author; and as Joinville himself, at his time of life, and in the position which he occupied, had no interest in what we should call "pushing" his book, this alone is quite sufficient to explain its almost total neglect. But other causes, too, have been assigned by M. Paulin Paris and others for what seems at first sight so very strange, — the entire neglect of Joinville's work. From the beginning of the twelfth century the monks of St. Denis were the recognized historians of France. They at first collected the most important historical works of former centuries, such as Gregory of Tours, Eginhard, the so-called Archbishop Turpin, Nithard, and William of Jumièges. But beginning with the first year of Philip I., 1060–1108, the monks became themselves the chroniclers of passing events. The famous Abbot Suger, the contemporary of Abelard and St. Bernard, wrote the life of Louis le Gros; Rigord and Guillaume de Nangis followed with the history of his successors. Thus the official history of St. Louis had been written by Guillaume de Nangis long before Joinville thought of dictating his personal recollections of the King. Besides the work of Guillaume de Nangis, there was the "History of the Crusades," including that of St. Louis, written by Guillaume, Archbishop of Tyre, and translated into French, so that even the ground which Joinville had more especially selected as his own was preoccupied by a popular and authoritative writer. Lastly, when Joinville's History appeared, the chivalrous King, whose sayings and doings his old brother in arms undertook to describe in his homely and truthful style, had ceased to be an ordinary mortal. He had become

a saint, and what people were anxious to know of him were legends rather than history. With all the sincere admiration which Joinville entertained for his King, he could not compete with such writers as Geoffroy de Beaulieu (Gaufridus de Belloloco), the confessor of St. Louis, Guillaume de Chartres (Guillelmus Carnotensis), his chaplain, or the confessor of his daughter Blanche, each of whom had written a life of the royal saint. Their works were copied over and over again, and numerous MSS. have been preserved of them in public and private libraries. Of Joinville one early MS. only was saved, and even that not altogether a faithful copy of the original.

The first edition of Joinville was printed at Poitiers in 1547, and dedicated to François I. The editor, Pierre Antoine de Rieux, tells us that when, in 1542, he examined some old documents at Beaufort en Valée, in Anjou, he found among the MSS. the Chronicle of King Louis, written by a Seigneur de Joinville, Sénéchal de Champagne, who lived at that time, and had accompanied the said St. Louis in all his wars. But because it was badly arranged or written in a very rude language, he had it polished and put in better order, a proceeding of which he is evidently very proud, as we may gather from a remark of his friend Guillaume de Perrière, that "it is no smaller praise to polish a diamond than to find it quite raw" (*toute brute*).

This text, which could hardly be called Joinville's, remained for a time the received text. It was reproduced in 1595, in 1596, and in 1609.

In 1617 a new edition was published by Claude Menard. He states that he found at Laval a heap of old papers, which had escaped the ravages committed

by the Protestants in some of the monasteries at Anjou. When he compared the MS. of Joinville with the edition of Pierre Antoine de Rieux, he found that the ancient style of Joinville had been greatly changed. He therefore undertook a new edition, more faithful to the original. Unfortunately, however, his original MS. was but a modern copy, and his edition, though an improvement on that of 1547, was still very far from the style and language of the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The learned Du Cange searched in vain for more trustworthy materials for restoring the text of Joinville. Invaluable as are the dissertations which he wrote on Joinville, his own text of the History, published in 1668, could only be based on the two editions that had preceded his own.

It was not till 1761 that real progress was made in restoring the text of Joinville. An ancient MS. had been brought from Brussels by the Maréchal Maurice de Saxe. It was carefully edited by M. Capperonnier, and it has served, with few exceptions, as the foundation of all later editions. It is now in the Imperial Library. The editors of the "Recueil des Historiens de France" express their belief that the MS. might actually be the original. At the end of it are the words, "Ce fu escript en l'an de grâce mil CCC et IX, on moys d'octovre." This, however, is no real proof of the date of the MS. Transcribers of MSS., it is well known, were in the habit of mechanically copying all they saw in the original, and hence we find very commonly the date of an old MS. repeated over and over again in modern copies.

The arguments by which in 1839 M. Paulin Paris proved that this, the oldest MS. of Joinville, belongs

not to the beginning, but to the end of the fourteenth century, seem unanswerable, though they failed to convince M. Daunou, who, in the twentieth volume of the "Historiens de France," published in 1840, still looks upon this MS. as written in 1309, or at least during Joinville's life-time. M. Paulin Paris establishes, first of all, that this MS. cannot be the same as that which was so carefully described in the catalogue of Charles V. What became of that MS. once belonging to the private library of the Kings of France, no one knows, but there is no reason, even now, why it should not still be recovered. The MS. of Joinville, which now belongs to the Imperial Library, is written by the same scribe who wrote another MS. of "La Vie et les Miracles de Saint Louis." Now, this MS. of "La Vie et les Miracles" is a copy of an older MS., which likewise exists at Paris. This more ancient MS., probably the original, and written, therefore, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, had been carefully revised before it served as the model for the later copy, executed by the same scribe who, as we saw, wrote the old MS. of Joinville. A number of letters were scratched out, words erased, and sometimes whole sentences altered or suppressed, a red line being drawn across the words which had to be omitted. It looks, in fact, like a manuscript prepared for the printer. Now, if the same copyist who copied this MS. copied likewise the MS. of Joinville, it follows that he was separated from the original of Joinville by the same interval which separates the corrected MSS. of "La Vie et les Miracles" from their original, or from the beginning of the fourteenth century. This line of argument seems to establish satisfactorily the approximate date of the oldest MS. of Joinville as belonging to the end of the fourteenth century.

Another MS. was discovered at Lucca. As it had belonged to the Dukes of Guise, great expectations were at one time entertained of its value. It was bought by the Royal Library at Paris in 1741 for 360 livres, but it was soon proved not to be older than about 1500, representing the language of the time of François I. rather than of St. Louis, but nevertheless preserving occasionally a more ancient spelling than the other MS. which was copied two hundred years before. This MS. bears the arms of the Princess Antoinette de Bourbon and of her husband, Claude de Lorraine, who was "Duc de Guise, Comte d'Aumale, Marquis de Mayence et d'Elbeuf, and Baron de Joinville." Their marriage took place in 1513; he died in 1550, she in 1583.

There is a third MS. which has lately been discovered. It belonged to M. Brissart-Binet of Rheims, became known to M. Paulin Paris, and was lent to M. de Wailly for his new edition of Joinville. It seems to be a copy of the so-called MS. of Lucca, the MS. belonging to the Princess Antoinette de Bourbon, and it is most likely the very copy which that Princess ordered to be made for Louis Lasséré, canon of St. Martin of Tours who published an abridgment of it in 1541. By a most fortunate accident it supplies the passages from page 88 to 112, and from page 126 to 139, which are wanting in the MS. of Lucca.

It must be admitted, therefore, that for an accurate study of the historical growth of the French language, the work of Joinville is of less importance than it would have been if it had been preserved in its original orthography, and with all the grammatical peculiarities which mark the French of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century. There may be

no more than a distance of not quite a hundred years between the original of Joinville and the earliest MS. which we possess. But in those hundred years the French language did not remain stationary. Even as late as the time of Montaigne, when French has assumed a far greater literary steadiness, that writer complains of its constant change. "I wrote my book," he says in a memorable passage ("Essais," liv. 3, c. 9) —

"For few people and for a few years. If it had been a subject that ought to last, it should have been committed to a more stable language (Latin). After the continual variation which has followed our speech to the present day, who can hope that its present form will be used fifty years hence? It glides from our hands every day, and since I have lived it has been half changed. We say that at present it is perfect, but every century says the same of its own. I do not wish to hold it back, if it will fly away and go on deteriorating as it does. It belongs to good and useful writers to nail the language to themselves" (*de le clouer à eux*).

On the other hand, we must guard against forming an exaggerated notion of the changes that could have taken place in the French language within the space of less than a century. They refer chiefly to the spelling of words, to the use of some antiquated words and expressions, and to the less careful observation of the rules by which in ancient French the nominative is distinguished from the oblique cases, both in the singular and the plural. That the changes do not amount to more than this can be proved by a comparison of other documents which clearly preserve the actual language of Joinville. There is a letter of his which is preserved at the Imperial Library at Paris, addressed to Louis X. in 1315. It was first published by Du Cange, afterwards by M. Daunou, in the twen-

tieth volume of the "Historiens de France," and again by M. de Wailly. There are, likewise, some charters of Joinville, written in his *chancellerie*, and in some cases with additions from his own hand. Lastly, there is Joinville's "Credo," containing his notes on the Apostolic Creed, preserved in a manuscript of the thirteenth century. This was published in the "Collection des Bibliophiles Français," unfortunately printed in twenty-five copies only. The MS. of the "Credo," which formerly belonged to the public library of Paris, disappeared from it about twenty years ago; and it now forms No. 75 of a collection of MSS. bought in 1849 by Lord Ashburnham from M. Barrois. By comparing the language of these thirteenth century documents with that of the earliest MS. of Joinville's History, it is easy to see that although we have lost something, we have not lost very much, and that, at all events, we need not suspect in the earliest MS. any changes that could in any way affect the historical authenticity of Joinville's work.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In his last edition of the text of Joinville, which was published in 1868, M. de Wailly has restored the spelling of Joinville on all these points according to the rules which are observed in Joinville's charters, and in the best MSS. of the beginning of the fourteenth century. The fac-similes of nine of these charters are published at the end of M. de Wailly's *Mémoire sur la Langue de Joinville*; of others an accurate transcript is given. The authentic texts thus collected, in which we can study the French language as it was written at the time of Joinville, amount to nearly one fifth of the text of Joinville's History. To correct, according to these charters, the text of Joinville so systematically as had been done by M. de Wailly in his last edition may seem a bold undertaking; but few who have read attentively his *Mémoire* would deny that the new editor has fully justified his critical principles. Thus with regard to the terminations of the nominative and the oblique cases, where other MSS. of Joinville's History follow no principle whatever, M. de Wailly remarks: "Pour plus de simplicité j'appellerai règle du sujet singulier et règle du sujet pluriel l'usage qui consistait à distinguer, dans beaucoup de mots, le sujet du régime par une modification analogue à celle de la déclinaison latine. Or, j'ai constaté que, dans les chartes de Joinville, la règle du sujet singulier est ob-

To the historian of the French language, the language of Joinville, even though it gives us only a picture of the French spoken at the time of Charles V. or contemporaneously with Froissart, is still full of interest. That language is separated from the French of the present day by nearly five centuries, and we may be allowed to give a few instances to show the curious changes both of form and meaning which many words have undergone during that interval.

Instead of *sœur*, sister, Joinville still uses *sereur*, which was the right form of the oblique case, but was afterwards replaced by the nominative *suer* or *sœur*. Thus, p. 424 E, we read, *quant nous menames la serour le roy*, i. e. *quand nous menâmes la sœur du roi*; but p. 466 A, *l'abbâie que sa suer fonda*, i. e. *l'abbâie que sa sœur fonda*. Instead of *ange*, angel, he has both *angle* and *angre*, where the *r* stands for the final *l* of *angele*, the more ancient French form of *angelus*. The same transition of final *l* into *r* may be observed in *apôtre* for *apostolus*, *chapitre* for *capitulum*, *chartre* for *cartula*, *esclandre* for *scandalum*. Instead of *vieux*, old, Joinville uses *veil* or *veel* (p. 132 C, *le veil le fil au veil*, i. e. *le vieux fils du vieux*); but in the nom. sing., *vieux*, which is the Latin *vetulus* (p. 302 A, *li Viex de*

*servée huit cent trente-cinq fois, et violée sept fois seulement; encore dois-je dire que cinq de ces violations se rencontrent dans une même charte, celle du mois de mai 1278, qui n'est connue que par une copie faite au siècle dernier. Si l'on fait abstraction de ce texte, il reste deux violations contre huit cent trente-cinq observations de la règle. La règle du sujet pluriel est observée cinq cent quatre-vingt-huit fois, et violée six fois: ce qui donne au total quatorze cent vingt-trois contre treize, en tenant compte même de six fautes commises dans le texte copié au siècle dernier. De ce résultat numérique, il faut évidemment conclure, d'abord, que l'une et l'autre règle étaient parfaitement connues et pratiquées à la chancellerie de Joinville, ensuite qu'on est autorisé à modifier le texte de l'Histoire, partout où ces règles y sont violées. (D'après un calcul approximatif, on peut croire que le copiste du quatorzième siècle a violé ces règles plus de quatre mille fois et qu'il les respectait peut-être une fois sur dix.)"*

*la Montaigne*, i. e. *le Vieux de la Montagne*; but p. 304 A, *li messaige le Vieil*, i. e. *les messagers du Vieux*.) Instead of *coude*, m., elbow, we find *coute*, which is nearer to the Latin *cubitus*, cubit. The Latin *t* in words like *cubitus* was generally softened in old French, and was afterwards dropped altogether. As in *coude*, the *d* is preserved in *aider* for *adjutare*, in *fade* for *fatuus*. In other words, such as *chaîne* for *catena*, *roue* for *rota*, *épée* for *spatha*, *aimée* for *amata*, it has disappeared altogether. True is *voir*, the regular modification of *verum*, like *soir* of *serum*, instead of the modern French *vrai*; e. g., p. 524 B, *et sachiez que voirs estait*, i. e. *et sachez que c'était vrai*. We still find *ester*, to stand (“*Et ne pooit ester sur ses pieds*,” “He could not stand on his legs”). At present the French have no single word for “standing,” which has often been pointed out as a real defect of the language. “To stand” is *ester*, in Joinville; “to be” is *estre*.

In the grammatical system of the language of Joinville we find the connecting link between the case terminations of the classical Latin and the prepositions and articles of modern French. It is generally supposed that the terminations of the Latin declension were lost in French, and that the relations of the cases were expressed by prepositions, while the *s* as the sign of the plural was explained by the *s* in the nom. plur. of nouns of the third declension. But languages do not thus advance *per saltum*. They change slowly and gradually, and we can generally discover in what is, some traces of what has been.

Now the fact is that in ancient French, and likewise in Provençal, there is still a system of declension more or less independent of prepositions. There are, so to

say, three declensions in old French, of which the second is the most important and the most interesting. If we take a Latin word like *annus*, we find in old French two forms in the singular, and two in the plural. We find sing. *an-s*, *an*, plur. *an*, *ans*. If *an* occurs in the nom. sing. or as the subject, it is always *ans*; if it occur as a gen., dat., or acc., it is always *an*. In the plural, on the contrary, we find in the nom. *an*, and in all the oblique cases *ans*. The origin of this system is clear enough, and it is extraordinary that attempts should have been made to derive it from German or even from Celtic, when the explanation could be found so much nearer home. The nom. sing. has the *s*, because it was there in Latin; the nom. plur. has no *s*, because there was no *s* there in Latin. The oblique cases in the singular have no *s*, because the accusative in Latin, and likewise the gen., dat., and abl., ended either in vowels, which became mute, or in *m*, which was dropped. The oblique cases in the plural had the *s*, because it was there in the acc. plur.; which became the general oblique case, and likewise in the dat. and abl. By means of these fragments of the Latin declension, it was possible to express many things without prepositions which in modern French can no longer be thus expressed. *Le fils Roi* was clearly the son of the King; *il fil Roi*, the sons of the King. Again we find *li roys*, the King, but *au roy*, to the King. Pierre Sarrasin begins his letter on the crusade of St. Louis by *A seigneur Nicolas Arode, Jehan-s Sarrasin, chambrelen-s le roy le France, salut et bonne amour*.

But if we apply the same principle to nouns of the first declension, we shall see at once that they could not

nave lent themselves to the same contrivance. Words like *corona* have no *s* in the nom. sing., nor in any of the oblique cases; it would therefore be in French *corone* throughout. In the plural indeed there might have been a distinction between the nom. and the acc. The nom. ought to have been without an *s*, and the acc. with an *s*. But with the exception of some doubtful passages, where a nom. plur. is supposed to occur in old French documents without an *s*, we find throughout, both in the nom. and the other cases, the *s* of the accusative as the sign of the plural.

Nearly the same applies to certain words of the third declension. Here we find indeed a distinction between the nom. and the oblique cases of the singular, such as *flor-s*, the flower, with *flor*, of the flower; but the plural is *flor-s* throughout. This form is chiefly confined to feminine nouns of the third declension.

There is another very curious contrivance by which the ancient French distinguished the nom. from the acc. sing., and which shows us again how the consciousness of the Latin grammar was by no means entirely lost in the formation of modern French. There are many words in Latin which change their accent in the oblique cases from what it was in the nominative. For instance, *cantátor*, a singer, becomes *cantatórem*, in the accusative. Now in ancient French the nom., corresponding to *cantator*, is *chántere*, but the gen. *chanteór*, and thus again a distinction is established of great importance for grammatical purposes. Most of these words followed the analogy of the second declension, and added an *s* in the nom. sing., dropped it in the nom. plur., and added it again in the oblique cases of the plural. Thus we get —

SINGULAR		PLURAL.	
Nom.	Oblique Cases	Nom.	Oblique Cases
<i>chântere</i>	<i>chanteórf</i>	<i>chanteórf</i>	<i>chanteórs</i>
From <i>baro, baronis</i> (O. Fr. <i>ber</i> )	<i>baron</i>	<i>baron</i>	<i>barons</i>
<i>latro, latronis</i> (O. Fr. <i>lierre</i> )	<i>larron</i>	<i>larron</i>	<i>larrons</i>
<i>senior, senioris</i> (O. Fr. <i>sendre</i> )	<i>seignor</i> (sire)	<i>seignor</i>	<i>seignors</i>

Thus we read in the beginning of Joinville's History : —

*A son bon signour Looyz, Jehans sires de Joinville salut et amour ;*

and immediately afterwards, *Chiers sire*, not *Chiers seigneur*.

If we compare this old French declension with the grammar of modern French, we find that the accusative or the oblique form has become the only recognized form, both in the singular and plural. Hence —

[Corone]	[Ans]	[Flors]	[Chântere] le chantre.
Corone	An	Flor	Chanteórf le chanteur.
[Corones]	[An]	[Flors]	[Chanteórf].
Corones	Ans	Flors	Chanteórs.

A few traces only of the old system remain in such words as *filz, bras, Charles, Jacques*, etc.

Not less curious than the changes of form are the changes of meaning which have taken place in the French language since the days of Joinville. Thus, *la viande*, which now only means meat, is used by Joinville in its original and more general sense of *victuals*, the Latin *vivenda*. For instance (p. 248 D), "*Et nous requeismes que en nous donnast la viande,*" "And we asked that one might give us something to eat." And soon after, "*Les viandes que il nous donnèrent, ce furent begniet de fourmaiyes qui estoient roti au soliel, pour ce que li ver n'i venissent, et oef dur*

*cuit de quatre jours ou de cinc,*” “And the viands which they gave us were cheese-cakes roasted in the sun, that the worms might not get at them, and hard eggs boiled four or five days ago.”

*Payer*, to pay, is still used in its original sense of pacifying or satisfying, the Latin *pacare*. Thus a priest who has received from his bishop an explanation of some difficulty and other ghostly comfort “*se tint bin pour paié*” (p. 34 C), he “considered himself well satisfied.” When the King objected to certain words in the oath which he had to take, Joinville says that he does not know how the oath was finally arranged, but he adds, “*Li amiral se tindrent bien apaié,*” “The admirals considered themselves satisfied” (p. 242 C). The same word, however, is likewise used in the usual sense of paying.

*Noise*, a word which has almost disappeared from modern French, occurs several times in Joinville; and we can watch in different passages the growth of its various meanings. In one passage Joinville relates (p. 198) that one of his knights had been killed, and was lying on a bier in his chapel. While the priest was performing his office, six other knights were talking very loud, and “*Faisoient noise au prestre,*” “They annoyed or disturbed the priest; they caused him annoyance.” Here *noise* has still the same sense as the Latin *nausea*, from which it is derived. In another passage, however, Joinville uses *noise* as synonymous with *bruit* (p. 152 A), “*Vint li roys à toute sa bataille, à grant noyse et à grant bruit de trompes et nacaires, i. e. vint le roi avec tout son corps de bataille, à grand cris et à grand bruit de trompettes et de timbales.*” Here *noise* may still mean an annoying noise, but we can see the easy transition from that to noise in general.

Another English word, "to purchase," finds its explanation in Joinville. Originally *pourchasser* meant to hunt after a thing, to pursue it. Joinville frequently uses the expression "*par son pourchas*" (p. 458 E) in the sense of "by his endeavors." When the King had reconciled two adversaries, peace is said to have been made *par son pourchas*. "*Pourchasser*" afterwards took the sense of "procuring," "catering," and lastly, in English, of "buying."

To return to Joinville's History, the scarcity of MSS. is very instructive from an historical point of view. As far as we know at present, his great work existed for centuries in two copies only, one preserved in his own castle, the other in the library of the Kings of France. We can hardly say that it was published, even in the restricted sense which that word had during the fourteenth century, and there certainly is no evidence that it was read by any one except by members of the royal family of France, and possibly by descendants of Joinville. It exercised no influence; and if two or three copies had not luckily escaped (one of them, it must be confessed, clearly showing the traces of mice's teeth), we should have known very little indeed either of the military or of the literary achievements of one who is now ranked among the chief historians of France, or even of Europe. After Joinville's History had once emerged from its obscurity, it soon became the fashion to praise it, and to praise it somewhat indiscriminately. Joinville became a general favorite both in and out of France; and after all had been said in his praise that might be truly and properly said, each successive admirer tried to add a little more, till at last, as a matter of course, he was compared to Thucydides, and lauded for the graces of

his style, the vigor of his language, the subtlety of his mind, and his worship of the harmonious and the beautiful, in such a manner that the old bluff soldier would have been highly perplexed and disgusted, could he have listened to the praises of his admirers. Well might M. Paulin Paris say, "I shall not stop to praise what everybody has praised before me; to recall the graceful *naïveté* of the good Sénéchal, would it not be, as the English poet said, 'to gild the gold and paint the lily white?'"

It is surprising to find in the large crowd of indiscriminate admirers a man so accurate in his thoughts and in his words as the late Sir James Stephen. Considering how little Joinville's History was noticed by his contemporaries, how little it was read by the people before it was printed during the reign of François I., it must seem more than doubtful whether Joinville really deserved a place in a series of lectures, "On the Power of the Pen in France." But, waiving that point, is it quite exact to say, as Sir James Stephen does, "that three writers only retain, and probably they alone deserve, at this day the admiration which greeted them in their own, — I refer to Joinville, Froissart, and to Philippe de Comines?" And is the following a sober and correct description of Joinville's style? —

"Over the whole picture the genial spirit of France glows with all the natural warmth which we seek in vain among the dry bones of earlier chroniclers. Without the use of any didactic forms of speech, Joinville teaches the highest of all wisdom — the wisdom of love. Without the pedantry of the schools, he occasionally exhibits an eager thirst of knowledge, and a graceful facility of imparting it, which attest that he is of the lineage of the great father of history, and of those modern historians who have taken Herodotus for their model." (Vol. ii pp. 209, 219.)

Now, all this sounds to our ears just an octave too high. There is some truth in it, but the truth is spoilt by being exaggerated. Joinville's book is very pleasant to read, because he gives himself no airs, and tells us as well as he can what he recollects of his excellent King, and of the fearful time which they spent together during the crusade. He writes very much as an old soldier would speak. He seems to know that people will listen to him with respect, and that they will believe what he tells them. He does not weary them with arguments. He rather likes now and then to evoke a smile, and he maintains the glow of attention by thinking more of his hearers than of himself. He had evidently told his stories many times before he finally dictated them in the form in which we read them, and this is what gives to some of them a certain finish and the appearance of art. Yet, if we speak of style at all,—not of the style of thought, but of the style of language,—the blemishes in Joinville's History are so apparent that one feels reluctant to point them out. He repeats his words, he repeats his remarks, he drops the thread of his story, begins a new subject, leaves it because, as he says himself, it would carry him too far, and then, after a time, returns to it again. His descriptions of the scenery where the camp was pitched, and the battles fought, are neither sufficiently broad nor sufficiently distinct to give the reader that view of the whole which he receives from such writers as Cæsar, Thiers, Carlyle, or Russell. Nor is there any attempt at describing or analyzing the character of the principal actors in the crusade of St. Louis, beyond relating some of their remarks or occasional conversations. It is an ungrateful task to draw up these indictments against a man whom one

probably admires much more sincerely than those who bespatter him with undeserved praise. Joinville's book is readable, and it is readable even in spite of the antiquated and sometimes difficult language in which it is written. There are few books of which we could say the same. What makes his book readable is partly the interest attaching to the subject of which it treats, but far more the simple, natural, straightforward way in which Joinville tells what he has to tell. From one point of view it may be truly said that no higher praise could be bestowed on any style than to say that it is simple, natural, straightforward, and charming. But if his indiscriminate admirers had appreciated this artless art, they would not have applied to the pleasant gossip of an old general epithets that are appropriate only to the masterpieces of classical literature.

It is important to bear in mind what suggested to Joinville the first idea of writing his book. He was asked to do so by the Queen of Philip le Bel. After the death of the Queen, however, Joinville did not dedicate his work to the King, but to his son, who was then the heir apparent. This may be explained by the fact that he himself was Sénéchal de Champagne, and Louis, the son of Philip le Bel, Comte de Champagne. But it admits of another and more probable explanation. Joinville was dissatisfied with the proceedings of Philip le Bel, and from the very beginning of his reign he opposed his encroachments on the privileges of the nobility and the liberties of the people. He was punished for his opposition, and excluded from the assemblies in Champagne in 1287; and though his name appeared again on the roll in 1291, Joinville then occupied only the sixth instead of the first place. In

1314 matters came to a crisis in Champagne, and Joinville called together the nobility in order to declare openly against the King. The opportune death of Philip alone prevented the breaking out of a rebellion. It is true that there are no direct allusions to these matters in the body of Joinville's book, yet an impression is left on the reader that he wrote some portion of the Life of St. Louis as a lesson to the young prince to whom it is dedicated. Once or twice, indeed, he uses language which sounds ominous, and which would hardly be tolerated in France, even after the lapse of five centuries. When speaking of the great honor which St. Louis conferred on his family, he says "that it was, indeed, a great honor to those of his descendants who would follow his example by good works, but a great dishonor to those who would do evil. For people would point at them with their fingers, and would say that the sainted King from whom they descended would have despised such wickedness." There is another passage even stronger than this. After relating how St. Louis escaped from many dangers by the grace of God, he suddenly exclaims, "Let the King who now reigns (Philip le Bel) take care, for he has escaped from as great dangers — nay, from greater ones — than we ; let him see whether he cannot amend his evil ways, so that God may not strike him and his affairs cruelly."

This surely is strong language, considering that it was used in a book dedicated to the son of the then reigning King. To the father of Philip le Bel, Joinville seems to have spoken with the same frankness as to his son ; and he tells us himself how he reproved the King, Philip le Hardi, for his extravagant dress, and admonished him to follow the example of his

father. Similar remarks occur again and again; and though the *Life of St. Louis* was certainly not written merely for didactic purposes, yet one cannot help seeing that it was written with a practical object. In the introduction Joinville says, "I send the book to you, that you and your brother and others who hear it may take an example, and that they may carry it out in their life, for which God will bless them." And again (p. 268), "These things shall I cause to be written, that those who hear them may have faith in God in their persecutions and tribulations, and God will help them, as He did me." Again (p. 380), "These things I have told you, that you may guard against taking an oath without reason, for, as the wise say, 'He who swears readily, forswears himself readily.'"

It seems, therefore, that when Joinville took to dictating his recollections of St. Louis, he did so partly to redeem a promise given to the Queen, who, he says, loved him much, and whom he could not refuse, partly to place in the hands of the young princes a book full of historical lessons which they might read, mark, and inwardly digest.

And well might he do so, and well might his book be read by all young princes, and by all who are able to learn a lesson from the pages of history; for few kings, if any, did ever wear their crowns so worthily as Louis IX. of France; and few saints, if any, did deserve their halo better than St. Louis. Here lies the deep and lasting interest of Joinville's work. It allows us an insight into a life which we could hardly realize, nay, which we should hardly believe in, unless we had the testimony of that trusty witness, Joinville, the King's friend and comrade. The legendary lives of St. Louis would have destroyed in the eyes of

posterity the real greatness and the real sanctity of the King's character. We should never have known the man, but only his saintly caricature. After reading Joinville, we must make up our mind that such a life as he there describes was really lived, and was lived in those very palaces which we are accustomed to consider as the sinks of wickedness and vice. From other descriptions we might have imagined Louis IX. as a bigoted, priest-ridden, credulous King. From Joinville we learn that, though unwavering in his faith, and most strict in the observance of his religious duties, the King was by no means narrow in his sympathies, or partial to the encroachments of priestcraft. We find Joinville speaking to the King on subjects of religion with the greatest freedom, and as no courtier would have dared to speak during the later years of Louis XIV.'s reign. When the King asked him whether in the holy week he ever washed the feet of the poor, Joinville replied that he would never wash the feet of such villains. For this remark he was, no doubt, reprov'd by the King, who, as we are told by Beaulieu, with the most unpleasant details, washed the feet of the poor every Saturday. But the reply, though somewhat irreverent, is, nevertheless, highly creditable to the courtier's frankness. Another time he shocked his royal friend still more by telling him, in the presence of several priests, that he would rather have committed thirty mortal sins than be a leper. The King said nothing at the time, but he sent for him the next day, and reprov'd him in the most gentle manner for his thoughtless speech.

Joinville, too, with all the respect which he entertained for his King, would never hesitate to speak his mind when he thought that the King was in the

wrong. On one occasion the Abbot of Cluny presented the King with two horses, worth five hundred *livres*. The next day the Abbot came again to the King to discuss some matters of business. Joinville observed that the King listened to him with marked attention. After the Abbot was gone, he went to the King, and said, “ ‘Sire, may I ask you whether you listened to the Abbot more cheerfully because he presented you yesterday with two horses?’ The King meditated for a time, and then said to me, ‘Truly, yes.’ ‘Sire,’ said I, ‘do you know why I asked you this question?’ ‘Why?’ said he. ‘Because, Sire,’ I said, ‘I advise you, when you return to France, to prohibit all sworn counselors from accepting anything from those who have to bring their affairs before them. For you may be certain, if they accept anything, they will listen more cheerfully and attentively to those who give, as you did yourself with the Abbot of Cluny.’ ”

Surely a king who could listen to such language is not likely to have had his court filled with hypocrites, whether lay or clerical. The bishops, though they might count on the King for any help he could give them in the great work of teaching, raising, and comforting the people, tried in vain to make him commit an injustice in defense of what they considered religion. One day a numerous deputation of prelates asked for an interview. It was readily granted. When they appeared before the King, their spokesman said, “Sire, these lords who are here, archbishops and bishops, have asked me to tell you that Christianity is perishing at your hands.” The King signed himself with the cross, and said, “Tell me how can that be?” “Sire,” he said, “it is because people care so little

nowadays for excommunication that they would rather die excommunicated than have themselves absolved and give satisfaction to the Church. Now, we pray you, Sire, for the sake of God, and because it is your duty, that you command your provosts and bailiffs that by seizing the goods of those who allow themselves to be excommunicated for the space of one year, they may force them to come and be absolved." Then the King replied that he would do this willingly with all those of whom it could be *proved* that they were in the wrong (which would, in fact, have given the King jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters). The bishops said that they could not do this at any price; they would never bring their causes before his court. Then the King said he could not do it otherwise, for it would be against God and against reason. He reminded them of the case of the Comte de Bretagne, who had been excommunicated by the prelates of Brittany for the space of seven years, and who, when he appealed to the Pope, gained his cause, while the prelates were condemned. "Now then," the King said, "if I had forced the Comte de Bretagne to get absolution from the prelates after the first year, should I not have sinned against God and against him?"

This is not the language of a bigoted man; and if we find in the life of St. Louis traces of what in our age we might feel inclined to call bigotry or credulity, we must consider that the religious and intellectual atmosphere of the reign of St. Louis was very different from our own. There are, no doubt, some of the sayings and doings recorded by Joinville of his beloved King which at present would be unanimously condemned even by the most orthodox and narrow-minded. Think of an assembly of theologians in the monastery

of Cluny who had invited a distinguished rabbi to discuss certain points of Christian doctrine with them. A knight, who happened to be staying with the abbot, asked for leave to open the discussion, and he addressed the Jew in the following words: "Do you believe that the Virgin Mary was a virgin and Mother of God?" When the Jew replied, "No!" the knight took his crutch and felled the poor Jew to the ground. The King, who relates this to Joinville, draws one very wise lesson from it — namely, that no one who is not a very good theologian should enter upon a controversy with Jews on such subjects. But when he goes on to say that a layman who hears the Christian religion evil spoken of should take to the sword as the right weapon of defense, and run it into the miscreant's body as far as it would go, we perceive at once that we are in the thirteenth and not in the nineteenth century. The punishments which the King inflicted for swearing were most cruel. At Cesarea, Joinville tells us that he saw a goldsmith fastened to a ladder, with the entrails of a pig twisted round his neck right up to his nose, because he had used irreverent language. Nay, after his return from the Holy Land, he heard that the King ordered a man's nose and lower lip to be burnt for the same offense. The Pope himself had to interfere to prevent St. Louis from inflicting on blasphemers mutilation and death. "I would myself be branded with a hot iron," the King said, "if thus I could drive away all swearing from my kingdom." He himself, as Joinville assures us, never used an oath, nor did he pronounce the name of the Devil except when reading the lives of the saints. His soul, we cannot doubt, was grieved when he heard the names which to him were the most sa-

cred, employed for profane purposes ; and this feeling of indignation was shared by his honest chronicler. "In my castle," says Joinville, "whosoever uses bad language receives a good pommeling, and this has nearly put down that bad habit." Here again we see the upright character of Joinville. He does not, like most courtiers, try to outbid his sovereign in pious indignation ; on the contrary, while sharing his feelings, he gently reproves the King for his excessive zeal and cruelty, and this after the King had been raised to the exalted position of a saint.

To doubt of any points of the Christian doctrine was considered at Joinville's time, as it is even now, as a temptation of the Devil. But here again we see at the court of St. Louis a wonderful mixture of tolerance and intolerance. Joinville, who evidently spoke his mind freely on all things, received frequent reproofs and lessons from the King ; and we hardly know which to wonder at most, the weakness of the arguments, or the gentle and truly Christian spirit in which the King used them. The King once asked Joinville how he knew that his father's name was Symon. Joinville replied he knew it because his mother had told him so. "Then," the King said, "you ought likewise firmly to believe all the articles of faith which the Apostles attest, as you hear them sung every Sunday in the Creed." The use of such an argument by such a man leaves an impression on the mind that the King himself was not free from religious doubts and difficulties, and that his faith was built upon ground which was apt to shake. And this impression is confirmed by a conversation which immediately follows after this argument. It is long, but it is far too important to be here omitted. The Bishop of Paris had

told the King, probably in order to comfort him after receiving from him the confession of some of his own religious difficulties, that one day he received a visit from a great master in divinity. The master threw himself at the Bishop's feet and cried bitterly. The Bishop said to him, —

“ ‘ Master, do not despair ; no one can sin so much that God could not forgive him.’ ”

“ The master said, ‘ I cannot help crying, for I believe I am a miscreant ; for I cannot bring my heart to believe the sacrament of the altar, as the holy Church teaches it, and I know full well that it is the temptation of the enemy.’ ”

“ ‘ Master,’ replied the Bishop, ‘ tell me, when the enemy sends you this temptation, does it please you ? ’ ”

“ And the master said, ‘ Sir, it pains me as much as anything can pain.’ ”

“ ‘ Then I ask you,’ the Bishop continued, ‘ would you take gold or silver in order to avow with your mouth anything that is against the sacrament of the altar, or against the other sacred sacraments of the Church ? ’ ”

“ And the master said, ‘ Know, sir, that there is nothing in the world that I should take ; I would rather that all my limbs were torn from my body than openly avow this.’ ”

“ ‘ Then,’ said the Bishop, ‘ I shall tell you something else. You know that the King of France made war against the King of England, and you know that the castle which is nearest to the frontier is La Rochelle, in Poitou. Now I shall ask you, if the King had trusted you to defend La Rochelle, and he had trusted me to defend the Castle of Laon, which is in the heart of France, where the country is at peace, to

whom ought the King to be more beholden at the end of the war, — to you who had defended La Rochelle without losing it, or to me who kept the Castle of Laon ?’

“‘In the name of God,’ said the master, ‘to me who had kept La Rochelle with losing it.’

“‘Master,’ said the Bishop, ‘I tell you that my heart is like the Castle of Laon (Montleheri), for I feel no temptation and no doubt as to the sacrament of the altar ; therefore, I tell you, if God gives me one reward because I believe firmly and in peace, He will give you four, because you keep your heart for Him in this fight of tribulation, and have such goodwill toward Him that for no earthly good, nor for any pain inflicted on your body, you would forsake Him. Therefore, I say to you, be at ease ; your state is more pleasing to our Lord than my own.’”

When the master had heard this, he fell on his knees before the Bishop, and felt again at peace.

Surely, if the cruel punishment inflicted by St. Louis on blasphemers is behind our age, is not the love, the humility, the truthfulness of this Bishop, — is not the spirit in which he acted toward the priest, and the spirit in which he related this conversation to the King, somewhat in advance of the century in which we live ?

If we only dwell on certain passages of Joinville’s memoirs, it is easy to say that he and his King, and the whole age in which they moved, were credulous, engrossed by the mere formalities of religion, and fanatical in their enterprise to recover Jerusalem and the Holy Land. But let us candidly enter into their view of life, and many things which at first seem strange and startling will become intelligible. Joinville does not relate many miracles ; and such is his good faith

that we may implicitly believe the facts, such as he states them, however we may differ as to the interpretation by which, to Joinville's mind, these facts assumed a miraculous character. On their way to the Holy Land it seems that their ship was windbound for several days, and that they were in danger of being taken prisoners by the pirates of Barbary. Joinville recollected the saying of a priest who had told him that, whatever had happened in his parish, whether too much rain or too little rain, or anything else, if he made three processions for three successive Saturdays, his prayer was always heard. Joinville, therefore, recommended the same remedy. Seasick as he was, he was carried on deck, and the procession was formed round the two masts of the ship. As soon as this was done, the wind rose, and the ship arrived at Cyprus the third Saturday. The same remedy was resorted to a second time, and with equal effect. The King was waiting at Damietta for his brother, the Comte de Poitiers, and his army, and was very uneasy about the delay in his arrival. Joinville told the legate of the miracle that had happened on their voyage to Cyprus. The legate consented to have three processions on three successive Saturdays, and on the third Saturday the Comte de Poitiers and his fleet arrived before Damietta. One more instance may suffice. On their return to France a sailor fell overboard, and was left in the water. Joinville, whose ship was close by, saw something in the water; but, as he observed no struggle, he imagined it was a cask. The man, however, was picked up; and when asked why he did not exert himself, he replied that he saw no necessity for it. As soon as he fell into the water he commended himself to *Nostre Dame*, and she supported him by his shoul-

ders till he was picked up by the King's galley. Joinville had a window painted in his chapel to commemorate this miracle; and there, no doubt, the Virgin would be represented as supporting the sailor exactly as he described it.

Now, it must be admitted that before the tribunal of the ordinary philosophy of the nineteenth century, these miracles would be put down either as inventions or as exaggerations. But let us examine the thoughts and the language of that age, and we shall take a more charitable, and, we believe, a more correct view. Men like Joinville did not distinguish between a general and a special providence, and few who have carefully examined the true import of words would blame him for that. Whatever happened to him and his friends, the smallest as well as the greatest events were taken alike as so many communications from God to man. Nothing could happen to any one of them unless God willed it. "God wills it," they exclaimed, and put the cross on their breasts, and left house and home, and wife and children, to fight the infidels in the Holy Land. The King was ill and on the point of death, when he made a vow that if he recovered, he would undertake a crusade. In spite of the dangers which threatened him and his country, where every vassal was a rival, in spite of the despair of his excellent mother, the King fulfilled his vow, and risked not only his crown, but his life, without a complaint and without a regret. It may be that the prospect of Eastern booty, or even of an Eastern throne, had some part in exciting the pious zeal of the French chivalry. Yet if we read of Joinville, who was then a young and gay nobleman of twenty-four, with a young wife and a beautiful castle in Champagne, giving up everything

confessing his sins, making reparation, performing pilgrimages, and then starting for the East, there to endure for five years the most horrible hardships; when we read of his sailors singing a *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, before they hoisted their sails; when we see how every day, in the midst of pestilence and battle, the King and his Sénéchal and his knights say their prayers and perform their religious duties; how in every danger they commend themselves to God or to their saints; how for every blessing, for every escape from danger, they return thanks to Heaven, — we easily learn to understand how natural it was that such men should see miracles in every blessing vouchsafed to them, whether great or small, just as the Jews of old, in that sense the true people of God, saw miracles, saw the finger of God in every plague that visited their camp, and in every spring of water that saved them from destruction. When the Egyptians were throwing the Greek fire into the camp of the Crusaders, St. Louis raised himself in his bed at the report of every discharge of those murderous missiles, and, stretching forth his hands towards heaven, he said, crying, “Good Lord God, protect my people.” Joinville, after relating this, remarks, “And I believe truly that his prayers served us well in our need.” And was he not right in this belief, as right as the Israelites were when they saw Moses lifting up his heavy arms, and they prevailed against Amalek? Surely this belief was put to a hard test when a fearful plague broke out in the camp, when nearly the whole French army was massacred, when the King was taken prisoner, when the Queen, in childbed, had to make her old chamberlain swear that he would kill her at the first approach of the enemy, when the small remnant of that

mighty French army had to purchase its return to France by a heavy ransom. Yet nothing could shake Joinville's faith in the ever-ready help of our Lord, of the Virgin, and of the saints. "Be certain," he writes, "that the Virgin helped us, and she would have helped us more if we had not offended her, her and her Son, as I said before." Surely, with such faith, credulity ceases to be credulity. Where there is credulity without that living faith which sees the hand of God in everything, man's indignation is rightly roused. That credulity leads to self-conceit, hypocrisy, and unbelief. But such was not the credulity of Joinville or of his King, or of the Bishop who comforted the great master in theology. A modern historian would not call the rescue of the drowning sailor, nor the favorable wind which brought the Crusaders to Cyprus, nor the opportune arrival of the Comte de Poitiers miracles, because the word "miracle" has a different sense with us from what it had during the Middle Ages, from what it had at the time of the Apostles, and from what it had at the time of Moses. Yet to the drowning sailor his rescue was miraculous; to the despairing King the arrival of his brother was a god-send; and to Joinville and his crew, who were in imminent danger of being carried off as slaves by Moorish pirates, the wind that brought them safe to Cyprus was more than a fortunate accident. Our language differs from the language of Joinville, yet in our heart of hearts we mean the same thing.

And nothing shows better the reality and healthiness of the religion of those brave knights than their cheerful and open countenance, their thorough enjoyment of all the good things of this life, their freedom in thought and speech. You never catch Joinville

ranting, or with an expression of blank solemnity. When his ship was surrounded by the galleys of the Sultan, and when they held a council as to whether they should surrender themselves to the Sultan's fleet or to his army on shore, one of his servants objected to all surrender. "Let us all be killed," he said to Joinville, "and then we shall all go straight to Paradise." His advice, however, was not followed, because, as Joinville says, "we did not believe it."

If we bear in mind that Joinville's History was written after Louis has been raised to the rank of a saint, his way of speaking of the King, though always respectful, strikes us, nevertheless, as it must have struck his contemporaries, as sometimes very plain and familiar. It is well known that an attempt was actually made by the notorious Jesuit, le Père Hardouin, to prove Joinville's work as spurious, or, at all events, as full of interpolations, inserted by the enemies of the Church. It was an attempt which thoroughly failed, and which was too dangerous to be repeated; but, on reading Joinville after reading the life and miracles of St. Louis, one can easily understand that the soldier's account of the brave King was not quite palatable or welcome to the authors of the legends of the royal saint. At the time when the King's bones had begun to work wretched miracles, the following story could hardly have sounded respectful: "When the King was at Acre," Joinville writes, "some pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem wished to see him. Joinville went to the King, and said, 'Sire, there is a crowd of people who have asked me to show them the royal saint, though I have no wish as yet to kiss your bones.' The King laughed loud, and asked me to bring the people."

In the thick of the battle, in which Joinville received five wounds and his horse fifteen, and when death seemed almost certain, Joinville tells us that the good Count of Soissons rode up to him and chaffed him, saying, "Let those dogs loose, for, *par la quoyse Dieu*," — as he always used to swear, — "we shall still talk of this day in the rooms of our ladies."

The Crusades and the Crusaders, though they are only five or six centuries removed from us, have assumed a kind of romantic character, which makes it very difficult even for the historian to feel towards them the same human interest which we feel for Cæsar or Pericles. Works like that of Joinville are most useful in dispelling that mist which the chroniclers of old and the romances of Walter Scott and others have raised round the heroes of these holy wars. St. Louis and his companions, as described by Joinville, not only in their glistening armor, but in their everyday attire, are brought nearer to us, become intelligible to us, and teach us lessons of humanity which we can learn from men only, and not from saints and heroes. Here lies the real value of real history. It makes us familiar with the thoughts of men who differ from us in manners and language, in thought and religion, and yet with whom we are able to sympathize, and from whom we are able to learn. It widens our minds and our hearts, and gives us that true knowledge of the world and of human nature in all its phases which but few can gain in the short span of their own life, and in the narrow sphere of their friends and enemies. We can hardly imagine a better book for boys to read or for men to ponder over; and we hope that M. de Wailly's laudable efforts may be crowned with complete success, and that, whether in France or in Eng

land, no student of history will in future imagine that he knows the true spirit of the Crusades and the Crusaders who has not read once, and more than once, the original Memoirs of Joinville, as edited, translated, and explained by the eminent Keeper of the Imperial Library at Paris, M. Natalis de Wailly.

1866.

## VIII.

### THE JOURNAL DES SAVANTS AND THE JOURNAL DE TRÉVOUX.<sup>1</sup>

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FOR a hundred persons who, in this country, read the "Revue des Deux Mondes," how many are there who read the "Journal des Savants?" In France the authority of that journal is indeed supreme; but its very title frightens the general public, and its blue cover is but seldom seen on the tables of the *salles de lecture*. And yet there is no French periodical so well suited to the tastes of the better class of readers in England. Its contributors are all members of the Institut de France; and, if we may measure the value of a periodical by the honor which it reflects on those who form its staff, no journal in France can vie with the "Journal des Savants." At the present moment we find on its roll such names as Cousin, Flourens, Villemain, Mignet, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Naudet, Prosper Mérimé, Littré, Vitet — names which, if now and then seen on the covers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the "Revue Contemporaine," or the "Revue Moderne," confer an exceptional lustre on these fortnightly or monthly issues. The articles which are

<sup>1</sup> *Table Méthodique des Mémoires de Trévoux (1701-1775), précédée à une Notice Historique.* Par le Père P. C. Sommervogel, de la Compagnie de Jésus. 3 vo's. Paris. 1864-65.

admitted into this select periodical may be deficient now and then in those outward charms of diction by which French readers like to be dazzled ; but what in France is called *trop savant, trop lourd*, is frequently far more palatable than the highly spiced articles which are no doubt delightful to read, but which, like an excellent French dinner, make you almost doubt whether you have dined or not. If English journalists are bent on taking for their models the fortnightly or monthly contemporaries of France, the "Journal des Savants" might offer a much better chance of success than the more popular *revues*. We should be sorry indeed to see any periodical published under the superintendence of the "Ministre de l'Instruction Publique," or of any other member of the Cabinet ; but, apart from that, a literary tribunal like that formed by the members of the "Bureau du Journal des Savants" would certainly be a great benefit to literary criticism. The general tone that runs through their articles is impartial and dignified. Each writer seems to feel the responsibility which attaches to the bench from which he addresses the public, and we can of late years recall hardly any case where the dictum of "noblesse oblige" has been disregarded in this the most ancient among the purely literary journals of Europe.

The first number of the "Journal des Savants" was published more than two hundred years ago, on the 5th of January, 1655. It was the first small beginning in a branch of literature which has since assumed immense proportions. Voltaire speaks of it as "le père de tous les ouvrages de ce genre, dont l'Europe est aujourd'hui remplie." It was published at first once a week, every Monday ; and the responsible editor was M. de Sallo, who, in order to avoid the

retaliations of sensitive authors, adopted the name of Le Sieur de Hedouville, the name, it is said, of his *valet de chambre*. The articles were short, and in many cases they only gave a description of the books, without any critical remarks. The Journal likewise gave an account of important discoveries in science and art, and of other events that might seem of interest to men of letters. Its success must have been considerable, if we may judge by the number of rival publications which soon sprang up in France and in other countries of Europe. In England, a philosophical journal on the same plan was started before the year was over. In Germany, the "Journal des Savants" was translated into Latin by F. Nitzschius in 1668, and before the end of the seventeenth century the "Giornale de' Letterati" (1668), the "Bibliotheca Volante" (1677), the "Acta Eruditorum" (1682), the "Nouvelles de la République des Lettres" (1684), the "Bibliothèque Universelle et Historique" (1686), the "Histoire des Ouvrages des Savants" (1687), and the "Monatliche Unterredungen" (1689), had been launched in the principal countries of Europe. In the next century it was remarked of the journals published in Germany, "Plura dixeris pullulasse brevi tempore quam fungi nascuntur unâ nocte."

Most of these journals were published by laymen, and represented the purely intellectual interests of society. It was but natural, therefore, that the clergy also should soon have endeavored to possess a journal of their own. The Jesuits, who at that time were the most active and influential order, were not slow to appreciate this new opportunity for directing public opinion, and they founded in 1701 their famous journal, the "Mémoires de Trévoux." Famous indeed it

might once be called, and yet at present how little is known of that collection! how seldom are its volumes called for in our public libraries! It was for a long time the rival of the "Journal des Savants." Under the editorship of Le Père Berthier it fought bravely against Diderot, Voltaire, and other heralds of the French Revolution. It weathered even the fatal year of 1762, but, after changing its name, and moderating its pretensions, it ceased to appear in 1782. The long rows of its volumes are now piled up in our libraries like rows of tombstones, which we pass by without even stopping to examine the names and titles of those who are buried in these vast catacombs of thought.

It was a happy idea that led the Père P. C. Sommervogel, himself a member of the order of the Jesuits, to examine the dusty volumes of the "Journal de Trévoux," and to do for it the only thing that could be done to make it useful once more, at least to a certain degree, namely, to prepare a general index of the numerous subjects treated in its volumes, on the model of the great index, published in 1753, of the "Journal des Savants." His work, published at Paris in 1865, consists of three volumes. The first gives an index of the original dissertations; the second and third, of the works criticised in the "Journal de Trévoux." It is a work of much smaller pretensions than the index to the "Journal des Savants;" yet, such as it is, it is useful, and will amply suffice for the purposes of those few readers who have from time to time to consult the literary annals of the Jesuits in France.

The title of the "Mémoires de Trévoux" was taken from the town of Trévoux, the capital of the principality of Dombes, which Louis XIV. had conferred on the Duc de Maine, with all the privileges of a sov-

ereign. Like Louis XIV., the young prince gloried in the title of a patron of art and science, but, as the pupil of Madame de Maintenon, he devoted himself even more zealously to the defense of religion. A printing-office was founded at Trévoux, and the Jesuits were invited to publish a new journal, "où l'on eût principalement en vûë la défense de la religion." This was the "Journal de Trévoux," published for the first time in February, 1701, under the title of "Mémoires pour l'Histoire des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, recueillis par l'ordre de Son Altesse Sérénissime, Monseigneur Prince Souverain de Dombes." It was entirely and professedly in the hands of the Jesuits, and we find among its earliest contributors such names as Catrou, Tournemine, and Hardouin. The opportunities for collecting literary and other intelligence enjoyed by the members of that order were extraordinary. We doubt whether any paper, even in our days, has so many intelligent correspondents in every part of the world. If any astronomical observation was to be made in China or America, a Jesuit missionary was generally on the spot to make it. If geographical information was wanted, eye-witnesses could write from India or Africa to state what was the exact height of mountains or the real direction of rivers. The architectural monuments of the great nations of antiquity could easily be explored and described, and the literary treasures of India or China or Persia could be ransacked by men ready for any work that required devotion and perseverance, and that promised to throw additional splendor on the order of Loyola. No missionary society has ever understood how to utilize its resources in the interest of science like the Jesuits and if our own missionaries may on many points take

warning from the history of the Jesuits, on that one point at least they might do well to imitate their example.

Scientific interests, however, were by no means the chief motive of the Jesuits in founding their journal, and the controversial character began soon to preponderate in their articles. Protestant writers received but little mercy in the pages of the "Journal de Trévoux," and the battle was soon raging in every country of Europe between the flying batteries of the Jesuits and the strongholds of Jansenism, of Protestantism, or of liberal thought in general. Le Clerc was attacked for his "Harmonia Evangelica;" Boileau even was censured for his "Epître sur l'Amour de Dieu." But the old lion was too much for his reverend satirists. The following is a specimen of his reply:—

" Mes Révérends Pères en Dieu,  
 Et mes confrères en Satire,  
 Dans vos Ecrits dans plus d'un lieu  
 Je voy qu'à mes dépens vous affectés de rire;  
 Mais ne craignés-vous point, que pour rire de Vous,  
 Relisant Juvénal, reseuilletant Horace,  
 Je ne ranime encor ma satirique audace?  
 Grands Aristarques de Trévoux,  
 N'allés point de nouveau faire courir aux armes,  
 Un athlète tout prest à prendre son congé,  
 Qui par vos traits malins au combat rengagé  
 Peut encore aux Rieurs faire verser des larmes,  
 Apprenés un mot de Régnier,  
 Notre célèbre Devancier,  
*Corsaires attaquant Corsaires*  
*No font pas, dit-il, leurs affaires."*

Even stronger language than this became soon the fashion in journalistic warfare. In reply to an attack on the Marquis Orsi, the "Giornale de' Letterati d'Italia" accused the "Journal de Trévoux" of *menzogna* and *impostura*, and in Germany the "Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensium" poured out even more vio

lent invectives against the Jesuitical critics. It is wonderful how well Latin seems to lend itself to the expression of angry abuse. Few modern writers have excelled the following tirade, either in Latin or in German: —

“*Quæ mentis stupiditas! A\* si qua est, Jesuitarum est. . . . Res est intoleranda, Trevoltianos Jesuitas, toties contusos, iniquissimum in suis diariis tribunal erexisse, in eoque non ratione duce, sed animi impotentia, non æquitatis legibus, sed præjudiciis, non veritatis lance, sed affectus aut odi pondere, optimis exquisitissimisque operibus detrahere, pessima ad cælum usque laudibus efferre: ignaris auctoribus, modo secum sentiant, aut sibi faveant, ubique blandiri, doctissimos sibi non plane pleneque deditos plus quam canino dente mordere.*”

What has been said of other journals was said of the “*Journal de Trévoux* :” —

“*Les auteurs de ce journal, qui a son mérite, sont constants à louer tous les ouvrages de ceux qu’ils affectionnent, et pour éviter une froide monotonie, ils exercent quelquefois la critique sur les écrivains à qui rien ne les oblige de faire grâce.*”

It took some time before authors became at all reconciled to these new tribunals of literary justice. Even a writer like Voltaire, who braved public opinion more than anybody, looked upon journals, and the influence which they soon gained in France and abroad, as a great evil. “*Rien n’a plus nui à la littérature,*” he writes, “*plus répandu le mauvais goût, et plus confondu le vrai avec le faux.*” Before the establishment of literary journals, a learned writer had indeed little to fear. For a few years, at all events, he was allowed to enjoy the reputation of having published a book; and this by itself was considered a great distinction by the world at large. Perhaps his book was never noticed at all, or, if it was, it was only criticised in one of those elaborate letters which the learned men of the

sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used to write to each other, which might be forwarded indeed to one or two other professors, but which never influenced public opinion. Only in extreme cases a book would be answered by another book, but this would necessarily require a long time; nor would it at all follow that those who had read and admired the original work would have an opportunity of consulting the volume that contained its refutation. This happy state of things came to an end after the year 1655. Since the invention of printing, no more important event had happened in the republic of letters than the introduction of a periodical literature. It was a complete revolution, differing from other revolutions only by the quickness with which the new power was recognized even by its fiercest opponents.

The power of journalism, however, soon found its proper level, and the history of its rise and progress, which has still to be written, teaches the same lesson as the history of political powers. Journals which defended private interests, or the interests of parties, whether religious, political, or literary, never gained that influence which was freely conceded to those who were willing to serve the public at large in pointing out real merit wherever it could be found, and in unmasking pretenders, to whatever rank they might belong. The once all-powerful organ of the Jesuits, the "Journal de Trévoux," has long ceased to exist, and even to be remembered; the "Journal des Savants" still holds, after more than two hundred years, that eminent position which was claimed for it by its founder, as the independent advocate of justice and truth.

## IX.

### CHASOT.<sup>1</sup>

HISTORY is generally written *en face*. It reminds us occasionally of certain royal family pictures, where the centre is occupied by the king and queen, while their children are ranged on each side like organ-pipes, and the courtiers and ministers are grouped behind, according to their respective ranks. All the figures seem to stare at some imaginary spectator, who would require at least a hundred eyes to take in the whole of the assemblage. This place of the imaginary spectator falls generally to the lot of the historian, and of those who read great historical works; and perhaps this is inevitable. But it is refreshing for once to change this unsatisfactory position, and, instead of always looking straight in the faces of kings, and queens, and generals, and ministers, to catch, by a side-glance, a view of the times, as they appeared to men occupying a less central and less abstract position than that of the general historian. If we look at the Palace of Versailles from the terrace in front of the edifice, we are impressed with its broad magnificence, but we are soon tired, and all that is left in our memory is a vast expanse of windows, columns, statues, and wall. But let us retire to some of the *bosquets* on each side of the main

<sup>1</sup> *Chasot: a Contribution to the History of Frederic the Great and his Time.* By Kurd von Schlözer. Berlin. 1856.

avenue, and take a diagonal view of the great mansion of Louis XIV., and though we lose part of the palace, the whole picture gains in color and life, and it brings before our mind the figure of the great monarch himself, so fond of concealing part of his majestic stateliness under the shadow of those very groves where we are sitting.

It was a happy thought of M. Kurd von Schlözer to try a similar experiment with Frederic the Great, and to show him to us, not as the great king, looking history in the face, but as seen near and behind another person, for whom the author has felt so much sympathy as to make him the central figure of a very pretty historical picture. This person is Chasot. Frederic used to say of him, *C'est le matador de ma jeunesse*, — a saying which is not found in Frederic's works, but which is nevertheless authentic. One of the chief magistrates of the old Hanseatic town of Lübeck, Syndicus Curtius, — the father, we believe, of the two distinguished scholars, Ernst and Georg Curtius, — was at school with the two sons of Chasot, and he remembers these royal words, when they were repeated in all the drawing-rooms of the city where Chasot spent many years of his life. Frederic's friendship for Chasot is well known, for there are two poems of the king addressed to this young favorite. They do not give a very high idea either of the poetical power of the monarch, or of the moral character of his friend; but they contain some manly and straightforward remarks, which make up for a great deal of shallow declamation. This young Chasot was a French nobleman, a fresh, chivalrous, buoyant nature, — adventurous, careless, extravagant, brave, full of romance, happy with the happy, and galloping

through life like a true cavalry officer. He met Frederic in 1734. Louis XV. had taken up the cause of Stanislas Leszczyński, King of Poland, his father-in-law, and Chasot served in the French army which, under the Duke of Berwick, attacked Germany on the Rhine, in order to relieve Poland from the simultaneous pressure of Austria and Russia. He had the misfortune to kill a French officer in a duel, and was obliged to take refuge in the camp of the old Prince Eugène. Here the young Prince of Prussia soon discovered the brilliant parts of the French nobleman, and when his father, Frederic William I., no longer allowed him to serve under Eugène, he asked Chasot to follow him to Prussia. The years from 1735 to 1740 were happy years for the prince, though he, no doubt, would have preferred taking an active part in the campaign. He writes to his sister : —

“J'aurais répondu plus tôt, si je n'avais été très-affligé de ce que le roi ne veut pas me permettre d'aller en campagne. Je le lui ai demandé quatre fois, et lui ai rappelé la promesse qu'il m'en avait faite ; mais point de nouvelle ; il m'a dit qu'il avait des raisons très-cachées qui l'en empêchaient. Je le crois, car je suis persuadé qu'il ne les sait pas lui-même.”

But, as he wished to be on good terms with his father, he stayed at home, and travelled about to inspect his future kingdom. “C'est un peu plus honnête qu'en Sibérie,” he writes, “mais pas de beaucoup.” Frederic, after his marriage, took up his abode in the Castle of Rheinsberg, near Neu-Ruppin, and it was here that he spent the happiest part of his existence, M. de Schlözer has described this period in the life of the king with great art ; and he has pointed out how Frederic, while he seemed to live for nothing but

pleasure, — shooting, dancing, music, and poetry, — was given at the same time to much more serious occupations, — reading and composing works on history, strategy, and philosophy, and maturing plans which, when the time of their execution came, seemed to spring from his head full-grown and full-armed. He writes to his sister, the Markgravine of Baireuth, in 1737 : —

“ Nous nous divertissons de rien, et n'avons aucun soin des choses de la vie, qui la rendent désagréable et qui jettent du dégoût sur les plaisirs. Nous faisons la tragédie et la comédie, nous avons bal, mascarade, et musique à toute sauce. Voilà un abrégé de nos amusements.”

And again, he writes to his friend Suhm, at Petersburg : —

“ Nous allons représenter l'*Œdipe* de Voltaire, dans lequel je ferai le héros de théâtre ; j'ai choisi le rôle de Philoctète.”

A similar account of the royal household at Rheinsberg is given by Bielfeld : —

“ C'est ainsi que les jours s'écoulent ici dans une tranquillité assaisonnée de tous les plaisirs qui peuvent flatter une âme raisonnable. Chère de roi, vin des dieux, musique des anges, promenades délicieuses dans les jardins et dans les bois, parties sur l'eau, culture des lettres et des beaux-arts, conversation spirituelle, tout concourt à repandre dans ce palais enchanté des charmes sur la vie.”

Frederic, however, was not a man to waste his time in mere pleasure. He shared in the revelries of his friends, but he was perhaps the only person at Rheinsberg who spent his evenings in reading Wolff's “*Metaphysics*.” And here let us remark, that this German prince, in order to read that work, was obliged to have the German translated into French by his friend Suhm, the Saxon minister at Petersburg. Chasot, who had no very definite duties to perform at

Rheinsberg, was commissioned to copy Suhm's manuscript, — nay, he was nearly driven to despair when he had to copy it a second time, because Frederic's monkey, Mimi, had set fire to the first copy. We have Frederic's opinion on Wolff's "Metaphysics," in his "Works," vol. i. p. 263 : —

"Les universités prospéraient en même temps. Halle et Francfort étaient fournies de savants professeurs : Thomasius, Gundling, Ludewig, Wolff, et Stryke tenaient le premier rang pour la célébrité et faisaient nombre de disciples. Wolff commenta l'ingénieux système de Leibnitz sur les monades, et noya dans un déluge de paroles, d'arguments, de corollaires, et de citations, quelques problèmes que Leibnitz avait jetés peut-être comme une amorce aux métaphysiciens. Le professeur de Halle écrivait laborieusement nombre de volumes, qui, au lieu de pouvoir instruire des hommes faits, servirent tout au plus de catéchisme de didactique pour des enfants. Les monades ont mis aux prises les métaphysiciens et les géomètres d'Allemagne, et ils disputent encore sur la divisibilité de la matière."

In another place, however, he speaks of Wolff with greater respect, and acknowledges his influence in the German universities. Speaking of the reign of his father, he writes : —

"Mais la faveur et les brigues remplissaient les chaires de professeurs dans les universités ; les dévots, qui se mêlent de tout, acquièrent une part à la direction des universités ; ils y persécutaient le bon sens, et surtout la classe des philosophes : Wolff fut exilé pour avoir dèduit avec un ordre admirable les preuves sur l'existence de Dieu. La jeune noblesse qui se vouait aux armes, crût déroger en étudiant, et comme l'esprit humain donne toujours dans les excès, ils regardèrent l'ignorance comme un titre de mérite, et le savoir comme une pédanterie absurde."

During the same time, Frederic composed his "Refutation of Macchiavelli," which was published in 1740, and read all over Europe ; and besides the gay parties of the court, he organized the somewhat

mysterious society of the *Ordre de Bayard*, of which his brothers, the Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, the Duke Wilhelm of Brunswick-Bevern, Keyserling, Fouqué, and Chasot, were members. Their meetings had reference to serious political matters, though Frederic himself was never initiated by his father into the secrets of Prussian policy till almost on his death-bed. The king died in 1740, and Frederic was suddenly called away from his studies and pleasures at Rheinsberg, to govern a rising kingdom which was watched with jealousy by all its neighbors. He describes his state of mind, shortly before the death of his father, in the following words : —

“ Vous pouvez bien juger que je suis assez tracassé dans la situation où je me trouve. On me laisse peu de repos, mais l'intérieur est tranquille, et je puis vous assurer que je n'ai jamais été plus philosophe qu'en cette occasion-ci. Je regarde avec des yeux d'indifférence tout ce qui m'attend, sans désirer la fortune ni la craindre, plein de compassion pour ceux qui souffrent, d'estime pour les honnêtes gens, et de tendresse pour mes amis.”

As soon, however as he had mastered his new position, the young king was again the patron of art, of science, of literature, and of social improvements of every kind. Voltaire had been invited to Berlin, to organize a French theatre, when suddenly the news of the death of Charles VI., the Emperor of Germany, arrived at Berlin. How well Frederic understood what was to follow, we learn from a letter to Voltaire : —

“ Mon cher Voltaire, — L'événement le moins prévu du monde m'empêche, pour cette fois, d'ouvrir mon âme à la vôtre comme d'ordinaire, et de bavarder comme je le voudrais. L'empereur est mort. Cette mort dérange toutes mes idées pacifiques, et je crois qu'il s'agira, au mois de juin, plutôt de poudre à canon, de soldats, de tranchées, que d'actrices, de ballets et de théâtre.”

He was suffering from fever, and he adds: —

“ Je vais faire passer ma fièvre, car j’ai besoin de ma machine, et il en faut tirer à présent tout le parti possible.”

Again he writes to Algarotti: —

“ Une bagatelle comme est la mort de l’empereur ne demande pas de grands mouvements. Tout était prévu, tout était arrangé. Ainsi il ne s’agit que d’exécuter des desseins que j’ai roulés depuis long temps dans ma tête.”

We need not enter into the history of the first Silesian war; but we see clearly from these expressions, that the occupation of Silesia, which the house of Brandenburg claimed by right, had formed part of the policy of Prussia long before the death of the emperor; and the peace of Breslau, in 1742, realized a plan which had probably been the subject of many debates at Rheinsberg. During this first war, Chasot obtained the most brilliant success. At Mollwitz, he saved the life of the king; and the following account of this exploit was given to M. de Schlözer by members of Chasot’s family: An Austrian cavalry officer, with some of his men, rode up close to the king. Chasot was near. “ Where is the king?” the officer shouted; and Chasot, perceiving the imminent danger, sprang forward, declared himself to be the king, and sustained for some time single-handed the most violent combat with the Austrian soldiers. At last he was rescued by his men, but not without having received a severe wound across his forehead. The king thanked him, and Voltaire afterwards celebrated his bravery in the following lines: —

“ Il me souvient encore de ce jour mémorable  
Où l’illustre Chasot, ce guerrier formidable,  
Sauva par sa valeur le plus grand de nos rois.  
O Prusse! élève un temple à ses fameux exploits.”

Chasot soon rose to the rank of major, and received

large pecuniary rewards from the king. The brightest event, however, of his life was still to come; and this was the battle of Hohenfriedberg, in 1745. In spite of Frederic's successes, his position before that engagement was extremely critical. Austria had concluded a treaty with England, Holland and Saxony against Prussia. France declined to assist Frederic, Russia threatened to take part against him. On the 19th of April, the king wrote to his minister: —

“La situation présente est aussi violente que désagréable. Mon parti est tout pris. S'il s'agit de se battre, nous le ferons en désespérés, Enfin, jamais crise n'a été plus grande que la mienne. Il faut laisser au temps de débrouiller cette fusée, et au destin, s'il y en a un, à décider de l'événement.”

And again: —

“J'ai jeté le bonnet pardessus les moulins; je me prépare à tous les événements qui peuvent m'arriver. Que la fortune me soit contraire ou favorable, cela ne m'abaissera ni m'enorgueillira; et s'il faut périr, ce sera avec gloire et l'épée à la main.”

The decisive day arrived — “le jour le plus décisif de ma fortune.” The night before the battle, the king said to the French ambassador — “Les ennemis sont où je les voulais, et je les attaque demain;” and on the following day the battle of Hohenfriedberg was won. How Chasot distinguished himself, we may learn from Frederic's own description: —

“Muse dis-moi, comment en ces moments  
Chasot brilla, faisant voler des têtes,  
De maints uhlands faisant de vrais squelettes,  
Et des hussards, devant lui s'eclappant,  
Fandant les uns, les autres transperçant,  
Et, maniant sa flamberge tranchante,  
Mettait en fuite, et donnait l'épouvante  
Aux ennemis effarés et tremblants.  
Tel Jupiter est peint arme du foudre,  
Et tel Chasot réduit l'uhlan en poudre.”

In his account of the battle, the king wrote: —

“ Action inouïe dans l'histoire, et dont le succès est dû aux Généraux Gessler et Schmettau, au Colonel Schwerin et au brave Major Chasot, dont la valeur et la conduite se sont fait connaître dans trois batailles également.”

And in his “ Histoire de mon Temps,” he wrote : —

\* Un fait aussi rare, aussi glorieux, mérite d'être écrit en lettres d'or dans les fastes prussiens. Le Général Schwerin, le Major Chasot et beaucoup d'officiers s'y firent un nom immortel.”

How, then, is it that, in the later edition of Frederic's “ Histoire de mon Temps,” the name of Chasot is erased? How is it that, during the whole of the Seven Years' War, Chasot is never mentioned? M. de Schlözer gives us a complete answer to this question, and we must say that Frederic did not behave well to the *matador de sa jeunesse*. Chasot had a duel with a Major Bronickowsky, in which his opponent was killed. So far as we can judge from the documents which M. de Schlözer has obtained from Chasot's family, Chasot had been forced to fight; but the king believed that he had sought a quarrel with the Polish officer, and, though a court-martial found him not guilty, Frederic sent him to the fortress of Spandau. This was the first estrangement between Chasot and the king; and though after a time he was received again at court, the friendship between the king and the young nobleman who had saved his life had received a rude shock.

Chasot spent the next few years in garrison at Trepow; and, though he was regularly invited by Frederic to be present at the great festivities at Berlin, he seems to have been a more constant visitor at the small court of the Duchess of Strelitz, not far from his garrison, than at Potsdam. The king employed him on a diplomatic mission, and in this also Chasot was

successful. But notwithstanding the continuance of this friendly intercourse, both parties felt chilled, and the least misunderstanding was sure to lead to a rupture. The king, jealous perhaps of Chasot's frequent visits at Strelitz, and not satisfied with the drill of his regiment, expressed himself in strong terms about Chasot at a review in 1751. The latter asked for leave of absence in order to return to his country and recruit his health. He had received fourteen wounds in the Prussian service, and his application could not be refused. There was another cause of complaint, on which Chasot seems to have expressed himself freely. He imagined that Frederic had not rewarded his services with sufficient liberality. He expressed himself in the following words:—

“ Je ne sais quel malheureux guignon poursuit le roi : mais ce guignon se reproduit dans tout ce que sa majesté entreprend ou ordonne. Toujours ses vues sont bonnes, ses plans sont sages, réfléchis et justes ; et toujours le succès est nul ou très-imparfait, et pourquoi ? Toujours pour la même cause ! parce qu'il manque un louis à l'exécution ! un louis de plus, et tout irait à merveille. Son guignon veut que partout il retienne ce maudit louis ; et tout se fait mal.”

How far this is just, we are unable to say. Chasot was reckless about money, and whatever the king might have allowed him, he would always have wanted one louis more. But on the other hand, Chasot was not the only person who complained of Frederic's parsimony ; and the French proverb, “ On ne peut pas travailler pour le roi de Prusse,” probably owes its origin to the complaints of Frenchmen who flocked to Berlin at that time in great numbers, and returned home disappointed. Chasot went to France, where he was well received, and he soon sent an intimation to the king that he did not mean to return to Berlin. In

1752 his name was struck off the Prussian army-list. Frederic was offended, and the simultaneous loss of many friends, who either died or left his court, made him *de mauvaise humeur*. It is about this time that he writes to his sister :—

“J'étudie beaucoup, et cela me soulage réellement ; mais lorsque mon esprit fait des retours sur les temps passés, alors les plaies du cœur se rouvrent et je regrette inutilement les pertes que j'ai faites.”

Chasot, however, soon returned to Germany, and probably in order to be near the court of Strelitz, took up his abode in the old free town of Lübeck. He became a citizen of Lübeck in 1754, and in 1759 was made commander of its militia. Here his life seems to have been very agreeable, and he was treated with great consideration and liberality. Chasot was still young, as he was born in 1716, and he now thought of marriage. This he accomplished in the following manner. There was at that time an artist of some celebrity at Lübeck,—Stefano Torelli. He had a daughter whom he had left at Dresden to be educated, and whose portrait he carried about on his snuff-box. Chasot met him at dinner, saw the snuff-box, fell in love with the picture, and proposed to the father to marry his daughter Camilla. Camilla was sent for. She left Dresden, travelled through the country, which was then occupied by Prussian troops, met the king in his camp, received his protection, arrived safely at Lübeck, and in the same year was married to Chasot. Frederic was then in the thick of the Seven Years' War, but Chasot, though he was again on friendly terms with the king, did not offer him his sword. He was too happy at Lübeck with his Camilla, and he made himself useful to the king by sending him recruits.

One of the recruits he offered was his son, and in a letter, April 8, 1760, we see the king accepting this young recruit in the most gracious terms : —

“J’accepte volontiers, cher de Chasot, la recrue qui vous doit son être, et je serai parrain de l’enfant qui vous naîtra, au cas que ce soit un fils. Nous tuons les hommes, tandis que vous en faites.”

It was a son, and Chasot writes : —

“Si ce garçon me ressemble, Sire, il n’aura pas une goutte de sang dans ses veines qui ne soit à vous.”

M. de Schlözer, who is himself a native of Lübeck, has described the later years of Chasot’s life in that city with great warmth and truthfulness. The diplomatic relations of the town with Russia and Denmark were not without interest at that time, because Peter III., formerly Duke of Holstein, had declared war against Denmark in order to substantiate his claims to the Danish crown. Chasot had actually the pleasure of fortifying Lübeck, and carrying on preparations for war on a small scale, till Peter was dethroned by his wife, Catherine. All this is told in a very comprehensive and luminous style ; and it is not without regret that we find ourselves in the last chapter, where M. de Schlözer describes the last meetings of Chasot and Frederic in 1779, 1784, and 1785. Frederic had lost nearly all his friends, and he was delighted to see the *matador de sa jeunesse* once more. He writes : —

“Une chose qui n’est presque arrivée qu’à moi est que j’ai perdu tous mes amis de cœur et mes anciennes connaissances ; ce sont des plaies dont le cœur saigne long-temps, que la philosophie apaise, mais que sa main ne saurait guérir.”

How pleasant for the king to find at least one man with whom he could talk of the old days of Rheinsberg, - of Fräulein von Schack and Fräulein von Walmo-

den, of Cæsarion and Jordan, of Mimi and le Tourbillon! Chasot's two sons entered the Prussian service, though, in the manner in which they are received, we find Frederic again acting more as king than as friend. Chasot in 1784 was still as lively as ever, whereas the king was in bad health. The latter writes to his old friend, "Si nous ne nous revoyons bientôt, nous ne nous reverrons jamais;" and when Chasot had arrived, Frederic writes to Prince Heinrich, "Chasot est venu ici de Lübeck; il ne parle que de mangeaille, de vins de Champagne, du Rhin, de Madère, de Hongrie, et du faste de messieurs les marchands de la bourse de Lübeck."

Such was the last meeting of these two knights of the *Ordre de Bayard*. The king died in 1786, without seeing the approach of the revolutionary storm which was soon to upset the throne of the Bourbons. Chasot died in 1797. He began to write his memoirs in 1789, and it is to some of their fragments, which had been preserved by his family, and were handed over to M. Kurd de Schlözer, that we owe this delightful little book. Frederic the Great used to complain that Germans could not write history

"Ce siècle ne produisit aucun bon historien. On chargea Teissier d'écrire l'histoire de Brandebourg: il en fit le panégyrique. Pufendorf écrivit la vie de Frédéric-Guillaume, et, pour ne rien omettre, il n'oublia ni ses clercs de chancellerie, ni ses valets de chambre dont il put recueillir les noms. Nos auteurs ont, ce me semble, toujours péché, faute de discerner les choses essentielles des accessoires, d'éclaircir les faits, de resserrer leur prose trainante et excessivement sujette aux inversions, aux nombreuses épithètes, et d'écrire en pédants plutôt qu'en hommes de génie."

We believe that Frederic would not have said this

of a work like that of M. de Schlözer ; and as to Chasot, it is not too much to say that, after the days of Mollwitz and Hohenfriedberg, the day on which M. de Schlözer undertook to write his biography was perhaps the most fortunate for his fame.

1856.

SHAKESPEARE.<sup>1</sup>

THE city of Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe, sends her greeting to the city of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. The old free town of Frankfort, which, since the days of Frederick Barbarossa, has seen the Emperors of Germany crowned within her walls, might well at all times speak in the name of Germany. But to-day she sends her greeting, not as the proud mother of German Emperors, but as the prouder mother of the greatest among the poets of Germany; and it is from the very house in which Goethe lived, and which has since become the seat of "the Free German Institute for Science and Art," that this message of the German admirers and lovers of Shakespeare has been sent, which I am asked to present to you, the Mayor and Council of Stratford-on-Avon.

When honor was to be done to the memory of Shakespeare, Germany could not be absent, for next to Goethe and Schiller there is no poet so truly loved by us, so thoroughly our own, as your Shakespeare. He is no stranger with us, no mere classic, like Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Corneille, whom we admire as we

<sup>1</sup> Speech delivered at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23d of April, 1864, the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth.

admire a marble statue. He has become one of ourselves, holding his own place in the history of our literature, applauded in our theatres, read in our cottages, studied, known, loved, "as far as sounds the German tongue." There is many a student in Germany who has learned English solely in order to read Shakespeare in the original, and yet we possess a translation of Shakespeare with which few translations of any work can vie in any language. What we in Germany owe to Shakespeare must be read in the history of our literature. Goethe was proud to call himself a pupil of Shakespeare. I shall at this moment allude to one debt of gratitude only which Germany owes to the poet of Stratford-on-Avon. I do not speak of the poet only, and of his art, so perfect because so artless; I think of the man with his large, warm heart, with his sympathy for all that is genuine, unselfish, beautiful, and good; with his contempt for all that is petty, mean, vulgar, and false. It is from his plays that our young men in Germany form their first ideas of England and the English nation, and in admiring and loving him we have learned to admire and to love you who may proudly call him your own. And it is right that this should be so. As the height of the Alps is measured by Mont Blanc, let the greatness of England be measured by the greatness of Shakespeare. Great nations make great poets, great poets make great nations. Happy the nation that possesses a poet like Shakespeare. Happy the youth of England whose first ideas of this world in which they are to live are taken from his pages. The silent influence of Shakespeare's poetry on millions of young hearts in England, in Germany, in all the world, shows the almost superhuman power of human genius. If we

look at that small house, in a small street of a small town of a small island, and then think of the world-embracing, world-quickening, world-ennobling spirit that burst forth from that small garret, we have learned a lesson and carried off a blessing for which no pilgrimage would have been too long. Though the great festivals which in former days brought together people from all parts of Europe to worship at the shrine of Canterbury exist no more, let us hope, for the sake of England, more even than for the sake of Shakespeare, that this will not be the last Shakespeare festival in the annals of Stratford-on-Avon. In this cold and critical age of ours the power of worshipping, the art of admiring, the passion of loving what is great and good are fast dying out. May England never be ashamed to show to the world that she can love, that she can admire, that she can worship the greatest of her poets! May Shakespeare live on in the love of each generation that grows up in England! May the youth of England long continue to be nursed, to be fed, to be reprov'd and judged by his spirit! With that nation—that truly English, because truly Shakespearian nation—the German nation will always be united by the strongest sympathies; for, superadded to their common blood, their common religion, their common battles and victories, they will always have in Shakespeare a common teacher, a common benefactor and a common friend.

*April, 1864.*

## XI.

### BACON IN GERMANY.<sup>1</sup>

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“IF our German philosophy is considered in England and in France as German dreaming, we ought not to render evil for evil, but rather to prove the groundlessness of such accusations by endeavoring ourselves to appreciate, without any prejudice, the philosophers of France and England, such as they are, and doing them that justice which they deserve; especially as, in scientific subjects, injustice means ignorance.” With these words M. Kuno Fischer introduces his work on Bacon to the German public; and what he says is evidently intended, not as an attack upon the conceit of French, and the exclusiveness of English philosophers, but rather as an apology which the author feels that he owes to his own countrymen. It would seem, indeed, as if a German was bound to apologize for treating Bacon as an equal of Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, and Schelling. Bacon’s name is never mentioned by German writers without some proviso that it is only by a great stretch of the meaning of the word, or by courtesy, that he can be called a philosopher. His philosophy, it is maintained, ends where all true philosophy begins; and his style or method has frequently been described

<sup>1</sup> Franz Baco von Verulam: *Die Realphilosophie und ihr Zeitalter*. Von Kuno Fischer. Leipzig. Brockhaus. 1856.

as unworthy of a systematic thinker. Spinoza, who has exercised so great an influence on the history of thought in Germany, was among the first who spoke slightly of the inductive philosopher. When treating of the causes of error, he writes, "What he (Bacon) adduces besides, in order to explain error, can easily be traced back to the Cartesian theory; it is this, that the human will is free and more comprehensive than the understanding, or, as Bacon expresses himself in a more confused manner, in the forty-ninth aphorism, 'The human understanding is not a pure light, but obscured by the will.'" In works on the general history of philosophy, German authors find it difficult to assign any place to Bacon. Sometimes he is classed with the Italian school of natural philosophy, sometimes he is contrasted with Jacob Boehme. He is named as one of the many who helped to deliver mankind from the thralldom of scholasticism. But any account of what he really was, what he did to immortalize his name, and to gain that prominent position among his own countrymen which he has occupied to the present day, we should look for in vain even in the most complete and systematic treatises on the history of philosophy published in Germany. Nor does this arise from any wish to depreciate the results of English speculation in general. On the contrary, we find that Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume are treated with great respect. They occupy well-marked positions in the progress of philosophic thought. Their names are written in large letters on the chief stations through which the train of human reasoning passed before it arrived at Kant and Hegel. Locke's philosophy took for a time complete possession of the German mind, and called forth some of the most important

and decisive writings of Leibnitz; and Kant himself owed his commanding position to the battle which he fought and won against Hume. Bacon alone has never been either attacked or praised, nor have his works, as it seems, ever been studied very closely by Germans. As far as we can gather, their view of Bacon and of English philosophy is something as follows. Philosophy, they say, should account for experience; but Bacon took experience for granted. He constructed a cyclopædia of knowledge, but he never explained what knowledge itself was. Hence philosophy, far from being brought to a close by his "Novum Organon," had to learn again to make her first steps immediately after his time. Bacon had built a magnificent palace, but it was soon found that there was no staircase in it. The very first question of all philosophy, "How do we know?" or, "How can we know?" had never been asked by him. Locke, who came after him, was the first to ask it, and he endeavored to answer it in his "Essay concerning Human Understanding." The result of his speculations was, that the mind is a *tabula rasa*, that this *tabula rasa* becomes gradually filled with sensuous perceptions, and that these sensuous perceptions arrange themselves into classes, and thus give rise to more general ideas or conceptions. This was a step in advance; but there was again one thing taken for granted by Locke,—the perceptions. This led to the next step in English philosophy, which was made by Berkeley. He asked the question, "What are perceptions?" and he answered it boldly: "Perceptions are the things themselves, and the only cause of these perceptions is God." But this bold step was in reality but a bold retreat. Hume accepted the results both of Locke and Berkeley. He

admitted with Locke that the impressions of the senses are the source of all knowledge ; he admitted with Berkeley that we know nothing beyond the impressions of our senses. But when Berkeley speaks of the cause of these impressions, Hume points out that we have no right to speak of anything like cause and effect, and that the idea of causality, of necessary sequence, on which the whole fabric of our reasoning rests, is an assumption ; inevitable, it may be, yet an assumption. Thus English philosophy, which seemed to be so settled and positive in Bacon, ended in the most unsettled and negative skepticism in Hume ; and it was only through Kant that, according to the Germans, the great problem was solved at last, and men again knew *how* they knew.

From this point of view, which we believe to be that generally taken by German writers of the historical progress of modern philosophy, we may well understand why the star of Bacon should disappear almost below their horizon. And if those only are to be called philosophers who inquire into the causes of our knowledge, or into the possibility of knowing and being, a new name must be invented for men like him, who are concerned alone with the realities of knowledge. The two are antipodes, — they inhabit two distinct hemispheres of thought. But German Idealism, as M. Kuno Fischer says, would have done well if it had become more thoroughly acquainted with its opponent : —

“ And if it be objected,” he says, “ that the points of contact between German and English philosophy, between Idealism and Realism, are less to be found in Bacon than in other philosophers of his kind ; that it was not Bacon, but Hume, who influenced Kant ; that it was not Bacon, but Locke, who influenced Leibnitz ; that Spinoza, if he received any impulse at all from

those quarters, received it from Hobbes, and not from Bacon, of whom he speaks in several places very contemptuously,—I answer, that it was Bacon whom Des Cartes, the acknowledged founder of dogmatic Idealism, chose for his antagonist. And as to those realistic philosophers who have influenced the opposite side of philosophy in Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant, I shall be able to prove that Hobbes, Locke, Hume, are all descendants of Bacon, that they have their roots in Bacon, that without Bacon they cannot be truly explained and understood, but only be taken up in a fragmentary form, and, as it were, plucked off. Bacon is the creator of realistic philosophy. Their age is but a development of the Baconian germs; every one of their systems is a metamorphosis of Baconian philosophy. To the present day, realistic philosophy has never had a greater genius than Bacon, its founder; none who has manifested the truly realistic spirit that feels itself at home in the midst of life, in so comprehensive, so original and characteristic, so sober, and yet at the same time so ideal and aspiring a manner; none, again, in whom the limits of this spirit stand out in such distinct and natural relief. Bacon's philosophy is the most healthy and quite inartificial expression of Realism. After the systems of Spinoza and Leibnitz had moved me for a long time, had filled, and, as it were, absorbed me, the study of Bacon was to me like a new life, the fruits of which are gathered in this book."

After a careful perusal of M. Fischer's work, we believe that it will not only serve in Germany as a useful introduction to the study of Bacon, but that it will be read with interest and advantage by many persons in England who are already acquainted with the chief works of the philosopher. The analysis which he gives of Bacon's philosophy is accurate and complete; and, without indulging in any lengthy criticisms, he has thrown much light on several important points. He first discusses the aim of his philosophy, and characterizes it as Discovery in general, as the conquest of nature by man (*Regnum hominis, interpretatio naturæ*). He then enters into the means which it supplies for accomplishing this conquest, and which consist chiefly in experience:—

“The chief object of Bacon’s philosophy is the establishment and extension of the dominion of man. The means of accomplishing this we may call culture, or the application of physical powers toward human purposes. But there is no such culture without discovery, which produces the means of culture; no discovery without science, which understands the laws of nature; no science without natural science; no natural science without an interpretation of nature; and this can only be accomplished according to the measure of our experience.”

M. Fischer then proceeds to discuss what he calls the negative or destructive part of Bacon’s philosophy (*pars destruens*), — that is to say, the means by which the human mind should be purified and freed from all preconceived notions before it approaches the interpretation of nature. He carries us through the long war which Bacon commenced against the idols of traditional or scholastic science. We see how the *idola tribus*, the *idola specus*, the *idola fori*, and the *idola theatri*, are destroyed by his iconoclastic philosophy. After all these are destroyed, there remains nothing but uncertainty and doubt; and it is in this state of nudity, approaching very nearly to the *tabula rasa* of Locke, that the human mind should approach the new temple of nature. Here lies the radical difference between Bacon and Des Cartes, between Realism and Idealism. Des Cartes also, like Bacon, destroys all former knowledge. He proves that we know nothing for certain. But after he has deprived the human mind of all its imaginary riches, he does not lead it on, like Bacon, to a study of nature, but to a study of itself as the only subject which can be known for certain, *Cogito, ergo sum*. His philosophy leads to a study of the fundamental laws of knowing and being; that of Bacon enters at once into the gates of nature, with the innocence of a child (to use his

own expression) who enters the kingdom of God Bacon speaks, indeed, of a *Philosophia prima* as a kind of introduction to Divine, Natural, and Human Philosophy; but he does not discuss in this preliminary chapter the problem of the possibility of knowledge, nor was it with him the right place to do so. It was destined by him as a "receptacle for all such profitable observations and axioms as fall not within the compass of the special parts of philosophy or sciences, but are more common, and of a higher stage." He mentions himself some of these axioms, such as — "*Si inæqualibus æqualia addas, omnia erunt inæqualia;*" "*Quæ in eodem tertio conveniunt, et inter se conveniunt;*" "*Omnia mutantur, nil interit.*" The problem of the possibility of knowledge would generally be classed under metaphysics; but what Bacon calls *Metaphysique* is, with him, a branch of philosophy treating only on Formal and Final Causes, in opposition to *Physique*, which treats on Material and Efficient Causes. If we adopt Bacon's division of philosophy, we might still expect to find the fundamental problem discussed in his chapter on Human Philosophy; but here, again, he treats man only as a part of the continent of Nature, and when he comes to consider the substance and nature of the soul or mind, he declines to enter into this subject, because "the true knowledge of the nature and state of soul must come by the same inspiration that gave the substance." There remains, therefore, but one place in Bacon's cyclopædia where we might hope to find some information on this subject, — namely, where he treats on the faculties and functions of the mind, and in particular, of understanding and reason. And here he dwells indeed on the doubtful evidence of

the senses as one of the causes of error so frequently pointed out by other philosophers. But he remarks that, though they charged the deceit upon the senses, their chief errors arose from a different cause, from the weakness of their intellectual powers, and from the manner of collecting and concluding upon the reports of the senses. And he then points to what is to be the work of his life, — an improved system of invention, consisting of the *Experientia Literata*, and the *Interpretatio Naturæ*.

It must be admitted, therefore, that one of the problems which has occupied most philosophers, — nay, which, in a certain sense, may be called the first impulse to all philosophy, — the question whether we can know anything, is entirely passed over by Bacon; and we may well understand why the name and title of philosopher has been withheld from one who looked upon human knowledge as an art, but never inquired into its causes and credentials. This is a point which M. Fischer has not overlooked; but he has not always kept it in view, and in wishing to secure to Bacon his place in the history of philosophy, he has deprived him of that more exalted place which Bacon himself wished to occupy in the history of the world. Among men like Locke, Hume, Kant, and Hegel, Bacon is, and always will be, a stranger. Bacon himself would have drawn a very strong line between their province and his own. He knows where their province lies; and if he sometimes speaks contemptuously of formal philosophy, it is only when formal philosophy has encroached on his own ground, or when it breaks into the enclosure of revealed religion, which he wished to be kept sacred. There, he holds, the human mind should not enter, except in the attitude of the Semnones, with chained hands.

Bacon's philosophy could never supplant the works of Plato and Aristotle, and though his method might prove useful in every branch of knowledge, — even in the most abstruse points of logic and metaphysics, — yet there has never been a Baconian school of philosophy, in the sense in which we speak of the school of Locke or Kant. Bacon was above or below philosophy. Philosophy, in the usual sense of the word, formed but a part of his great scheme of knowledge. It had its place therein, side by side with history, poetry, and religion. After he had surveyed the whole universe of knowledge, he was struck by the small results that had been obtained by so much labor, and he discovered the cause of this failure in the want of a proper method of investigation and combination. The substitution of a new method of invention was the great object of his philosophical activity; and though it has been frequently said that the Baconian method had been known long before Bacon, and had been practiced by his predecessors with much greater success than by himself or his immediate followers, it was his chief merit to have proclaimed it, and to have established its legitimacy against all gainsayers. M. Fischer has some very good remarks on Bacon's method of induction, particularly on the *instantiæ prærogativæ* which, as he points out, though they show the weakness of his system, exhibit at the same time the strength of his mind, which rises above all the smaller considerations of systematic consistency, where higher objects are at stake.

M. Fischer devotes one chapter to Bacon's relation to the ancient philosophers, and another to his views on poetry. In the latter, he naturally compares Bacon with his contemporary, Shakespeare. We recommend this chapter, as well as a similar one in a work on

Shakespeare by Gervinus, to the author of the ingenious discovery that Bacon was the real author of Shakespeare's plays. Besides an analysis of the constructive part of Bacon's philosophy, or the *Instauratio Magna*, M. Fischer gives us several interesting chapters, in which he treats of Bacon as an historical character, of his views on religion and theology, and of his reviewers. His defense of Bacon's political character is the weakest part of his work. He draws an elaborate parallel between the spirit of Bacon's philosophy and the spirit of his public acts. Discovery, he says, was the object of the philosopher; success that of the politician. But what can be gained by such parallels? We admire Bacon's ardent exertions for the successful advancement of learning, but, if his acts for his own advancement were blamable, no moralist, whatever notions he may hold on the relation between the understanding and the will, would be swayed in his judgment of Lord Bacon's character by such considerations. We make no allowance for the imitative talents of a tragedian, if he stands convicted of forgery, nor for the courage of a soldier, if he is accused of murder. Bacon's character can only be judged by the historian, and by a careful study of the standard of public morality in Bacon's times. And the same may be said of the position which he took with regard to religion and theology. We may explain his inclination to keep religion distinct from philosophy by taking into account the practical tendencies of all his labors. But there is such a want of straightforwardness, and we might almost say, of real faith, in his theological statements, that no one can be surprised to find that, while he is taken as the representative of orthodoxy by some, he has been attacked by others as the most dangerous and

insidious enemy of Christianity. Writers of the school of De Maistre see in him a decided atheist and hypocrite.

In a work on Bacon, it seems to have become a necessity to discuss Bacon's last reviewer, and M. Fischer therefore breaks a lance with Mr. Macaulay. We give some extracts from this chapter (page 358 *seq.*), which will serve, at the same time, as a specimen of our author's style : —

“Mr. Macaulay pleads unconditionally in favor of practical philosophy, which he designates by the name of Bacon, against all theoretical philosophy. We have two questions to ask: 1. What does Mr. Macaulay mean by the contrast of practical and theoretical philosophy, on which he dwells so constantly? and 2. What has his own practical philosophy in common with that of Bacon?

“Mr. Macaulay decides on the fate of philosophy with a ready formula, which, like many of the same kind, dazzles by means of words which have nothing behind them, — words which become more obscure and empty the nearer we approach them. He says, Philosophy was made for Man, not Man for Philosophy. In the former case it is practical; in the latter, theoretical. Mr. Macaulay embraces the first, and rejects the second. He cannot speak with sufficient praise of the one, nor with sufficient contempt of the other. According to him, the Baconian philosophy is practical; the pre-Baconian, and particularly the ancient philosophy, theoretical. He carries the contrast between the two to the last extreme, and he places it before our eyes, not in its naked form, but veiled in metaphors, and in well-chosen figures of speech, where the imposing and charming image always represents the practical, the repulsive the theoretical, form of philosophy. By this play he carries away the great mass of people, who, like children, always run after images. Practical philosophy is not so much a conviction with him, but it serves him to make a point; whereas theoretical philosophy serves as an easy butt. Thus the contrast between the two acquires a certain dramatic charm. The reader feels moved and excited by the subject before him, and forgets the scientific question. His fancy is caught by a kind of metaphor-

ical imagery, and his understanding surrenders what is due to it. . . . What is Mr. Macaulay's meaning in rejecting theoretical philosophy, because philosophy is here the object, and man the means; whereas he adopts practical philosophy, because man is here the object, and philosophy the means? What do we gain by such comparisons, as when he says that practical and theoretical philosophy are like works and words, fruits and thorns, a high-road and a treadmill? Such phrases always remind us of the remark of Socrates: They are said indeed, but are they well and truly said? According to the strict meaning of Mr. Macaulay's words, there never was a practical philosophy; for there never was a philosophy which owed its origin to practical considerations only. And there never was a theoretical philosophy, for there never was a philosophy which did not receive its impulse from a human want, that is to say, from a practical motive. This shows where playing with words must always lead. He defines theoretical and practical philosophy in such a manner that his definition is inapplicable to any kind of philosophy. His antithesis is entirely empty. But if we drop the antithesis, and only keep to what it means in sober and intelligible language, it would come to this, — that the value of a theory depends on its usefulness, on its practical influence on human life, on the advantage which we derive from it. Utility alone is to decide on the value of a theory. Be it so. But who is to decide on utility? If all things are useful which serve to satisfy human wants, who is to decide on our wants? We take Mr. Macaulay's own point of view. Philosophy should be practical; it should serve man, satisfy his wants, or help to satisfy them; and if it fails in this, let it be called useless and hollow. But if there are wants in human nature which demand to be satisfied, which make life a burden unless they are satisfied, is that not to be called practical which answers to these wants? And if some of them are of that peculiar nature that they can only be satisfied by knowledge, or by theoretical contemplation, is this knowledge, is this theoretical contemplation, not useful, — useful even in the eyes of the most decided Utilitarian? Might it not happen that what he calls theoretical philosophy seems useless and barren to the Utilitarian, because his ideas of men are too narrow? It is dangerous, and not quite becoming, to lay down the law, and say from the very first, 'You must not have more than certain wants, and therefore you do not want more than a certain philosophy!' If we may judge from Mr

Macaulay's illustrations, his ideas of human nature are not very liberal. 'If we were forced,' he says, 'to make our choice between the first shoemaker and Seneca, the author of the books on Anger, we should pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet; and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept anybody from being angry.' I should not select Seneca as the representative of theoretical philosophy, still less take those for my allies whom Mr. Macaulay prefers to Seneca, in order to defeat theoretical philosophers. Brennus threw his sword into the scale in order to make it more weighty. Mr. Macaulay prefers the awl. But whatever he may think about Seneca, there is another philosopher more profound than Seneca, but in Mr. Macaulay's eyes likewise an unpractical thinker. And yet in him the power of theory was greater than the powers of nature and the most common wants of man. His meditations alone gave Socrates his serenity when he drank the fatal poison. Is there, among all evils, one greater than the dread of death? And the remedy against this, the worst of all physical evils, is it not practical in the best sense of the word? True, some people might here say, that it would have been more practical if Socrates had fled from his prison, as Criton suggested, and had died an old and decrepit man in Bœotia. But to Socrates it seemed more practical to remain in prison, and to die as the first witness and martyr of the liberty of conscience, and to rise from the sublime height of his theory to the seats of the immortals. Thus it is the want of the individual which decides on the practical value of an act or of a thought, and this want depends on the nature of the human soul. There is a difference between individuals in different ages, and there is a difference in their wants. . . . As long as the desire after knowledge lives in our hearts, we must, with the purely practical view of satisfying this want, strive after knowledge in all things, even in those which do not contribute towards external comfort, and have no use except that they purify and invigorate the mind. . . . What is theory in the eyes of Bacon? 'A temple in the human mind, according to the model of the world.' What is it in the eyes of Mr. Macaulay? A snug dwelling, according to the wants of practical life. The latter is satisfied if knowledge is carried far enough to enable us to keep ourselves dry. The magnificence of the structure, and its completeness according to the model of the world, is to him useless by-work, super-

fluous and even dangerous luxury. This is the view of a respectable rate-payer, not of a Bacon. Mr. Macaulay reduces Bacon to his own dimensions, while he endeavors at the same time to exalt him above all other people. . . . Bacon's own philosophy was, like all philosophy, a theory; it was the theory of the inventive mind. Bacon has not made any great discoveries himself. He was less inventive than Leibnitz, the German metaphysician. If to make discoveries be practical philosophy, Bacon was a mere theorist, and his philosophy nothing but the theory of practical philosophy. . . . How far the spirit of theory reached in Bacon may be seen in his own works. He did not want to fetter theory, but to renew and to extend it to the very ends of the universe. His practical standard was not the comfort of the individual, but human happiness, which involves theoretical knowledge. . . . That Bacon is not the Bacon of Mr. Macaulay. What Bacon wanted was new, and it will be eternal. What Mr. Macaulay and many people at the present day want, in the name of Bacon, is not new, but novel. New is what opposes the old, and serves as a model for the future. Novel is what flatters our times, gains sympathies, and dies away. . . . And history has pronounced her final verdict. It is the last negative instance which we oppose to Mr. Macaulay's assertion. Bacon's philosophy has not been the end of all theories, but the beginning of new theories, — theories which flowed necessarily from Bacon's philosophy, and not one of which was practical in Mr. Macaulay's sense. Hobbes was the pupil of Bacon. His ideal of a State is opposed to that of Plato on all points. But one point it shares in common, — it is as unpractical a theory as that of Plato. Mr. Macaulay, however, calls Hobbes the most acute and vigorous spirit. If, then, Hobbes was a practical philosopher, what becomes of Macaulay's politics? And if Hobbes was not a practical philosopher, what becomes of Mr. Macaulay's philosophy, which does homage to the theories of Hobbes?"

We have somewhat abridged M. Fischer's argument, for, though he writes well and intelligibly, he wants condensation; and we do not think that his argument has been weakened by being shortened. What he has extended into a volume of nearly five hundred pages, might have been reduced to a pithy essay of

one or two hundred, without sacrificing one essential fact, or injuring the strength of any one of his arguments. The art of writing in our times is the art of condensing; and those who cannot condense write only for readers who have more time at their disposal than they know what to do with.

Let us ask one question in conclusion. Why do all German writers change the thoroughly Teutonic name of Bacon into Baco? It is bad enough that we should speak of Plato; but this cannot be helped. But unless we protest against Baco, *gen.* Baconis, we shall soon be treated to Newto, Newtonis, or even to **Kans**, **Kantis**.

1857.

## XII.

# A GERMAN TRAVELLER IN ENGLAND.<sup>1</sup>

A. D. 1598.

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LESSING, when he was Librarian at Wolfenbüttel, proposed to start a review which should only notice forgotten books, — books written before reviewing was invented, published in the small towns of Germany, never read, perhaps, except by the author and his friends, then buried on the shelves of a library, properly labeled and catalogued, and never opened again, except by an inquisitive inmate of these literary mausoleums. The number of those forgotten books is great, and as in former times few authors wrote more than one or two works during the whole of their lives, the information which they contain is generally of a much more substantial and solid kind than our literary palates are now accustomed to. If a man now travels to the unexplored regions of Central Africa, his book is written and out in a year. It remains on the draw-

<sup>1</sup> *Pauli Hentzneri J. C. Itinerarium Germaniæ, Galliæ, Angliæ, Italiæ: cum Indice Locorum, Rerum, atque Verborum commemorabilium. Huic libro accessere novâ hâc editione — 1. Monita Peregrinatoria duorum doctissimorum virorum; itemque Incerti auctoris Epitome Præcognitorum Historicorum, antehac non edita. Noribergæ, Typis Abrahami Wagenmanni, sumptibus sui ipsius et Johan. Güntzelii, anno MDCCXIX.*

ing-room table for a season ; it is pleasant to read, easy to digest, and still easier to review and to forget. Two or three hundred years ago this was very different. Travelling was a far more serious business, and a man who had spent some years in seeing foreign countries, could do nothing better than employ the rest of his life in writing a book of travels, either in his own language, or, still better, in Latin. After his death his book continued to be quoted for a time in works on history and geography, till a new traveller went over the same ground, published an equally learned book, and thus consigned his predecessor to oblivion. Here is a case in point : Paul Hentzner, a German, who, of course, calls himself Paulus Hentznerus, travelled in Germany, France, England, and Italy ; and after his return to his native place in Silesia, he duly published his travels in a portly volume, written in Latin. There is a long title-page, with dedications, introductions, a preface for the *Lector benevolus*, Latin verses, and a table showing what people ought to observe in travelling. Travelling, according to our friend, is the source of all wisdom ; and he quotes Moses and the Prophets in support of his theory. We ought all to travel, he says, — “ *vita nostra peregrinatio est ;* ” and those who stay at home like snails (*cochlearum instar*) will remain “ *inhumani, insolentes, superbi,* ” etc.

It would take a long time to follow Paulus Hentznerus through all his peregrinations ; but let us see what he saw in England. He arrived here in the year 1598. He took ship with his friends at *Depa*, vulgo *Dieppe*, and after a boisterous voyage, they landed at *Rye*. On their arrival they were conducted to a *Notarius*, who asked their names, and inquired for what object they came to England. After they had satisfied

his official inquiries, they were conducted to a *Diversorium*, and treated to a good dinner, *pro regionis more*, according to the custom of the country. From *Rye* they rode to *London*, passing *Flimwolt*, *Tumbridge*, and *Chepsted* on their way. Then follows a long description of *London*, its origin and history, its bridges, churches, monuments, and palaces, with extracts from earlier writers, such as *Paulus Jovius*, *Polydorus Vergilius*, etc. All inscriptions are copied faithfully, not only from tombs and pictures, but also from books which the travellers saw in the public libraries. *Whitehall* seems to have contained a royal library at that time, and in it *Hentzner* saw, besides Greek and Latin MSS., a book written in French by *Queen Elizabeth*, with the following dedication to *Henry VIII.* : —

“A Tres haut et Tres puissant et Redoubte Prince Henry VIII. de ce nom, Roy d'Angleterre, de France, et d'Irlande, defenseur de la foy, Elizabeth, sa Tres humble fille, rend salut et obedience.”

After the travellers had seen *St. Paul's*, *Westminster*, the *House of Parliament*, *Whitehall*, *Guildhall*, the *Tower*, and the *Royal Exchange*, commonly called *Bursa*, — all of which are minutely described, — they went to the theatres and to places *Ursorum et Tauro-rum venationibus destinata*, where bears and bulls, tied fast behind, were baited by bull-dogs. In these places, and everywhere, in fact, as our traveller says, where you meet with Englishmen, they use *herba nicotiana*, which they call by an American name *Tobaca* or *Pa-etum*. The description deserves to be quoted in the original : —

“Fistulæ in hunc finem ex argillâ factæ orificio posteriori dictam herbam probe exiccatam, ita ut in pulverem facile redigi possit, immittunt, et igne admoto accendunt, unde fumus at

anteriori parte ore attrahitur, qui per nares rursum, tamquam per infurnibulum exit, et phlegma ac capitis defluxiones magnâ copiâ secum educit."

After they had seen everything in London — not omitting the ship in which Francis Drake, *nobilissimus pyrata*, was said to have circumnavigated the world, — they went to Greenwich. Here they were introduced into the presence-chamber, and saw the Queen. The walls of the room were covered with precious tapestry, the floor strewn with hay. The Queen had to pass through on going to chapel. It was a Sunday, when all the nobility came to pay their respects. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were present. When divine service began, the Queen appeared, preceded and followed by the court. Before her walked two barons, carrying the sceptre and the sword, and between them the Great Chancellor of England with the seal. The Queen is thus minutely described: —

"She was said (*rumor erat*) to be fifty-five years old. Her face was rather long, white, and a little wrinkled. Her eyes small, black, and gracious; her nose somewhat bent; her lips compressed, her teeth black (from eating too much sugar). She had ear-rings of pearls; red hair, but artificial, and wore a small crown. Her breast was uncovered (as is the case with all unmarried ladies in England), and round her neck was a chain with precious gems. Her hands were graceful, her fingers long. She was of middle stature, but stepped on majestically. She was gracious and kind in her address. The dress she wore was of white silk, with pearls as large as beans. Her cloak was of black silk with silver lace, and a long train was carried by a marchioness. As she walked along she spoke most kindly with many people, some of them ambassadors. She spoke English, French, and Italian; but she knows also Greek and Latin, and understands Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Those whom she addressed bent their knees, and some she lifted up with her hand. To a Bohemian nobleman of the name of Slawata, who had brought some letters to the Queen, she gave her right hand after

taking off her glove, and he kissed it. Wherever she turned her eyes, people fell on their knees."

There was probably nobody present who ventured to scrutinize the poor Queen so impertinently as Paulus Hentznerus. He goes on to describe the ladies who followed the Queen, and how they were escorted by fifty knights. When she came to the door of the chapel, books were handed to her, and the people called out, "God save the Queen Elizabeth!" whereupon the Queen answered, "I thanke you myn good people." Prayers did not last more than half an hour, and the music was excellent. During the time that the Queen was in chapel, dinner was laid, and this again is described in full detail.

But we cannot afford to tarry with our German observer, nor can we follow him to Grantbridge (Cambridge) or Oxenford, where he describes the colleges and halls (each of them having a library), and the life of the students. From Oxford he went to Woodstock, then back to Oxford, and from thence to Henley and Madenhood to Windsor. Eton also was visited, and here, he says, sixty boys were educated gratuitously, and afterwards sent to Cambridge. After visiting Hampton Court and the royal palace of Nonesuch, our travellers returned to London.

We shall finish our extracts with some remarks of Hentzner on the manners and customs of the English:—

"The English are grave, like the Germans, magnificent at home and abroad. They carry with them a large train of followers and servants. These have silver shields on their left arm, and a pig-tail. The English excel in dancing and music. They are swift and lively, though stouter than the French. They shave the middle portion of the face, but leave the hair untouched on each side. They are good sailors and famous

pirates; clever, perfidious, and thievish. About three hundred are hanged in London every year. At table they are more civil than the French. They eat less bread, but more meat, and they dress it well. They throw much sugar into their wine. They suffer frequently from leprosy, commonly called the white leprosy, which is said to have come to England in the time of the Normans. They are brave in battle, and always conquer their enemies. At home they brook no manner of servitude. They are very fond of noises that fill the ears, such as explosions of guns, trumpets, and bells. In London, persons who have got drunk are wont to mount a church tower, for the sake of exercise, and to ring the bells for several hours. If they see a foreigner who is handsome and strong, they are sorry that he is not an Anglicus, — *vulgo* Englishman."

On his return to France, Hentzner paid a visit to Canterbury, and, after seeing some ghosts on his journey, arrived safely at Dover. Before he was allowed to go on board, he had again to undergo an examination, to give his name, to explain what he had done in England, and where he was going; and, lastly, his luggage was searched most carefully, in order to see whether he carried with him any English money, for nobody was allowed to carry away more than ten pounds of English money: all the rest was taken away and handed to the royal treasury. And thus farewell, Carissime Hentzneri! and slumber on your self until the eye of some other benevolent reader, glancing at the rows of forgotten books, is caught by the quaint lettering on your back, "*Hentzneri Itin.*"

### XIII.

## CORNISH ANTIQUITIES.<sup>1</sup>

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IT is impossible to spend even a few weeks in Cornwall without being impressed with the air of antiquity which pervades that county, and seems, like a morning mist, half to conceal and half to light up every one of its hills and valleys. It is impossible to look at any pile of stones, at any wall, or pillar, or gate-post, without asking one's self the question, Is this old, or is this new? Is it the work of Saxon, or of Roman, or of Celt? Nay, one feels sometimes tempted to ask, Is this the work of Nature or of man?

“ Among these rocks and stones, methinks I see  
More than the heedless impress that belongs  
To lonely Nature's casual work : they bear  
A semblance strange of power intelligent,  
And of design not wholly worn away.” — *Excursion*.

The late King of Prussia's remark about Oxford, that in it everything old seemed new, and everything new seemed old, applies with even greater truth to Cornwall. There is a continuity between the present and the past of that curious peninsula, such as we seldom find in any other place. A spring bubbling up in a natural granite basin, now a meeting-place for Bap-

<sup>1</sup> *Antiquities, Historical and Monumental, of the County of Cornwall.* By William Borlase, LL. D. London, 1769.

*A Week at the Land's End.* By J. T. Blight. London, 1861.

tists or Methodists, was but a few centuries ago a holy well, attended by busy friars, and visited by pilgrims, who came there "nearly lame," and left the shrine "almost able to walk." Still further back the same spring was a centre of attraction for the Celtic inhabitants, and the rocks piled up around it stand there as witnesses of a civilization and architecture certainly more primitive than the civilization and architecture of Roman, Saxon, or Norman settlers. We need not look beyond. How long that granite buttress of England has stood there, defying the fury of the Atlantic, the geologist alone, who is not awed by ages, would dare to tell us. But the historian is satisfied with antiquities of a more humble and homely character; and in bespeaking the interest, and, it may be, the active support of our readers, in favor of the few relics of the most ancient civilization of Britain, we promise to keep within strictly historical limits, if by historical we understand, with the late Sir G. C. Lewis, that only which can be authenticated by contemporaneous monuments.

But even thus, how wide a gulf seems to separate us from the first civilizers of the West of England, from the people who gave names to every headland, bay, and hill of Cornwall, and who first planned those lanes that now, like throbbing veins, run in every direction across that heath-covered peninsula! No doubt it is well known that the original inhabitants of Cornwall were Celts, and that Cornish is a Celtic language; and that, if we divide the Celtic languages into two classes, Welsh with Cornish and Breton forms one class, the *Cymric*; while the Irish with its varieties, as developed in Scotland and the Isle of Man, forms another class, which is called the *Gaelic* or *Gadhelic*.

It may also be more or less generally known that Celtic, with all its dialects, is an Aryan or Indo-European language, closely allied to Latin, Greek, German, Slavonic, and Sanskrit, and that the Celts, therefore, were not mere barbarians, or people to be classed together with Finns and Lapps, but heralds of true civilization wherever they settled in their world-wide migrations, the equals of Saxons and Romans and Greeks, whether in physical beauty or in intellectual vigor. And yet there is a strange want of historical reality in the current conceptions about the Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles; and while the heroes and statesmen and poets of Greece and Rome, though belonging to a much earlier age, stand out in bold and sharp relief on the table of a boy's memory, his notions of the ancient Britons may generally be summed up "in houses made of wicker-work, Druids with long white beards, white linen robes, and golden sickles, and warriors painted blue." Nay, strange to say, we can hardly blame a boy for banishing the ancient bards and Druids from the scene of real history, and assigning to them that dark and shadowy corner where the gods and heroes of Greece live peacefully together with the ghosts and fairies from the dreamland of our own Saxon forefathers. For even the little that is told in "Little Arthur's History of England" about the ancient Britons and the Druids is extremely doubtful. Druids are never mentioned before Cæsar. Few writers, if any, before him were able to distinguish between Celts and Germans, but spoke of the barbarians of Gaul and Germany as the Greeks spoke of Scythians, or as we ourselves speak of the negroes of Africa, without distinguishing between races so different from each other as Hottentots and Kaffirs. Cæsar was

one of the first writers who knew of an ethnological distinction between Celtic and Teutonic barbarians, and we may therefore trust him when he says that the Celts had Druids, and the Germans had none. But his further statements about these Celtic priests and sages are hardly more trustworthy than the account which an ordinary Indian officer at the present day might give us of the Buddhist priests and the Buddhist religion of Ceylon. Cæsar's statement that the Druids worshipped Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva, is of the same base metal as the statements of more modern writers that the Buddhists worship the Trinity, and that they take Buddha for the Son of God. Cæsar most likely never conversed with a Druid, nor was he able to control, if he was able to understand, the statements made to him about the ancient priesthood, the religion and literature of Gaul. Besides, Cæsar himself tells us very little about the priests of Gaul and Britain; and the thrilling accounts of the white robes and the golden sickles belong to Pliny's "Natural History," by no means a safe authority in such matters.<sup>1</sup>

We must be satisfied, indeed, to know very little

<sup>1</sup> Plin. *H. N.* xvi. c. 44. "Non est omittenda in ea re et Galliarum admiratio. Nihil habent Druidæ (ita suos appellant magos) visco et arbore in qua gignatur (si modo sit robur) sacratius. Jam per se roborum (ligunt ucos, nec ulla sacra sine ea fronde conficiunt, ut inde appellati quoque interpretatione Græca possint Druidæ videri. Enimvero quidquid adnascatur illis, e cælo missum putant signumque esse electæ ab ipso deo arboris. Est autem id rarum admodum inventu et repertum magna religione petitur, et ante omnia sexta luna, quæ principia mensium annorumque his facit, et seculi post tricesimum annum, quia jam virium abunde habeat, nec sit sui dimidia. Omnia sanantem appellantes suo vocabulo, sacrificiis epulisque rite sub arbore præparatis, duos admovent candidi coloris tauros, quorum cornua tunc primum vinciantur. Sacerdos candida veste cultus arborem scandit, falce aurea demetit; candido id excipitur sago. Tum deinde victimas immolant, precantes ut suum donum deus prosperum faciat his quibus dederit."

about the mode of life, the forms of worship, the religious doctrines, or the mysterious wisdom of the Druids and their flocks. But for this very reason it is most essential that our minds should be impressed strongly with the historical reality that belongs to the Celtic inhabitants, and to the work which they performed in rendering these islands for the first time fit for the habitation of man. That historical lesson, and a very important lesson it is, is certainly learned more quickly, and yet more effectually, by a visit to Cornwall or Wales, than by any amount of reading. We may doubt many things that Celtic enthusiasts tells us; but where every village and field, every cottage and hill, bear names that are neither English, nor Norman, nor Latin, it is difficult not to feel that the Celtic element has been something real and permanent in the history of the British Isles. The Cornish language is no doubt extinct, if by extinct we mean that it is no longer spoken by the people. But in the names of towns, castles, rivers, mountains, fields, manors, and families, and in a few of the technical terms of mining, husbandry, and fishing, Cornish lives on, and probably will live on, for many ages to come. There is a well-known verse: —

“By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Caer, and Pen,  
You may know most Cornish men.”<sup>1</sup>

But it will hardly be believed that a Cornish antiquarian, Dr. Bannister, who is collecting materials for a glossary of Cornish proper names, has amassed no less than 2,400 names with Tre, 500 with Fen, 400 with Ros, 300 with Lan, 200 with Pol, and 200 with Caer.

<sup>1</sup> *Tre*, homestead; *ros*, moor, peatland, a common; *pol*, a pool; *lan*, an enclosure, church; *caer*, town; *pen*, head.

A language does not die all at once, nor is it always possible to fix the exact date when it breathed its last. Thus, in the case of Cornish, it is by no means easy to reconcile the conflicting statements of various writers as to the exact time when it ceased to be the language of the people, unless we bear in mind that what was true with regard to the higher classes was not so with regard to the lower, and likewise that in some parts of Cornwall the vitality of the language might continue, while in others its heart had ceased to beat. As late as the time of Henry VIII., the famous physician Andrew Borde tells us that English was not understood by many men and women in Cornwall. "In Cornwall is two speeches," he writes; "the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other the Cornyshe speche. And there be many men and women the which cannot speake one worde of Englyshe, but all Cornyshe." During the same King's reign, when an attempt was made to introduce a new church service composed in English, a protest was signed by the Devonshire and Cornish men utterly refusing this new English: —

"We will not receive the new Service, because it is but like a Christmas game; but we will have our old Service of Matins, Mass, Evensong, and Procession, in Latin as it was before. And so we the Cornish men (whereof certain of us understand no English) utterly refuse this new English."<sup>1</sup>

Yet in the reign of Elizabeth, when the liturgy was appointed by authority to take the place of the mass, the Cornish, it is said,<sup>2</sup> desired that it should be in the English language. About the same time we are told

<sup>1</sup> Cranmer's Works, ed. Jenkyns, vol. ii. p. 230.

<sup>2</sup> Observations on an ancient Manuscript, entitled *Passio Christi*, by — Scawen, Esq., 1777, p. 26.

that Dr. John Moreman<sup>1</sup> taught his parishioners the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in the English tongue. From the time of the Reformation onward, Cornish seems constantly to have lost ground against English, particularly in places near Devonshire. Thus Norden, whose description of Cornwall was probably written about 1584, though not published till 1728, gives a very full and interesting account of the struggle between the two languages: —

“Of late,” he says (p. 26), “the Cornishe men have muche conformed themselves to the use of the Englishe tounge, and their Englishe is equall to the beste, espetially in the easterne partes; even from Truro eastwarde it is in manner wholly Englishe. In the weste parte of the countrie, as in the hundreds of Penwith and Kerrier, the Cornishe tounge is moste in use amongste the inhabitantes, and yet (whiche is to be marveyled), though the husband and wife, parentes and children, master and servantes, doe mutually communicate in their native language, yet ther is none of them in manner but is able to convers with a straunger in the Englishe tounge, unless it be some obscure people, that seldome conferr with the better sorte: But it seemeth that in few yeares the Cornishe language willbe by litle and litle abandoned.”

Carew, who wrote about the same time, goes so far as to say that most of the inhabitants “can no word of Cornish, but very few are ignorant of the English, though they sometimes affect to be.” This may have been true with regard to the upper classes, particularly in the west of Cornwall, but it is nevertheless a fact that, as late as 1640, Mr. William Jackman, the vicar of Feock,<sup>2</sup> was forced to administer the sacrament in Cornish, because the aged people did not understand English; nay, the rector of Landewednack

<sup>1</sup> Borlase's *Natural History of Cornwall*, p. 315.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

preached his sermons in Cornish as late as 1678. Mr. Scawen, too, who wrote about that time, speaks of some old folks who spoke Cornish only, and would not understand a word of English; but he tells us at the same time that Sir Francis North, the Lord Chief Justice, afterwards Lord Keeper, when holding the assizes at Lanchester in 1678, expressed his concern at the loss and decay of the Cornish language. The poor people, in fact, could speak, or at least understand, Cornish but he says, "They were laughed at by the rich, who understood it not, which is their own fault in not endeavoring after it." About the beginning of the last century, Mr. Ed. Lhuyd (died 1709), the keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, was still able to collect from the mouths of the people a grammar of the Cornish language, which was published in 1707. He says that at this time Cornish was only retained in five or six villages towards the Land's End; and in his "Archæologia Britannica" he adds, that although it was spoken in most of the western districts from the Land's End to the Lizard, "a great many of the inhabitants, especially the gentry, do not understand it, there being no necessity thereof in regard there's no Cornish man but speaks good English." It is generally supposed that the last person who spoke Cornish was Dolly Pentreath, who died in 1778, and to whose memory Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte has lately erected a monument in the churchyard at Paul. The inscription is:—

"Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1778, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this country from the earliest records till it expired in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in union with the Rev. John Garret, vicar of St. Paul, June, 1860."

It seems hardly right to deprive the old lady of her fair name ; but there are many people in Cornwall who maintain that when travellers and grandees came to see her, she would talk anything that came into her head, while those who listened to her were pleased to think that they had heard the dying echoes of a primeval tongue.<sup>1</sup> There is a letter extant, written in Cornish by a poor fisherman of the name of William Bodener. It is dated July 3, 1776, that is, two years before the death of Dolly Pentreath ; and the writer says of himself in Cornish : —

“ My age is threescore and five. I am a poor fisherman. I learnt Cornish when I was a boy. I have been to sea with my father and five other men in the boat, and have not heard one word of English spoke in the boat for a week together. I never saw a Cornish book. I learned Cornish going to sea with old men. There is not more than four or five in our town can talk Cornish now, — old people fourscore years old. Cornish is all forgot with young people.”<sup>2</sup>

It would seem, therefore, that Cornish died with the

<sup>1</sup> Her age was certainly mythical, and her case forms a strong confirmation of the late Sir G. C. Lewis's skepticism on that point. Dolly Pentreath is generally believed to have died at the age of one hundred and two. Dr. Borlase, who knew her, and has left a good description of her, stated that, about 1774, she was in her eighty-seventh year. This, if she died in 1778, would only bring her age to ninety one. But Mr. Haliwell, who examined the register at Paul, found that Dolly Pentreath was baptized in 1714; so that, unless she was baptized late in life, this supposed centenarian had only reached her sixty-fourth year at the time of her death, and was no more than sixty when Dr. Borlase supposed her to be eighty-seven. Another instance of extraordinary old age is mentioned by Mr. Scawen (p. 25), about a hundred years earlier. “ Let not the old woman be forgotten,” he says, “ who died about two years since, who was one hundred and sixty-four years old, of good memory, and healthful at that age, living in the parish of Guithian, by the charity mostly of such as came purposely to see her, speaking to them (in default of English) by an interpreter, ye partly understanding it. She married a second husband after she was eighty, and buried him after he was eighty years of age.”

<sup>2</sup> *Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialects*, by Uncle Jan Treenoodle London, 1846: p. 82.

last century, and no one now living can boast to have heard its sound when actually spoken for the sake of conversation. It seems to have been a melodious and yet by no means an effeminate language, and Scawen places it in this respect above most of the other Celtic dialects : —

“ Cornish,” he says, “ is not to be gutturally pronounced, as the Welsh for the most part is, nor mutteringly, as the Armorick, nor whiningly as the Irish (which two latter qualities seem to have been contracted from their servitude), but must be lively and manly spoken, like other primitive tongues.”

Although Cornish must now be classed with the extinct languages, it has certainly shown a marvelous vitality. More than four hundred years of Roman occupation, more than six hundred years of Saxon and Danish sway, a Norman conquest, a Saxon Reformation, and civil wars, have all passed over the land ; but, like a tree that may bend before a storm but is not to be rooted up, the language of the Celts of Cornwall has lived on in an unbroken continuity for at least two thousand years. What does this mean ? It means that through the whole of English history to the accession of the House of Hanover, the inhabitants of Cornwall and the western portion of Devonshire, in spite of intermarriages with Romans, Saxons, and Normans, were Celts, and remained Celts. People speak indeed of blood, and intermingling of blood, as determining the nationality of a people ; but what is meant by blood ? It is one of those scientific idols, that crumble to dust as soon as we try to define or grasp them ; it is a vague, hollow, treacherous term, which, for the present at least, ought to be banished from the dictionary of every true man of science. We can give a scientific definition of a Celtic language ; but no one has

yet given a definition of Celtic blood, or a Celtic skull. It is quite possible that hereafter chemical differences may be discovered in the blood of those who speak a Celtic, and of those who speak a Teutonic language. It is possible, also, that patient measurements, like those lately published by Professor Huxley, in the "Journal of Anatomy and Physiology," may lead in time to a really scientific classification of skulls, and that physiologists may succeed in the end in carrying out a classification of the human race, according to tangible and unvarying physiological criteria. But their definitions and their classifications will hardly ever square with the definitions or classifications of the student of language, and the use of common terms can only be a source of constant misunderstandings. We know what we mean by a Celtic language, and in the grammar of each language we are able to produce a most perfect scientific definition of its real character. If, therefore, we transfer the term Celtic to people, we can, if we use our words accurately, mean nothing but people who speak a Celtic language, the true exponent, aye, the very life of Celtic nationality. Whatever people, whether Romans, or Saxons, or Normans, or, as some think, even Phœnicians and Jews, settled in Cornwall, if they ceased to speak their own language and exchanged it for Cornish, they are, before the tribunal of the science of language, Celts, and nothing but Celts; while, whenever Cornishmen, like Sir Humphrey Davy or Bishop Colenso, have ceased to speak Cornish, and speak nothing but English, they are no longer Celts, but true Teutons or Saxons, in the only scientifically legitimate sense of that word. Strange stories, indeed, would be revealed, if blood could cry out and tell of its repeated mixtures since

the beginning of the world. If we think of the early migrations of mankind; of the battles fought before there were hieroglyphics to record them; of conquests, leadings into captivity, piracy, slavery, and colonization, all without a sacred poet to hand them down to posterity, — we shall hesitate, indeed, to speak of pure races, or unmixed blood, even at the very dawn of real history. Little as we know of the early history of Greece, we know enough to warn us against looking upon the Greeks of Asia or Europe as an unmixed race. Ægyptus, with his Arabian, Ethiopian, and Tyrian wives; Cadmus, the son of Libya; Phoenix, the father of Europa, — all point to an intercourse of Greece with foreign countries, whatever else their mythological meaning may be. As soon as we know anything of the history of the world, we know of wars and alliances between Greeks and Lydians and Persians, of Phœnician settlements all over the world, of Carthaginians trading in Spain and encamped in Italy, of Romans conquering and colonizing Gaul, Spain, Britain, the Danubian Principalities and Greece, Western Asia and Northern Africa. Then again, at a later time, follow the great ethnic convulsions of Eastern Europe, and the devastation and re-population of the ancient seats of civilization by Goths, and Lombards, and Vandals, and Saxons; while at the same time, and for many centuries to come, the few strongholds of civilization in the East were again and again overwhelmed by the irresistible waves of Hunnish, Mongolic, and Tartaric invaders. And, with all this, people at the latter end of the nineteenth century venture to speak, for instance, of pure Norman blood as something definite or definable, forgetting how the ancient Norsemen carried their

wives away from the coasts of Germany or Russia, from Sicily or from the very Piræus; while others married whatever wives they could find in the North of France, whether of Gallic, Roman, or German extraction, and then settled in England, where they again contracted marriages with Teutonic, Celtic, or Roman damsels. In our own days, if we see the daughter of an English officer and an Indian Raneë married to the son of a Russian nobleman, how are we to class the offspring of that marriage? The Indian Raneë may have had Mongol blood, so may the Russian nobleman; but there are other possible ingredients of pure Hindu and pure Slavonic, of Norman, German, and Roman blood, — and who is the chemist bold enough to disengage them all? There is, perhaps, no nation which has been exposed to more frequent admixture of foreign blood, during the Middle Ages, than the Greeks. Professor Fallmerayer maintained that the Hellenic population was entirely exterminated, and that the people who at the present day call themselves Greeks are really Slavonians. It would be difficult to refute him by arguments drawn either from the physical or the moral characteristics of the modern Greeks as compared with the many varieties of the Slavonic stock. But the following extract from “Felton’s Lectures on Greece, Ancient and Modern,” contains the only answer that can be given to such charges, without point or purpose: “In one of the courses of lectures,” he says, “which I attended in the University of Athens, the Professor of History, a very eloquent man as well as a somewhat fiery Greek, took this subject up. His audience consisted of about two hundred young men from every part of Greece. His indignant comments on the learned

German, that notorious *Μισέλλην* or Greek-hater, as he stigmatized him, were received by his hearers with a profound sensation. They sat with expanded nostrils and flashing eyes — a splendid illustration of the old Hellenic spirit, roused to fury by the charge of barbarian descent. ‘It is true,’ said the eloquent professor, ‘that the tide of barbaric invaders poured down like a deluge upon Hellas, filling with its surging floods our beautiful plains, our fertile valleys. The Greeks fled to their walled towns and mountain fastnesses. By and by the water subsided and the soil of Hellas reappeared. The former inhabitants descended from the mountains as the tide receded, resumed their ancient lands and rebuilt their ruined habitations, and, the reign of the barbarians over, Hellas was herself again.’ Three or four rounds of applause followed the close of the lectures of Professor Manouses, in which I heartily joined. I could not help thinking afterwards what a singular comment on the German anti-Hellenic theory was presented by this scene, — a Greek professor in a Greek university, lecturing to two hundred Greeks in the Greek language, to prove that the Greeks were Greeks, and not Slavonians.”<sup>1</sup>

And yet we hear the same arguments used over and over again, not only with regard to the Greeks, but with regard to many other modern nations; and even men whose minds have been trained in the school of exact science, use the term “bloods,” in this vague and thoughtless manner. The adjective Greek may connote many things, but what it denotes is language. People who speak Greek as their mother

<sup>1</sup> *Greece, Ancient and Modern*, by C. C. Felton. Boston, 1867, vol. ii. p. 314.

tongue are Greeks, and if a Turkish-speaking inhabitant of Constantinople could trace his pedigree straight to Pericles, he would still be a Turk, whatever his name, his faith, his hair, features, and stature — whatever his blood might be. We can classify languages, and as languages presuppose people that speak them, we can so far classify mankind, according to their grammars and dictionaries; while all who possess scientific honesty must confess and will confess that, as yet, it has been impossible to devise any truly scientific classification of skulls, to say nothing of blood, or bones, or hair. The label on one of the skulls in the Munich Collection, "Etruscan-Tyrol, or Inca-Peruvian," characterizes not too unfairly the present state of ethnological craniology. Let those who imagine that the great outlines, at least, of a classification of skulls have been firmly established, consult Mr. Brace's useful manual of "The Races of the World," where he has collected the opinions of some of the best judges on the subject. We quote a few passages :<sup>1</sup> —

"Dr. Bachmann concludes, from the measurements of Dr. Tiedemann and Dr. Morton, that the negro skull, though less than the European, is within one inch as large as the Persian and the Armenian, and three square inches larger than the Hindu and Egyptian. The scale is thus given by Dr. Morton: European skull, 87 cubic inches; Malay, 85; Negro 83; Mongol, 82; Ancient Egyptian, 80; American, 79. The ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, who constructed so elaborate a civilization, show a capacity only of from 75 to 79 inches. . . . Other observations by Huschke make the average capacity of the skull of Europeans 40.88 oz.; of Americans, 39.13; of Mongols, 38.39; of Negroes, 37.57; of Malays, 36.41."

"Of the shape of the skull, as distinctive of different origin.

<sup>1</sup> *The Races of the Old World: A manual of Ethnology.* By Charles L. Brace. London, 1863, p. 362 seq.

Professor M. J. Weber has said there is no proper mark of a definite race from the cranium so firmly attached that it may not be found in some other race. Tiedemann has met with Germans whose skulls bore all the characters of the negro race; and an inhabitant of Nukahiva, according to Silesius and Blumenbach, agreed exactly in his proportions with the Apollo Belvedere."

Professor Huxley, in his "Observations on the Human Skulls of Engis and Neanderthal," printed in Sir Charles Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," p. 81, remarks that "the most capacious European skull yet measured had a capacity of 114 cubic inches, the smallest (as estimated by weight of brain) about 55 cubic inches; while, according to Professor Schaaflhausen, some Hindu skulls have as small a capacity as 46 cubic inches (27 oz. of water);" and he sums up by stating that "cranial measurements alone afford no safe indication of race."

And even if a scientific classification of skulls were to be carried out, if, instead of merely being able to guess that this may be an Australian and this a Malay skull, we were able positively to place each individual skull under its own definite category, what should we gain in the classification of mankind? Where is the bridge from skull to man in the full sense of that word? Where is the connecting link between the cranial proportions and only one other of man's characteristic properties, such as language? And what applies to skulls applies to color and all the rest. Even a black skin and curly hair are mere outward accidents as compared with language. We do not classify parrots and magpies by the color of their plumage, still less by the cages in which they live, and what is the black skin or the white skin but the mere outward covering, not to say the mere cage, in

which that being which we call man lives, moves, and has his being? A man like Bishop Crowther, though a negro in blood, is, in thought and speech, an Aryan. He speaks English, he thinks English, he acts English; and, unless we take English in a purely historical, and not in its truly scientific, *i. e.* linguistic sense, he is English. No doubt there are many influences at work — old proverbs, old songs and traditions, religious convictions, social institutions, political prejudices, besides the soil, the food, and the air of a country — that may keep up, even among people who have lost their national language, that kind of vague similarity which is spoken of as national character.<sup>1</sup> This is a subject on which many volumes have been written, and yet the result has only been to supply newspapers with materials for international insults or international courtesies, as the case may be. Nothing sound or definite has been gained by such speculations, and in an age that prides itself on the careful observance of the rules of inductive reasoning, nothing is more surprising than the sweeping assertions with regard to national character, and the reckless way in which casual observations that may be true of one, two, three, or it may be ten or even a hundred individuals, are extended to millions. However, if there is one safe exponent of national character, it is language. Take away the language of a people, and you destroy at once that powerful chain

<sup>1</sup> Cornish proverbs have lived on after the extinction of Cornish, and even as translated into English they naturally continue to exercise their own peculiar spell on the minds of men and children. Such proverbs are: —

“It is better to keep than to beg.”

“Do good; for thyself thou dost it.”

“Speak little, speak well, and well will be spoken again.”

“There is no down without eye, no hedge without ears.”

of tradition in thought and sentiment which holds all the generations of the same race together, if we may use an unpleasant simile, like the chain of a gang of galley-slaves. These slaves, we are told, very soon fall into the same pace, without being aware that their movements depend altogether on the movements of those who walk before them. It is nearly the same with us. We imagine we are altogether free in our thoughts, original and independent, and we are not aware that our thoughts are manacled and fettered by language, and that, without knowing and without perceiving it, we have to keep pace with those who walked before us thousands and thousands of years ago. Language alone binds people together, and keeps them distinct from others who speak different tongues. In ancient times particularly, "languages and nations" meant the same thing; and even with us our real ancestors are those whose language we speak, the fathers of our thoughts, the mothers of our hopes and fears. Blood, bones, hair, and color, are mere accidents, utterly unfit to serve as principles of scientific classification for that great family of living beings, the essential characteristics of which are thought and speech, not fibrine, serum, coloring matter, or whatever else enters into the composition of blood.

If this be true, the inhabitants of Cornwall, whatever the number of Roman, Saxon, Danish, or Norman settlers within the boundaries of that county may have been, continued to be Celts as long as they spoke Cornish. They ceased to be Celts when they ceased to speak the language of their forefathers. Those who can appreciate the charms of genuine antiquity will not, therefore, find fault with the enthusiasm of Daines

Barrington or Sir Joseph Banks in listening to the strange utterances of Dolly Pentreath; for her language, if genuine, carried them back and brought them, as it were, into immediate contact with people who, long before the Christian era, acted an important part on the stage of history, supplying the world with two of the most precious metals, more precious than gold or silver, with copper and tin, the very materials, it may be, of the finest works of art in Greece, aye, of the armor wrought for the heroes of the Trojan War, as described so minutely by the poets of the "Iliad." There is a continuity in language which nothing equals, and there is an historical genuineness in ancient words, if but rightly interpreted, which cannot be rivaled by manuscripts, or coins, or monumental inscriptions.

But though it is right to be enthusiastic about what is really ancient in Cornwall, — and there is nothing so ancient as language, — it is equally right to be discriminating. The fresh breezes of antiquity have intoxicated many an antiquarian. Words, purely Latin or English, though somewhat changed after being admitted into the Cornish dictionary, have been quoted as the originals from which the Roman or English were in turn derived. The Latin *liber*, book, was supposed to be derived from the Welsh *llyvyr*; *litera*, letter, from Welsh *llythyr*; *persona*, person, from Welsh *person*, and many more of the same kind. Walls built within the memory of men have been admitted as relics of British architecture; nay, Latin inscriptions of the simplest character have but lately been interpreted by means of Cornish, as containing strains of a mysterious wisdom. Here, too, a study of the language gives some useful hints as to the proper method of disentangling the truly ancient from the more modern

elements. Whatever in the Cornish dictionary cannot be traced back to any other source, whether Latin, Saxon, Norman, or German, may safely be considered as Cornish, and therefore as ancient Celtic. Whatever in the antiquities of Cornwall cannot be claimed by Romans, Saxons, Danes, or Normans, may fairly be considered as genuine remains of the earliest civilization of this island, as the work of the Celtic discoverers of Britain.

The Cornish language is by no means a pure or unmixed language, — at least we do not know it in its pure state. It is, in fact, a mere accident that any literary remains have been preserved, and three or four small volumes would contain all that is left to us of Cornish literature. “There is a poem,” to quote Mr. Norris, “which we may by courtesy call epic, entitled ‘Mount Calvary.’” It contains 259 stanzas of eight lines each, in heptasyllabic metre, with alternate rhyme. It is ascribed to the fifteenth century, and was published for the first time by Mr. Davies Gilbert in 1826.<sup>1</sup> There is, besides, a series of dramas, or mystery-plays, first published by Mr. Norris for the University Press of Oxford, in 1858. The first is called “The Beginning of the World,” the second “The Passion of our Lord,” the third “The Resurrection.” The last is interrupted by another play, “The Death of Pilate.” The oldest MS. in the Bodleian Library belongs to the fifteenth century, and Mr. Norris is not inclined to refer the composition of these plays to a much earlier date. Another MS., likewise in the Bodleian Library, contains both the text and a

<sup>1</sup> A critical edition, with some excellent notes, was published by Mr. Whitley Stokes under the title of *The Passion*. MSS. of it exist at the British Museum and at the Bodleian. One of the Bodleian MSS. (Gough, Cornwall, 3) contains an English translation by Keigwyn, made in 1682.

translation by Keigwyn (1695). Lastly, there is another sacred drama, called "The Creation of the World, with Noah's Flood." It is in many places copied from the dramas, and, according to the MS., it was written by William Jordan in 1611. The oldest MS. belongs again to the Bodleian Library, which likewise possesses a MS. of the translation by Keigwyn in 1691.<sup>1</sup>

These mystery-plays, as we may learn from a passage in Carew's "Survey of Cornwall" (p. 71), were still performed in Cornish in his time, *i. e.* at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He says:—

"Pastimes to delight the minde, the Cornish men have Guary miracles and three mens songs; and, for the exercise of the body, hunting, hawking, shooting, wrastling, hurling, and such other games.

"The Guary miracle—in English, a miracle-play—is a kind of enterlude, compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture history, with that grossenes which accompanied the Romanes *vetus Comedia*. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of his enclosed playne some forty or fifty foot. The country people flock from all sides, many miles off, to heare and see it, for they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the eare; the players conne not their parts without booke, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their back with the booke in his hand, and telleth them softly what they must pronounce aloud. Which manner once gave occasion to a pleasant conceyted gentleman, of practising a mery pranke; for he undertaking (perhaps of set purpose) an actor's roome, was accordingly lessoned (beforehand) by the Ordinary, that he

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. in the British Museum, the translation is said by Mr. Norris to be dated 1693 (vol. ii. p. 440). It was published in 1827 by Davies Gilbert; and a critical edition was prepared by Mr. Whitley Stokes, and published with an English translation in 1862. Mr. Stokes leaves it doubtful whether William Jordan was the author, or merely the copyist, and thinks the text may belong to an earlier date, though it is decidedly more modern than the other specimens of Cornish which we possess in the dramas, and in the poem of *The Passion*.

must say after him. His turn came. Quoth the Ordinary, Goe forth man and shew thy selfe. The gentleman steps out upon the stage, and like a bad Clarke in Scripture matters, cleaving more to the letter than the sense, pronounced those words aloud. Oh! (sayes the fellowe softly in his eare) you marre all the play. And with this his passion the actor makes the audience in like sort acquainted. Hereon the prompter falls to flat rayling and cursing in the bitterest termes he could devise; which the gentleman, with a set gesture and countenance, still soberly related, untill the Ordinary, driven at last into a madde rage, was faine to give all over. Which trousse, though it brake off the enterlude, yet defrauded not the beholders, but dismissed them with a great deale more sport and laughter than such Guaries could have afforded.”<sup>1</sup>

Scawen, at the end of the seventeenth century, speaks of these miracle-plays, and considers the suppression of the *Guirrimears*,<sup>2</sup> or Great Plays or Speeches,<sup>3</sup> as one of the chief causes of the decay of the Cornish language.

“These *Guirrimears*,” he says, “which were used at the great conventions of the people, at which they had famous interludes celebrated with great preparations, and not without shows of devotion in them, solemnized in great and spacious downs of great capacity, encompassed about with earthen banks, and some in part stone-work, of largeness to contain thousands, the shapes of which remain in many places at this day, though the use of them long since gone. . . . This was a great means to keep in use the tongue with delight and admiration. They had recita-

<sup>1</sup> *Guare*, in Cornish, means a play, a game; the Welsh *gware*.

<sup>2</sup> According to Lhuyd, *guirimir* would be a corruption of *guarimirkle*, i. e. a miracle-play. Norris, vol ii. p. 455.

<sup>3</sup> In some lines written in 1693, on the origin of the Oxford *Terra filius*, we read:—

“These undergraduates’ oracles  
Deduced from Cornwall’s *guary* miracles,—  
From immemorial custom there  
They raise a turfy theatre!  
When from a passage underground,  
By frequent crowds encompassed round,  
Out leaps some little Mephistopheles,  
Who e’en of all the mob the offal is,” etc.

tions in them, poetical and divine, one of which I may suppose this small relique of antiquity to be, in which the passion of our Saviour, and his resurrection, is described."

If to these mystery-plays and poems we add some versions of the Lord's Prayer, the Comandments, and the Creed, a protestation of the bishops in Britain to Augustine the monk, the Pope's legate, in the year 600 after Christ (MS. Gough, 4), the first chapter of Genesis, and some songs, proverbs, riddles, a tale and a glossary, we have an almost complete catalogue of what a Cornish library would be at the present day.

Now if we examine the language as preserved to us in these fragments, we find that it is full of Norman, Saxon, and Latin words. No one can doubt, for instance, that the following Cornish words are all taken from Latin, that is, from the Latin of the Church:—

- Abat*, an abbot; Lat. *abbas*.
- Alter*, altar; Lat. *altare*.
- Apostol*, apostle; Lat. *apostolus*.
- Clauster*, cloister; Lat. *claustrum*.
- Colom*, dove; Lat. *columba*.
- Gwespar*, vespers; Lat. *vesper*.
- Cantuil*, candle; Lat. *candela*.
- Cantuilbren*, candlestick; Lat. *candelabrum*.
- Ail*, angel; Lat. *angelus*.
- Archail*, archangel; Lat. *archangelus*.

Other words, though not immediately connected with the service and the doctrine of the Church, may nevertheless have passed from Latin into Cornish, either directly from the daily conversation of monks, priests, and schoolmasters, or indirectly from English or Norman, in both of which the same Latin words had naturally been adopted, though slightly modified according to the phonetic peculiarities of each. Thus:—

*Ancar*, anchor; the Latin, *ancora*. This might have come indirectly through English or Norman-French.

*Aradar*, plough; the Latin, *aratrum*. This must have come direct from Latin, as it does not exist in Norman or English.

*Arghans*, silver; *argentum*.

*Keghin*, kitchen; *coquina*. This is taken from the same Latin word from which the Romance languages formed *cuisine*, *cucina*; not from the classical Latin, *culina*.

*Liver*, book; *liber*, originally the bark of trees on which books were written.

*Dinair*, coin; *aenarius*. *Seth*, arrow; *sagitta*. *Caus*, cheese; *caseus*. *Caul*, cabbage; *caulis*.

These words are certainly foreign words in Cornish and the other Celtic languages in which they occur, and to attempt to supply for some of them a purely Celtic etymology shows a complete want of appreciation both of the history of words and of the phonetic laws that govern each family of the Indo-European languages. Sometimes, no doubt, the Latin words have been considerably changed and modified, according to the phonetic peculiarities of the dialects into which they were received. Thus, *gwespar* for *vesper*, *seth* for *sagitta*, *caus* for *caseus*, hardly look like Latin words. Yet no real Celtic scholar would claim them as Celtic; and the Rev. Robert Williams, the author of the "Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum," in speaking of a list of words borrowed from Latin by the Welsh during the stay of the Romans in Britain, is no doubt right in stating "that it will be found much more extensive than is generally imagined."

Latin words which have reached the Cornish after they had assumed a French or Norman disguise, are, for instance,—

*Emperur*, instead of Latin *imperator* (Welsh, *ymherawdur*).

*Laiian*, the French *loyal*, but not the Latin *legalis*. Likewise, *aislaian*, disloyal.

*Fruit*, fruit; Lat. *fructus*; French, *fruit*.

*Funten*, fountain, commonly pronounced *fenton*; Lat. *fontana*, French, *fontaine*.

*Gromersy*, i. e. grand mercy, thanks.

*Hoyz*, *hoysz*. *hoysz!* hear, hear! The Norman-French, *Oyez*.

The town-crier of Aberconwy may still be heard prefacing his notices with the shout of "Hoyz, hoyz, hoyz!" which in other places has been corrupted to "O yes."

The following words, adopted into Cornish and other Celtic dialects, clearly show their Saxon origin:—

*Casor*, a chafer; Germ. *käfer*. *Craft*, art, craft. *Redior*, a reader. *Storc*, a stork. *Let*, hindrance, let; preserved in the German, *verletzen*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following extract from a Cornish paper gives some curious words still current among the people:—

"A few weeks since a correspondent in the *Cornish Telegraph* remarked a few familiar expressions which we West country folks are accustomed to use in so vague a sense that strangers are often rather puzzled to know precisely what we mean. He might also have added to the list many old Cornish words, still in common use, as *skaw* for the elder-tree; *skaw-dower*, water elder; *skaw-coo*, nightshade; *bannel*, broom; *skrdgewith*, privet; *griglans*, heath; *padzypaw* (from *padzar*, four?), the small gray lizard; *muryan*, the ant; *quilkkan*, the frog (which retains its English name when in the water); *pul-cronach* (literally pool-toad) is the name given to a small fish with a head much like that of a toad, which is often found in the pools (*pulans*) left by the receding tide among the rocks along shore; *visnan*, the sand-lance; *bul-horn*, the shell-snail; *dumble-dory*, the black-beetle (but this may be a corruption of the dor-beetle). A small, solid wheel has still the old name of *druçshar*. Finely pulverized soil is called *grute*. The roots and other light matter harrowed up on the surface of the ground for burning we call *tabs*. The harvest-home and harvest-feast, *guiltize*. *Plum* means soft; *quuil*, withered; *crum*, crooked; *bryyans*, crumbs; with a few other terms more rarely used.

"Many of our ordinary expressions (often mistaken for vulgar provincialisms) are French words slightly modified, which were probably introduced into the West by the old Norman families who long resided there. For instance: a large apron to come quite round, worn for the sake of keeping the under-clothing clean, is called a *touser* (*tout-serre*); a game of running romps, is a *courant* (from *courir*). Very rough play is a regular *gow's courant*. Going into a neighbor's for a spell of friendly chat is going to *cursey* (*causer*) a bit. The loins are called the *cheens* (old French,

Considering that Cornish and other Celtic dialects are members of the same family to which Latin and German belong, it is sometimes difficult to tell at once whether a Celtic word was really borrowed, or whether it belongs to that ancient stock of words which all the Aryan languages share in common. This is a point which can be determined by scholars only, and by means of phonetic tests. Thus the Cornish *huir*, or *hoer*, is clearly the same word as the Latin *soror*, sister. But the change of *s* into *h* would not have taken place if the word had been simply borrowed from Latin, while many words beginning with *s* in Sanskrit, Latin, and German, change the *s* into *h* in Cornish as well as in Greek and Persian. The Cornish *hoer*, sister, is indeed curiously like the Persian *kháher*, the regular representative of the Sanskrit *svasar*, the Latin *soror*. The same applies to *braud*, brother, *dedh*, day, *dri*, three, and many more words which form the primitive stock of Cornish, and were common to all the Aryan languages before their earliest dispersion.

What applies to the language of Cornwall, applies with equal force to the other relics of antiquity of that curious county. It has been truly said that Cornwall is poor in antiquities, but it is equally true that it is rich in antiquity. The difficulty is to discriminate, and to distinguish what is really Cornish or Celtic from what may be later additions, of Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman origin. Now here, as

*schine*). The plant sweet-leaf, a kind of St. John's wort, here called *tut-sen*, is the French *tout-saine* (heal all). There are some others which, however, are not peculiar to the West; as *kickshaws* (*quelque chose*), etc. We have also many inverted words, as *swap* for *wasp*, *cruds* for *curds*, etc. Then again we call a fly a *flea*; and a flea a *flay*; and the smallest stream of water a *river*." — W. B.

we said before, the safest rule is clearly the same as that which we followed in our analysis of language. Let everything be claimed for English, Norman, Danish, and Roman sources that can clearly be proved to come from thence; but let what remains unclaimed be considered as Cornish or Celtic. Thus, if we do not find in countries exclusively inhabited by Romans or Saxons anything like a cromlech, surely we have a right to look upon these strange structures as remnants of Celtic times. It makes no difference if it can be shown that below these cromlechs coins have occasionally been found of the Roman Emperors. This only proves that even during the days of Roman supremacy the Cornish style of public monuments, whether sepulchral or otherwise, remained. Nay, why should not even a Roman settled in Cornwall have adopted the monumental style of his adopted country? Roman and Saxon hands may have helped to erect some of the cromlechs which are still to be seen in Cornwall, but the original idea of such monuments, and hence their name, is purely Celtic.

*Cromlêh* in Cornish, or *cromlech* in Welsh, means a bent slab, from the Cornish *crom*, bent, curved, rounded, and *lêh*, a slab. Though many of these cromlechs have been destroyed, Cornwall still possesses some fine specimens of these ancient stone tripods. Most of them are large granite slabs, supported by three stones fixed in the ground. These supporters are likewise huge flat stones, but the capstone is always the largest, and its weight inclining towards one point, imparts strength to the whole structure. At Lanyon, however, where the top-stone of a cromlech was thrown down in 1816 by a violent storm, the supporters remained standing,

and the capstone was replaced in 1824, though not, it would seem, at its original height. Dr. Borlase relates that in his time the monument was high enough for a man to sit on horseback under it. At present such a feat would be impossible, the coverstone being only about five feet from the ground. These cromlechs, though very surprising when seen for the first time, represent in reality one of the simplest achievements of primitive architecture. It is far easier to balance a heavy weight on three uneven props than to rest it level on two or four even supporters. There are, however, cromlechs resting on four or more stones, these stones forming a kind of chamber, or a *kist-vaen*, which is supposed to have served originally as a sepulchre. These structures presuppose a larger amount of architectural skill; still more so the gigantic portals of Stonehenge, which are formed by two pillars of equal height, joined by a superincumbent stone. Here weight alone was no longer considered sufficient for imparting strength and safety, but holes were worked in the upper stones, and the pointed tops of the pillars were fitted into them. In the slabs that form the cromlechs we find no such traces of careful workmanship; and this, as well as other considerations, would support the opinion, that in Stonehenge we have one of the latest specimens of Celtic architecture. Marvelous as are the remains of that primitive style of architectural art, the only real problem they offer is, how such large stones could have been brought together from a distance, and how such enormous weights could have been lifted up. The first question is answered by ropes

<sup>1</sup> *Quarterly Review*, vol. cviii. p. 200.

and rollers; and the mural sculptures of Nineveh show us what can be done by such simple machinery. We there see the whole picture of how these colossal blocks of stone were moved from the quarry on to the place where they were wanted. Given plenty of time, and plenty of men and oxen, and there is no block that could not be brought to its right place by means of ropes and rollers. And that our forefathers did not stint themselves either in time, or in men, or other cattle, when engaged in erecting such monuments, we know even from comparatively modern times. Under Harold Harfagr, two kings spent three whole years in erecting one single tumulus; and Harold Blatand is said to have employed the whole of his army and a vast number of oxen in transporting a large stone which he wished to place on his mother's tomb. As to the second question, we can readily understand how, after the supporters had once been fixed in the ground, an artificial mound might be raised, which, when the heavy slab had been rolled up on an inclined plane, might be removed again, and thus leave the heavy stone poised in its startling elevation.

As skeletons have been found under some of the cromlechs, there can be little doubt that the chambers inclosed by them, the so-called *kist-vaens*, were intended to receive the remains of the dead, and to perpetuate their memory. And as these sepulchral monuments are most frequent in those parts of the British Isles which from the earliest to the latest times were inhabited by Celtic people, they may be considered as representative of the Celtic style of public

<sup>1</sup> Saxo Grammaticus, *Historia Danica*, lib. x. p. 167; ed. Francofurt. 1576.

sepulture. *Kist-vaen*, or *cist-vaen*, means a stone chamber, from *cista*, a chest, and *vaen*, the modified form of *maen* or *mén*, stone. Their size is, with few exceptions, not less than the size of a human body. But although these monuments were originally sepulchral, we may well understand that the burying-places of great men, of kings, or priests, or generals, were likewise used for the celebration of other religious rites. Thus we read in the Book of Lecan, "that Amhalgaith built a cairn, for the purpose of holding a meeting of the Hy-Amhalgaith every year, and to view his ships and fleet going and coming, and as a place of interment for himself." <sup>1</sup> Nor does it follow, as some antiquarians maintain; that every structure in the style of a cromlech, even in England, is exclusively Celtic. We imitate pyramids and obelisks: why should not the Saxons have built the Kitts Cotty House, which is found in a thoroughly Saxon neighborhood, after Celtic models and with the aid of Celtic captives? This cromlech stands in Kent, on the brow of a hill about a mile and a half from Aylesford, to the right of the great road from Rochester to Maidstone. Near it, across the Medway, are the stone circles of Addington. The stone on the south side is 8 ft. high by 7½ broad, and 2 ft. thick; weight, about 8 tons. That on the north is 8 ft. by 8, and 2 thick; weight, 8 tons 10 cwt. The end stone, 5 ft. 6 in. high by 5 ft. broad; thickness, 14 in.; weight, 2 tons 8¼ cwt. The impost is 11 ft. long by 8 ft. broad, and 2 ft. thick; weight, 10 tons 7 cwt. It is higher, therefore, than the Cornish cromlechs, but in other respects it is a true specimen of that class of Celtic monuments. The cover-stone of the cromlech at Molfra is 9 ft. 8. in. by 14 ft. 3 in.; its supporters

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in Petrie, *Eccles. Architecture of Ireland*, p. 107.

are 5 ft. high. The cover-stone of the Chûn cromlech measures  $12\frac{1}{2}$  ft. in length and 11 ft. in width. The largest slab is that at Lanyon, which measures  $18\frac{1}{2}$  ft. in length and 9 ft. at the broadest part.

The cromlechs are no doubt the most characteristic and most striking among the monuments of Cornwall. Though historians have differed as to their exact purpose, not even the most careless traveller could pass them by without seeing that they do not stand there without a purpose. They speak for themselves, and they certainly speak in a language that is neither Roman, Saxon, Danish, nor Norman. Hence in England they may, by a kind of exhaustive process of reasoning, be claimed as relics of Celtic civilization. The same argument applies to the cromlechs and stone avenues of Carnac, in Brittany. Here, too, language and history attest the former presence of Celtic people; nor could any other race, that influenced the historical destinies of the North of Gaul, claim such structures as their own. Even in still more distant places, in the South of France, in Scandinavia, or Germany, where similar monuments have been discovered, they may, though more hesitatingly, be classed as Celtic, particularly if they are found near the natural high roads on which we know that the Celts in their westward migrations preceded the Teutonic and Slavonic Aryans. But the case is totally different when we hear of cromlechs, cairns, and kist-vaens in the North of Africa, in Upper Egypt, on the Lebanon, near the Jordan, in Circassia, or in the South of India. Here, and more particularly in the South of India, we have no indications whatever of Celtic Aryans; on the contrary, if that name is taken in its strict scientific meaning, it would be impossible to account for the presence

of Celtic Aryans in those southern latitudes at any time after the original dispersion of the Aryan family. It is very natural that English officers living in India should be surprised at monuments which cannot but remind them of what they had seen at home, whether in Cornwall, Ireland, or Scotland. A description of some of these monuments, the so-called Pandoo Coolies in Malabar, was given by Mr. J. Babington, in 1820, and published in the third volume of the "Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay," in 1823. Captain Congreve called attention to what he considered Scythic Druidical remains in the Nilghiri hills, in a paper published in 1847, in the "Madras Journal of Literature and Science," and the same subject was treated in the same journal by the Rev. W. Taylor. A most careful and interesting description of similar monuments has lately been published in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," by Captain Meadows Taylor, under the title of "Description of Cairns, Cromlechs, Kist-vaens, and other Celtic, Druidical, or Scythian Monuments in the Dekhan." Captain Taylor found these monuments near the village of Rajunkolloor, in the principality of Shorapoor, an independent native state, situated between the Bheema and Krishna rivers, immediately above their junction. Others were discovered near Huggeritgi, others on the hill of Yemmee Gooda, others again near Shapoor, Hyderabad, and other places. All these monuments in the South of India are no doubt extremely interesting; but to call them Celtic, Druidical, or Scythic, is unscientific, or, at all events, exceedingly premature. There is in all architectural monuments a natural or rational, and a conventional, or, it may be, irrational element. A striking agreement in purely conventional

features may justify the assumption that monuments so far distant from each others as the cromlechs of Anglesea and the "Mori-Munni" of Shorapoor owe their origin to the same architects, or to the same races. But an agreement in purely natural contrivances goes for nothing, or, at least, for very little. Now there is very little that can be called conventional in a mere stone pillar, or in a cairn, that is, an artificial heap of stones. Even the erection of a cromlech can hardly be claimed as a separate style of architecture. Children, all over the world, if building houses with cards, will build cromlechs; and people, all over the world, if the neighborhood supplies large slabs of stone, will put three stones together to keep out the sun or the wind, and put a fourth stone on the top to keep out the rain. Before monuments like those described by Captain Meadows Taylor can be classed as Celtic or Druidical, a possibility, at all events, must be shown that Celts, in the true sense of the word, could ever have inhabited the Dekhan. Till that is done, it is better to leave them anonymous, or to call them by their native names, than to give to them a name which is apt to mislead the public at large, and to encourage theories which exceed the limits of legitimate speculation.

Returning to Cornwall, we find there, besides the cromlechs, pillars, holed stones, and stone circles, all of which may be classed as public monuments. They all bear witness to a kind of public spirit, and to a certain advance in social and political life, at the time of their erection. They were meant for people living at the time, who understood their meaning, if not as messages to posterity, and, if so, as truly historical monuments; for history begins when the living begin

to care about a good opinion of those who come after them. Some of the single Cornish pillars tell us little indeed; nothing, in reality, beyond the fact that they were erected by human skill, and with some human purpose. Some of these monoliths seem to have been of a considerable size. In a village called Mên Perhen, in Constantine parish, there stood, "about five years ago," — so Dr. Borlase relates in the year 1769, — a large pyramidal stone, twenty feet above the ground, and four feet in the ground; it made above twenty stone posts for gates when it was clove up by the farmer who gave the account to the Doctor.<sup>1</sup> Other stones, like the Mên Scrifá, have inscriptions, but these inscriptions are Roman, and of comparatively late date. There are some pillars, like the Pipers at Bolleit, which are clearly connected with the stone circles close by, remnants, it may be, of old stone avenues, or beacons, from which signals might be sent to other distant settlements. The holed stones, too, are generally found in close proximity to other large stone monuments. They are called *mên-an-tol*, hole-stones, in Cornwall; and the name of *tol-men*, or *dol-men*, which is somewhat promiscuously used by Celtic antiquarians, should be restricted to monuments of this class, *toll* being the Cornish word for *hole*, *mên* for *stone*, and *an* the article. French antiquarians, taking *dol* or *tól* as a corruption of *tabula*, use *dolman* in the sense of table-stones, and as synonymous with *cromlech*, while they frequently use *cromlech* in the sense of stone circles. This can hardly be justified, and leads at all events to much confusion.

The stone circles, whether used for religious or judicial purposes, — and there was in ancient times very lit-

<sup>1</sup> Borlase, *Antiquities of Cornwall*, p. 162.

tle difference between the two, — were clearly intended for solemn meetings. There is a very perfect circle at Boscawen-ún, which consisted originally of nineteen stones. Dr. Borlase, whose work on the Antiquities of the County of Cornwall contains the most trustworthy information as to the state of Cornish antiquities about a hundred years ago, mentions three other circles which had the same number of stones, while others vary from twelve to seventy-two.

“The figure of these monuments,” he says, “is either simple, or compounded. Of the first kind are exact circles; elliptical or semicircular. The construction of these is not always the same, some having their circumference marked with large separate stones only; others having ridges of small stones intermixed, and sometimes walls and seats, serving to render the inclosure more complete. Other circular monuments have their figure more complex and varied, consisting, not only of a circle, but of some other distinguishing properties. In or near the centre of some stands a stone taller than the rest, as at Boscawen-ún; in the middle of others, a *kist-vaen*. A *cromlêh* distinguishes the centre of some circles, and one remarkable rock that of others; some have only one line of stones in their circumference, and some have two; some circles are adjacent, some contiguous, and some include, and some intersect each other. Sometimes urns are found in or near them. Some are curiously erected on geometrical plans, the chief entrance facing the cardinal points of the heavens; some have avenues leading to them, placed exactly north and south, with detached stones, sometimes in straight lines to the east and west, sometimes triangular. These monuments are found in many foreign countries, in Iceland, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, as well as in all the isles dependent upon Britain (the Orkneys, Western Isles, Jersey, Ireland, and the Isle of Man), and in most parts of Britain itself.”

Modern traditions have everywhere clustered round these curious stone circles. Being placed in a circular order, so as to make an area for dancing, they were naturally called *Dawns-mên*, i. e. dancing stones

This name was soon corrupted into dancemen, and a legend sprang up at once to account for the name, namely, that these men had danced on a Sunday and been changed into stones. Another corruption of the same name into *Danis-mén* led to the tradition that these circles were built by the Danes. A still more curious name for these circles is that of "*Nine Maidens*," which occurs at Boscawen-ûn, and in several other places in Cornwall. Now the Boscawen-ûn circle consists of nineteen stones, and there are very few "*Nine Maidens*" that consist of nine stones only. Yet the name prevails, and is likewise supported by local legends of nine maidens having been changed into stones for dancing on a Sunday, or some other misdeed. One part of the legend may perhaps be explained by the fact that *médn* would be a common corruption in modern Cornish for *mén*, stone, as *pen* becomes *pedn*, and *gwyn*, *gwydn*, etc., and that the Saxons mistook Cornish *médn* for their own *maiden*. But even without this, legends of a similar character would spring up wherever the popular mind is startled by strange monuments, the history and purpose of which has been forgotten. Thus Captain Meadows Taylor tells us that at Vibat-Hullie the people told him "that the stones were men who, as they stood marking out the places for the elephants of the king of the dwarfs, were turned into stone by him, because they would not keep quiet." And M. de Cambry, as quoted by him, says in regard to Carnac, "that the rocks were believed to be an army turned into stone, or the work of the Croins, — men or demons, two or three feet high, who carried these rocks in their hands, and placed them there."

A second class of Cornish antiquities comprises private buildings, whether castles or huts or caves.

What are called castles in Cornwall are simple intrenchments, consisting of large and small stones piled up about ten or twelve feet high, and held together by their own weight, without any cement. There are everywhere traces of a ditch, then of a wall; sometimes, as at Chûn Castle, of another ditch and another wall; and there is generally some contrivance for protecting the principal entrance by walls overlapping the ditches. Near these castles barrows are found, and in several cases there are clear traces of a communication between them and some ancient Celtic villages and caves, which seem to have been placed under the protection of these primitive strongholds. Many of the cliffs in Cornwall are fortified towards the land by walls and ditches, thus cutting off these extreme promontories from communication with the land, as they are by nature inaccessible from the sea. Some antiquarians ascribed these castles to the Danes, the very last people, one would think, to shut themselves up in such hopeless retreats. Here, too, as in other cases, a popular etymology may have taken the place of an historical authority, and the Cornish word for castle being *Dinas* as in *Castle-an-Dinas*, *Penden-nis*, etc., the later Saxon-speaking population may have been reminded by *Dinas* of the Danes, and on the strength of this vague similarity have ascribed to these pirates the erection of the Cornish castles.

It is indeed difficult, with regard to these castles, to be positive as to the people by whom they were constructed. Tradition and history point to Romans and Saxons, as well as to Celts; nor is it at all unlikely that many of these half-natural, half-artificial strongholds, though originally planned by the Celtic inhabitants, were afterwards taken possession of and strengthened by Romans or Saxons.

But no such doubts are allowed with regard to Cornish huts, of which some striking remains have been preserved in Cornwall and other parts of England, particularly in those which, to the very last, remained the true home of the Celtic inhabitants of Britain. The houses and huts of the Romans were rectangular, nor is there any evidence to show that the Saxon ever approved of the circular style in domestic architecture.

If, then, we find these so-called bee-live huts in places peculiarly Celtic, and if we remember that so early a writer as Strabo<sup>1</sup> was struck with the same strange style of Celtic architecture, we can hardly be suspected of Celtomania, if we claim them as Celtic workmanship, and dwell with a more than ordinary interest on these ancient chambers, now long deserted and nearly smothered with ferns and weeds, but in their general planning, as well as in their masonry, clearly exhibiting before us something of the arts and the life of the earliest inhabitants of these isles. Let anybody who has a sense of antiquity, and who can feel the spark which is sent on to us through an unbroken chain of history, when we stand on the Acropolis or on the Capitol, or when we read a ballad of Homer or a hymn of the Veda, — nay, if we but read in a proper spirit a chapter of the Old Testament too, — let such a man look at the Celtic huts at Bosprennis or Chysauster, and discover for himself, through the ferns and brambles, the old gray walls, slightly sloping inward, and arranged according to a design that cannot be mistaken; and miserable as these shapeless clumps may appear to the thoughtless traveller, they will convey to the true historian a lesson which he could hardly learn anywhere else. The

<sup>1</sup> Strabo, iv. 197: τοὺς δ' οἴκους ἐκ σανίδων καὶ γέβρων ἔχουσι μεγάλους θολοὺς βεῖς, ὄροφον πολὺν ἐπιβάλλοντες.

ancient Britons will no longer be a mere name to him, no mere Pelasgians or Tyrrhenians. He has seen their homes and their handiwork ; he has stood behind the walls which protected their lives and property ; he has touched the stones which their hands piled up rudely, yet thoughtfully. And if that small spark of sympathy for those who gave the honored name of Britain to these islands has once been kindled among a few who have the power of influencing public opinion in England, we feel certain that something will be done to preserve what can still be preserved of Celtic remains from further destruction. It does honor to the British Parliament that large sums are granted, when it is necessary, to bring to these safe shores whatever can still be rescued from the ruins of Greece and Italy, of Lycia, Pergamos, Palestine, Egypt, Babylon, or Nineveh. But while explorers and excavators are sent to those distant countries, and the statues of Greece, the coffins of Egypt, and the winged monsters of Nineveh, are brought home in triumph to the portals of the British Museum, it is painful to see the splendid granite slabs of British cromlechs thrown down and carted away, stone circles destroyed to make way for farming improvements, and ancient huts and caves broken up to build new houses and stables, with the stones thus ready to hand. It is high time, indeed, that something should be done ; and nothing will avail but to place every truly historical monument under national protection. Individual efforts may answer here and there, and a right spirit may be awakened from time to time by local societies : but during intervals of apathy mischief is done that can never be mended ; and unless the damaging of national monuments, even though they should stand

on private ground, is made a misdemeanor, we doubt whether, two hundred years hence, any enterprising explorer would be as fortunate as Mr. Layard and Sir H. Rawlinson have been in Babylon and Nineveh, and whether one single cromlech would be left for him to carry away to the National Museum of the Maoris. It is curious that the willful damage done to Logan Stones, once in the time of Cromwell by Shrubsall, and more recently by Lieutenant Goldsmith, should have raised such indignation, while acts of Vandalism, committed against real antiquities, are allowed to pass unnoticed. Mr. Scawen, in speaking of the mischief done by strangers in Cornwall, says:—

“Here, too, we may add, what wrong another sort of strangers has done to us, especially in the civil wars, and in particular by destroying of Mincamber, a famous monument, being a rock of infinite weight, which, as a burden, was laid upon other great stones, and yet so equally thereon poised up by Nature only, as a little child could instantly move it, but no one man or many remove it. This natural monument all travellers that came that way desired to behold; but in the time of Oliver’s usurpation, when all monumental things became despicable, one Shrubsall, one of Oliver’s heroes, then Governor of Pendennis, by labor and much ado, caused to be undermined and thrown down, to the great grief of the country; but to his own great glory, as he thought, doing it, as he said, with a small cane in his hand. I myself have heard him to boast of this act, being a prisoner then under him.”

Mr. Scawen, however, does not tell us that this Shrubsall, in throwing down the Mincamber, *i. e.* the Mênamber, acted very like the old missionaries in felling the sacred oaks in Germany. Merlin, it was believed, had proclaimed that this stone should stand until England had no king; and as Cornwall was a stronghold of the Stuarts, the destruction of this loyal stone may have seemed a matter of wise policy.

Even the foolish exploit of Lieutenant Goldsmith, in 1824, would seem to have had some kind of excuse. Dr. Borlase had asserted "that it was *morally* impossible that any lever, or indeed force, however applied in a mechanical way, could remove the famous Logan rock at Trereen Dinas from its present position." Ptolemy, the son of Hephæstion, had made a similar remark about the Gigonian rock,<sup>1</sup> stating that it might be stirred with the stalk of an asphodel, but could not be removed by any force. Lieutenant Goldsmith, living in an age of experimental philosophy, undertook the experiment, in order to show that it was *physically* possible to overthrow the Logan; and he did it. He was, however, very properly punished for this unscientific experiment, and he had to replace the stone at his own expense.

As this matter is really serious, we have drawn up a short list of acts of Vandalism committed in Cornwall within the memory of living man. That list could easily be increased, but even as it is, we hope it may rouse the attention of the public:—

Between St. Ives and Zennor, on the lower road over Tregarthen Downs, stood a Logan rock. An old man, perhaps ninety years of age, told Mr. Hunt, who mentions this and other cases in the preface to his charming collection of Cornish tales and legends, that he had often logged it, and that it would make a noise which could *be heard for miles*.

At Balnoon, between Nancledrea and Knill's Steeple, some miners came upon "two slabs of granite cemented together," which covered a walled grave three feet square, an ancient kist-vaen. In it they found an

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Photius, *Bibliotheca*, ed. Bekker, p. 148, l. 32: *περὶ τῆς παρὰ τὸν ἑκατὸν Γιγωνίας πέτρας, καὶ ὅτι μόνον ἀσφροδελφὸν κινεῖται, πρὸς πᾶσαν βίαν ἀμετακίνητος οὖσα.*

earthenware vessel, containing some black earth and a leaden spoon. The spoon was given to Mr. Praed, of Trevethow; the kist-vaen was utterly destroyed.

In Bosprennis Cross there was a very large coit or cromlech. It is said to have been fifteen feet square, and not more than one foot thick in any part. This was broken in two parts some years since, and taken to Penzance to form the beds of two ovens.

The curious caves and passages at Chysauster have been destroyed for building purposes within living memory.

Another Cornishman, Mr. Bellows, reports as follows:—

“In a field between the recently discovered Beehive hut and the Boscawen-ûn circle, out of the public road, we discovered part of a ‘Nine Maidens,’ perhaps the third of the circle, the rest of the stones being dragged out and placed against the hedge, to make room for the plough.”

The same intelligent antiquarian remarks:—

“The Boscawen-ûn circle seems to have consisted originally of twenty stones. Seventeen of them are upright, two are down, and a gap exists of exactly the double space for the twentieth. We found the missing stone not twenty yards off. A farmer had removed it, and made it into a gate-post. He had cut a road through the circle, and in such a manner that he was obliged to remove the offending stone to keep it straight. Fortunately the present proprietress is a lady of taste, and has surrounded the circle with a good hedge to prevent further Vandalism.”

Of the Mên-an-tol, at Boleit, we have received the following description from Mr. Botterell, who supplied Mr. Hunt with so many of his Cornish tales:—

“These stones are from twenty to twenty-five feet above the surface, and we were told by some folks of Boleit that more than ten feet had been sunk near, without finding the base. The Mên-an-tol have both been displaced, and removed a con-

siderable distance from their original site. They are now placed in a hedge, to form the side of a gateway. The upper portion of one is so much broken that one cannot determine the angle, yet that it worked to an angle is quite apparent. The other is turned downward, and serves as the hanging-post of a gate. From the head being buried so deep in the ground, only part of the hole (which is in both stones about six inches diameter) could be seen; though the hole is too small to pop the smallest, or all but the smallest, baby through, the people call them *crick-stones*, and maintain they were so called before they were born. Crick-stones were used for dragging people through, to cure them of various diseases."

The same gentleman, writing to one of the Cornish papers, informs the public that a few years ago a rock known by the name of Garrack-zans might be seen in the town-place of Sawah, in the parish of St. Levan; another in Roskestal, in the same parish. One is also said to have been removed from near the centre of Trereen, by the family of Jans, to make a grander approach to their mansion. The ruins, which still remain, are known by the name of the Jans House, although the family became extinct soon after perpetrating what was regarded by the old inhabitants as a sacrilegious act. The Garrack-zans may still be remaining in Roskestal and Sawah, but, as much alteration has recently taken place in these villages, in consequence of building new farm-houses, making new roads, etc., it is a great chance if they have not been either removed or destroyed.

Mr. J. T. Blight, the author of one of the most useful little guide-books of Cornwall, "A Week at the Land's End," states that some eight or ten years ago the ruins of the ancient Chapel of St. Eloy, in St. Burian, were thrown over the cliff by the tenant of the estate, without the knowledge or permission of the owner of the property. Chûn Castle, he says, one of

the finest examples of early military architecture in this kingdom, has for many years been resorted to as a sort of quarry. The same applies to Castle-an-Dinas.

From an interesting paper on Castallack Round by the same antiquarian, we quote the following passages, showing the constant mischief that is going on, whether due to downright Vandalism or to ignorance and indifference : —

“ From a description of Castallack Round, in the parish of St. Paul, written by Mr. Crozier, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years ago, it appears that there was a massive outer wall, with an entrance on the south ; from which a colonnade of stones led to an inner inclosure, also formed with stones, and nine feet in diameter. Mr. Haliwell, so recently as 1861, refers to the avenue of upright stones leading from the outer to the inner inclosure.

“ On visiting the spot a few days ago (in 1865), I was surprised to find that not only were there no remains of an avenue of stones, but that the existence of an inner inclosure could scarcely be traced. It was, in fact, evident that some modern Vandal had here been at work. A laborer, employed in the field close by, with a complaisant smile, informed me that the old Round had been dug into last year, for the sake of the stones. I found, however, enough of the work left to be worthy of a few notes, sufficient to show that it was a kindred structure to that at Kerris, known as the Roundago, and described and figured in Borlase’s ‘ Antiquities of Cornwall.’ . . . Mr. Crozier also refers to a stone, five feet high, which stood within a hundred yards of the Castallack Round, and from which the Pipers at Boleit could be seen.

“ The attention of the Royal Institution of Cornwall has been repeatedly called to the destruction of Cornish antiquities, and the interference of landed proprietors has been frequently invoked in aid of their preservation ; but it unfortunately happens, in most cases, that important remains are demolished by the tenants without the knowledge or consent of the landlords. On comparing the present condition of the Castallack Round with a description of its appearance so recently as in 1861, I find that the greater and more interesting part has been barbarously and irreparably destroyed ; and I regret to say, I could draw up a

long list of ancient remains in Cornwall, partially or totally demolished within the last few years."

We can hardly hope that the wholesome superstition which prevented people in former days from desecrating their ancient monuments will be any protection to them much longer, though the following story shows that some grains of the old leaven are still left in the Cornish mind. Near Carleen, in Breage, an old cross has been removed from its place, and now does duty as a gate-post. The farmer occupying the farm where the cross stood, set his laborer to sink a pit in the required spot for the gate-post, but when it was intimated that the cross standing at a little distance off was to be erected therein, the man absolutely refused to have any hand in the matter, not on account of the beautiful or the antique, but for fear of the old people. Another farmer related that he had a neighbor who "haeled down a lot of stoans called the Roundago, and sold 'em for building the docks at Penzance. But not a penny of the money he got for 'em ever prospered, and there wasn't wan of the hosses that haeld 'em that lived out the twelvemonth; and they do say that some of the stoans do weep blood, but I don't believe that."

There are many antiquarians who affect to despise the rude architecture of the Celts, nay, who would think the name of architecture disgraced if applied to cromlechs and bee-hive huts. But even these will perhaps be more willing to lend a helping hand in protecting the antiquities of Cornwall when they hear that even ancient Norman masonry is no longer safe in that country. An antiquarian writes to us from Cornwall: "I heard of some farmers in Meneage (the Lizard district) who dragged down an ancient well and rebuilt it. When called to task for it, they said, 'The

ould thing was so shaky that a wasn't fit to be seen, so we thought we'd putten to rights and build'un up *fitty.*'"

Such things, we feel sure, should not be, and would not be, allowed any longer, if public opinion, or the public conscience, was once roused. Let people laugh at Celtic monuments as much as they like, if they will only help to preserve their laughing-stocks from destruction. Let antiquarians be as skeptical as they like, if they will only prevent the dishonest withdrawal of the evidence against which their skepticism is directed. Are lake-dwellings in Switzerland, are flint-deposits in France, is kitchen-rubbish in Denmark, so very precious, and are the magnificent cromlechs, the curious holed stones, and even the rock-basins of Cornwall, so contemptible? There is a fashion even in scientific tastes. For thirty years M. Boucher de Perthes could hardly get a hearing for his flint-heads, and now he has become the centre of interest for geologists, anthropologists, and physiologists. There is every reason to expect that the interest, once awakened in the early history of our own race, will go on increasing; and two hundred years hence the antiquarians and anthropologists of the future will call us hard names if they find out how we allowed these relics of the earliest civilization of England to be destroyed. It is easy to say, What is there in a holed stone? It is a stone with a hole in it, and that is all. We do not wish to propound new theories; but in order to show how full of interest even a stone with a hole in it may become, we will just mention that the *Mén-an-tol*, or the holed stone which stands in one of the fields near Lanyon, is flanked by two other stones standing erect on each side. Let any one go there to watch a sunset about the time of the

autumnal equinox, and he will see that the shadow thrown by the erect stone would fall straight through the hole of the *Mén-an-tol*. We know that the great festivals of the ancient world were regulated by the sun, and that some of these festive seasons — the winter solstice about Yule-tide or Christmas, the vernal equinox about Easter, the summer solstice on Midsummer-eve, about St. John Baptist's day, and the autumnal equinox about Michaelmas — are still kept, under changed names and with new objects, in our own time. This *Mén-an-tol* may be an old dial erected originally to fix the proper time for the celebration of the autumnal equinox ; and though it may have been applied to other purposes likewise, such as the curing of children by dragging them several times through the hole, still its original intention may have been astronomical. It is easy to test this observation, and to find out whether the same remark does not hold good of other stones in Cornwall, as, for instance, the Two Pipers. We do not wish to attribute to this guess as to the original intention of the *Mén-an-tol* more importance than it deserves, nor would we in any way countenance the opinion of those who, beginning with Cæsar, ascribe to the Celts and their Druids every kind of mysterious wisdom. A mere shepherd, though he had never heard the name of the equinox, might have erected such a stone for his own convenience, in order to know the time when he might safely bring his flocks out, or take them back to their safer stables. But this would in no way diminish the interest of the *Mén-an-tol*. It would still remain one of the few relics of the childhood of our race ; one of the witnesses of the earliest workings of the human mind in its struggle against, and in its alliance with, the powers of nature ; one of

the vestiges of the first civilization of the British Isles. Even the Romans, who carried their Roman roads in a straight line through the countries they had conquered, undeterred by any obstacles, unawed by any sanctuaries, respected, as can hardly be doubted, Silbury Hill, and made the road from Bath to London diverge from the usual straight line, instead of cutting through that time-honored mound. Would the engineers of our railways show a similar regard for any national monument, whether Celtic, Roman, or Saxon? When Charles II., in 1663, went to see the Celtic remains of Abury, sixty-three stones were still standing within the intrenched inclosure. Not quite a hundred years later they had dwindled down to forty-four, the rest having been used for building purposes. Dr. Stukeley, who published a description of Abury in 1743, tells us that he himself saw the upper stone of the great cromlech there broken and carried away, the fragments of it making no less than twenty cart-loads. After another century had passed, seventeen stones only remained within the great inclosure, and these, too, are being gradually broken up and carted away. Surely such things ought not to be. Let those whom it concerns look to it before it is too late. These Celtic monuments are public property as much as London Stone, Coronation Stone, or Westminster Abbey, and posterity will hold the present generation responsible for the safe keeping of the national heirlooms of England.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following extract from a Cornish newspaper, July 15, 1869, shows the necessity of imperial legislation on this subject to prevent irreparable mischief:—

“The ruthless destruction of the Tolmen, in the parish of Constantine, which has been so much deplored, has had the effect, we are glad to say, of drawing attention to the necessity of taking measures for the preservation of the remaining antiquities and objects of curiosity and interest in the county. In a recent number of the *West Briton* we called attention to the

threatened overthrow of another of our far-famed objects of great interest, — the Cheesewring, near Liskeard; and we are now glad to hear that the committee of the Royal Institution of Cornwall have requested three gentlemen who take great interest in the preservation of antiquities — Mr. William Jory Henwood, F. G. S., etc., Mr. N. Hare, Jr., of Liskeard, and Mr. Whitley, one of the secretaries of the Royal Institution — to visit Liskeard for the purpose of conferring with the agents of the lessors of the Cheesewring granite quarries — the Duchy of Cornwall — and with the lessees of the works, Messrs. Freeman, of Penryn, who are themselves greatly anxious that measures should be taken for the preservation of that most remarkable pile of rocks known as the Cheesewring. We have no doubt that the measures to be adopted will prove successful; and with regard to any other antiquities or natural curiosities in the county, we shall be glad to hear from correspondents, at any time, if they are placed in peril of destruction, in order that a public announcement of the fact may become the means of preserving them.”

*July, 1867.*

#### XIV.

### ARE THERE JEWS IN CORNWALL?

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THERE is hardly a book on Cornish history or antiquities in which we are not seriously informed that at some time or other the Jews migrated to Cornwall, or worked as slaves in Cornish mines. Some writers state this simply as a fact requiring no further confirmation; others support it by that kind of evidence which Herodotus, no doubt, would have considered sufficient for establishing the former presence of Pelasgians in different parts of Greece, but which would hardly have satisfied Niebuhr, still less Sir G. C. Lewis. Old smelting-houses, they tell us, are still called *Jews' houses* in Cornwall; and if, even after that, anybody could be so skeptical as to doubt that the Jews, after the destruction of Jerusalem, were sent in large numbers to work as slaves in the Cornish mines, he is silenced at once by an appeal to the name of *Marazion*, the well-known town opposite St. Michael's Mount, which means the "bitterness of Zion," and is also called *Market Jew*. Many a traveller has no doubt shaken his unbelieving head, and asked himself how it is that no real historian should ever have mentioned the migration of the Jews to the Far West, whether it took place under Nero or under one of the later Flavian

Emperors. Yet all the Cornish guides are positive on the subject, and the *primâ facie* evidence is certainly so startling that we can hardly wonder if certain anthropologists discovered even the sharply marked features of the Jewish race among the sturdy fishermen of Mount's Bay.

Before we examine the facts on which this Jewish theory is founded, — facts, as will be seen, chiefly derived from names of places, and other relics of language, — it will be well to inquire a little into the character of the Cornish language, so that we may know what kind of evidence we have any right to expect from such a witness.

The ancient language of Cornwall, as is well known, was a Celtic dialect, closely allied to the languages of Brittany and Wales, and less nearly, though by no means distantly, related to the languages of Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man. Cornish began to die out in Cornwall about the time of the Reformation, being slowly but surely supplanted by English, till it was buried with Dolly Pentreath and similar worthies about the end of the last century.<sup>1</sup> Now there is in most languages, but more particularly in those which are losing their consciousness or their vitality, what, by a name borrowed from geology, may be called a *metamorphic process*. It consists chiefly in this, that words, as they cease to be properly understood, are slightly changed, generally with the object of imparting to them once more an intelligible meaning. This new meaning is mostly a mistaken one, yet it is not only readily accepted, but the word in its new dress and with its new character is frequently made to support facts or fictions which could be supported by no

<sup>1</sup> See p. 245.

other evidence. Who does not believe that *sweetheart* has something to do with *heart*? Yet it was originally formed like *drunk-ard*, *dull-ard*, and *nigg-ard*; and poets, not grammarians, are responsible for the mischief it may have done under its plausible disguise. By the same process, *shamefast*, formed like *steadfast* and still properly spelt by Chaucer and in the early editions of the Authorized Version of the Bible, has long become *shamefaced*, bringing before us the blushing roses of a lovely face. The *Vikings*, mere pirates from the *viks* or creeks of Scandinavia, have, by the same process, been raised to the dignity of kings; just as *coat cards* — the king, and queen, and knave in their gorgeous gowns — were exalted into *court cards*.

Although this kind of metamorphosis takes place in every language, yet it is most frequent in countries where two languages come in contact with each other, and where, in the end, one is superseded by the other. *Robertus Curtus*, the eldest son of the Conqueror, was by the Saxons called *Curt-hose*. The name of *Oxford* contains in its first syllable an old Celtic word, the well-known term for water or river, which occurs as *ux* in *Uxbridge*, as *ex* in *Exmouth*, as *ax* in *Azmouth*, and in many more disguises down to the *whisk* of *whiskey*, the Scotch *Usquebaugh*.<sup>1</sup> In the name of the *Isis*, and of the suburb of *Osney*, the same Celtic word has been preserved. The Saxons kept the Celtic name of the river, and they called the place where one of the Roman roads crossed the river Ox, *Oxford*. The name, however, was soon mistaken, and interpreted as purely Saxon; and if any one should doubt that Oxford was a kind of *Bosphorus*, and meant a ford for

<sup>1</sup> See Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places*, p. 212. The Ock joins the Thames near Abingdon.

oxen, the ancient arms of the city were readily appealed to in order to cut short all doubts on the subject. The Welsh name *Ryt-yhcen* for Oxford was a retranslation into Welsh of an original Celtic name, to which a new form and a new meaning had been given by the Saxon conquerors.

Similar accidents happened to Greek words after they were adopted by the people of Italy, particularly by the Romans. The Latin *orichalcum*, for instance, is simply the Greek word *ὀρείχαλκος*, from *ὄρος*, mountain, and *χαλκός*, copper. Why it was called mountain-copper, no one seems to know. It was originally a kind of fabulous metal, brought to light from the brains of the poet rather than from the bowels of the earth. Though the poets, and even Plato, speak of it as, after gold, the most precious of metals, Aristotle sternly denies that there ever was any real metal corresponding to the extravagant descriptions of the *ὀρείχαλκος*. Afterwards the same word was used in a more sober and technical sense, though it is not always easy to say when it means copper, or bronze (*i. e.* copper and tin), or brass (*i. e.* copper and zinc). The Latin poets not only adopted the Greek word in the fabulous sense in which they found it used in Homer, but forgetting that the first portion of the name was derived from the Greek *ὄρος*, hill, they pronounced and even spelt it as if derived from the Latin *aurum*, gold, and thus found a new confirmation of its equality with gold, which would have greatly surprised the original framers of that curious compound.<sup>1</sup>

In a county like Cornwall, where the ancient Celtic dialect continued to be spoken, though disturbed and

<sup>1</sup> See the learned essay of M. Rossignol, "De l'Orichalque : Histoire du Cuivre et de ses Alliages," in his work, *Les Métaux dans l'Antiquité*, Paris 1863.

overlaid from time to time by Latin, Saxon, and Norman, where Celts had to adopt certain Saxon and Norman, and Saxons and Normans certain Celtic words, we have a right to expect an ample field for observing this metamorphic process, and for tracing its influence in the transformation of names, and in the formation of legends, traditions, nay even, as we shall see, in the production of generally accepted historical facts. To call this process *metamorphic*, using that name in the sense given to it by geologists, may at first sight seem pedantic and far-fetched. But if we see how a new language forms what may be called a new stratum covering the old language; how the life or heat of the old language, though apparently extinct, breaks forth again through the superincumbent crust, destroys its regular features and assimilates its stratified layers with its own igneous or volcanic nature, our comparison, though somewhat elaborate, will be justified to a great extent, and we shall only have to ask our geological readers to make allowance for this, that, in languages, the foreign element has always to be considered as the superincumbent stratum, Cornish forming the crust to English or English to Cornish, according as the speaker uses the one or the other as his native or as his acquired speech.

Our first witness in support of this metamorphic process is Mr. Scawen, who lived about two hundred years ago, a true Cornishman, though he wrote in English, or in what he is pleased so to call. In blaming the Cornish gentry and nobility for having attempted to give to their ancient and honorable names a kind of Norman varnish, and for having adopted new-fangled coats of arms, Mr. Scawen remarks on the several mistakes, intentional or unintentional, that occurred in this

foolish process. "The grounds of two several mistakes," he writes, "are very obvious: 1st, upon the *Tre* or *Ter*; 2d, upon the *Ross* or *Rose*. *Tre* or *Ter* in Cornish commonly signifies a town, or rather place, and it has always an adjunct with it. *Tri* is the number 3. Those men willingly mistake one for another. And so, in French heraldry terms, they used to fancy and contrive those with any such three things as may be like, or cohere with, or may be adapted to anything or things in their surnames, whether very handsome or not is not much stood upon. Another usual mistake is upon *Ross*, which, as they seem to fancy, should be a *Rose*, but *Ross* in Cornish is a vale or valley. Now for this their French-Latin tutors, when they go into the field of Mars, put them in their coat armor prettily to smell out a *Rose* or flower (a fading honor instead of a durable one); so any three such things, agreeable perhaps a little to their names, are taken up and retained from abroad, when their own at home have a much better scent and more lasting."

Some amusing instances of what may be called Saxon puns on Cornish words have been communicated to me by a Cornish friend of mine, Mr. Bellows. "The old Cornish name for Falmouth," he writes, "was *Penny come quick*,<sup>1</sup> and they tell a most improbable story to account for it. I believe the whole compound is the Cornish *Pen y cwm gwic*, 'Head of the creek valley.' In like manner they have turned *Bryn uhella* (highest hill) into *Brown Willy*, and *Cwm ty goed* (woodhouse valley) into *Come to good*." To this might be added the common etymologies of *Helstone* and *Camelford*. The former name has nothing to do with the Saxon *helstone*, a covering stone, or with the infernal regions,

<sup>1</sup> There is another Penny come quick near Falmouth.

but meant "place on the river;" the latter, in spite of the camel in the arms of the town, meant the ford of the river Camel. A frequent mistake arises from the misapprehension of the Celtic *dun*, hill, which enters in the composition of many local names, and was changed by the Saxons into *town* or *tun*. Thus *Meli-dunum* is now *Moulton*, *Seccan-dun* is *Seckington*, and *Beam-dun* is *Bampton*.<sup>1</sup>

This transformation of Celtic into Saxton or Norman terms is not confined, however, to the names of families, towns, and villages; and we shall see how the fables to which it has given rise have not only disfigured the records of some of the most ancient families in Cornwall, but have thrown a haze over the annals of the whole county.

Returning to the Jews in their Cornish exile, we find, no doubt, as mentioned before, that even in the Ordnance maps the little town opposite St. Michael's Mount is called *Marazion* and *Market Jew*. *Marazion* sounds decidedly like Hebrew, and might signify *Mârâh*, "bitterness, grief," *Zion*, "of Zion." M. Esquiros, a believer in Cornish Jews, thinks that *Mara* might be a corruption of the Latin *Amara*, bitter; but he forgets that this etymology would really defeat its very object, and destroy the Hebrew origin of the name. The next question therefore is, What is the real origin of the name *Marazion*, and of its *alias*, *Market Jew*? It cannot be too often repeated that inquiries into the origin of local names are, in the first place, historical, and only in the second place, philological. To attempt an explanation of any name, without having first traced it back to the earliest form in which we can find it, is to set at defiance the plainest rules of the

<sup>1</sup> Isaac Taylor, *Words and Places*. p. 402.

science of language as well as of the science of history. Even if the interpretation of a local name should be right, it would be of no scientific value without the preliminary inquiry into its history, which frequently consists in a succession of the most startling changes and corruptions. Those who are at all familiar with the history of Cornish names of places will not be surprised to find the same name written in four or five, nay, in ten different ways. The fact is that those who pronounced the names were frequently ignorant of their real import, and those who had to write them down could hardly catch their correct pronunciation. Thus we find that Camden calls Marazion *Merkin*; Carew, *Marcaiew*. Leland in his "Itinerary" (about 1538) uses the names *Markesin*, *Markine* (vol. iii. fol. 4); and in another place (vol. vii. fol. 119) he applies, it would seem, to the same town the name of *Marasdeythyon*. William of Worcester (about 1478) writes promiscuously *Markysyoo* (p. 103), *Marchew* and *Margew* (p. 133), *Marchasyowe* and *Markysyow* (p. 98). In a charter of Queen Elizabeth, dated 1595, the name is written *Marghasiewe*; in another of the year 1313, *Markesion*; in another of 1309, *Markasyon*; in another of Richard, Earl of Cornwall (*Rex Romanorum*, 1257), *Marchadyon*, which seems the oldest, and at the same time the most primitive form.<sup>1</sup> Besides these, Dr. Oliver has found in different title-

<sup>1</sup> It has been objected that *Marchadyon* could not be called the original form, because by a *carta Alani comitis Britannie*, sealed, according to Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, by Alan, anno incarnationis domini MCXL, ten shillings per annum were granted to the monks of St. Michael, due from a fair held at *Merdresem* or *Merdresein*. Until, however, it has been proved that *Merdresem* is the same place and the same name as *Marchadyon*, or that the latter sprang from the former, *Marchadyon* in the charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, 1257, may for our immediate purpose be treated as the root from which all the other names branched off. See Oliver, *Monasticon Exon.* p. 32.

leeds the following varieties of the same name:—*Marghasion*, *Markesiow*, *Marghasiew*, *Maryazion*, and *Marazion*. The only explanation of the name which we meet with in early writers, such as Leland, Camden, and Carew, is that it meant “Thursday Market.” Leland explains *Marasdeythyon* by *forum Jovis*. Camden explains *Merkiu* in the same manner, and Carew takes *Marcaiew* as originally *Marhas dieu*, i. e. “Thursdaies market, for then it useth this traffike.”

This interpretation of *Marhasdieu* as Thursday Market, appears at first very plausible, and it has at all events far better claims on our acceptance than the modern Hebrew etymology of “Bitterness of Zion.” But, strange to say, although from a charter of Robert, Earl of Cornwall, it appears that the monks of the Mount had the privilege of holding a market on Thursday (*die quintæ feriæ*), there is no evidence, and no probability, that a town so close to the Mount as Marazion ever held a market on the same day.<sup>1</sup> Thursday in Cornish was called *deyow*, not *dieu*. The only additional evidence we get is this, that in the taxation of Bishop Walter Bronescombe, made August 12, 1261, and quoted in Bishop Stapledon’s register of 1313, the place is called *Markesion de parvo mercato*,<sup>2</sup> and that in a charter of Richard, King of the Romans and Earl of Cornwall, permission was granted to the prior of St. Michael’s Mount that three markets, which formerly had been held in *Marghasbigan*, on ground not belonging to him, should in future be held on his own ground

<sup>1</sup> If a market was held on the “*dimidia terræ hida*” granted by Robert to the monks, this difficulty would disappear.

<sup>2</sup> In the Additional Supplement (p. 4), Dr. Oliver gives the more correct reading, “*de Markesiou, de parvo Mercato, Brevannek, Penmedel, Trewarbene*.” It depends on the comma after *Markesiou* whether *parvus Mercatus* is a separate place or not.

in *Marchadyon*. *Parvus mercatus* is evidently the same place as *Marghasbigan*, for *Marghas-bigan* means in Cornish the same as *Mercatus parvus*, namely, "Little Market." The charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, is more perplexing, and it would seem to yield no sense, unless we again take *Marchadyon* as a mere variety of *Marghasbigan*, and suppose that the privilege granted to the prior of St. Michael's Mount consisted really in transferring the fair from land in Marazion not belonging to him, to land in Marazion belonging to him. Anyhow, it is clear that in *Marazion* we have some kind of name for market.

The old Cornish word for market is *marchas*, a corruption of the Latin *mercatus*. Originally the Cornish word must have been *marchad*, and this form is preserved in Armorican, while in Cornish the *ch* gradually sunk to *h*, and the final *d* to *s*. This change of *d* into *s* is of frequent occurrence in modern as compared with ancient Cornish, and the history of our word will enable us, to a certain extent, to fix the time when that change took place. In the charter of Richard, Earl of Cornwall (about 1257), we find *Marchadyon*; in a charter of 1309, *Markasyon*. The change of *d* into *s* had taken place during these fifty years.<sup>1</sup> But what is the termination *yon*? Considering that Marazion is called the Little Market, I should like to see in *yon* the diminutive Cornish suffix, corresponding to the Welsh *yn*. But if this should be objected to, on the ground that no such diminutives occur in the literary

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Bannister remarks that *Markesion* occurs as early as 1261, in the taxation of Bishop Walter Bronescombe, as quoted in Bishop Stapledon's register of 1313. If that be so, the original form and its dialectic varieties would have existed almost contemporaneously, but the evidence that *Markesion* was used by Bishop Bronescombe is indirect. See Oliver, *Monast. Exon.* p. 28.

monuments of the Cornish language, another explanation is open, which was first suggested to me by Mr. Bellows: *Marchadion* may be taken as a perfectly regular plural in Cornish, and we should then have to suppose that, instead of being called the Market or the Little Market, the place was called, from its three statute markets, "The Markets." And this would help us to explain, not only the gradual growth of the name Marazion, but likewise, I think, the gradual formation of "Market Jew;" for another termination of the plural in Cornish is *ieu*, which, added to *Marchad*, would give us *Marchadieu*.<sup>1</sup>

Now it is perfectly true that no real Cornishman, I mean no man who spoke Cornish, would ever have taken *Marchadieu* for Market Jew, or Jews' Market. The name for Jew in Cornish is quite different. It is *Edhow*, *Yedhow*, *Yudhow*, corrupted likewise into *Ezow*; plural, *Yedhewon*, etc. But to a Saxon ear the Cornish name *Marchadieu* might well convey the idea of *Market Jew*, and thus, by a metamorphic process, a name meaning in Cornish the Markets would give rise in a perfectly natural manner, not only to the two names, Marazion and Market Jew, but likewise to the historical legends of Jews settled in the county of Cornwall.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the termination of the plural in Cornish, see Mr. Whitley Stokes's excellent remarks in his edition of *The Passion*, p. 79; also in Kuhn's *Beiträge*, iii. 151; and Norris, *Cornish Drama*, vol. ii. p. 229. My attention has since been called to the fact that *marhas* occurs in the plural as *marhasow*, in the *Cornish Drama*, vol. i. p. 248; and as *s* under such circumstances may become *j* (cf. *canhasawe*, Creat. line 29, but *canhajowe*, Creat. line 67), *Marhajow* would come still nearer to *Market Jew*. Dr. Bannister remarks that in Armorican, market is *marchad*, plural *marchadou*, corrupted into *marchajou*.

<sup>2</sup> The following note from a Cornish paper gives some important facts as to the date of the name of *Market Jew*:—

"Among the State Papers at the Record Office, there is a letter from Ralph

But there still remain the *Jews' houses*, the name given, it is said, to the old, deserted smelting-houses

Conway to Secretary Cope, dated 3d October, 1634, which mentions the name of *Market-jew*.

"In another, dated 7th February, 1634-5, Sir James Bagg informs the Lords of the Admiralty that the endeavors of Mr. Basset, and other gentlemen in the west of Cornwall, to save the cargo of a wrecked Spanish galleon which broke from her moorings in Gwavas Lake, near Penzance, were opposed by a riotous multitude, consisting of the inhabitants of Mousehole and *Marka-jew*, who maintained their unlawful proceedings with the cry of 'One and All!' threatening with death the servants of the Crown, and compelling them to avoid their fury by leaping down a high cliff.

"In another of the same date, from Ralph Bird, of Saltram, to Francis Basset, the rebels of Mousehole, with their fellow-rebels of *Market Jew*, are spoken of, as having menaced the life of any officer who should come to their houses to search for certain hides that mysteriously disappeared from the deck of the galleon one boisterous night, and were probably transferred to Mousehole in the cock-boat of Mr. Keigwin, of that place; and various methods are suggested for administering punishment to the outrageous barbarians.

"In consequence of these complaints, the Lords of the Admiralty wrote to Sir Henry Marten, on the 12th of February of the same year, concerning 'the insolency' committed by the inhabitants of Mousehole and *Markaiew* requesting that the offenders may be punished, and, if necessary, the most notorious of them sent to London for trial.

"In *Magna Britannia et Hibernia*, 1720, p. 308, *Merkyu* is mentioned as being 'a little market-town which takes its name from the market on Thursdays, it being a contraction of *Market-Jupiter*, i. e. as 'tis now called *Market Jew*, or rather *Ju*.'

"Norden, who was born about 1548, says in his *Specul. Britannie*, which was published in 1728, that *Marca-iewe* (*Marca-iew* in margin) signifies in English, 'market on the Thursday.' In an old map, apparently drawn by hand, which appears to have been inserted in this book after it was published, *Market Jew* is given, and in the map issued with the book *Market Jew*.

"The map of Cornwall, contained in *Comden's Britannia*, by Gibson, 1772, gives *Market-Jew*. The edition 1789, by Gough, states at page 3, 'that *Merkyu* signifies the *Market of Jupiter*, from the market being held on a Thursday, the day sacred to Jupiter.'

"Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, ed. 1769, p. 156, has the following:—  
'Over against the Mount froutheth a towne of petty fortune, pertinently named *Marcaiew*, or *Marhas diow*, in English "the Thursdaies market."  
In the edition published in 1811, p. 378, it is stated in a foot-note that *Marazion* means 'market on the Strand,' the name being well adapted to its situation, 'for *Zion* answers to the Latin *litus*.'

in Cornwall, and in Cornwall only. Though, in the absence of any historical evidence as to the employment of this term *Jews' house* in former ages, it will be more difficult to arrive at its original form and meaning, yet an explanation offers itself which, by a procedure very similar to that which was applied to *Marazion* and *Market Jew*, may account for the origin of this name likewise.

The Cornish name for house was originally *ty*. In modern Cornish, however, to quote from Lhuyd's Grammar, *t* has been changed to *tsh*, as *ti*, thou, *tshei*; *ty*, a house, *tshey*; which *tsh* is also sometimes changed to *dzh*, as *ol mein y dzhyi*, "all in the house." Out of this *dzhyi* we may easily understand how a Saxon mouth and a Saxon ear might have elicited a sound somewhat like the English *Jew*.

But we do not get at *Jews' house* by so easy a road, if indeed we get at it at all. We are told that a smelting-house was called a White-house, in Cornish *Chiwidden*, *widden* standing for *gwydn*, which is a corruption of the old Cornish *gwyn*, white. This name of *Chiwidden* is a famous name in Cornish hagiography. He was the companion of St. Perran, or St. Piran, the most popular saint among the mining population of Cornwall.

Mr. Hunt, who in his interesting work, "The Popular Romances of the West of England," has assigned a separate chapter to Cornish saints, tells us how St. Piran, while living in Ireland, fed ten Irish kings and their armies, for ten days together, with three cows. Notwithstanding this and other miracles, some of these kings condemned him to be cast off a precipice into the sea, with a millstone round his neck. St. Piran, however, floated on safely to Cornwall, and he

landed, on the 5th of March, on the sands which still bear his name, *Perranzabuloe*, or *Perran on the Sands*.

The lives of saints form one of the most curious subjects for the historian, and still more for the student of language; and the day, no doubt, will come when it will be possible to take those wonderful conglomerates of fact and fiction to pieces, and, as in one of those huge masses of graywacke or rubblestone, to assign each grain and fragment to the stratum from which it was taken, before they were all rolled together and cemented by the ebb and flow of popular tradition. With regard to the lives of Irish and Scotch and British saints, it ought to be stated, for the credit of the pious authors of the "Acta Sanctorum," that even they admit their tertiary origin. "During the twelfth century," they say, "when many of the ancient monasteries in Ireland were handed over to monks from England, and many new houses were built for them, these monks began to compile the acts of the saints with greater industry than judgment. They collected all they could find among the uncertain traditions of the natives and in obscure Irish writings, following the example of Jocelin, whose work on the acts of St. Patrick had been received everywhere with wonderful applause. But many of them have miserably failed, so that the foolish have laughed at them, and the wise been filled with indignation." ("Bollandi Acta," 5th of March, p. 390, B). In the same work (p. 392, A), it is pointed out that the Irish monks, whenever they heard of any saints in other parts of England whose names and lives reminded them of Irish saints, at once concluded that they were of Irish origin; and that the people in some parts of England, as they possessed no written acts of

their popular saints, were glad to identify their own with the famous saints of the Irish Church. This has evidently happened in the case of St. Piran. St. Piran, in one of his characters, is certainly a truly Cornish saint; but when the monks in Cornwall heard the wonderful legends of the Irish saint, St. Kiran, they seem to have grafted their own St. Piran on the Irish St. Kiran. The difference in the names must have seemed less to them than to us; for words which in Cornish are pronounced with *p*, are pronounced, as a rule, in Irish with *k*. Thus, head in Cornish is *pen*, in Irish *ceann*; son is *map*, in Irish *mac*. The town built at the eastern extremity of the wall of Severus, was called *Penguaul*, i. e. *pen*, caput, *guaul*, walls; the English call it *Penel-tun*; while in Scotch it was pronounced *Cenail*.<sup>1</sup> That St. Kiran had originally nothing to do with St. Piran can still be proved, for the earlier Lives of St. Kiran, though full of fabulous stories, represent him as dying in Ireland. His saint's day was the 5th of March; that of St. Piran, the 2d of May. The later Lives, however, though they say nothing as yet of the millstone, represent St. Kiran, when a very old man, as suddenly leaving his country in order that he might die in Cornwall. We are told that suddenly, when already near his death, he called together his little flock, and said to them: "My dear brothers and sons, according to a divine disposition I must leave Ireland and go to Cornwall, and wait for the end of my life there. I cannot resist the will of God." He then sailed to Cornwall, and built himself a house, where he performed many miracles. He was buried in Cornwall on the sandy sea, fifteen miles from Petrokstowe, and twenty-five miles from Mousehole.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> H. B. C. Brandes, *Kelten und Germanen*, p. 52.

<sup>2</sup> Capgrave, *Legenda Angliæ*, fol. 269.

In this manner the Irish and the Cornish saints, who originally had nothing in common but their names, became amalgamated,<sup>1</sup> and the saint's day of St. Piran was moved from the 2d of May to the 5th of March. Yet although thus welded into one, nothing could well be imagined more different than the characters of the Irish and of the Cornish saint. The Irish saint lived a truly ascetic life; he preached, wrought miracles, and died. The Cornish saint was a jolly miner, not always very steady on his legs.<sup>2</sup> Let us hear what the Cornish have to tell of him. His name occurs in several names of places, such as Perran Zabuloe, Perran Uthno, in Perran the Little, and in Perran Arworthall. His name, pronounced Perran, or Piran, has been further corrupted into Picras, and Picrous. though some authorities suppose that this is again a different saint from St. Piran. Anyhow, both St. Perran and St. Picras live in the memory of the Cornish miner as the discoverers of tin; and the tinner's great holiday, the Thursday before Christmas, is still called Picrou's day.<sup>3</sup> The legend relates that St. Piran, when still in Cornwall, employed a heavy black stone as a part of his fire-place. The fire was more intense than usual, and a stream of beautiful white metal flowed out of the fire. Great was the joy of

<sup>1</sup> "Within the land of Meneke or Menegland, is a paroch chirche of S. Keveryn, otherwise Piranus." — Leland. "Piran and Keveryn were different persons." See Gough's edition of *Camden*, vol. i. p. 14.

<sup>2</sup> Carew, *Survey* (ed. 1602), p. 58. "From which civility, in the fruitful age of Canonization, they stepped a degree farder to holines, and helped to stuffe the Church Kalender with divers saints, either made or borne Cornish. Such was Keby, son to Solomon, prince of Cor.; such *Peran*, who (if my author the Legend lye not) after that (like another Johannes de temporibus) he had lived two hundred yeres with perfect health, took his last rest in a Cornish parish, which there-through he endowed with his name."

<sup>3</sup> Hunt's *Popular Romances*, vol ii. p. 19.

the saint, and he communicated his discovery to St. Chiwidden. They examined the stone together, and Chiwidden, who was learned in the learning of the East, soon devised a process for producing this metal in large quantities. The two saints called the Cornishmen together. They told them of their treasures, and they taught them how to dig the ore from the earth, and how, by the agency of fire, to obtain the metal. Great was the joy in Cornwall, and many days of feasting followed the announcement. Mead and metheglin, with other drinks, flowed in abundance; and vile rumor says the saints and their people were rendered equally unstable thereby. "Drunk as a Perraner" has certainly passed into a proverb from that day.

It is quite clear from these accounts that the legendary discoverer of tin in Cornwall was originally a totally different character from the Irish saint, St. Kiran. If one might indulge in a conjecture, I should say that there probably was in the Celtic language a root *kar*, which in the Cymbric branch would assume the form *par*. Now *cair* in Gaelic means to dig, to raise; and from it a substantive might be derived, meaning digger or miner. In Ireland, *Kiran* seems to have been simply a proper name, like Smith or Baker, for there is nothing in the legends of St. Kiran that points to mining or smelting. In Cornwall, on the contrary, St. Piran, before he was engrafted on St. Kiran, was probably nothing but a personification or apotheosis of the Miner, as much as Dorus was the personification of the Dorians, and Brutus the first King of Britain.

The rule, "noscitur a sociis," may be applied to St. Piran. His friend and associate, St. Chiwidden, or St. Whitehouse, is a personification of the white-house, *i. e.* the smelting-house, without which St. Piran, the

miner, would have been a very useless saint. If Chywidden, *i. e.* the smelting-house, became the St. Chywidden, why should we look in the Cornish St. Piran for anything beyond Piran, *i. e.* the miner?

However, what is of importance to us for our present object is not St. Piran, but St. Chywidden, the white-house or smelting-house. We are looking all this time for the original meaning of the Jews' houses, and the question is, how can we, starting from Chywidden, arrive at Jews'-house? I am afraid we can not do so without a jump or two; all we can do is to show that they are jumps which language herself is fond of taking, and which therefore we must not shirk, if we wish to ride straight after her.

Well, then, the first jump which language frequently takes is this, that instead of using a noun with a qualifying adjective, such as white-house, the noun by itself is used without any such qualification. This can, of course, be done with very prominent words only, words which are used so often, and which express ideas so constantly present to the mind of the speaker, that no mistake is likely to arise. In English, "the House" is used for the House of Commons; in later Latin "domus" was used for the House of God. Among fisherman in Scotland "fish" means salmon. In Greek *λίθος*, stone, in the feminine, is used for the magnet, originally *Μαγνήτις λίθος* while the masculine *λίθος* means a stone in general. In Cornwall, *ore* by itself means copper ore only, while tin ore is called black tin. In times, therefore, when the whole attention of Cornwall was absorbed by mining and smelting, and when smelting-houses were most likely the only large buildings that seemed to deserve the name of houses, there is nothing extraordinary in *tshey* or *dzhyr*,

even without *widden*, white, having become the recognized name for smelting-houses.

But now comes a second jump, and again one that can be proved to have been a very favorite one with many languages. When people speaking different languages live together in the same country, they frequently, in adopting a foreign term, add to it, by way of interpretation, the word that corresponds to it in their own language. Thus *Portsmouth* is a name half Latin and half English. *Portus* was the Roman name given to the harbor. This was adopted by the Saxons, but interpreted at the same time by a Saxon word, namely, *mouth*, which really means harbor. This interpretation was hardly intentional, but arose naturally. *Port* first became a kind of proper name, and then *mouth* was added, so that "the mouth of Port," *i. e.* of the place called *Portus* by the Romans, became at last Portsmouth. But this does not satisfy the early historians, and, as happens so frequently when there is anything corrupt in language, a legend springs up almost spontaneously to remove all doubts and difficulties. Thus we read in the venerable Saxon Chronicle under the year 501, "that Port came to Britain with his two sons, Bieda and Maegla, with two ships, and their place was called Portsmouth; and they slew a British man, a very noble man."<sup>1</sup> Such is the growth of legends, aye, and in many cases the growth of history.

Formed on the same principle as Portsmouth we find such words as *Hayle-river*, the Cornish *hal* by itself meaning salt marsh, moor, or estuary; *Treville* or *Trou-ville*, where the Celtic *tre*, town, is explained by the French *ville*; the *Cctswold* Hills, where the Celtic word *cot*, wood, is explained by the Saxon *wold* or

<sup>1</sup> *Saxon Chronicle*, ed. Earle, p. 14, and his note, Preface, p. ix.

*weald*, a wood. In *Dun-bar-ton*, the Celtic word *dun*, hill, is explained by the Saxon *bar* for *byrig*, burg, *ton* being added to form the name of the town that rose up under the protection of the hill-castle. In *Penhow* the same process has been suspected; *how*, the German *Höhe*,<sup>1</sup> expressing nearly the same idea as *pen*, head. In Constantine, in Cornwall, one of the large stones with rock-basins is called the *Mén-rock*,<sup>2</sup> rock being simply the interpretation of the Cornish *mén*.

If, then, we suppose that in exactly the same manner the people of Cornwall spoke of *Tshey-houses*, or *Dshyi-houses*, is it so very extraordinary that this hybrid word should at last have been interpreted as *Jew-houses* or *Jews' houses*? I do not say that the history of the word can be traced through all its phases with the same certainty as that of *Marazion*; all I maintain is that, in explaining its history, no step has been admitted that cannot be proved by sufficient evidence to be in strict keeping with the well-known movements, or, if it is respectful to say so, the well-known antics of language.

Thus vanish the Jews from Cornwall; but there still remain the *Saracens*. One is surprised to meet with Saracens in the West of England; still more, to hear of their having worked in the tin-mines, like the Jews. According to some writers, however, Saracen is only another name for Jews, though no explanation is given why this detested name should have been applied to the Jews in Cornwall, and nowhere else. This view is held, for instance, by Carew, who writes:

<sup>1</sup> This *how*, according to Professor Earle, appears again in the *Hoe*, a high down at Plymouth, near the citadel; in *Hooton* (Cheshire), in *Howgate*, *Howe of Fife*, and other local names. See also Halliwell, s. v. *Hoes* and *Hogh*; Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*, Nos. 563, 663, 784.

<sup>2</sup> *H int*, vol. i. p. 187.

“The Cornish maintain these works to have been very ancient, and the first wrought by the Jews with pickaxes of holm, box, hartshorn; they prove this by the names of those places yet enduring, to wit, *Attall-Sarazin* (or, as in some editions, *Sazarin*); in English, the Jews’ Offcast.”

Camden (p. 69) says: “We are taught from Diodorus and Æthicus that the ancient Britons had worked hard at the mines, but the Saxons and Normans seem to have neglected them for a long time, or to have employed the labor of Arabs or Saracens, for the inhabitants call deserted shafts, *Attall-Sarazin*, i. e. the leavings of the Saracens.”

Thus, then, we have not only the Saracens in Cornwall admitted as simply a matter of history, but their presence actually used in order to prove that the Saxons and Normans neglected to work the mines in the West of England.

A still more circumstantial account is given by Hals, as quoted by Gilbert in his “Parochial History of Cornwall.” Here we are told that King Henry III., by proclamation, let out all Jews in his dominions at a certain rent to such as would poll and rifle them, and amongst others to his brother Richard, King of the Romans, who, after he had plundered their estates, committed their bodies, as his slaves, to labor in the tin-mines of Cornwall; the memory of whose workings is still preserved in the names of several tin works, called *Towle Sarasin*, and corruptly *Attall Saracen*; i. e. the refuse or outcast of Saracens; that is to say, of those Jews descended from Sarah and Abraham. Other works were called *Whele Etherson* (alias *Ethewon*), the Jews’ Works, or Unbelievers’ Works, in Cornish.

Here we see how history is made; and if our inquiries led to no other result, they would still be useful as a warning against putting implicit faith in the statements of writers who are separated by several centuries from the events they are relating. Here we have men like Carew and Camden, both highly cultivated, learned, and conscientious, and yet neither of them hesitating, in a work of historical character, to assert as a fact, what, after making every allowance, can only be called a very bold guess. Have we any reason to suppose that Herodotus and Thucydides, when speaking of the original abodes of the various races of Greece, of their migrations, their wars and final settlements, had better evidence before them, or were more cautious in using their evidence, than Camden and Carew? And is it likely that modern scholars, however learned and however careful, can ever arrive at really satisfactory results by sifting and arranging and rearranging the ethnological statements of the ancients, as to the original abodes or the later migrations of Pelasgians, Tyrrhenians, Thracians, Macedonians, and Illyrians, or even of Dorians, Æolians, and Ionians? What is Carew's evidence in support of his statement that the Jews first worked the tin-mines of Cornwall? Simply the sayings of the people in Cornwall, who support their sayings by the name given to deserted mines, *Attall Sarazin*. Now admitting that *Attall Sarazin*, or *Attall Sazarin*, meant the refuse of the Saracens, how is it possible, in cold blood, to identify the Saracens with Jews, and where is there a tittle of evidence to prove that the Jews were the first to work these mines, — mines, be it remembered, which according to the same Carew, were certainly worked before the beginning of our era?

But leaving the Jews of the time of Nero, let us examine the more definite and more moderate statements of Hals and Gilbert. According to them, the deserted shafts are called by a Cornish name meaning the refuse of the Saracens, because, as late as the thirteenth century, the Jews were sent to work in these mines. It is difficult, no doubt, to prove a negative, and to show that no Jews ever worked in the mines of Cornwall. All that can be done, in a case like this, is to show that no one has produced an atom of evidence in support of Mr. Gilbert's opinion. The Jews were certainly ill treated, plundered, tortured, and exiled during the reign of the Plantagenet kings; but that they were sent to the Cornish mines, no contemporary writer has ever ventured to assert. The passage in Matthew Paris, to which Mr. Gilbert most likely alludes, says the very contrary of what he draws from it. Matthew Paris says that Henry III. extorted money from the Jews, and that when they petitioned for a safe conduct, in order to leave England altogether, he sold them to his brother Richard, "ut quos Rex excoriaverat, Comes evisceraret."<sup>1</sup> But this selling of the Jews meant no more than that, in return for money advanced him by his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, the King pawned to him, for a number of years, the taxes, legitimate or illegitimate, which could be extorted from the Jews. That this was the real meaning of the bargain between the King and his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, can be proved by the document printed in Rymer's "*Fœdera*," vol. i. p. 543, "*De Judæis Comiti Cornubiæ assignatis, pro solutione pecuniæ sibi a Rege debitæ.*"<sup>2</sup> Anyhow, there is not a single word about

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Paris, *Opera*, ed. Wats, p. 902.

<sup>2</sup> See *Reymeri Fœdera*, A. D. 1255, tom. i. p. 543.

the Jews having been sent to Cornwall, or having had to work in the mines. On the contrary, Matthew Paris says, "*Comes pepercit iis*," "the Earl spared them."

After thus looking in vain for any truly historical evidence in support of Jewish settlements in Cornwall, I suppose they may in future be safely treated as a "verbal myth," of which there are more indeed in different chapters of history, both ancient and modern, than is commonly supposed. As in Cornwall the name of a market has given rise to the fable of Jewish settlements, the name of another market in Finland led to the belief that there were Turks settled in that northern country. *Abo*, the ancient capital of Finland, was called *Turku*, which is the Swedish word *torg*, market. Adam of Bremen, enumerating the various tribes adjoining the Baltic, mentions *Turci* among the rest, and these *Turci* were by others mistaken for Turks.<sup>1</sup>

Even after such myths have been laid open to the very roots, there is a strong tendency not to drop them altogether. Thus Mr. H. Merivale is far too good an historian to admit the presence of Jews in Cornwall as far back as the destruction of Jerusalem.<sup>2</sup> He knows there is no evidence for it, and he would not repeat a mere fable, however plausible. Yet Marazion and the Jews' houses evidently linger in his memory, and he throws out a hint that they may find an historical explanation in the fact that under the Plantagenet kings the Jews commonly farmed or wrought the mines. Is there any contemporary evi-

<sup>1</sup> See Adam Bremensis' *De Situ Danicæ*, ed. Lindenbruch, p. 136. Buckle's *History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 275.

<sup>2</sup> Carew, *Survey* (ed. 1602), p. 8: "and perhaps under one of those Flavians, the Jewish workmen made here their first arrival."

aence even for this? I do not think so. Dr. Borlase, indeed, in his "Natural History of Cornwall" (p. 190), says, "In the time of King John, I find the product of tin in this county very inconsiderable, the right of working for tin being as yet wholly in the King, the property of tanners precarious and unsettled, and what tin was raised was engrossed and managed by the Jews, to the great regret of the barons and their vassals." It is a pity that Dr. Borlase should not have given his authority, but there is little doubt that he simply quoted from Carew. Carew tells us how the Cornish gentlemen borrowed money from the merchants of London, giving them tin as security (p. 14); and though he does not call the merchants Jews, yet he speaks of them as usurers, and reproves their "cut throate and abominable dealing." He continues afterwards, speaking of the same usurers (p. 16), "After such time as the Jewes by their extreme dealing had worne themselves, first out of the love of the English inhabitants, and afterwards out of the land itselfe, and so left the mines unwrought, it hapned, that certaine gentlemen, being lords of seven tithings in Blackmoore, whose grounds were best stored with this minerall, grewe desirous to renew this benefit," etc. To judge from several indications, this is really the passage which Dr. Borlase had before him when writing of the Jews as engrossing and managing the tin that was raised, and in that case neither is Carew a contemporary witness, nor would it follow from what he says that one single Jew ever set foot on Cornish soil, or that any Jews ever tasted the actual bitterness of working in the mines.

Having thus disposed of the Jews, we now turn to

the Saracens in Cornwall. We shall not enter upon the curious and complicated history of that name. It is enough to refer to a short note in Gibbon,<sup>1</sup> in order to show that Saracen was a name known to Greeks and Romans, long before the rise of Islam, but never applied to the Jews by any writer of authority, not even by those who saw in the Saracens "the children of Sarah."

What, then, it may be asked, is the origin of the expression *Attal Sarazin* in Cornwall? *Attal*, or *Atal*, is said to be a Cornish word, the Welsh *Adhail*, and means refuse, waste.<sup>2</sup> As to *Sarazin*, it is most likely another Cornish word, which by a metamorphic process, has been slightly changed in order to yield some sense intelligible to Saxon speakers. We find in Cornish *tarad*, meaning a piercer, a borer; and, in another form, *tardar* is distinctly used, together with axe and hammer, as the name of a mining implement. The Latin *taratrum*, Gr. *τέρετρον*, Fr. *tarière*, all come from the same source. If from *tarad* we form a plural, we get *taradion*. In modern Cornish we find that *d* sinks down to *s*, which would give us *taras*,<sup>3</sup> and plural *tarasion*. Next, the final *l* of *atal* may, like several final *l*'s in the closely allied language of Brittany, have

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon, chap. i. "The name which, used by Ptolemy and Pliny in a more confined, by Ammiannus and Procopius in a larger sense, has been derived, ridiculously, from Sarah, the wife of Abraham, obscurely from the village of Saraka, more plausibly from the Arabic words, which signify a *thievish* character, or *Oriental* situation. Yet the last and most popular of these etymologies is refuted by Ptolemy, who expressly remarks the western and southern position of the Saracens, then an obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt. The appellation cannot therefore allude to any *national* character; and, since it was imported by strangers, it must be found, not in the Arabic, but in a foreign language."

<sup>2</sup> See R. Williams, *Lexicon Cornu. Britannicum*, s. v.

<sup>3</sup> "It may be given as a rule, without exception, that words ending with *t* or *d* in Welsh or Briton, do, if they exist in Cornish, turn *t* or *d* to *s*" — Norris, vol. ii. p. 237.

infected the initial *t* of *tarasion*, and changed it to *th*, which *th*, again, would, in modern Cornish, sink down to *s*.<sup>1</sup> Thus *atal tharasion* might have been intended for the refuse of the borings, possibly the refuse of the mines; but pronounced in Saxon fashion, it might readily have been mistaken for the *Atal* or refuse of the *Sarasion* or *Saracens*.

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#### POSTSCRIPT.

The essay on the presence of Jews in Cornwall has given rise to much controversy; and as I republish it here without any important alterations, I feel it incumbent to say a few words in answer to the objections that have been brought forward against it. No one, I think, can read my essay without perceiving that what I question is not the presence of single Jews in Cornwall, but the migration of large numbers of Jews into the extreme West of Britain, whether at the time of the Phœnicians, or at the period of the destruction of Jerusalem, or under the Flavian princes, or even at a later time. The Rev. Dr. Bannister in a paper on "the Jews in Cornwall," published in the Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, 1867, does indeed represent me as having maintained "that one single Jew never set foot on Cornish soil!" But if my readers will refer to the passage thus quoted from my essay by Dr. Bannister, they will see that it was not meant in that sense. In the passage thus quoted with inverted commas,<sup>2</sup> I simply argued that from certain words used by Carew, on which great stress had been laid, it would not even follow "that one single Jew ever set foot on Cornish soil," which surely is very different from saying that I maintained that no single Jew ever set foot on Cornish soil. It would in-

<sup>1</sup> "The frequent use of *th* instead of *s* shows that (in Cornish) the sound was not so definite as in English." — Norris, vol. ii. p. 224.

Another explanation of *Atal Sarazin* has been suggested by an eminent Cornish scholar: "I should explain *sarazin*," he writes, "as from *saratin*, a Med. Lat. *saritinus*, cf. *ex-saritum*, *ex saritare* in Diez, E. W. ii. 283, s. v. *Essart*. *Atal* cannot be W. *adhail*. I would identify it with the Fr. *atelle*, splint. It occurs in O. 427, meaning 'fallow.' *Atal sarazin* I should explain as 'dug-up splinters or shingle,' and *toole (toll) sarazin* as a 'dug-up hole or excavation.'"

<sup>2</sup> See p. 311, l. 30.

deed be the most extraordinary fact if Cornwall had never been visited by Jews. If it were so, Cornwall would stand alone, as far as such an immunity is concerned, among all the countries of Europe. But it is one thing for Jews to be scattered about in towns,<sup>1</sup> or even for one or two Jews to have actually worked in tin mines, and quite another to speak of towns receiving Hebrew names in Cornwall, and of deserted tin-mines being called the workings of the Jews. To explain such startling facts, if facts they be, a kind of Jewish exodus to Cornwall had to be admitted, and was admitted as long as such names as *Marazion* and *Attal Sarazin* were accepted in their traditional meaning. My own opinion was that these names had given rise to the assumed presence of Jews in Cornwall, and not that the presence of Jews in Cornwall had given rise to these names.

If, therefore, it could be proved that some Jewish families had been settled in Cornwall in very early times, or that a few Jewish slaves had been employed as miners, my theory would not at all be affected. But I must say that the attempts at proving even so much have been far from successful. Surely the occurrence of Old Testament names among the people of Cornwall, such as Abraham, Joseph, or Solomon (there is a Solomon, Duke of Cornwall), does not prove that their bearers were Jews. Again, if we read in the time of Edward II. that "John Peverel held Hametethy of Roger le Jeu," we may be quite certain that *le Jeu* does not mean "the Jew," and that in the time of Edward II. no John Peverel held land of a Jew. Again, if in the time of Edward III. we read of one "Abraham, the tinner, who employed 300 men in the stream-works of Brodhok," it would require stronger proof than the mere name to make us believe that this Abraham was a Jew.

I had endeavored to show that there was no evidence as to the Earl of Cornwall, the brother of Henry III., having employed Jews in the Cornish mines, and had pointed out a passage from Rymer's "Fœdera" where it is stated that the Earl spared them (*pepercit*). Dr. Bannister remarks: "Though we are told that he spared them, might not this be similar to Joseph's brethren sparing him, — by committing their bodies as his slaves to work in the tin-mines?" It might be so, no doubt, but we do not know it. Again, Dr. Bannister remarks: "Jerome tells us

<sup>1</sup> "History of the Exchequer," London, 1711, p. 168: "Et quod nullus Judæus receptetur in aliqua Villa sine speciali licentia Regis, nisi in Villis illis in quibus Judæi manere consueverunt" (37 Henry III).

that when Titus took Jerusalem, an incredible number of Jews were sold like horses, and dispersed over the face of the whole earth. The account given by Josephus is, that of those spared after indiscriminate slaughter, some were dispersed through the provinces for the use of the theatres, as gladiators; others were sent to the Egyptian mines, and others sold as slaves. If the Romans at this time worked the Cornish mines, why may not some have been sent here?" I can only answer, as before; they may have been, no doubt, but we do not know it.

I had myself searched very carefully for any documents that might prove the presence even of single Jews in Cornwall, previous to the time when they were banished the realm by Edward I. But my inquiries had not proved more successful than those of my predecessors. Pearce, in his "Laws and Customs of the Stanaries," published in London, 1725, shares the common belief that the Jews worked in the Cornish mines. "The tanners," he says (p. ii), "call the antient works by the name of the Working of the Jews, and it is most manifest, that there were Jews inhabiting here until 1291; and this they prove by the names yet enduring, viz. Attall Sarazin, in English, The Jews Feast." But in spite of his strong belief in the presence of Jews in Cornwall, Pearce adds: "But whether they had liberty to work and search for tin, does not appear, because they had their dwellings chiefly in great Towns and Cities; and being great Usurers, were in that year banished out of England, to the number of 15,060, by the most noble Prince, Edward I."

At last, however, with the kind assistance of Mr. Macray, I discovered a few real Jews in Cornwall in the third year of King John, 1202, namely, one *Simon de Dena*, one *Deudone, the son of Samuel*, and one *Aaron*. Some of their monetary transactions are recorded in the "Rotulus Cancellarii vel Antigaphum Magni Rotuli Pipæ de tertio anno Regni Regis Johannis" (printed under the direction of the Commissioners of the Public Records in 1863, p. 96), and we have here not only their names as evidence of their Jewish origin, but they are actually spoken of as "*prædictus Judeus*." Their transactions, however, are purely financial, and do not lead us to suppose that the Jews, in order to make tin, condescended, in the time of King John or at any other time, to the drudgery of working in tin-mines.

July, 1867.

## XV.

# THE INSULATION OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.<sup>1</sup>

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ST. MICHAEL'S Mount in Cornwall is so well known to most people, either from sight or from report, that a description of its peculiar features may be deemed almost superfluous ; but in order to start fair, I shall quote a short account from the pen of an eminent geologist, Mr. Pengelly, to whom I shall have to refer frequently in the course of this paper.

“St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall,” he says, “is an island at very high water, and, with rare exceptions, a peninsula at very low water. The distance from Marazion Cliff, the nearest point of the mainland, to spring-tide high-water mark on its own strand, is about 1680 feet. The total isthmus consists of the outcrop of highly inclined Devonian slate and associated rocks, and in most cases is covered with a thin layer of gravel or sand. At spring-tides, in still weather, it is at high-water about twelve feet below, and at low-water six feet above, the sea level. In fine weather it is dry from four to five hours every tide ; but occasionally, during very stormy weather and neap tides, it is impossible to cross from the mainland for two or three days together.

<sup>1</sup> Read before the Ashmolean Society, Oxford, November 25, 1867.

“The Mount is an outlier of granite, measuring at its base about five furlongs in circumference, and rising to the height of one hundred and ninety-five feet above mean tide. At high-water it plunges abruptly into the sea, except on the north or landward side, where the granite comes into contact with slate. Here there is a small plain occupied by a village. . . . The country immediately behind or north of the town of Marazion consists of Devonian strata, traversed by traps and elvans, and attains a considerable elevation.”

At the meeting of the British Association in 1865, Mr. Pengelly, in a paper on “The Insulation of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall,” maintained that the change which converted that Mount from a promontory into an island must have taken place, not only within the human period, but since Cornwall was occupied by a people speaking the Cornish language. As a proof of this somewhat startling assertion, he adduced the ancient British name of St. Michael's Mount, signifying *the Hoar rock in the wood*. Nobody would think of applying such a name to the Mount in its present state; and as we know that during the last two thousand years the Mount has been, as it is now, an island at high, and a promontory at low tide, it would indeed seem to follow that its name must have been framed before the destruction of the ancient forest by which it was once surrounded, and before the separation of the Mount from the mainland.

Sir Henry James, in a “Note on the Block of Tin dredged in Falmouth Harbor,” asserts, it is true, that there are trees growing on the Mount in sufficient numbers to have justified the ancient descriptive name of “the Hoar rock in the wood;” but though there are traces of trees visible on the engravings published

a hundred years ago, in Dr. Borlase's "Antiquities of Cornwall," these are most likely due to artistic embellishment only. At present no writer will discover in St. Michael's Mount what could fairly be called either trees or a wood, even in Cornwall.

That the geographical change from a promontory into a real island did not take place during the last two thousand years, is proved by the description which Diodorus Siculus, a little before the Christian era, gives of St. Michael's Mount. "The inhabitants of the promontory of Belerium," he says (lib. v. c. 22), "were hospitable, and, on account of their intercourse with strangers, eminently civilized in their habits. These are the people who work the tin, which they melt into the form of astragali, and then carry it to an island in front of Britain, called *Ictis*. This island is left dry at low tide, and they then transport the tin in carts from the shore. Here the traders buy it from the natives, and carry it to Gaul, over which it travels on horseback in about thirty days to the mouths of the Rhone." That the Island of *Ictis*, described by Diodorus, is St. Michael's Mount, seems, to say the least, very probable, and was at last admitted even by the late Sir G. C. Lewis. In fact, the description which Diodorus gives answers so completely to what St. Michael's Mount is at the present day, that few would deny that if the Mount ever was a "Hoar rock in the wood," it must have been so before the time of which Diodorus speaks, that is, at least before the last two thousand years. The nine apparent reasons why St. Michael's Mount cannot be the *Ictis* of Diodorus, and their refutation, may be seen in Mr. Pengelly's paper "On the Insulation of St. Michael's Mount," p. 6, seq.

Mr. Pengelly proceeded to show that the geologica

change which converted the promontory into an island may be due to two causes. First, it may have taken place in consequence of the encroachment of the sea. This would demand a belief that at least 20,000 years ago Cornwall was inhabited by men who spoke Cornish. Secondly, this change may have taken place by a general subsidence of the land, and this is the opinion adopted by Mr. Pengelly. No exact date was assigned to this subsidence, but Mr. Pengelly finished by expressing his decided opinion that, subsequent to a period when Cornwall was inhabited by a race speaking a Celtic language, St. Michael's Mount was "a hoar rock in the wood," and has since become insulated by powerful geological changes.

In a more recent paper read at the Royal Institution (April 5, 1867), Mr. Pengelly has somewhat modified his opinion. Taking for granted that at some time or other St. Michael's Mount was a peninsula and not yet an island, he calculates that it must have taken 16,800 years before the coast line could have receded from the Mount to the present cliffs. He arrived at this result by taking the retrocession of the cliffs at ten feet in a century, the distance between the Mount and the mainland being at present 1,680 feet.

If, however, the severance of the Mount from the mainland was the result, not of retrocession, but of the subsidence of the country, — a rival theory which Mr. Pengelly still admits as possible, — the former calculation would fail, and the only means of fixing the date of this severance would be supplied by the remains found in the forests that were carried down by that subsidence, and which are supposed to belong to the mammoth era. This mammoth era, we are told, is anterior to the lake-dwellings of Switzerland, and the

kitchenmiddens of Denmark, for in neither of these have any remains of the mammoth been discovered. The mammoth, in fact, did not outlive the age of bronze, and before the end of that age, therefore, St. Michael's Mount must be supposed to have become an island.

In all these discussions it is taken for granted that St. Michael's Mount was at one time unquestionably a "hoar rock in the wood," and that the land between the Mount and the mainland was once covered by a forest which extended along the whole of the seaboard. That there are submerged forests along that seaboard is attested by sufficient geological evidence; but I have not been able to discover any proof of the unbroken continuity of that shore-forest, still less of the presence of vegetable remains in the exact locality which is of interest to us, namely between the Mount and the mainland. It is true that Dr. Borlase discovered the remains of trunks of trees on the 10th of January, 1757; but he tells us that these forest trees were not found round the Mount, but midway betwixt the piers of St. Michael's Mount and Penzance, that is to say, about one mile distant from the Mount; also, that one of them was a willow-tree with the bark on it, another a hazel-branch with the bark still fat and glossy. The place where these trees were found was three hundred yards below full-sea mark, where the water is twelve feet deep when the tide is in.

Carew, also, at an earlier date, speaks of roots of mighty trees found in the sand about the Mount, but without giving the exact place. Lelant (1533-40) knows of "Spere Heddes, Axis for Warre, and Swerdes of Copper wrapped up in lynist, scant perishid," that had been found of late years near the

Mount, in St. Hilary's parish, in tin works; but he places the land that had been devoured of the sea between Penzance and Mousehole, *i. e.* more than two miles distant from the Mount.

The value of this kind of geological evidence must of course be determined by geologists. It is quite possible that the remains of trunks of trees may still be found on the very isthmus between the Mount and the mainland; but it is, to say the least, curious that, even in the absence of such stringent evidence, geologists should feel so confident that the Mount once stood on the mainland, and that exactly the same persuasion should have been shared by people long before the name of geology was known. There is a powerful spell in popular traditions, against which even men of science are not always proof, and is just possible that if the tradition of the "hoar rock in the wood" had not existed, no attempts would have been made to explain the causes that severed St. Michael's Mount from the mainland. But even then the question remains, How was it that people quite guiltless of geology should have framed the popular name of the Mount, and the popular tradition of its former connection with the mainland? Leaving, therefore, for the present all geological evidence out of view, it will be an interesting inquiry to find out, if possible, how people that could not have been swayed by any geological theories, should have been led to believe in the gradual insulation of St. Michael's Mount.

The principal argument brought forward by non-geological writers in support of the former existence of a forest surrounding the Mount, is the Cornish name of St. Michael's Mount, *Cara clowse in cowse*, which in Cornish is said to mean "the hoar rock in the wood."

In his paper read before the British Association at Manchester, Mr. Pengelly adduced that very name as irrefragable evidence that Cornish, *i. e.* a Celtic language, an Aryan language, was spoken in the extreme west of Europe about 20,000 years ago. In his more recent paper Mr. Pengelly has given up this position, and he considers it improbable that any philologist could now give a trustworthy translation of a language spoken 20,000 years ago. This may be or not; but before we build any hypothesis on that Cornish name, the first question which an historian has to answer is clearly this:—

*What authority is there for that name? Where does it occur for the first time? and does it really mean what it is supposed to mean?*

Now the first mention of the Cornish name, as far as I am aware, occurs in Richard Carew's "Survey of Cornwall," which was published in 1602. It is true that Camden's "Britannia" appeared earlier, in 1586, and that Camden (p. 72), too, mentions "the Mons Michaëlis, *Dinsol* olim, ut in libro Landavensi habetur, incolis *Careg Cowse*,<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* rupis cana." But it will be seen that he leaves out the most important part of the old name, nor can there be much doubt that Camden received his information about Cornwall direct from Carew, before Carew's "Survey of Cornwall" was published.

After speaking of "the cuntrye of Lionesse which the sea hath ravined from Cornwall betweene the lands end and the Isles of Scilley," Carew continues (p. 3), "Moreover, the ancient name of Saint Michael's Mount was *Cara-clowse in Cowse*, in Eng-

<sup>1</sup> In Gough's edition of Camden the name is given "*Careg cowse in clowse, i. e.* the heavy rock in the wood."

lish, The hoare Rocke in the Wood ; which now is at everie fload incompassed by the Sea, and yet at some low ebbes, rootes of mightie trees are discryed in the sands about it. The like overflowing hath happened in Plymmouth Haven, and divers other places." Now while in this place Carew gives the name *Cara-clowse in Cowse*, it is very important to remark that on page 154, he speaks of it again as "*Cara Cowz in Clowze*, that is, the hoare rock in the wood."

The original Cornish name, whether it was *Cara clowse in Cowse*, or *Cara Cowz in Clowze*, cannot be traced back beyond the end of the sixteenth century, for the Cornish Pilchard song in which the name likewise occurs is much more recent, at least in that form in which we possess it. The tradition, however, that St. Michael's Mount stood in a forest, and even the Saxon designation, "the Hoar rock in the wood," can be followed up to an earlier date.

At least one hundred and twenty-five years before Carew's time, William of Worcester, though not mentioning the Cornish name, not only gives the Mount the name of "hoar rock of the wood," but states distinctly that St. Michael's Mount was formerly six miles distant from the sea, and surrounded by a dense forest: "PREDICTUS LOCUS OPACISSIMA PRIMO CLAUDEBATUR SYLVA, AB OCEANO MILIARIBUS DISTANS SEX." As William of Worcester never mentions the Cornish name, it is not likely that his statement should merely be derived from the supposed meaning of *Cara Cowz in Clowze*, and it is but fair to admit that he may have drawn from a safer source of information. We must therefore inquire more closely into the credibility of this important witness. He is an important witness, for, if it were not for him, I believe we should never

have heard of the insulation of St. Michael's Mount at all. The passage in question occurs in William of Worcester's Itinerary, the original MS. of which is preserved in Corpus Christi College at Cambridge. It was printed at Cambridge by James Nasmith, in the year 1778, from the original MS., but, as it would seem, without much care. William Botoner, or, as he is commonly called, William of Worcester, was born at Bristol in 1415, and educated at Oxford about 1434. He was a member of the *Aula Cervina*, which at that time belonged to Balliol College. His "Itinerarium" is dated 1478. It hardly deserves the grand title which it bears, "Itinerarium, sive liber memorabilium Will. W. in viagio de Bristol usque ad montem St. Michaelis." It is not a book of travels in our sense of the word, and it was hardly destined for the public in the form in which we possess it. It is simply a note-book in which William entered anything that interested him during his journey; and it contains not only his own observations, but all sorts of extracts, copies, notices, thrown together without any connecting thread. He hardly tells us that he has arrived at St. Michael's Mount before he begins to copy a notice which he found posted up in the church. This notice informed all comers that Pope Gregory had remitted a third of their penances to all who should visit this church and give to it benefactions and alms. It can be fully proved that this notice, which was intended to attract pilgrims and visitors, repeats *ipsissimis verbis* the charter of Leofric, Bishop of Exeter, who exempted the church and convent from all episcopal jurisdiction. This was in the year 1088, when St. Michael's Mount was handed over by Robert, Earl of Mortain, half-brother of William the Conqueror, to the Abbey of St.

Michel in Normandy. This charter may be seen in Dr. Oliver's "Monasticon Diocesis Exoniensis," 1846. The passage copied by William of Worcester from a notice in the church of St. Michael's Mount occurs at the end of the original charter: "*Et omnibus illis qui illam ecclesiam suis cum beneficiis elemosinis expetierint et visitaverint, tertiam partem penitentiarum condonamus.*"

Though it is not quite correct to say that this condonation was granted by Pope Gregory, yet it is perfectly true that it was granted by the Bishop of Exeter at the command and exhortation of the Pope, "*Jussione et exhortatione domini reverentissimi Gregorii.*" The date also given by William, 1070, cannot be correct, for Gregory occupied the papal throne from 1073-86. It was Gregory VII., not Gregory VI., as printed by Dr. Oliver.

Immediately after this memorandum in William's diary we meet with certain notes on the apparitions of St. Michael. He does not say from what source he takes his information on the subject, but we may suppose that he either repeated what he heard from the monks in conversation, or that he copied from some MS. in their library. In either case it is startling to read that there was an apparition of the Archangel St. Michael in Mount *Tumba*, formerly called *the Hore-rock in the wodd*. St. Michael seems indeed to have paid frequent visits to his worshippers, if we may trust the "*Chronicon apparitionum et gestorum S. Michaelis Archangeli,*" published by Mich. Naveus, in 1632. Yet his visits were not made at random, and even Naveus finds it difficult to substantiate any apparition of St. Michael so far north as Cornwall, except by invectives against the *impudenta et ignorantia* of Protestant heretics who dared to doubt such occurrences.

But this short sentence of William contains one word which is of great importance for our purposes. He says that "the Hore-rock in the wodd" was formerly called *Tumba*. Is there any evidence of this?

The name *Tumba*, as far as we know, belonged originally to Mont St. Michel in Normandy. There a famous and far better authenticated apparition of St. Michael is related to have taken place in the year 708, which led to the building of a church and monastery by Autbert, Bishop of Avranches. The church was built in close imitation of the Church of St. Michael in Mount Garganus in Apulia, which had been founded as early as 493.<sup>1</sup> If, therefore, William of Worcester relates an apparition of St. Michael in Cornwall at about the same date, in 710, it is clear that Mont St. Michel in Normandy has here been confounded by him with St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. In order to explain this strange confusion, and the consequences which it entailed, it will be necessary to bear in mind the peculiar relations which existed between the two ecclesiastical establishments, perched the one on the island rock of St. Michel in Normandy, the other on St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. In physical structure there is a curious resemblance between the two mounts. Both are granite islands, and both so near the coast that at low water a dry passage is open to them from the mainland. The Mount on the Norman coast is larger and more distant from the coast than St. Michael's Mount, yet for all that their general likeness is very striking. Now Mont St. Michel was called *Tumba* at least as far back as the tenth century. Mabillon, in his "Annales Benedictini" (vol. ii. p. 18), quotes from an ancient author the following explana-

<sup>1</sup> *Baronii Annales*, anno 493.

tion of the name. "Now this place, to use the words of an ancient author, is called *Tumba* by the inhabitants, because, emerging as it were from the sands like a hill, it rises up by the space of two hundred cubits, everywhere surrounded by the ocean; it is six miles distant from the shore, between the mouths of the rivers Segia and Senuna, six miles distant from Avranches, looking westward, and dividing Avranches from Brittany. Here the sea by its recess allows twice a passage to the pious people who proceed to the threshold of St. Michael the Archangel." "Hic igitur locus, ut verbis antiqui autoris utar, *Tumba* vocitatur ab incolis, ideo quod in morem tumuli, quasi ab arenis emergens, ad altum SPATIO DUCENTORUM CUBITORUM porrigitur, OCEANO UNDIQUE CINCTUS, SEX MILLIBUS AB ÆSTU OCEANI, inter ostia situs, ubi immergunt se mari flumina Segia (Sée) et Senuna (Selure), ab Abrincatensi urbe (Avranches) sex distans millibus; oceanum prospectans, Abrincatensem pagum dirimit a Britannia. Illic mare suo recessu devotis populis desideratum bis præbet iter petentibus limina beati Michaelis archangeli."

This fixes *Tumba* as the name of Mont St. Michel before the tenth century, for the ancient author from whom Mabillon quotes wrote before the middle of the tenth century, and before Duke Richard had replaced the priests of St. Michel by Benedictine monks. *Tumba* remained, in fact, the recognized name of the Norman Mount, and has survived to the present day. The church and monastery there were called "*in monte Tumba*," or "*ad duas Tumbas*," there being in reality two islands, the principal one called *Tumba*, the smaller *Tumbella* or *Tumbellana*. This name of *Tumbellana* was afterwards changed into

*tumba Helenæ*, giving rise to various legends about Elaine, one of the heroines of the Arthurian cycle nay, the name was cited by learned antiquarians as a proof of the ancient worship of Belus in these northern latitudes.

The history of Mont St. Michel in Normandy is well authenticated, particularly during the period which is of importance to us. Mabillon, quoting from the chronicler who wrote before the middle of the tenth century, relates how Authbert, the Bishop of Avranches, had a vision, and after having been thrice admonished by St. Michael, proceeded to build on the summit of the Mount a church under the patronage of the Archangel. This was in 708, or possibly a few years earlier, if Pagius is right in fixing the dedication of the temple in 707.<sup>1</sup> Mabillon points out that this chronicler says nothing as yet of the miracles related by later writers, particularly of the famous hole in the Bishop's skull, which it was believed St. Michael had made when on exhorting him the third time to build his church, he gently touched him with his archangelic finger. In doing this the finger went through the skull, and left a hole. The perforated skull did not interfere with the Bishop's health, and it was shown after his death as a valuable relic. The new church was dedicated by Authbert himself, and the day of the dedication (xvii. Kalend. Novemb.) was celebrated, not only in France, but also in England, as is shown by a decree of the Synod held at Oxford in 1222. The further history of the church and monastery of St. Michel may be read with all its minute details in Mabillon, or in the "Neustria Pia" (p. 371), or in the "Gallia Christiana" (vol. ix. p

<sup>1</sup> *Baronii Annales*, anno 709.

517 E, 870 A). What is of interest to us is that soon after the Conquest, when the ecclesiastical property of England had fallen into the hands of her Norman conquerors, Robert, Earl of Mortain and Cornwall, the half-brother of William the Conqueror, endowed the Norman with the Cornish Mount. A priory of Benedictine monks had existed on the Cornish Mount for some time, and had been richly endowed in 1044 by Edward the Confessor. Nay, if we may trust the charter of Edward the Confessor, it would seem that, even at that time, the Cornish Mount and its priory had been granted by him to the Norman Abbey, for the charter is witnessed by Norman bishops, and its original is preserved in the Abbey of Mont St. Michel. In that case William the Conqueror or his half-brother Robert would only have restored the Cornish priory to its rightful owners, the monks of Mont St. Michel, who had well deserved the gratitude of the Conqueror by supplying him after the Conquest with six ships and a number of monks, destined to assist in the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline in England. After that time the Cornish priory shared the fate of other so-called alien priories or cells. The prior was bound to visit in person or by proxy the mother-house every year, and to pay sixteen marks of silver as an acknowledgment of dependence. Whenever a war broke out between England and France, the foreign priories were seized, though some, and among them the priory of St. Michael's Mount obtained in time a distinct corporate character, and during the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. were exempted from seizure during war.

Under these circumstances we can well understand how in the minds of the monks, who spent their lives

partly in the mother-house, partly in its dependencies, there was no very clear perception of any difference between the founders, benefactors, and patrons of these twin establishments. A monk brought up at Mont St. Michel would repeat as an old man the legends he had heard about St. Michel and Bishop Autbert, even though he was ending his days in the priory of the Cornish Mount. Relics and books would likewise travel from one place to the other, and a charter originally belonging to the one might afterwards form part of the archives of another house.

After these preliminary remarks, let us look again at the memoranda which William of Worcester made at St. Michael's Mount, and it will appear that what we anticipated has actually happened, and that a book originally belonging to Mont St. Michel in Normandy, and containing the early history of that monastery, was transferred (either in the original or in a copy) to Cornwall, and there used by William of Worcester in the belief that it contained the early history of the Cornish Mount and the Cornish priory.

The Memorandum of William of Worcester runs thus: "Apparicio Sancti Michaelis in monte Tumba, antea vocata le Hore-rok in the wodd; et fuerunt tam boscus quam prata et terra arabilis inter dictum montem et insulas Sylye, et fuerunt 140 ecclesiæ parochiales inter istum montem et Syly submersæ.

"Prima apparicio Sancti Michaelis in monte Gorgon in regno Apuliæ fuit anno Christi 391. Secunda apparicio fuit circa annum domini 710 in Tumba in Cornubia juxta mare.

"Tertia apparicio Romæ fuit; tempore Gregorii papæ legitur accidisse: nam tempore magnæ pestilenciæ, etc.

“Quarta apparicio fuit in ierarchiis nostrorum angelorum.

“Spacium loci montis Sancti Michaelis est DUCENTORUM CUBITORUM UNDIQUE OCEANO CINCTUM, et religiosi monachi dicti loci. Abrincensis antistes Aubertus nomine, ut in honore Sancti Michaelis construeret . . . . predictus LOCUS OPACISSIMA PRIMO CLAUDEBATUR SYLVA, AB OCEANO MILIARIBUS DISTANS SEX, aptissimam præbens latebram ferarum, in quo loco olim comperimus MONACHOS domino servientes.”

The text is somewhat corrupt and fragmentary, but may be translated as follows:—

“The apparition of St. Michael in the Mount Tumba, formerly called the Hore-rock in the wodd; and there were a forest and meadows and arable land between the said mount and the Syllye Isles, and there were 140 parochial churches swallowed by the sea between that mount and Sylly.

“The first apparition of St. Michael in Mount Gorgon in the Kingdom of Apulia was in the year 391. The second apparition was about the year 710, in Tumba in Cornwall by the sea.

“The third apparition is said to have happened at Rome in the time of Pope Gregory: for at the time of the great pestilence, etc.

“The fourth apparition was in the hierarchies of our angels.

“The space of St. Michael's Mount is 200 cubits; it is everywhere surrounded by the sea, and there are religious monks of that place. The head of Abrinca, Aubertus by name, that he might erect a church<sup>1</sup> in

<sup>1</sup> I have added *church*, for Mr. Munro, who kindly collated this passage for me, informs me that the C. C. C. MS. gives distinctly *œdem* where the editor has left a lacuna.

honor of St. Michael. The aforesaid place was at first enclosed by a very dense forest, six miles distant from the ocean, furnishing a good retreat for wild animals. In which place we heard that formerly monks serving the Lord," etc.

The only way to explain this jumble is to suppose that William of Worcester made these entries in his diary while walking up and down in the Church of St. Michael's Mount, and listening to one of the monks, reading to him from a MS. which had been brought from Normandy, and referred in reality to the early history of the Norman, but not of the Cornish Mount. The first line, "Apparicio Sancti Michaelis in monte Tumba," was probably the title or the heading of the MS. Then William himself added, "antea vocata le Hore-rok in the wodd," a name which he evidently heard on the spot, and which no doubt conveyed to him the impression that the rock had formerly stood in the midst of a wood. For instead of continuing his account of the apparitions of St. Michael, he quotes a tradition in support of the former existence of a forest surrounding the Mount. Only, strange to say, instead of producing the evidence which he produced afterwards in confirmation of St. Michael's Mount having been surrounded by a dense forest, he here gives the tradition about Lionesse, the sunken land between the Land's End and the Scylly Isles. This is evidently a mistake, for no other writer ever supposed the sunken land of Lionesse to have reached as far as St. Michael's Mount.

Then follows the entry about the four apparitions of St. Michael. Here we must read *in monte Gargano* instead of "*in monte Gorgon.*" Opinions vary as to the exact date of the apparition in Mount Gar-

ganus in the South of Italy, but 391 is certainly far too early, and has to be changed into 491 or 493. In the second apparition, all is right, if we leave out "in Cornubia juxta mare," which was added either by William or by the monk who was showing him the book. It refers to the well-known apparition of St. Michael at Avranches. The third and fourth apparitions are of no consequence to us.

As we read on, we come next to William's own measurements, fixing the extent of St. Michael's Mount at two hundred cubits. After that we are met by a passage which, though it hardly construes, can be understood in one sense only, namely, as giving an account of the Abbey of St. Michel in Normandy. I suppose it is not too bold if I recognize in *Aubertus Autbertus*, and in *Abrincensis antistes*, the *Abrincensis episcopus* or *antistes*, the Bishop of Avranches.

Now it is well known that the Mont St. Michel in Normandy was believed to have been originally surrounded by forests and meadows. Du Moustier in the "Neustria Pia" relates (p. 371), "Hæc rupes antiquitus Mons erat cinctus sylvis et saltibus," "This rock was of old a mount surrounded by forests and meadows." But this is not all. In the old chronicle of Mont St. Michel, quoted by Mabillon, which was written before the middle of the tenth century, the same account is given; and if we compare that account with the words used by William of Worcester, we can no longer doubt that the old chronicle, or, it may be, a copy of it, had been brought from France to England, and that what was intended for a description of the Norman abbey and its neighborhood was taken, intentionally or unintentionally, as a description of the Cornish Mount. These are the words of the Norman chronicler, as

quoted by Mabillon, compared with the passage in William of Worcester: —

*Mont St. Michel.*

“Addit idem auctor hunc locum OPACISSIMA OLIM SILVA CLAUSUM fuisse, et MONACHOS IBIDEM INHABITASSE duasque ad suum usque tempus existisse ecclesias quas illi scilicet monachi incolebant.”

*St. Michael's Mount.*

“Predictus LOCUS OPACISSIMA OLIM CLAUDEBATUR sylva ab oceano miliaribus distans sex, aptissimam præbens latebram ferarum, in quo loco olim comperimus MONACHOS DOMINO SERVIENTES.”

“The same author adds that this place was formerly inclosed by a very dense forest, and that monks dwelt there, and that two churches existed there up to his own time, which those monks inhabited.”

The words CLAUSUM OPACISSIMA SILVA are decisive. The phrase AB OCEANO MILIARIBUS DISTANS SEX, too, is taken from an earlier passage of the same author, quoted above, which passage may likewise have supplied the identical phrases OCEANO UNDIQUE CINCTUS, and the SPATIUM DUCENTORUM CUBITORUM, which are hardly applicable to St. Michael's Mount. The “two churches *still* existing in Mont St. Michel,” had to be left out, for there was no trace of them in St. Michael's Mount. But the monks who lived in them were retained, and to give a little more life, the wild beasts were added. Even the expression of *antistes* instead of *episcopus* occurs in the original, where we read, “Hæc loci facies erat ante sancti Michaelis apparitionem hoc anno factam religiosissimo Autberto Abrincatensi episcopo, admonentis se velle ut sibi in ejus montis vertice ecclesia sub ipsius patrocínio erigeretur. Hærenti ANTISTITI tertio idem intimatum,” etc.

Thus vanishes the testimony of William of Worcester, so often quoted by Cornish antiquarians, as to the dense forest by which St. Michael's Mount in Corn-

wall was once surrounded, and all the evidence that remains to substantiate the former presence of trees on and around the Cornish Mount is reduced to the name "the Hoar rock in the wood," given by William, and the Cornish names of *Cara clowse in Cowse* or *Cara Cowz in Clowze*, given by Carew. How much or how little dependence can be placed on old Cornish names of places and their supposed meaning has been shown before in the case of Marazion. Carew certainly did not understand Cornish, nor did the people with whom he had intercourse; and there is no doubt that he wrote down the Cornish names as best he could, and without any attempt at deciphering their meaning. He was told that "Cara clowse in Cowse" meant the "Hoar rock in the Wood," and he had no reason to doubt it. Even a very small knowledge of Cornish would have enabled Carew or anybody else at his time to find out that *cowz* might be meant for the Cornish word for wood, and that *careg* was rock. *Clowse* too might easily be taken in the sense of gray, as gray in Cornish was *glos*. Then why should we hesitate to accept *Cara clowse in cowse* as the ancient Cornish name of the Mount, and why object to Mr. Pengelly's argument that it must have been given at a time when the Mount was surrounded by a very dense forest, and that *a fortiori* at that distant period Cornish must have been the spoken language of Cornwall?

The first objection is that the old word for "wood" in Cornish was *cuit* with a final *t*, and that the change of a final *t* into *z* is a phonetic corruption which takes place only in the later stage of the Cornish language. The ancient Cornish *cuit*, "wood," occurs in Welsh as *coed*, in Armorican as *koat* and *koad*, and is supposed to exist in Cornish names of places, such as *Penquite*,

*Kilquite*, etc. *Cowz*, therefore, could not have occurred in a Cornish name supposed to have been formed at least 2,000 if not 20,000 years ago.

This thrust might, no doubt, be parried by saying that the name of the Mount would naturally change with the general changes of the Cornish language. Yet this is not always the case with proper names, as may be seen by the names just quoted, *Penquite* and *Kilquite*. At all events, we begin to see how uncertain is the ground on which we stand.

If we take the facts, scanty and uncertain as they are, we may admit that, at the time of William of Worcester, the Mount had most likely a Latin, a Cornish, and a Saxon appellation. It is curious that William should say nothing of a Cornish name, but only quote the Saxon one. However, this Saxon name, "the Hoar rock in the Wood" sounds decidedly like a translation, and is far too long and cumbrous for a current name. *Michelstow* is mentioned by others as the Saxon name of the Mount (Naveus, p. 233). The Latin name given to the Mount, but only after it had become a dependency of Mont St. Michel in Normandy, was, as we saw from William of Worcester's diary, *Mons Tumba* or *Mons Tumba in Cornubia*, and after his time the name of *St. Michael in Tumbâ* or in *Monte Tumbâ* is certainly used promiscuously for the Cornish and Norman mounts.<sup>1</sup> Now *tumba*, after

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Crammer sends a dispensation, in 1537, to the Rev. John Arscott, archpresbyter of the ecclesia St. Michaelis in Monte Tumba Exoniensis diocesis. (*Monasticon Dioc. Exon.* p. 30.) Dr. Oliver remarks "It may be worth while to observe, that when St. Michael "in procella," or "in periculo maris," is named in the old records, the foreign house is meant. But St. Michael "in Tumbâ," or "Monte Tumbâ," is a name occasionally applied to both houses." It would have been interesting to determine the exact date when this latter name is for the first time applied to the Cornish Mount.

meaning hillock, became the recognized name for tomb, and the mediæval Latin *tumba*, too, was always understood in that sense. If, therefore, the name "Mons in tumba" had to be rendered in Cornish for the benefit of the Cornish-speaking monks of the Benedictine priory, *tumba* would actually be taken in the sense of tomb. One form of the Cornish name, as preserved by Carew, is *Cara cowz in clowze*; and this, if interpreted without any preconceived opinion, would mean in Cornish "the old rock of the tomb." *Cara* stands for *carak*, a rock. *Cowz* is meant for *coz*, the modern Cornish and Armorican form corresponding to the ancient Cornish *coth*, old.<sup>1</sup> *Clowze* is a modern and somewhat corrupt form in Cornish, corresponding to the Welsh *clawdh*, a tomb. *Cladh-va*, in Cornish, means a burying-place; and *cluddu*, to bury, has been preserved as a Cornish verb, corresponding to the Welsh *cladhu*. In Gaelic, too, *cladh* is a tomb or burying-place; and in Armorican, which generally follows the same phonetic changes as the Cornish, we actually find *kleuz* and *klôz* for tomb or inclosure. (See Le Gonidec, "Dict. Breton-Français," s. v.) The *en* might either be the Cornish preposition *yn*, or it may have been intended for the article in the genitive, *an*. The old rock in the tomb, i. e. *in tumbâ*, or the old rock of the tomb, Cornish *carag goz an cloz*, would be intelligible and natural renderings of the Latin *Mons in tumba*.

But though this would fully account for the origin of the Cornish name as preserved by Carew, it would still leave the Saxon appellation the "Hore rock in the wodd" unexplained. How could William of Worces-

<sup>1</sup> *Passion*, ed. W. S. p. 95. *Coth*, Bret. *kôz* = *o*. Celtic *cottos* (*Atecott* "perantiqui").

ter have got hold of this name? Let us remember that William does not mention any Cornish name of the Mount, and that nothing is ever said at his time of the "Hore rock in the wodd" being a translation of an old Cornish name. All we know is that the monks of the Mount used that name, and it is hardly likely that so long and cumbrous a name should ever have been used much by the people in the neighborhood. How the monks of St. Michael's Mount came to call their place the "Hore rock in the wodd" at the time of William of Worcester, and probably long before his time, is, however, not difficult to explain, after we have seen how they transferred the traditions which originally referred to Mont St. Michel to their own monastery. Having told the story of the "*sylva opacissima*" by which their mount was formerly surrounded to many visitors, as they told it to William of Worcester, the name of the "Hore rock in the wodd" might easily spring up among them, and be kept up within the walls of their priory. Nor is there any evidence that in this peculiar form the name ever spread beyond their walls. But it is possible that here, too, language may have played some tricks. The number of people who used these names and kept them alive can never have been large, and hence they were exposed much more to accidents arising from ignorance and individual caprice than names of villages or towns which are in the keeping of hundreds and thousands of people. The monks of St. Michael's Mount may in time have forgotten the exact purport of "Cara cowz in clowze," "the old rock of the tomb," really the "Mons in tumba;" and their minds being full of the old forest by which they believed *their* island, like Mont St. Michel, to have been formerly surrounded,

what wonder if *cara cowz in clowze* glided away into *cara clowse in cowze*, and thus came to confirm the old tradition of the forest. For *cowz* would at once be taken as the modern Cornish word for wood, corresponding to the old Cornish *cuit*, while *clowse* might, with a little effort, be identified with the Cornish *glos*, gray, the Armorican *glâz*. Carew, it should be observed, sanctions both forms, the original one, *cara cowz in clowze*, "the old rock of the tomb," and the other *cara clowse in cowze*, meaning possibly "the gray rock in the wood." The sound of the two is so like that, particularly to the people not very familiar with the language, the substitution of one for the other would come very naturally; and as a reason could more easily be given for the latter than for the former name, we need not be surprised if in the few passages where the name occurs *after Carew's* time, the secondary name, apparently confirming the monkish legend of the dense forest that once surrounded St. Michael's Mount, should have been selected in preference to the former, which, but to a scholar and an antiquarian, sounded vague and meaningless.

If my object had been to establish any new historical fact, or to support any novel theory, I should not have indulged so freely in what to a certain extent may be called mere conjecture. But my object was only to point out the uncertainty of the evidence which Mr. Pengelly has adduced in support of a theory which would completely revolutionize our received views as to the early history of language and the migrations of the Aryan race. At first sight the argument used by Mr. Pengelly seems unanswerable. Here is St. Michael's Mount, which, according to geological evidence, may formerly have been par:

of the mainland. Here is an old Cornish name for St. Michael's Mount, which means "the gray rock in the wood." Such a name, it might well be argued, could not have been given to the island after it had ceased to be a gray rock in the wood; therefore it must have been given previous to the date which geological chronology fixes for the insulation of St. Michael's Mount. That date varies from 16,000 to 20,000 years ago. And as the name is Cornish, it follows that Cornish-speaking people must have lived in Cornwall at that early geological period.

Nothing, as I said, could sound more plausible; but before we yield to the argument, we must surely ask, Is there no other way of explaining the names *Cara cowz in clowze* and *Cara clowse in cowze*? And here we find —

(1.) That the legend of the dense forest by which the Mount was believed to have been surrounded existed, so far as we know, before the earliest occurrence of the Cornish name, and that it owes its origin entirely to a mistake which can be accounted for by documentary evidence. A legend told of Mont St. Michel had been transferred *ipsisssimis verbis* to St. Michael's Mount, and the monks of that priory repeated the story which they found in their chronicle to all who came to visit their establishment in Cornwall. They told the name, among others, to William of Worcester, and to prevent any incredulity on his part, they gave him chapter and verse from their chronicle, which he carefully jotted down in his diary.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was suggested to me that the *opacissima sylva* may even have a more distant origin. There seems as little evidence of a dense forest having surrounded Mont St. Michel in Normandy as there was in the case of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. Now as the first apparition of St.

(2.) We find that when the Cornish name first occurs, it lends itself, in one form, to a very natural interpretation, which does not give the meaning of "Hore rock in the wodd," but shows the name *Cara cowz in clowze* to have been a literal rendering of the Latin name "Mons in tumba," originally the name of Mont St. Michel, but at an early date applied in charters to St. Michael's Mount.

(3.) We find that the second form of the Cornish name, namely, *cara clowse in cowze*, may either be a merely metamorphic corruption of *cara cowz in clowze*, readily suggested and supported by the new meaning which it yielded of "gray rock in the wood;" or, even if we accept it as an original name, that it would be no more than a name framed by the Cornish-speaking monks of the Mount, in order to embody the same spurious tradition which had given rise to the name of "Hore rock in the wodd."

I need hardly add that in thus arguing against Mr. Pengelly's conclusions, I do not venture to touch his geological arguments. St. Michael's Mount may have been united with the mainland; it may, for all we know, have been surrounded by a dense forest; and it may be perfectly possible geologically to fix the date when that forest was destroyed, and the Mount severed, so far as it is severed, from the Cornish coast. All I protest against is that any one of these facts could be proved, or even supported, by the Cornish name of the Mount, whether *cara cowz in clowze*, or *cara clowse in cowze*, or by the English name, communicated by William of Worcester, "the

Michael is supposed to have taken place in Mount Garganus, *i. e.* Monte Gargano or Monte di S. Angelo, in Apulia, may not "the dense forest" have wandered with the archangel from the "querceta Gargani" (Hor. *Od.* ii. 9, 7) to Normandy, and thence to Cornwall?

Hore rock in the wodd," or finally by the legend which gave rise to these names, and which, as can be proved by irrefragable evidence, was transplanted by mistake from the Norman to the Cornish coast. The only question which, in conclusion, I should like to address to geologists, is this: As geologists are obliged to leave it doubtful whether the insulation of St. Michael's Mount was due to the washing of the sea-shore, or to a general subsidence of the country, may it not have been due to neither of these causes, and may not the Mount have always been that kind of half-island which it certainly was two thousand years ago?

1867.

## XVI.

### BUNSEN.<sup>1</sup>

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OURS is, no doubt, a forgetful age. Every day brings new events rushing in upon us from all parts of the world; and the hours of real rest, when we might ponder over the past, recall pleasant days, gaze again on the faces of those who are no more, are few indeed. Men and women disappear from this busy stage, and though for a time they had been the radiating centres of social, political, or literary life, their places are soon taken by others, — “the place thereof shall know them no more.” Few only appear again after a time, claiming once more our attention through the memoirs of their lives, and then either flitting away forever among the shades of the departed, or assuming afresh a power of life, a place in history, and an influence on the future often more powerful even than that which they exercised on the world while living in it. To call the great and good thus back from the grave is no easy task; it requires not only the power of a *vates sacer*, but the heart of a loving friend. Few

<sup>1</sup> *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen*, by his widow, Baroness Bunsen. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans, 1868.

*Christian Carl Josias Freiherr von Bunsen*. Aus seinen Briefen und nach eigener Erinnerung geschildert, von seiner Wittwe. Deutsche Ausgabe, durch neue Mittheilungen vermehrt von Friedrich Nippold. Leipzig, 1868.

men live great and good lives; still fewer can write them; nay, often, when they have been lived and have been written, the world passes by unheeding, as crowds will pass without a glance by the portraits of a Titian or a Van Dyke. Now and then, however, a biography takes root, and then acts, as a lesson, as no other lesson can act. Such biographies have all the importance of an *Ecce Homo*, showing to the world what man can be, and permanently raising the ideal of human life. It was so in England with the life of Dr. Arnold; it was so more lately with the life of Prince Albert; it will be the same with the life of Bunsen.

It seems but yesterday that Bunsen left England; yet it was in 1854 that his house in Carlton Terrace ceased to be the refreshing oasis in London life which many still remember, and that the powerful, thoughtful, beautiful, loving face of the Prussian Ambassador was seen for the last time in London society. Bunsen then retired from public life, and after spending six more years in literary work, struggling with death, yet reveling in life, he died at Bonn on the 28th of November, 1860. His widow has devoted the years of her solitude to the noble work of collecting the materials for a biography of her husband; and we have now in two large volumes all that could be collected, or, at least, all that could be conveniently published, of the sayings and doings of Bunsen, the scholar, the statesman, and, above all, the philosopher and the Christian. Throughout the two volumes the outward events are sketched by the hand of the Baroness Bunsen; but there runs, as between wooded hills, the main stream of Bunsen's mind, the outpourings of his heart, which were given so freely and fully in his letters to his friends. When such materials exist, there can be no more satisfactory

kind of biography than that of introducing the man himself, speaking unreservedly to his most intimate friends on the great events of his life. This is an autobiography, in fact, free from all drawbacks. Here and there that process, it is true, entails a greater fullness of detail than is acceptable to ordinary readers, however highly Bunsen's own friends may value every line of his familiar letters. But general readers may easily pass over letters addressed to different persons, or treating of subjects less interesting to themselves, without losing the thread of the story of the whole life; while it is sometimes of great interest to see the same subject discussed by Bunsen in letters addressed to different people. One serious difficulty in these letters is that they are nearly all translations from the German, and in the process of translation some of the original charm is inevitably lost. The translations are very faithful, and they do not sacrifice the peculiar turn of German thought to the requirements of strictly idiomatic English. Even the narrative itself betrays occasionally the German atmosphere in which it was written, but the whole book brings back all the more vividly to those who knew Bunsen the language and the very expressions of his English conversation. The two volumes are too bulky, and one's arms ache while holding them; yet one is loth to put them down, and there will be few readers who do not regret that more could not have been told us of Bunsen's life.

All really great and honest men may be said to live three lives: there is one life which is seen and accepted by the world at large, a man's outward life; there is a second life which is seen by a man's most intimate friends, his household life; and there is a third life, seen only by the man himself and by Him

who searcheth the heart, which may be called the inner or heavenly life. Most biographers are and must be satisfied with giving the two former aspects of their hero's life, — the version of the world, and that of his friends. Both are important, both contain some truth, though neither of them the whole truth. But there is a third life, a life led in communion with God, a life of aspiration rather than of fulfillment, — that life which we see, for instance, in St. Paul, when he says, "The good that I would, I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that I do." It is but seldom that we catch a glimpse of those deep springs of human character which cannot rise to the surface even in the most confidential intercourse, which in every-day life are hidden from a man's own sight, but which break forth when he is alone with his God in secret prayer, — aye, in prayers without words. Here lies the charm of Bunsen's life. Not only do we see the man, the father, the husband, the brother, that stands behind the ambassador, but we see behind the man his angel beholding the face of his Father which is in heaven. His prayers, poured forth in the critical moments of his life, have been preserved to us, and they show us what the world ought to know, that our greatest men can also be our best men, and that freedom of thought is not incompatible with sincere religion. Those who knew Bunsen well, know how that deep, religious undercurrent of his soul was constantly bubbling up and breaking forth in his conversations, startling even the mere worldling by an earnestness that frightened away every smile. It was said of him that he could drive out devils, and he certainly could, with his solemn, yet loving voice, soften hearts that would yield to no other appeal, and see with one look through that mask

which man wears but too often in the masquerade of the world. Hence his numerous and enduring friendships, of which these volumes contain so many sacred relics. Hence that confidence reposed in him by men and women who had once been brought in contact with him. To those who can see with their eyes only, and not with their hearts, it may seem strange that Sir Robert Peel, shortly before his death, should have uttered the name of Bunsen. To those who know that England once had prime ministers who were found praying on their knees before they delivered their greatest speeches, Sir Robert Peel's recollection, or, it may be, desire of Bunsen in the last moments of his life has nothing strange. Bunsen's life was no ordinary life, and the memoirs of that life are more than an ordinary book. That book will tell in England and in Germany far more than in the Middle Ages the life of a new saint; nor are there many saints whose real life, if sifted as the life of Bunsen has been, would bear comparison with that noble character of the nineteenth century.

Bunsen was born in 1791 at Corbach, a small town in the small principality of Waldeck. His father was poor, but a man of independent spirit, of moral rectitude, and of deep religious convictions. Bunsen, the son of his old age, distinguished himself at school, and was sent to the University of Marburg at the age of seventeen. All he had then to depend on was an exhibition of about £7 a year, and a sum of £15, which his father had saved for him to start him in life. This may seem a small sum; but if we want to know how much of paternal love and self-denial it represented, we ought to read an entry in his father's liary: "Account of cash receipts by God's mercy

obtained for transcribing law documents between 1793 and 1814, — sum total 3,020 thalers 23 groschen," that is to say, about £22 per annum. Did any English Duke ever give his son a more generous allowance, — more than two-thirds of his own annual income? Bunsen began by studying divinity, and actually preached a sermon at Marburg, in the Church of St. Elizabeth. Students in divinity are required in Germany to preach sermons as part of their regular theological training, and before they are actually ordained. Marburg was not then a very efficient university, and, not finding there what he wanted, Bunsen after a year went to Göttingen, chiefly attracted by the fame of Heyne. He soon devoted himself entirely to classical studies: and in order to support himself, — for £7 per annum will not support even a German student, — he accepted the appointment of assistant teacher of Greek and Hebrew at the Göttingen gymnasium, and also became private tutor to a young American, Mr. Astor, the son of the rich American merchant. He was thus learning and teaching at the same time, and he acquired by his daily intercourse with his pupil a practical knowledge of the English language. While at Göttingen he carried off, in 1812, a prize for an essay on "The Athenian Law of Inheritance," which attracted more than usual attention, and may, in fact, be looked upon as one of the first attempts at Comparative Jurisprudence. In 1713 he writes from Göttingen: —

"Poor and lonely did I arrive in this place. Heyne received me, guided me, bore with me, encouraged me, showed me in himself the example of a high and noble energy and indefatigable activity in a calling which was not that to which his merit entitled him; he might have superintended and administered and maintained an entire kingdom."

The following passage from the same letter deserves to be quoted as coming from the pen of a young man of twenty-two :—

“ Learning annihilates itself, and the most perfect is the first submerged ; for the next age scales with ease the height which cost the preceding the full vigor of life.”

After leaving the university Bunsen travelled in Germany with young Astor, and made the acquaintance of Frederic Schlegel at Vienna, of Jacobi, Schelling, and Thiersch at Munich. He was all that time continuing his own philological studies, and we see him at Munich attending lectures on Criminal Law, and making his first beginning in the study of Persian. When on the point of starting for Paris with his American pupil, the news of the glorious battle of Leipzig (October, 1813) disturbed their plans, and he resolved to settle again at Göttingen till peace should have been concluded. Here, while superintending the studies of Mr. Astor, he plunged into reading of the most varied character. He writes (p. 51) :—

“ I remain firm, and strive after my earliest purpose in life, more felt, perhaps, than already discerned, — namely, to bring over into my own knowledge and into my own Fatherland the language and the spirit of the solemn and distant East. I would for the accomplishment of this object even quit Europe, in order to draw out of the ancient well that which I find not elsewhere.”

This is the first indication of an important element in Bunsen's early life, his longing for the East, and his all but prophetic anticipation of the great results which a study of the ancient language of India would one day yield, and the light it would shed on the darkest pages in the ancient history of Greece, Italy, and Germany. The study of the Athenian law of inheritance seems first to have drawn his attention to the ancient codes of Indian law, and he was deeply

impressed by the discovery that the peculiar system of inheritance which in Greece existed only in the petrified form of a primitive custom, sanctioned by law, disclosed in the laws of Manu its original purport and natural meaning. This one spark excited in Bunsen's mind that constant yearning after a knowledge of Eastern and more particularly of Indian literature which very nearly drove him to India in the same adventurous spirit as Anquetil Duperron and Czoma de Körös. We are now familiar with the great results that have been obtained by a study of the ancient languages and religion of the East; but in 1813 neither Bopp nor Grimm had begun to publish, and Frederic Schlegel was the only one who in his little pamphlet, "On the Language and the Wisdom of the Indians" (1808), had ventured to assert a real intellectual relationship between Europe and India. One of Bunsen's earliest friends, Wolrad Schumacher, related that even at school Bunsen's mind was turned towards India. "Sometimes he would let fall a word about India which was unaccountable to me, as at that time I connected only a geographical conception with that name" (p. 17).

While thus engaged in his studies at Göttingen, and working in company with such friends as Brandis, the historian of Greek philosophy; Lachmann, the editor of the New Testament; Lücke, the theologian; Ernst Schulze, the poet, and others, — Bunsen felt the influence of the great events that brought about the regeneration of Germany; nor was he the man to stand aloof, absorbed in literary work, while others were busy doing mischief difficult to remedy. The princes of Germany and their friends, though grateful to the people for having at last shaken off with fearful sacrifices

the foreign yoke of Napoleon, were most anxious to maintain for their own benefit that convenient system of police government which for so long had kept the whole of Germany under French control. "It is but too certain," Bunsen writes, "that either for want of good-will or of intelligence our sovereigns will not grant us freedom such as we deserve. . . . And I fear that, as before, the much-enduring German will become an object of contempt to all nations who know how to value national spirit." His first political essays belong to that period. Up to August, 1814, Bunsen continued to act as private tutor to Mr. Astor, though we see him at the same time, with his insatiable thirst after knowledge, attending courses of lectures on astronomy, mineralogy, and other subjects apparently so foreign to the main current of his mind. When Mr. Astor left him to return to America, Bunsen went to Holland to see a sister to whom he was deeply attached, and who seems to have shared with him the same religious convictions which in youth, manhood, and old age formed the foundation of Bunsen's life. Some of Bunsen's detractors have accused him of professing Christian piety in circles where such professions were sure to be well received. Let them read now the annals of his early life, and they will find to their shame how boldly the same Bunsen professed his religious convictions among the students and professors of Göttingen, who either scoffed at Christianity or only tolerated it as a kind of harmless superstition. We shall only quote one instance : —

"Bunsen, when a young student at Göttingen, once suddenly quitted a lecture in indignation at the unworthy manner in which the most sacred subjects were treated by one of the professors. The professor paused at the interruption, and hazarded the remark that 'some one belonging to the Old Testament

had possibly slipped in unrecognized.' That called forth a burst of laughter from the entire audience, all being as well aware as the lecturer himself who it was that had mortified him."

During his stay in Holland, Bunsen not only studied the language and literature of that country, but his mind was also much occupied in observing the national and religious character of this small but interesting branch of the Teutonic race. He writes:—

"In all things the German, or, if you will, the Teutonic character is worked out into form in a manner more decidedly national than anywhere else. . . . This journey has yet more confirmed my decision to become acquainted with the entire Germanic race, and then to proceed with the development of my governing ideas (*i. e.* the study of Eastern languages in elucidation of Western thought). For this purpose I am about to travel with Brandis to Copenhagen to learn Danish, and, above all, Icelandic."

And so he did. The young student, as yet without any prospects in life, threw up his position at Göttingen, declined to waste his energies as a schoolmaster, and started, we hardly know how, on his journey to Denmark. There, in company with Brandis, he lived and worked hard at Danish, and then attacked the study of the ancient Icelandic language and literature with a fervor and with a purpose that shrank from no difficulty. He writes (p. 79):—

"The object of my research requires the acquisition of the whole treasures of language, in order to complete my favorite linguistic theories, and to inquire into the poetry and religious conceptions of German-Scandinavian heathenism, and their historical connection with the East."

When his work in Denmark was finished, and when he had collected materials, some of which, as his copy taken of the "Völuspa," a poem of the Edda, were not published till forty years later, he started with Brandis for Berlin. "Prussia," he writes on the

10th of October, 1815, "is *the true* Germany." Thither he felt drawn, as well as Brandis, and thither he invited his friends, though, it must be confessed, without suggesting to them any settled plan of how to earn their daily bread. He writes as if he was even then at the head of affairs in Berlin, though he was only the friend of a friend of Niebuhr's, Niebuhr himself being by no means all powerful in Prussia, even in 1815. This hopefulness was a trait in Bunsen's character that remained through life. A plan was no sooner suggested to him and approved by him than he took it for granted that all obstacles must vanish, and many a time did all obstacles vanish, before the joyous confidence of that magician, a fact that should be remembered by those who used to blame him as sanguine and visionary. One of his friends, Lücke, writes to Ernst Schulze, the poet, whom Bunsen had invited to Denmark, and afterwards to Berlin: —

"In the inclosed richly filled letter you will recognize Bunsen's power and splendor of mind, and you will also not fail to perceive his thoughtlessness in making projects. He and Brandis are a pair of most amiable speculators, full of affection; but one must meet them with the *ne quid nimis*."

However, Bunsen in his flight was not to be scared by any warning or checked by calculating the chances of success or failure. With Brandis he went to Berlin, spent the glorious winter from 1815 to 1816 in the society of men like Niebuhr and Schleiermacher, and became more and more determined in his own plan of life, which was to study Oriental languages in Paris, London, or Calcutta, and then to settle at Berlin as Professor of Universal History. A full statement of his literary labors, both for the past and for the future, was drawn up by him, to be submitted to Niebuhr.

and it will be read even now with interest by those who knew Bunsen when he tried to take up after forty years the threads that had slipped from his hand at the age of four-and-twenty.

Instead of being sent to study at Paris and London by the Prussian government, as he seems to have wished, he was suddenly called to Paris by his old pupil, Mr. Astor, who, after two years' absence, had returned to Europe, and was anxious to renew his relations with Bunsen. Bunsen's object in accepting Astor's invitation to Paris was to study Persian; and great was his disappointment when, on arriving there, Mr. Astor wished him at once to start for Italy. This was too much for Bunsen, to be turned back just as he was going to quench his thirst for Oriental literature in the lectures of Sylvestre de Sacy. A compromise was effected. Bunsen remained for three months in Paris, and promised then to join his friend and pupil in Italy. How he worked at Persian and Arabic during the interval must be read in his own letters: —

“I write from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, only in the course of that time having a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, where I also often study; from four to six I dine and walk; from six to seven sleep; from seven to eleven work again. I have overtaken in study some of the French students who had begun a year ago. God be thanked for this help! Before I go to bed I read a chapter in the New Testament, in the morning on rising one in the Old Testament; yesterday I began the Psalms from the first.”

As soon as he felt that he could continue his study of Persian without the aid of a master, he left Paris. Though immersed in work, he had made several acquaintances, among others that of Alexander von Humboldt, “who intends in a few years to visit Asia, where I may hope to meet him. He has been beyond

measure kind to me, and from him I shall receive the best recommendations for Italy and England, as well as from his brother, now Prussian Minister in London. Lastly, the winter in Rome may become to me, by the presence of Niebuhr, more instructive and fruitful than in any other place. Thus has God ordained all things for me for the best, according to His will, not mine, and far better than I deserve."

These were the feelings with which the young scholar, then twenty-four years of age, started for Italy, as yet without any position, without having published a single work, without knowing, as we may suppose, where to rest his head. And yet he was full, not only of hope, but of gratitude, and he little dreamt that before seven years had passed he would be in Niebuhr's place; and before twenty-five years had passed in the place of William von Humboldt, the Prussian Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

The immediate future, in fact, had some severe disappointments in store for him. When he arrived at Florence to meet Mr. Astor, the young American had received peremptory orders to return to New York; and as Bunsen declined to follow him, he found himself really stranded at Florence, and all his plans thoroughly upset. Yet, though at that very time full of care and anxiety about his nearest relations, who looked to him for support when he could hardly support himself, his God-trusting spirit did not break down. He remained at Florence, continuing his Persian studies, and making a living by private tuition. A Mr. Cathcart seems to have been his favorite pupil, and through him new prospects of eventually proceeding to India seemed to open. But, at the same time, Bunsen began to feel that the circumstances of his

life became critical. "I feel," he says, "that I am on the point of securing or losing the fruit of my labors for life." Rome and Niebuhr seemed the only haven in sight, and thither Bunsen now began to steer his frail bark. He arrived in Rome on the 14th of November, 1816. Niebuhr, who was Prussian Minister, received him with great kindness, and entered heartily into the literary plans of his young friend. Brandis, Niebuhr's secretary, renewed in common with his old friend his study of Greek philosophy. A native teacher of Arabic was engaged to help Bunsen in his Oriental studies. The necessary supplies seem to have come partly from Mr. Astor, partly from private lessons for which Bunsen had to make time in the midst of his varied occupations. Plato, Firdusi, the Koran, Dante, Isaiah, the Edda, are mentioned by himself as his daily study.

From an English point of view that young man at Rome, without a status, without a settled prospect in life, would have seemed an amiable dreamer, destined to wake suddenly, and not very pleasantly, to the stern realities of life. If anything seemed unlikely, it was that an English gentleman, a man of good birth and of independent fortune, should give his daughter to this poor young German at Rome. Yet this was the very thing which a kind Providence, that Providence in which Bunsen trusted amid all his troubles and difficulties, brought to pass. Bunsen became acquainted with Mr. Waddington, and was allowed to read German with his daughters. In the most honorable manner he broke off his visits when he became aware of his feelings for Miss Waddington. He writes to his sister: —

"Having, at first, believed myself quite safe (the more so a

I cannot think of marrying without impairing my whole scheme of mental development, and, least of all, could I think of pretending to a girl of fortune), I thought there was no danger."

A little later he writes to Mrs. Waddington to explain to her the reason for his discontinuing his visits. But the mother — and, to judge from her letters, a high-minded mother she must have been — accepted Bunsen on trust; he was allowed to return to the house, and on the 1st of July, 1817, the young German student, then twenty-five years of age, was married at Rome to Miss Waddington. What a truly important event this was for Bunsen, even those who had not the privilege of knowing the partner of his life may learn from the work before us. Though little is said in these memoirs of his wife, the mother of his children, the partner of his joys and sorrows, it is easy to see how Bunsen's whole mode of life became possible only by the unceasing devotion of an ardent soul and a clear head consecrated to one object, — to love and to cherish, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part, — aye, and even after death! With such a wife, the soul of Bunsen could soar on its wings, the small cares of life were removed, an independence was secured, and, though the Indian plans had to be surrendered, the highest ambition of Bunsen's life, a professorship in a German university, seemed now easy of attainment. We should have liked a few more pages describing the joyous life of the young couple in the heyday of their life; we could have wished that he had not declined the wish of his mother-in-law, to have his bust made by Thorwaldsen, at a time when he must have been a model of manly beauty. But if we know less than we could wish of what Bunsen then was in the

eyes of the world, we are allowed an insight into that heavenly life which underlay all the outward happiness of that time, and which shows him to us as but one eye could then have seen him. A few weeks after his marriage he writes in his journal : —

“Eternal, omnipresent God! enlighten me with thy Holy Spirit, and fill me with thy heavenly light! What in childhood I felt and yearned after, what throughout the years of youth grew clearer and clearer before my soul, I will now venture to hold fast, to examine, to represent the revelation of Thee in man’s energies and efforts: thy firm path through the stream of ages I long to trace and recognize, as far as may be permitted to me even in this body of earth. The song of praise to Thee from the whole of humanity, in times far and near, — the pains and lamentations of men, and their consolations in Thee, — I wish to take in, clear and unhindered. Do Thou send me thy Spirit of Truth, that I may behold things earthly as they are, without veil and without mask, without human trappings and empty adornment, and that in the silent peace of truth I may feel and recognize Thee. Let me not falter, nor slide away from the great end of knowing Thee. Let not the joys, or honors, or vanities of the world enfeeble and darken my spirit; let me ever feel that I can only perceive and know Thee in so far as mine is a living soul, and lives, and moves, and has its being in Thee.”

Here we see Bunsen as the world did not see him, and we may observe how then, as ever, his literary work was to him hallowed by the objects for which it was intended. “The firm path of God through the stream of ages” is but another title for one of his last works, “God in History,” planned with such youthful ardor, and finished under the lengthening shadow of death.

The happiness of Bunsen’s life at Rome may easily be imagined. Though anxious to begin his work at a German university, he stipulated for three more years of freedom and preparation. Who could have made the sacrifice of the bright spring of life, of the un-

clouded days of happiness at Rome with wife and children, and with such friends as Niebuhr and Brandis. Yet this stay at Rome was fraught with fatal consequences. It led the straight current of Bunsen's life, which lay so clear before him, into a new bed, at first very tempting, for a time smooth and sunny, but alas! ending in waste of energy for which no outward splendor could atone. The first false step seemed very natural and harmless. When Brandis went to Germany to begin his professorial work, Bunsen took his place as Niebuhr's secretary at Rome. He was determined, then, that nothing should induce him to remain in the diplomatic career (p. 130), but the current of that mill-stream was too strong even for Bunsen. How he remained as Secretary of Legation, 1818; how the King of Prussia, Frederick William III., came to visit Rome, and took a fancy to the young diplomatist, who could speak to him with a modesty and frankness little known at courts; how, when Niebuhr exchanged his embassy for a professorial chair at Bonn, Bunsen remained as Chargé d'Affaires; how he went to Berlin, 1827-28, and gained the hearts of the old King and of everybody else; how he returned to Rome and was fascinated by the young Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards Frederick William IV., whom he had to conduct through the antiquities and the modern life of the world city; how he became Prussian Minister, the friend of popes and cardinals, the centre of the best and most brilliant society; how, when the difficulties began between Prussia and the Papal government, chiefly with regard to mixed marriages, Bunsen tried to mediate, and was at last disowned by both parties in 1838, — all this may now be read in the open memoirs of his life. His letters during these twenty years are

numerous and full, particularly those addressed to his sister, to whom he was deeply attached. They are the most touching and elevating record of a life spent in important official business, in interesting social intercourse, in literary and antiquarian researches, in the enjoyment of art and nature, and in the blessedness of a prosperous family life, and throughout in an unbroken communion with God. There is hardly a letter without an expression of that religion in common life, that constant consciousness of a Divine Presence, which made his life a life in God. To many readers this free outpouring of a God-loving soul will seem to approach too near to that abuse of religious phraseology which is a sign of superficial rather than of deep-seated piety. But, though through life a sworn enemy of every kind of cant, Bunsen never would surrender the privilege of speaking the language of a Christian, because that language had been profaned by the thoughtless repetition of shallow pietists.

Bunsen has frequently been accused of pietism, particularly in Germany, by men who could not distinguish between pietism and piety, just as in England he was attacked as a freethinker by men who never knew the freedom of the children of God. "Christianity is ours, not theirs," he would frequently say of those who made religion a mere profession, and imagined they knew Christ because they held a crosier and wore a mitre. We can now watch the deep emotions and firm convictions of that true-hearted man, in letters of undoubted sincerity, addressed to his sister and his friends, and we can only wonder with what feelings they have been perused by those who in England questioned his Christianity or who in Germany suspected his honesty.

From the time of his first meeting with the King of Prussia at Rome, and still more, after his stay at Berlin in 1827, Bunsen's chief interest with regard to Prussia centred in ecclesiastical matters. The King, after effecting the union of the Lutheran and Calvinistic branches of the Protestant Church, was deeply interested in drawing up a new Liturgy for his own national, or, as it was called, Evangelical Church. The introduction of his Liturgy, or *Agenda*, particularly as it was carried out, like everything else in Prussia, by royal decree, met with considerable resistance. Bunsen, who had been led independently to the study of ancient liturgies, and who had devoted much of his time at Rome to the collection of ancient hymns and hymn tunes, could speak to the King on these favorite topics from the fullness of his heart. The King listened to him, even when Bunsen ventured to express his dissent from some of the royal proposals, and when he, the young attaché, deprecated any authoritative interference with the freedom of the Church. In Prussia the whole movement was unpopular, and Bunsen, though he worked hard to render it less so, was held responsible for much which he himself had disapproved. Of all these turbulent transactions there remains but one bright and precious relic, Bunsen's "Hymn and Prayer Book."

The Prussian Legation on the Capitol was during Bunsen's day not only the meeting-place of all distinguished Germans, but, in the absence of an English embassy, it also became the recognized centre of the most interesting portion of English society at Rome. Among the Germans, whose presence told on Bunsen's life, either by a continued friendship or by common interests and pursuits, we meet the names of Ludwig,

King of Bavaria ; Baron von Stein, the great Prussian statesman ; Radowitz, the less fortunate predecessor of Bismarck ; Schnorr, Overbeck, and Mendelssohn. Among Englishmen, whose friendship with Bunsen dates from the Capitol, we find Thirlwall, Philip Pusey, Arnold, and Julius Hare. The names of Thorwaldsen, too, of Leopardi, Lord Hastings, Champollion, Sir Walter Scott, Chateaubriand, occur again and again in the memoirs of that Roman life which teems with interesting events and anecdotes. The only literary productions of that eventful period are Bunsen's part in Platner's "Description of Rome," and the "Hymn and Prayer Book." But much material for later publications had been amassed in the mean time. The study of the Old Testament had been prosecuted at all times, and in 1824 the first beginning was made by Bunsen in the study of hieroglyphics, afterwards continued with Champollion, and later with Lepsius. The Archæological Institute and the German Hospital, both on the Capitol, were the two permanent bequests that Bunsen left behind when he shook off the dust of his feet, and left Rome on the 29th of April, 1838, in search of a new Capitol.

At Berlin, Bunsen was then in disgrace. He had not actually been dismissed the service, but he was prohibited from going to Berlin to justify himself, and he was ordered to proceed to England on leave of absence. To England, therefore, Bunsen now directed his steps with his wife and children, and there, at least, he was certain of a warm welcome, both from his wife's relations and from his own very numerous friends. When we read through the letters of that period, we hardly miss the name of a single man illustrious at that time in England. As if to make up for the injustice

done to him in Italy, and for the ingratitude of his country, people of all classes and of the most opposite views vied in doing him honor. Rest he certainly found none, while travelling about from one town to another, and staying at friends' houses, attending meetings, making speeches, writing articles, and, as usual, amassing new information wherever he could find it. He worked at Egyptian with Lepsius; at Welsh while staying with Lady Hall; at Ethnology with Dr. Prichard. He had to draw up two state papers, — one on the Papal aggression, the other on the law of divorce. He plunged, of course, at once into all the ecclesiastical and theological questions that were then agitating people's minds in England, and devoted his few really quiet hours to the preparation of his own "Life of Christ." With Lord Ashley he attended Bible meetings, with Mrs. Fry he explored the prisons, with Philip Pusey he attended agricultural assemblies, and he spent night after night as an admiring listener in the House of Commons. He was presented to the Queen and the Duke of Wellington, was made a D. C. L. at Oxford, discussed the future with J. H. Newman, the past with Buckland, Sedgwick, and Whewell. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell invited him to political conferences; Maurice and Keble listened to his fervent addresses; Dr. Arnold consulted the friend of Niebuhr on his own "History of Rome," and tried to convert him to more liberal opinions with regard to Church reform. Dr. Holland, Mrs. Austin, Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, Gaisford, Dr. Hawkins, and many more, all greeted him, all tried to do him honor, and many of them became attached to him for life. The architectural monuments of England, its castles, parks, and ruins, passed quickly through his field of vision

during that short stay. But he soon calls out : " I care not now for all the ruins of England ; it is her life that I like."

Most touching is his admiration, his real love of Gladstone. Thirty years have since passed, and the world at large has found out by this time what England possesses in him. But it was not so in 1838, and few men at that early time could have read Gladstone's heart and mind so truly as Bunsen. Here are a few of his remarks : —

" Last night, when I came home from the Duke, Gladstone's book was on my table, the second edition having come out at seven o'clock. It is the book of the time, a great event, — the first book since Burke that goes to the bottom of the vital question ; far above his party and his time. I sat up till after midnight ; and this morning I continued until I had read the whole, and almost every sheet bears my marginal glosses, destined for the Prince, to whom I have sent the book with all dispatch. Gladstone is the first man in England as to intellectual powers, and he has heard higher tones than any one else in this island."

And again (p. 493) : —

" Gladstone is by far the first living intellectual power on that side. He has left his schoolmasters far behind him, but we must not wonder if he still walks in their trammels ; his genius will soon free itself entirely, and fly towards heaven with its own wings. . . . I wonder Gladstone should not have the feeling of moving on an *inclined plane*, or that of sitting down among ruins, as if he were settled in a well-stored house."

Of Newman, whom he had met at Oxford, Bunsen says : —

" This morning I have had two hours at breakfast with Newman. O ! it is sad, — he and his friends are truly intellectual people, but they have lost their ground, going exactly *my way*, but stopping short in the middle. It is too late. There has been an amicable change of ideas and a Christian understanding Yesterday he preached a beautiful sermon. A new period of life begins for me ; may God's blessing be upon it !"

Oxford made a deep impression on Bunsen's mind  
He writes : —

“I am luxuriating in the delights of Oxford. There has never been enough said of this queen of all cities.”

But what as a German he admired and envied most was, after all, the House of Commons : —

“I wish you could form an idea of what I felt. I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech-wrestling, but with the arm of the spirit, boldly grasping at or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause and of his own uprightness. I saw before me the empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged, by this assembly. I had the feeling that, had I been born in England, I would rather be dead than not sit among and speak among them. I thought of my own country, and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German and being myself. But I felt, also, that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English ; how much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone ! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked.”

More than a year was thus spent in England in the very fullness of life. “My stay in England in 1838–39,” he writes at a later time, the 22d of September, 1841, “was the poetry of my existence as a man ; this is the prose of it. There was a dew upon those fifteen months, which the sun has dried up, and which nothing can restore.” Yet even then Bunsen could not have been free from anxieties for the future. He had a large family growing up, and he was now again, at the age of forty-seven, without any definite prospects in life. In spite, however, of the intrigues of his enemies, the personal feelings of the King and the Crown Prince prevailed at last ; and he was appointed

in July, 1839, as Prussian Minister in Switzerland, his secret and confidential instructions being "to do nothing." These instructions were carefully observed by Bunsen, as far as politics were concerned. He passed two years of rest at the Hubel, near Berne, with his family, devoted to his books, receiving visits from his friends, and watching from a distance the coming events in Prussia.

In 1840 the old King died, and it was generally expected that Bunsen would at once receive an influential position at Berlin. Not till April, 1841, however, was he summoned to the court, although, to judge from the correspondence between him and the new King, Frederick William IV., few men could have enjoyed a larger share of royal confidence and love than Bunsen. The King was hungering and thirsting after Bunsen, yet Bunsen was not invited to Berlin. The fact is that the young King had many friends, and those friends were not the friends of Bunsen. They were satisfied with his honorary exile in Switzerland, and thought him best employed at a distance in doing nothing. The King too, who knew Bunsen's character from former years, must have known that Berlin was not large enough for him; and he therefore left him in his Swiss retirement till an employment worthy of him could be found. This was to go on a special mission to England with a view of establishing, in common with the Church of England, a Protestant bishopric at Jerusalem. In Jerusalem the King hoped that the two principal Protestant churches of Europe would, across the grave of the Redeemer, reach to each other the right hand of fellowship. Bunsen entered into this plan with all the energy of his mind and heart. It was a work thoroughly con

genial to himself; and if it required diplomatic skill, certainly no one could have achieved it more expeditiously and successfully than Bunsen. He was then a *persona grata* with bishops and archbishops, and Lord Ashley — not yet Lord Shaftesbury — gave him all the support his party could command. English influence was then so powerful at Constantinople that all difficulties due to Turkish bigotry were quickly removed. At the end of June, 1841, he arrived in London; on the 6th of August he wrote, "All is settled;" and on the 7th of November the new Bishop of Jerusalem was consecrated. Seldom was a more important and more complicated transaction settled in so short a time. Had the discussions been prolonged, had time been given to the leaders of the Romanizing party to recover from their surprise, the bill that had to be passed through both houses would certainly have been defeated. People have hardly yet understood the real bearing of that measure, nor appreciated the germ which it may still contain for the future of the Reformed Church. One man only seems to have seen clearly what a blow this first attempt at a union between the Protestant churches of England and Germany was to his own plans, and to the plans of his friends; and we know now, from Newman's "Apologia," that the bishopric of Jerusalem drove him to the Church of Rome. This may have been for the time a great loss to the Church of England; it marked, at all events, a great crisis in her history.

In spite, however, of his great and unexpected success, there are traces of weariness in Bunsen's letters of that time, which show that he was longing for more congenial work. "O, how I hate and detest diplomatic life!" he wrote to his wife; "and how

little true intellectuality is there in the high society here as soon as you cease to speak of English national subjects and interests; and the eternal hurricanes, whirling, urging, rushing, in this monster of a town! Even with you and the children life would become oppressive under the diplomatic burden. I can pray for our country life, but I cannot pray for a London life, although I dare not pray against it, *if it must be.*"

Bunsen's observations of character amidst the distractions of his London season are very interesting and striking, particularly at this distance of time. He writes:—

"Mr. Gladstone has been invited to become one of the trustees of the Jerusalem Fund. He is beset with scruples; his heart is with us, but his mind is entangled in a narrow system. He awaits salvation from another code, and by wholly different ways from myself. Yesterday morning I had a letter from him of twenty-four pages, to which I replied early this morning by eight.

"The Bishop of London constantly rises in my estimation. He has replied admirably to Mr. Gladstone, closing with the words, 'My dear sir, my intention is not to limit and restrict the Church of Christ, but to enlarge it.'"

A letter from Sir Robert Peel, too, must here be quoted in full:—

"WHITEHALL, October 10, 1841.

"MY DEAR MR. BUNSEN,—My note merely conveyed a request that you would be good enough to meet Mr. Cornelius at dinner on Friday last.

"I assure you that I have been amply repaid for any attention I may have shown to that distinguished artist, in the personal satisfaction I have had in the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He is one of a noble people distinguished in every art of war and peace. The union and patriotism of that people, spread over the centre of Europe, will contribute the surest guarantee for the peace of the world, and the most powerful check upon the spread of all pernicious doctrines injuriou

to the cause of religion and order, and that liberty which respects the rights of others.

“ My earnest hope is that every member of this illustrious race, while he may cherish the particular country of his birth as he does his home, will extend his devotion beyond its narrow limits, and exult in the name of a German, and recognize the claim of Germany to the love and affection and patriotic exertions of all her sons.

“ I hope I judge the feelings of every German by those which were excited in my own breast (in the breast of a foreigner and a stranger) by a simple ballad, that seemed, however, to concentrate the will of a mighty people, and said emphatically, —

‘ They shall not have the Rhine.’

“ *They* will not have it: and the Rhine will be protected by a song, if the sentiments which that song embodies pervade, as I hope and trust they do, every German heart.

“ You will begin to think that I am a good German myself, and so I am, if hearty wishes for the union and welfare of the German race can constitute one.

“ Believe me, most faithfully yours,

“ ROBERT PEEL.”

When Bunsen was on the point of leaving London, he received the unexpected and unsolicited appointment of Prussian Envoy in England, an appointment which he could not bring himself to decline, and which again postponed for twelve years his cherished plans of an *otium cum dignitate*. What the world at large would have called the most fortunate event in Bunsen's life proved indeed a real misfortune. It deprived Bunsen of the last chance of fully realizing the literary plans of his youth, and it deprived the world of services that no one could have rendered so well in the cause of freedom of thought, of practical religion, and in teaching the weighty lessons of antiquity to the youth of the future. It made him waste his precious hours in work that any Prussian baron could have done as well, if not better, and did not set him free

until his bodily strength was undermined, and the joyful temper of his mind saddened by sad experiences.

Nothing could have been more brilliant than the beginning of Bunsen's diplomatic career in England. First came the visit of the King of Prussia, whom the Queen had invited to be godfather to the Prince of Wales. Soon after the Prince of Prussia came to England under the guidance of Bunsen. Then followed the return visit of the Queen at Stolzenfels, on the Rhine. All this, no doubt, took up much of Bunsen's time, but it gave him also the pleasantest introduction to the highest society of England; for as Baroness Bunsen shrewdly remarks, "there is nothing like standing within the Bude-light of royalty to make one conspicuous, and sharpen perceptions and recollections." (II. p. 8.) Bunsen complained, no doubt, now and then, about excessive official work, yet he seemed on the whole reconciled to his position, and up to the year 1847 we hear of no attempts to escape from diplomatic bondage. In a letter to Mrs. Fry he says:—

"I can assure you I never passed a more quiet and truly satisfactory evening in London than the last, in the Queen's house, in the midst of the excitement of the season. I think this is a circumstance for which one ought to be thankful; and it has much reminded me of hours that I have spent at Berlin and Sans Souci with the King and the Queen and the Princess William, and, I am thankful to add, with the Princess of Prussia, mother of the future King. It is a striking and consoling and instructive proof that what is called the world, the great world, is not necessarily worldly in itself, but only by that inward worldliness which, as rebellion against the spirit, creeps into the cottage as well as into the palace, and against which no outward form is any protection. Forms and rules may prevent the outbreak of wrong, but cannot regenerate right, and may quench the spirit and poison inward truth. The Queen gives hours daily to the labor of examining into the claims of the numberless petitions addressed to her, among other duties to which her time of privacy is devoted."

The Queen's name and that of Prince Albert occur often in these memoirs, and a few of Bunsen's remarks and observations may be of interest, though they contain little that can now be new to the readers of the "Life of the Prince Consort" and of the "Queen's Journal."

First, a graphic description, from the hand of Baroness Bunsen, of the Queen opening Parliament in 1842:—

"Last, the procession of the Queen's entry, and herself, looking worthy and fit to be the converging point of so many rays of grandeur. It is self-evident that she is not tall; but were she ever so tall, she could not have more grace and dignity, a head better set, a throat more royally and classically arching; and one advantage there is in her not being taller, that when she casts a glance, it is of necessity upwards and not downwards, and thus the effect of the eyes is not thrown away,—the beam and effluence not lost. The composure with which she filled the throne, while awaiting the Commons, was a test of character,—no fidget and no apathy. Then her voice and enunciation could not be more perfect. In short, it could not be said that *she did well*, but she *was* the Queen,—she was, and felt herself to be, the acknowledged chief among grand and national realities." (Vol. II. p. 10.)

The next is an account of the Queen at Windsor Castle on receiving the Princess of Prussia, in 1842:—

"The Queen looked well and *rayonnante*, with that expression that she always has when thoroughly pleased with all that occupies her mind, which you know I always observe with delight, as fraught with that truth and reality which so essentially belong to her character, and so strongly distinguish her countenance, in all its changes, from the *fixed mask* only too common in the royal rank of society." (Vol. II. p. 115.)

After having spent some days at Windsor Castle, Bunsen writes in 1846:—

"The Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious,

but at the same time liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a great deal, and has done my book on 'The Church of the Future' the honor to read it so attentively, that the other day, when at Cashiobury, seeing the book on the table, she looked out passages which she had approved in order to read them aloud to the Queen-Dowager." (Vol. II. p. 121.)

And once more : —

"The Queen is a wife and a mother as happy as the happiest in her dominions, and no one can be more careful of her charges. She often speaks to me of the great task before her and the Prince in the education of the royal children, and particularly of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal."

Before the troubles of 1847 and 1848, Bunsen was enabled to spend part of his time in the country, away from the turmoil of London, and much of his literary work dates from that time. After his "Church of the Future," the discovery of the genuine Epistles of Ignatius by the late Dr. Cureton led Bunsen back to the study of the earliest literature of the Christian Church, and the results of these researches were published in his "Ignatius." Lepsius' stay in England and his expedition to Egypt induced Bunsen to put his own materials in order, and to give to the world his long-matured views on "The Place of Egypt in Universal History." The later volumes of this work led him into philological studies of a more general character, and at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, in 1847, he read before the brilliantly attended ethnological section his paper "On the Results of the recent Egyptian Researches in reference to Asiatic and African Ethnology, and the Classification of Languages," published in the "Transactions" of the Association, and separately under the title, "Three Linguistic Dissertations, by Chevalier Bunsen, Dr. Charles Meyer and Dr. Max Müller." "Those three days at Ox

ford," he writes, "were a time of great distinction to me, both in my public and private capacity." Everything important in literature and art attracted not only his notice, but his warmest interest; and no one who wanted encouragement, advice, or help in literary or historical researches, knocked in vain at Bunsen's door. His table at breakfast and dinner was filled by ambassadors and professors, by bishops and missionaries, by dukes and poor scholars, and his evening parties offered a kind of neutral ground, where people could meet who could have met nowhere else, and where English prejudices had no jurisdiction. That Bunsen, holding the position which he held in society, but still more being what he was apart from his social position, should have made his presence felt in England, was not to be wondered at. He would speak out whenever he felt strongly, but he was the last man to meddle or to intrigue. He had no time even if he had had taste for it. But there were men in England who could never forgive him for the Jerusalem bishopric, and who resorted to the usual tactics for making a man unpopular. A cry was soon raised against his supposed influence at court, and doubts were thrown out as to his orthodoxy. Every Liberal bishop that was appointed was said to have been appointed through Bunsen. Dr. Hampden was declared to have been his nominee, — the fact being that Bunsen did not even know of him before he had been made a bishop. As his practical Christianity could not well be questioned, he was accused of holding heretical opinions, because his chronology differed from that of Jewish Rabbis and Bishop Usher. It is extraordinary how little Bunsen himself cared about these attacks, though they caused acute suffering to his family. He was not surprised

that he should be hated by those whose theological opinions he considered unsound, and whose ecclesiastical politics he had openly declared to be fraught with danger to the most sacred interests of the Church. Besides, he was the personal friend of such men as Arnold, Hare, Thirlwall, Maurice, Stanley, and Jowett. He had even a kind word to say for Froude's "Nemesis of Faith." He could sympathize, no doubt, with all that was good and honest, whether among the High Church or Low Church party, and many of his personal friends belonged to the one as well as to the other; but he could also thunder forth with no uncertain sound against everything that seemed to him hypocritical, pharisaical, unchristian. Thus he writes (II. p. 81):—

"I apprehend having given the ill-disposed a pretext for considering me a semi-Pelagian, a contemner of the Sacraments, or denier of the Son, a perverter of the doctrine of justification, and therefore a crypto-Catholic theosophist, heretic, and enthusiast, deserving of all condemnation. I have written it because I felt compelled in conscience to do so."

Again (II. p. 87):—

"In my letter to Mr. Gladstone, I have maintained the lawfulness and the apostolic character of the German Protestant Church. You will find the style changed in this work, bolder and more free."

Attacks, indeed, became frequent, and more and more bitter, but Bunsen seldom took any notice of them. He writes:—

"Hare is full of wrath at an attack made upon me in the 'Christian Remembrancer'—in a very Jesuitical way insinuating that I ought not to have so much influence allowed me. Another article execrates the bishopric of Jerusalem as an abomination. This zeal savors more of hatred than of charity."

But though Bunsen felt far too firmly grounded in

his own Christian faith to be shaken by such attacks upon himself, he too could be roused to wrath and indignation when the poisoned arrows of theological Fijians were shot against his friends. When speaking of the attacks on Arnold, he writes : —

“ Truth is nothing in this generation except a means, in the best case, to something good ; but never, like virtue, considered as good, as the good, — the object in itself. X dreams away in twilight. Y is sliding into Puseyism. Z (the Evangelicals) go on thrashing the old straw. I wish it were otherwise ; but I love England, with all her faults. I write to you, now only to you, all I think. All the errors and blunders which make the Puseyites a stumbling-block to so many, — the rock on which they split is no other than what Rome split upon, self-righteousness, out of want of understanding justification by faith, and hovering about the unholy and blasphemous idea of atoning for our sins, because they feel not, understand not, indeed, believe not, *the Atonement*, and therefore enjoy not the glorious privileges of the children of God, — the blessed duty of the sacrifice of thanksgiving through Him who atoned for them. Therefore no sacrifice, — therefore no Christian priesthood, — no Church. By our fathers these ideas were fundamentally acknowledged ; they were in abeyance in the worship of the Church, but not on the domestic altar and in the hymns of the spirit. With the Puseyites, as with the Romanists, these ideas are cut off at the roots. O when will the Word of God be brought up against them ? What a state this country is in ! The land of liberty rushing into the worst slavery, the veriest thralldom ! ”

To many people it might have seemed as if Bunsen during all this time was too much absorbed in English interests, political, theological, and social, that he had ceased to care for what was passing in his own country. His letters, however, tell a different tale. His voluminous correspondence with the King of Prussia, though not yet published, will one day bear witness to Bunsen's devotion to his country, and his enthusiastic attachment to the house of Hohenzollern. From year to year he was urging on the King and his

advisers the wisdom of liberal concessions, and the absolute necessity of action. He was working at plans for constitutional reforms; he went to Berlin to rouse the King, to shame his ministers, to insist in season and out of season on the duty of acting before it was too late. His faith in the King is most touching. When he goes to Berlin in 1844, he sees everywhere how unpopular the King is, how even his best intentions are misunderstood and misrepresented. Yet he goes on working and hoping, and he sacrifices his own popularity rather than oppose openly the suicidal policy that might have ruined Prussia, if Prussia could have been ruined. Thus he writes in August, 1845:—

“To act as a statesman at the helm, in the Fatherland, I consider not to be in the least my calling: what I believe to be my calling is to be mounted high before the mast, to observe what land, what breakers, what signs of coming storm there may be, and then to announce them to the wise and practical steersman. It is the same to me whether my own nation shall know in my life-time or after my death how faithfully I have taken to heart its weal and woe, be it in Church or State, and borne it on my heart as my nearest interest, as long as life lasted. I give up the point of making myself understood in the present generation. Here (in London) I consider myself to be upon the right spot. I seek to preserve peace and unity, and to remove dissatisfaction, wherever it is possible.”

Nothing, however, was done. Year after year was thrown away, like a Sibylline leaf, and the penalty for the opportunities that had been lost became heavier and heavier. The King, particularly when he was under the influences of Bunsen's good genius, was ready for any sacrifice. “The commotion,” he exclaimed, in 1845, “can only be met and overcome by freedom, absolute freedom.” But when Bunsen wanted measures, not words, the King himself seemed

powerless. Surrounded as he was by men of the most opposite characters and interests, and quite capable of gauging them all,—for his intellect was of no common stamp,—he could agree with all of them to a certain point, but could never bring himself to go the whole length with any one of them. Bunsen writes from Berlin: “My stay will certainly not be a long one; the King’s heart is like that of a brother toward me, but our ways diverge. The die is cast, and he reads in my countenance that I deplore the throw. He too fulfills his fate, and we with him.”

When, at last, in 1847, a Constitution was granted by the King, it was too late. Sir Robert Peel seems to have been hopeful, and in a letter of twenty-two pages to Bunsen he expressed an opinion that the Prussian government might still be able to maintain the Constitution if only sincere in desiring its due development, and prepared in mind for that development. To the King, however, and to the party at court, the Constitution, if not actually hateful, was a mere plaything, and the idea of surrendering one particle of his independence never entered the King’s mind. Besides, 1848 was at the door, and Bunsen certainly saw the coming storm from a distance, though he could not succeed in opening the eyes of those who stood at the helm in Prussia. Shortly before the hurricane broke loose, Bunsen had once more determined to throw up his official position, and retire to Bonn. But with 1848 all these hopes and plans were scattered to the winds. Bunsen’s life became more restless than ever, and his body was gradually giving way under the constant tension of his mind. “I feel,” he writes in 1848 to Archdeacon Hare, “that I have entered into a new period of life.

I have given up all private concerns, all studies and researches of my own, and live entirely for the present political emergencies of my country, to stand or to fall by and with it."

With his love for England he deeply felt the want of sympathy on the part of England for Prussia in her struggle to unite and regenerate the whole of Germany. "It is quite entertaining," he writes, with a touch of irony very unusual in his letters, "to see the stiff unbelief of the English in the future of Germany. Lord John is merely uninformed. Peel has somewhat staggered the mind of the excellent Prince by his unbelief; yet he has a statesmanlike good-will towards the *Germanic* nations, and even for the *German* nation. Aberdeen is the greatest sinner. He believes in God and the Emperor Nicholas!" The Schleswig-Holstein question embittered his feelings still more; and in absence of all determined convictions at Berlin, the want of moral courage and political faith among those in whose hands the destinies of Germany had been placed, roused him to wrath and fury, though he could never be driven to despair of the future of Prussia. For a time, indeed, he seemed to hesitate between Frankfort, then the seat of the German Parliament, and Berlin; and he would have accepted the Premiership at Frankfort if his friend Baron Stockmar had accepted the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But very soon he perceived that, however paralyzed for the moment, Prussia was the only possible centre of life for a regeneration of Germany; that Prussia could not be merged in Germany, but that Germany had to be resuscitated and reinvigorated through Prussia. His patriotic nominalism, if we may so call his youthful

dreams of a united Germany, had to yield to the force of that political realism which sacrifices names to things, poetry to prose, the ideal to the possible. What made his decision easier than it would otherwise have been to a heart so full of enthusiasm was his personal attachment to the King and to the Prince of Prussia. For a time, indeed, though for a short time only, Bunsen, after his interview with the King in January, 1849, believed that his hopes might still be realized, and he seems actually to have had the King's promise that he would accept the crown of a United Germany, without Austria. But as soon as Bunsen had left Berlin, new influences began to work on the King's brain; and when Bunsen returned, full of hope, he was told by the King himself that he had never repented in such a degree of any step as that which Bunsen had advised him to take; that the course entered upon was a wrong to Austria; that he would have nothing to do with such an abominable line of politics, but would leave that to the Ministry at Frankfort. Whenever the personal question should be addressed to him, then would he reply as one of the Hohenzollern, and thus live and die as an honest man. Bunsen, though mourning over the disappointed hopes that had once centred in Frederick William IV., and freely expressing the divergence of opinion that separated him from his sovereign, remained throughout a faithful servant and a loyal friend. His buoyant spirit, confident that nothing could ruin Prussia, was looking forward to the future, undismayed by the unbroken succession of blunders and failures of Prussian statesmen, — nay, enjoying with a prophetic fervor, at the time of the deepest degradation of Prussia at Olmütz, the final

and inevitable triumph of that cause which counted among its heroes and martyrs such names as Stein, Gneisenau, Niebuhr, Arndt, and, we may now add, Bunsen.

After the reaction of 1849 Bunsen's political influence ceased altogether, and as Minister in England he had almost always to carry out instructions of which he disapproved. More and more he longed for rest and freedom, for "leisure for reflection on the Divine which subsists in things human, and for writing, if God enables me to do so. I live as one lamed; the pinions that might have furthered my progress are bound,—yet not broken." Yet he would not give up his place as long as his enemies at Berlin did all they could to oust him. He would not be beaten by them, nor did he altogether despair of better days. His opinion of the Prince of Prussia (the present King) had been raised very high since he had come to know him more intimately, and he expected much in the hour of need from his soldier-like decision and sense of honor. The negotiations about the Schleswig-Holstein question soon roused again all his German sympathies, and he exerted himself to the utmost to defend the just cause of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, which had been so shamefully misrepresented by unscrupulous partisans. The history of these negotiations cannot yet be written, but it will some day surprise the student of history when he finds out in what way public opinion in England was dosed and stupefied on that simple question. He found himself isolated and opposed by nearly all his English friends. One statesman only, but the greatest of English statesmen, saw clearly where the right and where the wrong was, but even he could only dare to be silent. On the 31st of July, 1850, Bunsen writes:—

“Palmerston had yielded, when in a scrape, first to Russia, then to France; the prize has been the protocol; the victim, Germany. They shall never have my signature to such a piece of iniquity and folly.”

However, on the 8th of May, 1852, Bunsen had to sign that very piece of iniquity. It was done, machine like, at the King's command; yet, if Bunsen had followed his own better judgment, he would not have signed, but sent in his resignation. “The first cannon-shot in Europe,” he used to say, “will tear this Pragmatic Sanction to tatters;” and so it was; but alas! he did not live to see the Nemesis of that iniquity. One thing, however, is certain, that the humiliation inflicted on Prussia by that protocol was never forgotten by one brave soldier, who, though not allowed at that time to draw his royal sword, has ever since been working at the reform of Prussia's army, till on the field of Sadowa the disgrace of the London protocol and the disgrace of Olmütz were wiped out together, and German questions can no longer be settled by the Great Powers of Europe, “with or without the consent of Prussia.”

Bunsen remained in England two years longer, full of literary work, delighted by the success of Prince Albert's Great Exhibition, entering heartily into all that interested and agitated English society, but nevertheless carrying in his breast a heavy heart. Prussia and Germany were not what he wished them to be. At last the complications that led to the Crimean War held out to his mind a last prospect of rescuing Prussia from her Russian thralldom. If Prussia could have been brought over to join England and France, the unity of Northern Germany might have been her reward, as the unity of Italy was the reward of Cavour's alliance with the Western Powers. Bunsen used all his influ-

ence to bring this about, but he used it in vain, and in April, 1854, he succumbed, and his resignation was accepted.

Now, at last, Bunsen was free. He writes to a son : —

“ You know how I struggled, almost desperately, to retire from public employment in 1850. Now the cord is broken, and the bird is free. The Lord be praised ! ”

But sixty-two years of his life were gone. The foundations of literary work which he had laid as a young man were difficult to recover ; and if anything was to be finished, it had to be finished in haste. Bunsen retired to Heidelberg, hoping there to realize the ideal of his life, and realizing it, too, in a certain degree, — *i. e.* as long as he was able to forget his sixty-two years, his shaken health, and his blasted hopes. His new edition of “ Hippolytus,” under the title of “ Christianity and Mankind,” had been finished in seven volumes before he left England. At Heidelberg his principal work was the new translation of the Bible, and his “ Life of Christ,” an enormous undertaking, enough to fill a man’s life, yet with Bunsen by no means the only work to which he devoted his remaining powers. Egyptian studies continued to interest him while superintending the English translation of his “ Egypt.” His anger at the machinations of the Jesuits in Church and State would rouse him suddenly to address the German nation in his “ Signs of the Times.” And the prayer of his early youth, “ to be allowed to recognize and trace the firm path of God through the stream of ages,” was fulfilled in his last work, “ God in History.” There were many blessings in his life at Heidelberg, and no one could have

acknowledged them more gratefully than Bunsen. "Yet," he writes, —

"I miss John Bull, the sea, "The Times" in the morning, and, besides, some dozens of fellow-creatures. The learned class has greatly sunk in Germany, more than I supposed; all behindhand. . . . Nothing appears of any importance; the most wretched trifles are cried up."

Though he had bid adieu to politics, yet he could not keep entirely aloof. The Prince of Prussia and the noble Princess of Prussia consulted him frequently, and even from Berlin baits were held out from time to time to catch the escaped eagle. Indeed, once again was Bunsen enticed by the voice of the charmer, and a pressing invitation of the King brought him to Berlin to preside at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in September, 1857. His hopes revived once more, and his plans of a liberal policy in Church and State were once more pressed on the King, — in vain, as every one knew beforehand, except Bunsen alone, with his loving, trusting heart. However, Bunsen's hopes, too, were soon to be destroyed, and he parted from the King, the broken idol of all his youthful dreams, — not in anger, but in love, "as I wish and pray to depart from this earth, as on the calm, still evening of a long, beautiful summer's day." This was written on the 1st of October; on the 3d the King's mind gave way, though his bodily suffering lasted longer than that of Bunsen. Little more is to be said of the last years of Bunsen's life. The difficulty of breathing, from which he suffered, became often very distressing, and he was obliged to seek relief by travel in Switzerland, or by spending the winter at Cannes. He recovered from time to time, so as to be able to work hard at the "Biblework," and even to make short excursions to

Paris or Berlin. In the last year of his life he executed the plan that had passed before his mind as the fairest dream of his youth: he took a house at Bonn, and he was not without hope that he might still, like Niebuhr, lecture in the university, and give to the young men the fruits of his studies and the advice founded on the experience of his life. This, however, was not to be, and all who watched him with loving eyes knew but too well that it could not be. The last chapter of his life is painful beyond expression as a chronicle of his bodily sufferings, but it is cheerful also beyond expression as the record of a triumph over death in hope, in faith, — nay, one might almost say, in sight, — such as has seldom been witnessed by human eyes. He died on the 28th of November, 1860, and was buried on the 1st of December in the same churchyard at Bonn where rests the body of his friend and teacher, Niebuhr.

Thoughts crowd in thick upon us when we gaze at that monument, and feel again the presence of that spirit as we so often felt it in the hours of sweet counsel. When we think of the literary works in which, later in life and almost in the presence of death, he hurriedly gathered up the results of his studies and meditations, we feel, as he felt himself when only twenty-two years of age, that “learning annihilates itself, and the most perfect is the first submerged, for the next age scales with ease the height which cost the preceding the full vigor of life.” It has been so, and always will be so. Bunsen’s work, particularly in Egyptian philology and in the philosophy of language, was to a great extent the work of a pioneer, and it will be easy for others to advance on the roads which he has opened, and to approach nearer to the goal which

he has pointed out. Some of his works, however, will hold their place in the history of scholarship, and particularly of theological scholarship. The question of the genuineness of the original Epistles of Ignatius can hardly be opened again after Bunsen's treatise; and his discovery that the book on "All the Heresies," ascribed to Origen, could not be the work of that writer, and that most probably it was the work of Hippolytus, will always mark an epoch in the study of early Christian literature. Either of those works would have been enough to make the reputation of a German professor, or to found the fortune of an English bishop. Let it be remembered that they were the outcome of the leisure hours of a hard-worked Prussian diplomatist, who, during the London season, could get up at five in the morning, light his own fire, and thus secure four hours of undisturbed work before breakfast.

Another reason why some of Bunsen's works will prove more mortal than others is their comprehensive character. Bunsen never worked for work's sake, but always for some higher purpose. Special researches with him were a means, a ladder to be thrown away as soon as he had reached his point. The thought of exhibiting his ladders never entered his mind. Occasionally, however, Bunsen would take a jump, and being bent on general results, he would sometimes neglect the objections that were urged against him. It has been easy, even during his life-time, to point out weak points in his arguments, and scholars who have spent the whole of their lives on one Greek classic have found no difficulty in showing to the world that they know more of that particular author than Bunsen. But even those who fully appreciate the real impor-

tance of Bunsen's labors — labors that were more like a shower of rain fertilizing large acres than like the artificial irrigation which supports one greenhouse plant — will be first to mourn over the precious time that was lost to the world by Bunsen's official avocations. If he could do what he did in his few hours of rest, what would he have achieved if he had carried out the original plan of his life ! It is almost incredible that a man with his clear perception of his calling in life, so fully expressed in his earliest letters, should have allowed himself to be drawn away by the siren voice of diplomatic life. His success, no doubt, was great at first, and the kindness shown him by men like Niebuhr, the King, and the Crown Prince of Prussia was enough to turn a head that sat on the strongest shoulders. It should be remembered, too, that in Germany the diplomatic service has always had far greater charms than in England, and that the higher members of that service enjoy often the same political influence as members of the Cabinet. If we read of the brilliant reception accorded to the young diplomatist during his first stay at Berlin, the favors showered upon him by the old King, the friendship offered him by the Crown Prince, his future King, the hopes of usefulness in his own heart, and the encouragement given him by all his friends, we shall be less surprised at his preferring, in the days of his youth, the brilliant career of a diplomatist to the obscure lot of a professor. And yet what would Bunsen have given later in life if he had remained true to his first love ! Again and again his better self bursts forth in complaints about a wasted life, and again and again he is carried along against his will. During his first stay in England he writes (November 18, 1838) : —

"I care no more about my external position than about the mountains in the moon; I know God's will will be done, in spite of them all, and to my greatest benefit. What that is He alone knows. Only one thing I think I see clearly. My whole life is without sense and lasting use, if I squander it in affairs of the day, brilliant and important as they may be."

The longer he remained in that enchanted garden, the more difficult it became to find a way out, even after he had discovered by sad experience how little he was fitted for court life or even for public life in Prussia. When he first appeared at the court of Berlin, he carried everything by storm; but that very triumph was never forgiven him, and his enemies were bent on "showing this young doctor his proper place." Bunsen had no idea how he was envied, for the lesson that success breeds envy is one that men of real modesty seldom learn until it is too late. And he was hated not only by chamberlains, but, as he discovered with deepest grief, even by those whom he considered his truest friends, who had been working in secret conclave to undermine his influence with his royal friend and master. Whenever he returned to Berlin, later in life, he could not breathe freely in the vitiated air of the court, and the wings of his soul hung down lamed, if not broken. Bunsen was not a courtier. Away from Berlin, among the ruins of Rome, and in the fresh air of English life, he could speak to kings and princes as few men have spoken to them, and pour out his inmost convictions before those whom he revered and loved. But at Berlin, though he might have learnt to bow and to smile and to use Byzantine phraseology, his voice faltered and was drowned by noisy declaimers; the diamond was buried in a heap of beads, and his rays could not shine forth where there was no heavenly sunlight to call them out.

King Frederick William IV. was no ordinary King: that one can see even from the scanty extracts from his letters given in "Bunsen's Memoirs." Nor was his love of Bunsen a mere passing whim. He loved the man, and those who knew the refreshing and satisfying influence of Bunsen's society will easily understand what the King meant when he said, "I am hungry and thirsty for Bunsen." But what constitution can resist the daily doses of hyperbolical flattery that are poured into the ears of royalty, and how can we wonder that at last a modest expression of genuine respect does sound like rudeness to royal ears, and to speak the truth becomes synonymous with insolence? In the trickeries and mimicries of court life Bunsen was no adept, and nothing was easier than to outbid him in the price that is paid for royal favors. But if much has thus been lost of a life far too precious to be squandered among royal servants and messengers, this prophet among the Sauls has taught the world some lessons which he could not have taught in the lecture-room of a German university. People who would scarcely have listened to the arguments of a German professor sat humbly at the feet of an ambassador and of a man of the world. That a professor should be learned, and that a bishop should be orthodox, was a matter of course; but that an ambassador should hold forth on hieroglyphics and the antiquity of man rather than on the *chronique scandaleuse* of Paris; that a Prussian statesman should spend his mornings on the Ignatian Epistles rather than in writing gossiping letters to ladies in waiting at Berlin and Potsdam; that this learned man "who ought to know," should profess the simple faith of a child and the boldest freedom of a philosopher, was enough to startle society, both high:

and low. How Bunsen inspired those who knew him with confidence, how he was consulted, and how he was loved, may be seen from some of the letters addressed to him, though few only of such letters have been published in his "Memoirs." That his influence was great in England we know from the concurrent testimony both of his enemies and his friends, and the seed that he has sown in the minds and hearts of men have borne fruit, and will still bear richer fruit, both in England and in Germany. Nor should it be forgotten how excellent a use he made of his personal influence in helping young men who wanted advice and encouragement. His sympathy, his condescension, his faith when brought in contact with men of promise, were extraordinary: they were not shaken, though they have been abused more than once. In all who loved Bunsen his spirit will live on, imperceptibly, it may be, to themselves, imperceptibly to the world, but not the less really. It is not the chief duty of friends to honor the departed by idle grief, but to remember their designs, and to carry out their mandates. (Tac. Ann II. 71.)

1868.



**LETTERS**

**FROM BUNSEN TO MAX MÜLLER**

**IN THE YEARS 1848 TO 1850**



# LETTERS

## FROM BUNSEN TO MAX MÜLLER

IN THE YEARS 1848-1859.

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AFTER hesitating for a long time, and after consulting both those who had a right to be consulted, and those whose independent judgment I could trust, I have at last decided on publishing the following letters of Baron Bunsen, as an appendix to my article on the Memoirs of his Life. They will, I believe, show to the world one side of his character which in the Memoirs could appear but incidentally,—his ardent love of the higher studies from which his official duties were constantly tearing him away, and his kindness, his sympathy, his condescension in his intercourse with younger scholars who were pursuing different branches of that work to which he himself would gladly have dedicated the whole energy of his mind. Bunsen was by nature a scholar, though not exactly what in England is meant by a German scholar. Scholarship with him was always a means, never in itself an object; and the study of the languages, the laws, the philosophies and religions of antiquity, was in his eyes but a necessary preparation before approaching the problem of all problems, Is there a Providence in the world, or is there not? “To trace the firm path of God through the stream of ages,” this was the dream of his youth, and the toil of his old age; and during all his life, whether he was studying the laws of Rome or the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt, the hymns of the Veda or the Psalms of the Old Testament, he was always collecting materials for that great temple which in his mind towered high above all other temples, the temple of God in history. He was an architect, but he wanted builders; his plans were settled, but there was no time to carry them out. He therefore naturally looked out for younger men who were to take some share of his work. He encouraged them, he helped them, he left them no rest till the work which he wanted was done; and he thus exercised the most salutary influence on a

number of young scholars, both in Rome, in London, and in Heidelberg.

When I first came to know Bunsen, he was fifty-six, I twenty-four years of age; he was Prussian ambassador, I was nobody. But from the very beginning of our intercourse, he was to me like a friend and fellow-student; and when standing by his side at the desk in his library, I never saw the ambassador, but only the hard-working scholar, ready to guide, willing to follow, but always pressing forward to a definite goal. He would patiently listen to every objection, and enter readily into the most complicated questions of minute critical scholarship; but he always wanted to see daylight; he could not bear mere groping for groping's sake. When he suspected any scholar of shallowness, pettiness, or professorial conceit, he would sometimes burst forth into rage, and use language the severity of which he was himself the first to regret. But he would never presume on his age, his position, or his authority. In that respect few men remained so young, remained so entirely themselves through life as Bunsen. It is one of the saddest experiences in life to see men lose themselves when they become ministers or judges or bishops or professors. Bunsen never became ambassador, he always remained Bunsen. It has been my good fortune in life to have known many men whom the world calls great, — philosophers, statesmen, scholars, artists, poets; but take it all in all, take the full humanity of the man, I have never seen, and I shall never see his like again.

The rule followed in editing these letters has been a very simple one. I have given them as they were, even though I felt that many could be of interest to scholars only or to Bunsen's personal friends; but I have left out whatever could be supposed to wound the feelings of any one. Unless this rule is most carefully observed, the publication of letters after the death of their writers seems to me simply dishonorable. When Bunsen speaks of public measures and public men, of parties in Church and State, whether in England or in Germany, there was no necessity for suppressing his remarks, for he had spoken his mind as freely on them elsewhere as in these letters. But any personal reflections written on the spur of the moment, in confidence or in jest, have been struck out, however strong the temptation sometimes of leaving them. Many expressions, too, of his kind feelings towards me have been omitted. If some have been left, I hope I may be forgiven for a pride not altogether illegitimate.

LETTERS.<sup>1</sup>

[1.]

LONDON, *Thursday, December 7, 1848,*  
9 o'clock.

MY DEAR M., — I have this moment received your affectionate note of yesterday, and feel as if I must respond to it directly, as one would respond to a friend's shake of the hand. The information was quite new to me, and the success wholly unexpected. You have given a home to a friend who was homeless in the world; may you also have inspired him with that energy and stability, the want of which so evidently depresses him. The idea about Pauli is excellent, but he must decide quickly and send me word, that I may gain over William Hamilton, and his son (the President). The place is much sought after; Pauli would certainly be the man for it. He would not become a *Philister* here, as most do.

And now, my very dear M., I congratulate you on the courageous frame of mind which this event causes you to evince. It is exactly that which, as a friend, I wish for you for the whole of life, and which I perceived and loved in you from the very first moment. It delights me especially at this time, when *your* contemporaries are even more dark and confused than *mine* are sluggish and old-fashioned. The reality of life, as we enter the period of full manhood, destroys the first dream of youth; but with moral earnestness, and genuine faith in eternal providence, and in the sacredness of human destiny in that government of the world which exists for all human souls that honestly seek after good, — with these feelings, the dream of youth is more than realized.

You have undertaken a great work, and have been rescued from the whirlpool and landed on this peaceful island that you might carry it on undisturbed, which you could not have done in the Fatherland. This is the first consideration; but not less highly do I rate the circumstances which have kept you here,

<sup>1</sup> Translated by G. A. M.

and have given you an opportunity of seeing English life in its real strength, with the consistency and stability, and with all the energy and simplicity, that are its distinguishing features. I have known what it is to receive this complement of German life in the years of my training and apprenticeship. When rightly estimated, this knowledge and love of the English element only strengthens the love of the German Fatherland, the home of genius and poetry.

I will only add that I am longing to see you amongst us: you must come to us before long. Meanwhile think of me with as much affection as I shall always think of you. Lepsius has sent me his splendid work "On the Foundations of Egyptian Chronology," with astounding investigations.

As to Germany, my greatest hopes are based on this, — that the King and Henry von Gagern have met and become real friends.

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[2.]

*Sunday Morning, February 18, 1849.*

MY DEAR M., — Having returned home last night, I should like to see you quietly to-day, before the turmoil begins again to-morrow. Can you and Mr. Trithen come to me to-day at five o'clock? I will ask Elze to dinner, but I should first like to read to you two my treatise "On the Classification of Languages," which is entirely rewritten, and has become my fifth book *in nuce*.

I will at once tell you that I am convinced that the Lycians were the *true* Pelasgians, and I shall not give you any rest till you have discovered the Pelasgic language from the monuments existing here. It is a sure discovery. It must be an older form of Greek, much as the Oscan or the Carmen Saliare were of Latin, or even perhaps more so.

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[3.]

*TOTTERIDGE PARK, Monday Morning,  
February 19, 1849.*

I landed yesterday, and took refuge here till this afternoon; and my first employment is to thank you for your affectionate and faithful letter, and to tell you that I am not only to be here as hitherto, but that, with the permission of the King, I am to fill the post of confidential accredited minister of the *Reichsverweser*, formerly held by Baron Andrian. During my stay here, be it long or short, it will always be a pleasure and refreshment

to me to see you as often as you can come to us. You know our way of living, which will remain the same, except now and then, when Palmerston may fix his conferences for a Sunday.

Pertz is quite ready to agree to the proposal of a regular completion of the Chambers collection: the best thing would be for you to offer to make the catalogue. He is waiting your proposal. The dark clouds of civil war are lowering over our dear and mighty Fatherland. Prussia will go on its own way quietly as a mediating power.

[4.]

CARLTON TERRACE, April 22, 1849.

Yesterday evening, and night, and this morning early, I have been reading Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," and am so moved by it that I must write you a few lines. I cannot describe the power of attraction exercised upon me by this deeply searching, noble spirit: I feel the tragic nature of his position, and long have I foreseen that such tragical combinations await the souls of men in this island-world. Arnold and Carlyle, each in his own way, had seen this long before me. In the general world, no one can understand such a state of mind, except so far as to be enabled to misconstrue it.

In the shortcoming of the English mind in judging of this book, its great alienation from the philosophy of Art is revealed. This book is not comprehended as a work of Art, claiming as such due proportions and relative significance of parts; otherwise many individuals would at least have been moved to a more sparing judgment upon it, and in the first place they would take in the import of the title.

This book shows the fatal result of the renunciation of the Church system of belief. The subject of the tale simply experiences moral annihilation; but the object of his affection, whose mind he had been the means of unsettling in her faith, burst through the boundaries which humanity has placed, and the moral order of the world imposes: they perish both, — each at odds with self, with God, and with human society: only for him there yet remains room for further development. Then the curtain falls, — that is right, according to artistic rule of composition; true and necessary according to the views of those who hold the faith of the Church of England; and from a theological point of view, no other solution could be expected from the book than that which it has given.

But here the author has disclosed the inward disease, the fearful hollowness, the spiritual death, of the nation's philosophical and theological forms, with resistless eloquence; and like the Jews of old, they will exclaim, "That man is a criminal stone him!"

I wish you could let him know how deeply I feel for him, without ever having seen him; and how I desire to admonish him to accept and endure this fatality, as, in the nature of things, he must surely have anticipated it; and as he has pointed out and defended the freedom of the spirit, so must he now (and I believe he will) show in himself, and make manifest to the world, the courage, active in deed, cheerful in power, of that free spirit.

It is presumptuous to intrude into the fate and mystery of life in the case of any man, and more especially of a man so remarkable; but the consciousness of community of spirits, of knowing, and endeavoring after what is morally good, and true, and perfect, and of the yearning after every real disciple of the inner religion of Christians, impels me to suggest to you to tell him from me, that I believe the spasm of his spiritual efforts would sooner be calmed, and the solution of the great problem would sooner be found, if he were to live for a time among us; I mean, if he resided for a time in one of the German universities. We Germans have been for seventy years working as thinkers, inquirers, poets, seers, also as men of action, to pull down the old and to erect the new Zion; each great man with us has contributed his materials towards the sanctuary, invisible, but firmly fixed in German hearts; the whole nation has neglected and sacrificed political, individual existence and common freedom — to pursue in faith the search after truth. From us something may be learnt, by every spirit of this age. He will experience how truly the divine Plato spoke, when he said, "Seven years of silent inquiry were needful for a man to learn the truth, but fourteen in order to learn how to make it known to his fellow-men."

Froude must know Schleiermacher's "Discourses on Religion," and perhaps also his "Dogmatics." In this series of developments this is perhaps, as far as the form is concerned, the most satisfactory work which immediately concerns religion and its reconciliation with philosophy on the basis of more liberal Christian investigation. But at all events we have not striven and suffered in vain: our philosophy, research, and poetry show

this. But men, not books, are needed by such a mind, in order to become conscious of the truth, which (to quote Spinoza) "remoto errore nuda remanet." He has still much to learn, and he should learn it as a man from man. I should like to propose to him first to go to Bonn. He would there find that most deeply thoughtful and most original of speculative minds among our living theologians, the Hamann of this century, my dear friend R. Rothe; also a noble philosopher and teacher of ethics, Brandis; an honest master of exegesis, Bleek; and young minds would soon attach themselves to him. In Halle he would find Erdmann, almost the only distinguished speculative follower of Hegel, and Tholuck, who has advanced much farther in the philosophical treatment of Christianity than is generally thought. I will gladly give him introductions to all of these. They would all willingly admit him into their world of thought, and enter with sympathy into his. It would be sure to suit him. . . . The free atmosphere of thought would do him good, as formerly the atmosphere of free England was good for Germans still struggling for political liberty. He certainly needs physical change and invigorating. For this the lovely Rhine is decidedly to be recommended. With £100 he could live there as a prince. Why go off to Van Dicmen's Land? I should always be glad to be of the least service to him, still more to make his personal acquaintance. And now, my dear M., you can, if you wish, read out to him what I have written, but do not give the letter out of your own hands.

[5.]

9 CARLTON TERRACE, *Monday,*  
*May 22, 1849.*

I thank you for two letters. I cannot tell how the first delighted and rejoiced me. The state of things in England is really as you describe it. As to what concerns the second, you will by this time know that I have seen Froude twice. With M., too, personal acquaintance has been made, and the point as to money is touched on. I must see him again alone before I give my opinion. At all events, he is a man of genius, and Germany (especially Bonn) the country for him.

I can well imagine the terrible scenes your dear mother has witnessed in Dresden. However, I believe we have, in the very midst of the storm, reached the harbor. Even in Frankfort every one believes in the complete success of Prussia's negotiations with the four Courts. We shall have the whole constitu-

tion of the empire, and now with all necessary improvements. As to matters of form, they must be arranged as between equals. Gagern and his friends are ready for this. The constitution is to be declared at Berlin on the 25th. The disturbances will then be quieted as by magic. George is *aux anges* over this unexpected turn of affairs. At all events I hope soon to see you.

[6.]

LONDON, *Wednesday, July 14, 1849.*

“Hurrah for Müller!” — so writes George, and as an answer I send you his note from Frankfort. Hekscher’s proposal is quite reasonable. I have since then broken off all negotiations with the Danes. You will soon read the documents in the newspapers.

If the proposal of the parliamentary committee on the directory of the Bund passes, which admits of little doubt, the question of to be or not to be must be immediately decided.

I do not intend going to Frankfort for this, so pray come here; I am alone here with Charles.

[7.]

9 CARLTON TERRACE, *Friday Morning.*<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR M., — I did not thank you immediately for your delightful and instructive letter, because there were many points on which I wished to write fully. The last decisive crisis of the German-European business has at length arrived, and I have had the opportunity of doing my duty in the matter. But I have been doing nothing else since last Saturday, nothing Chinese even. I recommend the inclosed to you. The young man is a good and highly informed German bookseller. He has of course written just what I did not tell him, and omitted what he ought to have said, “that he had been here for five years with the first booksellers, and before that was trained under his father in Bonn; that he understands English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish.” I have only heard what is good of him. How grateful I feel to you for having begun the Index of Egyptian words at once! We wanted one here for a special purpose, so our trouble has not been thrown away. I now perceive how impossible it is to understand the Egyptian language and history thoroughly without Chinese. In the chronology there is still much to be done.

<sup>1</sup> No date, but about December, 1849.

We have as yet held our own in London and Warsaw as against Vienna. But in the Schleswig-Holstein question we have the whole world, and unfortunately our own peace of July 2d, against us. Radowitz has worked most devotedly and honestly. When shall we see you again?

[8.]

PRUSSIAN LEGATION, *May 15, 1850.*

By return of post thanks and greetings to my dear M. Your proposal as to Schütz is excellent. Let me know if I am to write to Humboldt. I draw a totally different lesson from your news of the loss of the Veda MS. Wait till a good copy arrives, and in the mean time pursue your philological studies in some other direction, and get on with your Introduction. You can work more in one day in Europe than in a week in India, unless you wish to kill yourself, which I could not allow. So come with bag and baggage here, to 9 Carlton Terrace, to one who longs to see you.

F. must have gone mad, or have been far more so politically than I imagined. The "Leader," edited by him and N., is (as Mills says) *red and raw!* and, in addition, badly written. It is a pity for prophets and poets to meddle with realities, instead of devoting themselves to futurity and poetry. George is happy in the intellectual wealth of Paris life, and quite perplexed at the perversehess and follies of the political cliques. He promises to write about the acquaintance of Laménais and George Sand. I am well, but fully use the right of a convalescent, and hardly go anywhere.

Friend Stockmar sends a report from Erfurt, where the Parliament meets on the 26th to receive the oaths of the Directory and the Ministers of the Union. Usedom, Pertz, and Co. are quite mad in their enthusiasm for the Black and White, as I have openly written to them.

[9.]

CARLTON TERRACE, *July 10, 1850.*

Mr. Eastwick, the translator of Bopp's Grammar, tells me that he and Murray wish for an article on this work in the "Quarterly Review" for January, 1851; so it must be sent in in November. Wilson refuses, as he is too busy. I believe you could best write such a review, of about sixteen pages

(£16). If you agree to this, write a line to me or direct to Eastwick, who would then get a letter from Lockhart with the commission for you. God help Schleswig-Holstein!

[10.]

LONDON, October 10, 1850.

You have given me the greatest pleasure, my dear M., by your beautiful present. Already, last night, I read the new "Greek Songs," and others that were new to me, with the greatest delight. We have, at all events, derived one benefit from the great storm, — that the fetters have been taken off the press. It is a very charming edition, and a beautiful memorial.

As to F—, it seems to me *contra rei naturam* to arrange anything with the "Quarterly Review." The channel for such things is now really the "Edinburgh;" in the "Quarterly" everything not English must be run down, at all events in appearance, if it is to be appreciated. And now "Modern German Poetry and F—," and Liberal politics! I cannot understand how F— could think of such a thing. I will willingly take charge of it for the "Edinburgh Review." The editor is my political, theological, personal friend, and sympathizes with me in such things as I consider F—'s beautiful review will be. I have for years wished for such a one; epic-lyric poetry has made much greater advances since Goethe's time than people in Germany (with the one exception of Platen) seem to perceive. It seems to me, though, that one should begin with the flowers of the Romantic school of poetry, with Schenkendorf and Körner, — that is, with the whole romantic German national epoch, which found Goethe already a retired philosopher. The whole development, from that time till now, appears to me as one intimately united whole, even including the present day. Even 1848 to 1850 have furnished their contribution (Arndt's two inspired songs, for instance); and in 1843-44, Geibel shines as a star of the first magnitude. Heine is difficult to treat. In fact, I do not think that F— has read enough of these poets. He spoke to me lately of an historical work that he had in view, and which he wished to talk over with me; he meant to come up to me from the country out has not yet appeared. He is always welcome, for he is decidedly a man of genius, and I would willingly help him.

Now to something different. My Chinese work is tolerably

far advanced. I have arranged the 214 keys alphabetically, and have examined about 100 of them historically — that is, I have separated the oldest (entirely hieroglyphic and ideographic) signs, and as far as possible fixed the relationship of identical or similarly sounding roots. Then I laid aside the work, and first began a complete list of all those pronominal, adverbial, and particle stems, arranged first alphabetically and then according to matter, in which I found the recognizable corpses of the oldest Chinese words. The result repays me even far more than I expected. I hope to have finished both works before Christmas; and at last, too, the alphabetical examination of the 450 words (of which about 150 are hidden in the 214 keys; the 64 others are similarly sounding roots). Naturally all this is only in reference to ancient Chinese, which is at least as different (grammatically) from modern Chinese as Egyptian is from Coptic.

At the same time, I am reading the translation of the three “Kings,” and transliterate some passages. And now I must ask you to examine the inclosed system of transliteration. I have devised it according to my best powers after yours and Lepsius’ system. Secondly, I want you to tell me whether I ought to buy the Leipzig translation of Eichhoff’s “Parallèle des Langues Sanscrites.” My own copy of the French edition has disappeared. Pauli works at an Index of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and words, which I can send you by and by.

“The days and times are hard,” says an old song.

[11.]

TOTTERIDGE PARK, *Tuesday Morning,*  
*October 16, 1850.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — So it seems that I am really not to see you this time. I am truly sorry, and count all the more on your calling on your return, if I am still in England. I should like to have thanked you at once for your affectionate letter for my birthday. But you know, if you altogether trust me, that a lifelong love for you lies deep in my heart.

I had expected more from the great programme of New Oxford. It is not, however, much more unsatisfactory than the article on Plato, the writer of which now avows himself. It is only possible to excuse the milk-and-watery treatment of the subject through the general mental cowardice and ignorance in intellectual matters which is so predominant in this country. I find

a comfort in the hope that this article is the prologue to able exegetical works, combined with a concrete statement of the absurdity, the untruth, and untenableness of the present English conception of inspiration. Do not call me to account too sharply for this hope, or it is likely to evaporate simply in pious wishes. Moral earnestness is the only thing that pleases me in this matter; the important thing now is to prove it, in opposition to invincible prejudices. Your plan of publishing your Introduction after you have talked it over with Lassen and Burnouf, and drawn in fresh breath, and just in January too, pleases me very much. If I may, all in the dark, give you some good advice, try to make yourself clear on two points. First, as to the proper limits of language for the investigation of past and prehistoric times. As yet, no one has known how to handle these gigantic materials; what Jacob Grimm has lately attempted with them is child's play. It is no longer of any use, as a Titan in intention, but confused as to aim, and uncertain in method, — it is no longer of any use to put down dazzling examples which demonstrate nothing, or at most only that something ought to be there to be demonstrated. What you have told me entitles one to the highest hopes; and these will be realized, if you in the French, not the Teutonic manner, arrive at full understanding of what is at present a mere instinctive intuition, and thus arrive at the right method. You can do it. Only I have some anxiety as to the second point, the historical proofs of the beginnings of nations. That is the weak side, first of all etymologists and word-masters, and then especially of all "Indologues," and of the whole Indian past itself. There is an enormous difference between what *can* have been, nay, according to certain abstract theoretic views *must* have been, and what *has* been. That, however, is the distinctive problem for historical investigation. And here, above all, much depends on philological knowledge and sagacity; but still more on that historical tact which understands how inferences should be drawn. This demands much acquaintance with what is real, and with purely historical material; much practice, and, as regards character, much self-denial. In this *judicium subactum* of the historian lies the difference between Niebuhr and O. Müller. To satisfy these demands, it is only necessary, with your gifts and your character, that you should wish to do so earnestly, and perseveringly wish it. Of course you will not separate the inquiry as to the oldest seat of the Sanskrit language from the

surrounding problems. I am perhaps too strongly prejudiced against the idea that the family of which we are speaking must have wandered from the banks of the Upper Indus towards Bactria, and from thence founded Media and Persia. But I have for the present good grounds for this, and views which have long been tested by me. I can well imagine a migration of this family to and fro from the northern to the southern slopes of the Hindu-Kush and back again; in Egypt one sees most plainly how the Semitic, or the family which inclines towards Semitism, migrated frequently from the Mediterranean and the Euphrates to the Red Sea and *back again*. But this alters nothing in the theory, on the one hand, that it is one and the same family historically, and, on the other hand, that it is not originally African, but Asiatic. You will certainly not adopt Niebuhr's autochthonic theory, where such facts lie before you. But enough. Only receive these remarks as a proof of my lively interest in your researches, and in yourself; and may Minerva be your guide. I rejoice in the prize you have gained at the French Academy in Paris, both for you and the Fatherland.

The King *hās* subscribed for twenty copies of your Veda, and you have received 500 thalers of it beforehand. The rest you will receive, according to the agreement then made, and which was communicated to you, as certainly *after* the revolution and constitution as *before*. I *cannot* have said a word with any other meaning. I may have recommended you not to demand future prepayment: there might have been difficulties. Examine, then, the communication made to you, take twenty copies of your first volume in your pocket, or rather in the ship, and hand them in, writing in any case to Humboldt, and beside him to the minister concerned, therefore to the Minister of Public Instruction. As to what concerns the King personally, ask Humboldt what you have to do. The thing itself is as clear and settled a matter of business as anything can well be; on this very account I have completely forgotten the particulars.

And now, God bless you, my dear friend. Greet all friendly minds and souls, and first, "though I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance," your mother; and then Humboldt and Lepsius before any one else.

[12.]

LONDON, November 4, 1850.

I must tell you by return of post that your letter has frightened me by what you tell me respecting your strong impulse to

go to Benares or to Bonn. This is the very worst moment for Bonn, and the very best for your publication of the Introduction to the Vedas. The crisis in our country disturbs everything; it will soon be over, and, as I have good reason to believe, without dishonor or bloodshed. They would do everything to make your stay in Bonn pleasant, as soon as they have recovered breath. Still, you must print that English book in England; and I should add, before you settle across the Channel. Or do you only intend to pay Lassen a visit? You knew that some time ago Lassen longed to see you, more than any other man. It would be a good idea if you settle to make an excursion to Germany. You are one of those who always arrange things best personally. At all events, you must come to us the day after to-morrow, and stay till the 9th. We shall have a house full of visitors that day (evening), but till then be quite alone. On the 7th you will give your presence to George as a birthday gift, a proof of great affection. Of Froude I have heard and seen nothing.

Empson has been here twice, without leaving his address. I have advanced as far in the astronomy and chronology of the Chinese as I can without an astronomer. *They have begun with the beginning of the Chaldeans.* With the language, too, I have reached firm soil and ground, through the 120 words which become particles. More by word of mouth.

The struggle is over. Open conferences will be held at Vienna, where Prussia will represent and securely maintain the principle of free opinion.

The 8,000 Bavarians will return home again. The new constitution of the Bund will include all Austria (except Italy), and will have a diet which has no legislative power in internal German affairs. Will Radowitz stay? Send a line in answer.

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[13.]

LONDON, December 11, 1850.

In spite of the courier, who goes to-day, I must write a few words in answer to your friendly inquiries.

I am more and more convinced that you stake *everything* if you begin the important affair in Bonn without going there yourself; and on the other hand, that the business *cannot* fail if you go there; *lastly*, that you should go there at once, that Lassen and the government may not hit on something else. Once begun, the thing will, I hope, go exactly as you wish. But I

should be *very* sorry if you were to leave Oxford before finishing the printing of the Introduction. That is your farewell to England, your greeting to the professoriate in Germany, both worthy and suited to you.

The Lectures at Oxford appear, by the side of this, as a secondary consideration. I cannot, however, restrain the wish that you should not refuse the thing. It is not expected that a deputy-professor should spend more time than is necessary on the charge committed to him. I should think you could arrange such a course very pleasantly, and feel certain of success, if you only bear in mind Lockhart's advice, to write as for ladies, — "Spartam quam nactus es orna," as Niebuhr always told me, and I have always found it a good maxim. I await the sending in of your article for the "Edinburgh," in order to make all preparations at once. I hope you will be back from Bonn by Christmas Eve, or else wait till after Christmas before you go.

As a friend of many years' standing, you will forgive me if I say that if the journey to Bonn is not financially convenient to you just now, I *depend* upon your thinking of *me*.

[14.]

9 CARLTON TERRACE, *January 2, 1851.*

Most heartily do I wish you success and happiness in the new year. Stanley will have told you of our negotiations as to your beautiful article. He will have laid before you the sketch of a genuine English prologue and epilogue promised by him, and for which I gave him a few ideas. You can then choose between the "Quarterly" and "Edinburgh Review."

Pertz has authorized me to pay you £20 on the 1st of January, as you wished. So send your receipt, that I may at once send you the £20 (in four bank-notes), unless you will fetch them yourself. If you can be here on Monday, you are invited to dinner with Macaulay, Mahon, and General Radowitz, otherwise any other day.

P. S. (Wednesday). No, my dear M., I will not send your article, but take it myself. Let me have it soon.

[15.]

LONDON, *March 13, 1851.*

It is such a delight to be able at last to write to you, to tell you that few events this year have given me such great pleasure as your noble success in Oxford. The English have show

how gladly they will listen to something good and new, if any one will lay it before them in their own halls and in their "gown." Morier has faithfully reported everything, and my whole family sympathize in your triumph, as if it concerned ourselves.

I have heard from Empson that he will let your article appear in the third quarter (1st July). All space for the 1st of April had been promised since December. He will have it printed very early, that we may have time to read it comfortably, and see if it really wants a "head and tail." He seems to think it is *not* wanted. So much the better, I answered him.

George writes diligently, *De Nili fontibus*, and revels in the scientific life of Bonn. He is coming at Easter for four weeks, and intends immediately after Whitsuntide to take his degree *cum honore*.

You have seen that Lachmann was obliged to have his foot amputated, as it was mortifying. The operation was very well performed; but the question is, whether the evil may not still spread. Haupt writes in great anxiety; he hurried off to his friend, to nurse him.

Theodore comes as early as the 7th of April, and goes to the University after Easter.

We have all had something of influenza, but not so that we were obliged to give up our *Tuesday evenings*, which are very well attended, as many as 300 people, who amuse themselves and us well. When are you coming to us?

I have come to the end of the third volume, in working over "Egypt," and have already besides a third of the fourth volume ready for press. By the 1st of May the fourth volume must be sent to Gotha.

[16.]

CARLTON TERRACE, *Tuesday Morning,*  
May 13, 1851, 7 o'clock.

(*Olymp. I. i. i.*) according to new German  
Chronology. See tables for "Egypt."

I must at last take my early morning hour to write to you, instead of writing, or rather preparing, a chapter of my fifth volume. For I find the flood of business which begins with breakfast subsides now only after midnight, and I have many things I must say to you. First, my thanks and good wishes for the sketch of your lectures. You have rightly understood the importance of epic poetry in its historical bearing, and for *the*

*first time* connected it with the earliest times of the epic nations, namely, the primitive period of their community of language.

This has given me indescribable pleasure, and daily roused a longing to see you again very soon, and to read to you some chapters out of my fifth volume, the writing of which has continued to be an excessive delight to me. I have attempted the restoration of the times of the patriarchs, in the full belief in their real existence and in my own method, and have been surprised at the great results. After I had finished this section I felt inspired to add the Introduction to the Preface, written at Easter, "The History and Method of the Philosophy of History," and then, as by a stroke of magic, I found myself again in the lost Paradise of the deepest philosophical and historical convictions of all my life, on the strength of which I consecrated my dim anticipations to definite vows in the holy vigils of 1810-13, and wrote them down in the last weeks of my German life (January, 1816) in Berlin in order to explain myself to Niebuhr. The little book which I then wrote comes back again, after the lapse of quite thirty-five years, into my thoughts. The journey to India has turned out a journey to Egypt, and the journey of life hastens towards its close. But though I, since 1816, never found the means and opportunity to fix my eyes on the first youthful ideal, after I had dedicated my life to investigate, to think, and to live for it; and though all the grand and elevated views had been hidden from me in the narrow valleys of life and of special research, except some blessed moments of intuition, I am now again raised by the flood of Egyptian research, after a quarter of a century, on to the heights of the same Ararat from whence, in the battle of life, I had to descend. I only wished to give an introductory survey of the manner of treating the world's history, and to my astonishment something else appears, to which I yield myself with fear as well as delight, with the old youthful ardor. I believe I owe something of my good fortune this time also to my enemies and enviers. For it is quite true, as the newspaper said, that my removal or recall was demanded from the King, not only by our Camarilla and its tool, the ministry, but by more than "flesh and blood," that high demoniacal power, which would willingly crush Prussia and Germany in its unholy embrace. It has come to an avowed struggle. As yet the King has held fast to me as king and friend. Such attacks always fill me with courageous indignation and indignant courage, and God has graciously filled my heart

with this courage ever since I, on the day of the news of our complete defeat (November 10), determined to finish "Egypt." Never, since I projected the five books on Egypt, when besieged on the Capitol by the Pope and his followers, and abandoned by the ministry at Berlin, from January 6th till Easter Sunday, 1838, — never have I worked with such success. Even the Great Exhibition and the visit of the Prince and Princess of Prussia have not hindered me. Volume IV. was finished on Sunday evening, April 27; and Tuesday morning, the 29th, I wrote at Dover the first chapter of the "Traditions of Prehistoric Times," after Easter Sunday had presented me with the above-mentioned Preface. On the 27th of May all that is entailed by the Prince's visit ceases again on the beach at Dover, and on the 1st June I hope to be able to begin with the "Methodology." I have now arrived at Leibnitz in the historical survey, which is to close with Schelling and Hegel, Goethe and Schiller, and which began with Abraham. Don't be frightened, it will please you.

But now, if Oxford and the gods of the Veda allow it, you should come here. George will, before he returns to Bonn, sail up the waters of the Nile with me; he has written the first sketch of the dissertation, and can get through everything in Bonn in six weeks; I believe he returns at the end of the first week.

Think this over. I do so wish for him to see you before he leaves. Meanwhile I may tell you, *sub rosa*, that on Saturday morning he, with Colonel Fischer and the charming Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, will go to Oxford from Birmingham (12 o'clock), and, in strictest *incognito*, show the Benares of Europe to the future King of Prussia, who is enthusiastic about England. He will write to you beforehand; he is now asleep, resting himself, after running about all day yesterday with the Prince, and staying at a ball till morning.

But enough of the outpourings of my heart. I hasten to business.

First, Empson has sent me the proof-sheets of your article. I mean your article for the "Edinburgh Review." Early this morning I read it through at last, and joyfully and heartily utter my *Maçte virtute*. You have worked up the article since I first read it in MS. far more than I expected; and certainly with good and practical results. Your examples, and particularly your notes, will help and please the English reader very much. The introduction is as excellent (*ad hominem* and yet

dignified) as the end. Many thanks for it. God will bless it. To-night I shall read out the article to my wife, children, and Neukomm, as I long ago promised, and to-morrow I will send it to the printer (with a few corrected misprints), and will write to Empson "what I think about it." So far, so good.

Secondly, I find I cannot with honor shrink from some sort of comparison of my Egyptian forms and roots with the Semitic and Iranian forms and roots. The facts are so enormously great, that it does not in the least matter whether the proof can be *thoroughly* given in all its details. I have therefore in my need thought of Rödiger, and have sent a letter to him, of which I inclose a copy. You will see from it that I hold fast to your friendly promise, to stand by me in the matter of Iran. What I said on the certainty and satisfactory completeness of the tools contained in my English edition, is, I am firmly convinced, not too strong. Still, I do not mean to say that a comparison with rich results might not be instituted between such Coptic roots (I do not admit it of the grammatical *forms*) as have not yet been rediscovered among the hieroglyphics and the ancient Asiatic: some of them may be found again in ancient Egyptian, almost unformed and not yet ground down; but that is mere pedantry in most cases. We have enough in what lies before us in the oldest form in attested documents, to show us the right formula for the equation.

And now for a few words about my family, which is so truly attached to you, and watches your success with real affection. But no, I have something else to say first on the Niebelungen. Your delightful letter awoke a thought which has often crossed my mind, namely, that it does not appear to me that the historical and early national element, which is but thinly veiled under the poetical matter, has ever been sufficiently searched out and distinguished. Grimm hates the historical elements which lie beyond his "Beginnings of Nations," and my late dear friend Lachmann occupied himself with them most unwillingly. When, in 1825, I wrote that little treatise in French for Chateaubriand, which he printed in his "Mélanges," I went over what had been said on this point, as far as it concerned me, and I was surprised to see how little had been done in it. Since that time I have heard of no investigations of the kind. But who can now believe that the mention of Gunther and the Burgundians is the one isolated historical fact in the poem? Is it not evident, for instance, that the myth of the contemporaneousness of Attila and the great

Theodoric of the Ostrogoths has its historical root in the fact that *Theodoric, King of the Visigoths*, fell in the great battle of Châlons, 451, fighting against Attila; but his son Thorismund, to revenge his father's death, defeated the barbarians in a last assault, and gained the victory, on which the Franks pursued the Huns even across the Rhine. From this arose the connection of Attila with *Theodoric, the great King of the Ostrogoths*, who lived forty years later, and was intimately connected with the royal family of the Visigoths, and with the kingdom of the Visigoths, but of course could never have had any dealings with Attila.

If one neglects such intimations, one arrives at last at the Görres and Grimm clairvoyance, where not only everything is everything, but also everything again is nothing. Etzel, though, is not really Attila to Grimm, but the fairy nature of the legend allows of no certain conclusions. But I find that everywhere, where the tools are not wanting, the fermentation and decomposition process of the historical element can be proved; from which organically and by a process exactly analogous to that of the formation of languages in the first ages of the world, the epic legend arises, which the genius of the epic poet lays hold of when the time comes, with a consciousness of an historical destiny; as the tragic poet does in later times.

If you have time, follow up this idea. This is the weak side of your generation and guild. The whole national element has been kept too much in the background in the conceit and high-stiltedness, not to say woodeness, of our critical researches. Instead of saying with the humorists of the eighteenth century, "Since Herman's death nothing new has happened in Germany," one ought to say "since Siegfried's death." The genius of the nation which mourned over Herman's fall and murder was the same that in its sorrow gave shape to the legend of Sigurd. Must not the hearts of our ancestors, whose blood flows in our veins, have felt as we do in like circumstances? The princes and their relatives have betrayed and sold and murdered the true prince of the German people, even to this day. And yet were there now but a Siegfried-Herman! "Exsurget aliquando istis ex ossibus ultor."

I take this opportunity of calling your attention to a pamphlet by Bethman-Hollweg, which has just appeared, "The Ancient Germans before the Migration of Nations." I send it to you to-day, and you must bring it back when you come. Send me word by George when you can and will come.

The Exhibition is, and will continue to be, the poetical and historical event of the period. "Les Anglais ont fait de la poésie sans s'en douter," as that excellent Jourdain said of his prose. Come and see it and us as soon as you can.

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[17.]

Thursday, May 15, 1851, 7 A. M.

George, in the hurry of his journey, begs you, through me, to be so kind as to be at the Oxford station when the Birmingham train arrives, Saturday (the day after to-morrow) at 12 o'clock, and then kindly to help him in showing Oxford to the *princeps juventutis*. They leave again at 8 o'clock in the evening. The party will of course want some rooms in the best hotel, to rest themselves. So it might be well to bespeak some rooms for the travellers as a *piéd à terre*. The party travel under the name of Colonel Fischer or George Bunsen.

I talked over the whole plan of the forms and roots with that good Steinschneider yesterday, and requested him to ask you further about it. He willingly undertook to do the work in the course of the summer. Thus we have certainly got one, perhaps two, for the Semitic work. I have given him a copy of my "Egypt." He seems to be getting *tame*.

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[18.]

LONDON, February 3, 1852.

I have exactly a quarter of an hour before I must make myself grand for the opening of Parliament, and I will spend it in chatting with you.

I will write to Pococke notwithstanding. I cannot help believing that the German method of etymology, as applied to history by Schlegel, Lassen, and Humboldt, and of which I have endeavored to sketch the outline, *is the only safe one*.

You have opened my eyes to the danger of their laying such dry and cheap ravings to our account, unless we, "as Germans," protest against it.

I am rejoiced at your delight with the "Church Poetry." But Pauli never sent you what I intended; I wanted to send you the first edition of my Hymn Book (no longer to be had at the booksellers'), because it has historical and biographical notices about the composers, and contains in the Preface and Introduction the first attempt to render the features of continuity and the epochs more conspicuous. (It is my only copy, so

please for this reason take great care of it.) Also I wish to draw your attention to *two translations* from my collection. First by Miss Cox (daughter of the Bedell in Oxford), c. 1840, small 8vo. Second by Arnold (Rugby), not Dr. Arnold. This last I can send you. It contains *one* translation by the great Arnold, first part. You will observe, among other points, that the most animated hymns of praise and thanksgiving were composed amid the sufferings of the Thirty Years' War. My attention has been directed to Hillebrand's "History of German Literature," three volumes, as the *best* work, and to Vilmar's ditto, one volume, as the *most popular*. I myself only possess Gelzer's thoughtful "Lectures" (from Lessing to Goethe), a book which I prefer to Gervinus, as far as a just appreciation of the national character and sentiment is concerned. (With many extracts.) I rejoice at your cheerful spirit. But now be satisfied, and make more use of the Romance languages. *Tutius ibis*. You have already sufficient materials. We can and will benefit this hospitable land, even without their desiring it; but *cautiously!* You will laugh at this, and forgive me; but I know what I am about. Next Saturday Volume II., ready bound, will lie on my table. The plan of the doctrine of the Trinity, critical and reconstructive, is a bold undertaking: the restoration of the genuine substance of the Apostolical constitutions and canons (in the second half of Volume II.) will probably have at present more success. But Volume III., The Reconstruction and the Reform! "The two text-books of the Early Church, The Church and House-Book and The Law-Book," in biblical phraseology and orthography, chiefly derived from documents never yet made known, is my *pièce de résistance*; the sauce for it, in the Introduction, contains three chapters (The Picture, The Mirror, The Practical Reconstruction) for each section (Baptism, School, Constitution, Worship, Life).

So far I had written everything in English, *tant bien que mal*, without hesitating a moment for thoughts or words. But here the Muse refused, — not a single idea would flow into my pen. After three days I discovered that the spirit *would* and *could* speak German. So I then hastily added the first half of the Introduction; and I hope that the first cast of the whole will be ready this week; and a week later Cottrell will have it for translation, whilst the text-book (about 140 pages) is being printed in slips. I am afraid the English edition will not appear before the end of March; of the second I have already re

ceived Volume II. I think you will approve of the offspring. May Apollo and the Muses enlighten people about Bernays. I might then hope that he would again come here to me in the summer.

George has not yet announced his dissertation as "sent in to the faculty:" till then he is wisely silent. He appears to me to be too much there in the fashion and in society. May the devil carry off all fashionable women!

John calls. God bless you.

*Wednesday.* — *Vivat Müller!* I am just writing my congratulations to Bernays. *Vivat Dean!*

Pauli's book appears in English without his doing anything to it.

You may recommend in Oxford, even to the most refined ladies and most Christian evangelicals, "Spiritual Words" from Goethe, by Lancizolle, 120 pages, 12mo (3s. beautifully bound). That is a German Bible.

You know Wackernagel's "Anthology"? It is useful, but gives too much of second rate. I will make my daughters copy out Arndt's German song for his eighty-third birthday for you. Adieu.

[19.]

*Saturday, March 13, 1852.*

What in all the world is this undertaking to which Vaux asks my aid, the new edition of Herbelot's "Bibliothèque Orientale"? It might be made a good work, although I hate the form, but *everything depends on the management*. It is otherwise a mere bookseller's speculation or Jesuit's trick. I have answered provisionally that in case biblical literature is to be taken up (which is highly necessary), Ewald, Freytag, Bernays, Rödiger, Hengstenberg, and Bernstein should be summoned to help. I don't quite trust the thing; but if it is possible to introduce the people to good ideas, I am ready to aid.

When are you coming? I have sent the last MS. to-day to the press, or rather to the translator. I have only now reached the point on which I can really speak in a practical tone. Volume III. will contain 600 pages.

[20.]

LONDON, *November 13, 1852.*

Though late, I send you my hearty greetings on your return to England. I heard from Wilson that you were well, and that you had left your mother well for the winter.

Hippolytus lies here *ready* for you, on purpose that you may fetch it. I hope you will do so on the 18th, for which you have already received the invitation. You will find Morier also here. Is not that furious and ridiculous article in the "Morning Chronicle" on the second volume (the first article, as yet without a continuation) by the same man (of Jesus College?) on whose article in the "Ecclesiastic" on Hippolytus' book I have thrown some degree of light? The leading thought is exactly the same in both; the account of Calixtus' knavery is interpolated (by Novatianus), says the writer in the "Chronicle." This is a proof that nothing can be said against my argument requiring a serious answer. Gladstone felt ashamed of the review. It has helped the book; but it would be read even without this and the recommendation of the "Guardian" — so Longman says. One circulating library here has taken twenty-five copies, and wants more. So the book cannot be ignored; and that is all I first of all wished for, *aculeum reliqui*. As the people of this country, with a few exceptions that one can count upon one's fingers, do not understand the book, not even the title, and have never had a conception of what it means, to reproduce the spirit of a century of which men as yet, with the exception of Irenæus, Tertullian, Clemens Alexandrinus, and Origen, know only the names and enigmas (of which latter Hippolytus was one), their fault-finding with the composition of the book does not affect me at all. In spite of the timidity of nearly all English theologians, *inter muros academicos et extra*, I have received very many hearty and manly letters from numerous and distinguished people. The King has, on my recommendation, sent Dr. Boetticher to spend two years here and in Paris in order to bring to light the Syriac treasures which have not been laid claim to by Cureton. I see that I have not been mistaken in him in spite of his sporadic many-sidedness. I am free from the 2d of December. There is a letter of mine just printing to Miss Winkworth, "On Niebuhr's Political Character," with extracts from letters.

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[21.]

PRUSSIAN LEGATION, *Tuesday, November 30, 1852.*

General von Scharnhorst, the worthy and highly educated son of his great father, intends going to Oxford the day after to-morrow, Thursday, by the morning express, perhaps to stay over the night. I will give him a line for you, begging you to

set him a little on his way. As to the collections, geographical charts will be the most interesting to him; he himself possesses the largest known collection (40,000).

As soon as this infernal game is played out in Paris, I hope to have a little leisure again. I have written a warning to Bernays; he is very much out of spirits, and still far behind-hand; says he only received the proper appointment (from Gaisford) in February, and without mention of any fixed time. He will write to you, and inclose what is done as a specimen. I am delighted to hear from Lassen that Aufrecht is coming to England. Tell him to call on me. *Cura ut valeas.* Rawlinson has been preferred to Luynes and Wilson by the Berlin Academy.

[22.]

Wednesday, December 15, 1852.

Tell Aufrecht I will try and arrange the affair for him without his paying any duty; and so at all events there will be a reduction. I was excessively pleased with Aufrecht. Your parcels for Pertz will go safely and quickly if they are here on the 1st or 15th of the month.

P. S. Aufrecht must be courageous, and keep in good spirits. Haupt is called to Berlin, which rather surprises me. Read the "Journal des Débats," Sunday, December 12, on Hippolytus. Do you know Laboulaye?

[23.]

PRUSSIAN LEGATION, February 19, 1853.

Please tell me at leisure how Amestris (Herod. ix. 109) is to be explained as the wife of Xerxes? I am convinced that *Esther* is hidden here, which name, according to the testimony of the Book of Esther, was her *Persian* name, as she was first called *Myrtle*, as her Jewish maiden name. Therefore *Am* must mean "queen," "mistress," "lady," or what you may discover. I find that the idea had occurred to one and the other even about 100 years ago; but was given up, partly on account of its "godlessness;" partly on account of the uncertainty whether Ahasuerus was really Xerxes, as Scaliger declared. The Suabian simpletons (for they are so in historical matters) are the only people who now doubt this, and that the book is historical, — a book with a history on which depends the only great Jewish feast established since the days of Moses (till the Purification of the Temple, after the fall of Epiphanes). So, my dear

M., send it to me. There can have been at that same time, in Persia, but one woman so vindictive and clever as Esther is. The first volume of my Prophets (from Abraham to Goethe) is ready, with a popular explanation of the age of the so-called "Great Unknown" (Isaiah) of Daniel, and *all the Psalms*, etc. I write *only German* for this, but only *for the English*, and yet without any reserve.

The most remarkable of the thirteen articles which I have seen on Hippolytus, is by Taylor (a Unitarian in Manchester), in the "Prospective Review" (February). He confesses that I have made the principle of the Trinity, and the national blessing of the Episcopacy and the Liturgy, clear to him. I have never seen him, but he seems to me a deep thinker. I am again in correspondence with Bernays, who promises to work at Lucretius with all diligence. I think he has more leisure, and his health is better.

To-morrow the new African expedition sets sail, — Dr. Vogel, the botanical astronomer, and his army, two volunteers from the sappers and miners. I am fully occupied with this; and but for my curiosity about Esther, you would not have had a line from me before Monday.

[24.]

PRUSSIAN LEGATION, *Monday.*

My best thanks. All hail to the "Great Esther." She was really called Myrtle, for Hadascha is in Hebrew the myrtle — a name analogous to Susannah (the lily). That Esther is *ἀστὴρ* has long been generally admitted, also that Xerxes is Ahasverus. The analogy of Ahasverosh and Kshayarsha has also been proved. Finally, the chronology is equally decisive. The only thing still wanting is *Amestris*. What it is still important to know, is, whether *Ama*, "great," was a common designation of exalted personages, or specially of *queens* (in opposition to the *Pallakai*), or whether the name is to be considered as an adjective to *star*, *magna stella*. The first interpretation would make the Jewish statement more clear. I think decidedly it is the most natural. It is conceivable that Uncle Otanes, like l'once de Madame l'Impératrice, should have taken a distinguished name, just as the Hebrew *myrtle* had been changed into a Persian *star*. But there is not the least hurry about all this.

I rejoice extremely over your extemporary lectures. You are now on the open sea, and "will go on swimmingly." Always

keep the *young men* well in mind, and arrange your lectures entirely for them. I should think that the history of Greek literature (with glances backwards and forwards) after O. Müller's "History of Greek Literature," would be a fine subject. Mure's book gives many an impulse for further thought. In what concerns the Latin inscriptions, you must rely on *Gruter's* "Thesaurus," after him on Morelli; of the more recent, only on Borghese and Sarti, and on the little done by my dear Kellermann. There is nothing more rare than the power of copying accurately.

Be patient with —, if he has an honest mind. I can fancy that such a mind, having been torn, wronged, and bothered, has become very cross-grained. Only patience and love can overcome this.

Overweg has fallen a victim to his noble zeal; he lies buried in the Lake of Tsad. Vogel is happily already on the way to Malta and Tripoli.

[25.]

PRUSSIAN LEGATION, March 21, 1853.

Mrs. Malcolm and Longman are as delighted as I am that Dr. Thomson will have the great kindness to write a preface to the "Theologia Germanica," and to look through the last proof-sheets. Longman has informed me this morning that he makes over *half the net profits* to Mrs. Malcolm, and leaves to her the future arrangements with Dr. Thomson. Mrs. Malcolm wishes for nothing for herself, but will hand over the profits to some religious institution. Will you arrange the matter with Dr. Thomson? Longman wishes to begin on the 15th of May, or even earlier, if everything is ready for press. Of course Dr. Thomson knows the beautiful (though not exhaustive, for it is unfinished) treatment of the history of this school, in the last volume of Neander's "Church History," published after his death; in which that delightful little book by Dr. C. Schmidt, "Johannes Tauler" (Heidelberg, 1841), is made use of. You know that the author has proved that the famous story of the conversion of Tauler by a layman is *real history*. The man was called Nicholas of Basle, and was in secret one of the Waldenses, and was afterwards burnt as such in France. I can lend this little book to your excellent friend, as well as Martensen's "Master Eckhardt" (1842), and the authentic copy of the rediscovered South-German MS. of the "Theologia Germanica"

Master Eckhardt was the deepest thinker of his school. Does Dr. Thomson ever come to London? God bless you.

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[26.]

April 8, 1853.

—'s attempt on "St. Hippolytus" is a new proof that he no longer even understands Greek. The critical conjecture about the spuriousness of the tenth book is worthy of the champion of the false Ignatius as against Cureton. Many thanks for your news about Dr. Thomson, which I have imparted to Mrs. Malcolm.

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[27.]

LONDON, May 12, 1853.

I am going to-day to 77 Marina, St. Leonard's-on-Sea (near Hastings), till the 21st or 23d, and do not see why you cannot pay me a visit there. Our hosts, the Wagners, would be delighted to give you a room, and — the sea a bath.

I take refuge there in order to write a new half-volume for the so-called second edition of Hippolytus. The whole will, however, really be a new work in three separate works and six volumes.

I hear that — has lost his father. In future, when you send such a shy Englishman to me, let me know beforehand that he comes to talk over something with me. I had the greatest wish, and leisure too, to do all he wanted, but discovered only after he was gone that he came to ask me something.

A young friend, Dr. Arnold's son, has translated Wiese's book on schools, and wishes to know whether the translation about which you have written to Wiese, has been or will be really printed; otherwise he will publish his. Or has any other already appeared? I have been turning tables with Brewster. It is purely mechanical, the involuntary motion of the muscles of the hand to right or left, just like the ring on a thread with which one can strike the hour. Every one is mad about it here. *Che razza di gente*

Now comes an urgent private request. Bekker wishes to publish a grand work, through the Clarendon Press, in return for a proper honorarium, — a definitive edition of Homer, with every possible commentary that could be wished. This is a great work, worthy of the University and of Bekker. I should like to learn through you what would be the Dean's opinion who is, I think, favorably inclined to Bekker. It appears to

me to be especially needful to guard against the work appearing as a *rechauffé* of Wolf, a party-work, for which the sanction of the University is desired. The proposal is "To publish a definitive edition of Homer, with Scholia and Commentary, making it as complete and *absolutu n* as is wished." Please take the first good opportunity. I wanted to speak to the excellent man myself when he was in London, but came too late. Hearty greetings to Aufrecht. Bötticher works famously.

[28.]

ST. LEONARD'S, *Saturday, May 22, 1853.*

I think incessantly of you, though I cannot fancy that you are in any danger. I have written to my brotherly friend Philip Pusey to help you, if needful. If you wish for good advice about the different parties, combined with perfect acquaintance with the place and people, go to him. I know few men so able to give good advice. Besides, he is very much attached to you.

The inclosed has just reached me through George. I will write to Bekker according to your advice. That your intercourse with A. has become so delightful and comfortable fulfills a hope I have cherished ever since I first saw him. I think that you have given him, in all respects, a delightful position. The German cannot easily get over the idea that God's providence shows itself far less in the eternal government of the world, and in the care taken of every soul, than in an appointment to the civil service. There are few such places in England for men of genius. But he cannot fail with us in Germany, if he distinguishes himself in England; only he should in time undertake some important and great work.

The Cologne choir sing here from the 7th to the 21st of June. Eighty voices. It will be a great treat. Arrange so as to hear something of it. Carl is Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires at Turin. George tills the ground, but not yet his own; but that will come some day, like the kingdom of heaven. Henry is preparing to collate the "Codex Claromontanus," and has already worked well on the imperfect text. Ernst arranges his garden and house, and has made a bowling-green for me. I am now translating my Hippolytus into historical language, in what I call a second edition. Write soon, as to how 't is arranged about your professorship

[29.]

CARLTON TERRACE, *Derby Day*.

I received your letter here yesterday, from St. Leonard's, and wrote at once to Pusey. I think it will all go right. In your place, I would go at once to Pusey, after announcing myself the previous day.

Tell me why cannot you help that good A. to the £250 for the best treatise on the Sankhya philosophy? I believe he has the right stuff in him for opposing Pantheism, which is what is desired.

Now for a request. I am writing the second of my five works, which have been called into existence by Hippolytus.

Sketches on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind:—

A. On the Philosophy of Language.

B. On the Philosophy of Religion.

A. is a reproduction and improved arrangement of the lecture in Oxford, which now lies buried in the "Transactions." In working over the historical part, I have put aside a chapter, "The Primitive Languages in India;" but find out, just as I intended to make you the *heros eponymus*, that you only dealt in your lecture with Bengali, the Sanskrit affinity of which requires to be demonstrated only to such wrong-headed men as the Buddhists are. Could you not write a little article on this for my book? The original language in India *must* have been Turanian, not Semitic; but we are bound in honor to prove it.

*Monday, May 30.*—My letter has been left unsent. I have just received yours. Let me repeat what I wrote and underlined on the first page. It is a great trial of patience, but be patient, that is, wise. One must never allow the toilsome labor of years of quiet reflection and of utmost exertion for the attainment of one's aim to be destroyed by an unpropitious event. It is most probable, and also the best for you, that the affair should not now be hurried through. Your claims are stronger every quarter, and will certainly become more so in the eyes of the English through good temper and patience under trying circumstances. I don't for a moment doubt that you will be elected. Germany would suit you now as little as it would me; and we both should not suit Germany. *Spartam quam nactus es orna.* your good genius cries to you. So patience, my dear friend, and with a good will.

Bötticher is on the eve of bringing to a successful issue his thesis, "That the trilateral roots have become biliteral, accord

ing to an organic law." He has advanced very much in critical research. I shall write a *reductio ad absurdum* review on the Rev. — —. It is really a book written *in vita Minerva*.

Write soon again to me. With hearty sympathy and true friendship.

Can you do anything for the good man in Naumburg?

[30.]

LONDON, July 1, 1853.

Good morning, my dear M. You were so good as to promise me a *chapter* for my "Sketch of the History of the Philosophy of Language;" namely, the results of the latest investigations concerning the unity and Turanian character of the non-Sanskrit languages of India. The printing of my three volumes goes on so fast that I am already revising the Celtic portion, of which Meyer is the Heros.

If, in your researches on the relationship of the Vedic language with Zend, you have hit on new formulas, please gather these results together into a separate chapter. Only one request, — without any delay, for the printing *presses*. I hope you are satisfied about your future in Oxford. Greet your friend and companion, whom we all liked very much. Again four new men from Dessau among the arrivals! One is a famous actor from Berlin, and has brought a letter from Lepsius. Lucien Bonaparte (brother of Canino) is now writing a book here, "Sur l'Origine des Langues." *No war!*

[31.]

Monday, July 5, 1853.

A word of explanation, with my best thanks. I do not want the Egyptian-Iranian work before September. I am just printing the treatise on the "Origin of Languages" as a part of my philosophical work, and in it I would gladly have something *on you*, and *from you*, on the non-Sanskritic languages. Both chapters can be quite short, only definite. You must help me over these two chapters. I shall soon send you as a reminder the proof-sheets of what goes before, that you may see how I am driven for it. So write away, regardless of consequences. You are by instinct far too cautious for me to feel the least hesitation about saying this.

I am going on rapidly with the printing of my four volumes, and write *con amore* at the eighth (Hippolytus I.) The court goes on the 12th for a week to Dublin. All right. No war only uplifted fists!

[32.]

LONDON, *Friday Evening, July 9, 1853.*

Here follow the sheets, which I have just looked through, and where I wish to have two short chapters interpolated. We have one page for each, as the last leaf remains blank. Besides this, there is room for many additions to the other chapters, which I commend to your critical and sympathizing attention. Your Breslau friend has never called on me. He may have been at the office whilst I was out. He would be welcome. Your opinion about Sidney Pusey has set me at ease. Go soon to Pusey's, to see the old man himself.

[33.]

LONDON, *Tuesday Morning, July 13, 1853.*

"What one desired in youth one obtains in old age." I felt this as I read your chapter yesterday evening. It is exactly what I first wished to know myself, in order to tell it to my readers. You have done it after my own heart,—only a little too briefly, for a concluding sentence on the connection of the language of the Achæmenian Inscriptions with Zend is wanting. Pray write for me at once just such a Turanian chapter. I have introduced that chapter this morning as coming from you, and have placed your name in the list of investigators mentioned in the title, where it belongs. For the Turanian part, however you must yourself write me such an Introduction as I shall only need to preface by a line. I mean, you should give what you send me as the result of a portion of the investigations with which you have busied yourself in your Oxford Lectures, and which you intend to publish in your "Vestiges." Never mind space; it will all fit in. You have just hit the right tone and measure, and have written the little chapter just after my own heart, though I first learnt the matter from what you told me. Do you wish to see the list of examples to "Grimm's Law" again, which you made out for my lecture, and which I shall give in my Appendix in order to make any additions? I have as much space as you wish, even for new Appendices, if you

will only give me some. This will be a pet book of mine, and a forerunner of my "Philosophy of History." I do not doubt but that it will be read in England, and indeed before all my other works on Hippolytus; for I give it as a philosophical key to Hippolytus. I find that though at first despised, it has in the last few months become the favorite part of my Hippolytus. Write me a line to say how you are, and what you are about. Again, my dear M., my best thanks.

P. S. Is there anything to be said in the text, or Appendix, or in both, about the real results of Aufrecht's investigations on the Italian languages? I should like to take the opportunity of bringing his name before the English public.

[34.]

Wednesday, July 14, 1853.

This will do, my dear M. To-morrow early I will send you the fifth chapter, printed, for correction, and expect your other chapter. Concerning A., it is clear *you* must write that chapter, for A. can do it as little as I. So let me have that too. In the Catalogue of the examples for "Grimm's Law," get everything ready, and I will then send you the sheet, that you may enter the additions and corrections, — or, better still, you can send me the additions and corrections first, and I will have them inserted at once. Please do this.

[35.]

LONDON, July 15, 1853.

Your MS., my dear friend, is just dispatched to the printer, with the order to send the proof of the whole chapter direct to you at Oxford. Send the Mongolian chapter as soon as you conveniently can, but not sooner; therefore, when your head is more free. The printing goes on, and it cannot be paged till *your* chapters are ready, and also I hope the Italian one from Aufrecht, to whom I am writing about it to-day. He can send it to me in German. You must give him some help as to the length and form. It is best for him, if I *personally* introduce him to the English public, amidst which he now lives, and to which he must look for the present. So I hope to receive a real masterpiece from the Oxford Mission of German Science.

*Vale. Cura ut valeas. Totus tuus.*

[36.]

Tuesday, July 20, 1853.  
10 o'clock.

“As to the language of the Achæmenians, represented to us by the Persian texts of the Cuneiform inscriptions” — so I began this morning, determined to interpolate a paragraph which is wanting in your beautiful chapter, namely, the relationship of the language of the inscriptions to that of the Zend books, including the history of the deciphering with Grotefend in the background, at the same time avoiding the sunken rocks of personal quarrels (Burnouf contra Lassen). My young house-pundit gives the credit to Burnouf (as he first informed Lassen of the idea about the satrapies). However, it seems to me only natural that you should write the conclusion of this chapter yourself. I shall also write a short chapter on Babylon, for which I have still to read Hincks only, an uncomfortable author, as he has no method or clearness, probably also therefore no principles.

Now let us make this little book as attractive and useful to the English as we can; for that is really our mission.

Bötticher asks if you do not wish to say something on the two dialects of Zend, discovered by Spiegel, — an inquiry which delights me, as Bötticher and Spiegel are at war, and in German fashion have abused each other.

[37.]

CARLTON TERRACE, Friday Morning,  
July 23, 1853.

Anything so important, so new, and so excellent, as what you send me can never be too long. Your table is already gone to the printer. With regard to the general arrangement, I would ask you to keep the plan in mind.

1. That *all references* (as for instance the table of the forty-eight languages) belong to the Appendix or Appendices.

2. The arrangement of the leading ideas and facts to the text (Chapter X.).

3. Nothing must be wanting that is necessary for the establishing a new opinion.

Your *tact* will in all cases show you what is right. The justification of those principles you will assuredly find with me in the arrangement of all the other chapters, and of the whole work, as also in the aim in view, namely, to attract all educated

Englishmen to these inquiries, and show them what empty straw they have hitherto been threshing.

Greet Aufrecht, and thank him for his parcel. I cannot arrange Chapter IV. till I have his whole MS. before me. I can give him till Tuesday morning.

The separate chapters (twelve) I have arranged according to the chronology of the founders of the schools. What is still in embryo comes as a supplement; as Koclle's sixty-seven African Languages, and Dietrich and Bötticher's Investigation of Semitic Roots. If your treatise is not so much a statement of Schott, Castrén, and Co. as your own new work, you shall have the last chapter for yourself.

And now, *last but not least*, pray send me a transliteration table, *in usum Delphini*. I will have it printed at the end of the Preface, that everybody may find his way, and I shall turn in future to it, and see that all transliterations in the book accord with it. I must ask for it therefore by return. You understand what we want. "A transliteration alphabet, for explaining the signs employed," would be a good precursor to yours and Lepsius' scientific work. We shall do well to employ in the text as few technical letters as possible.

To-day I am going to see the "Bride of Messina" for the first time in my life. I have no idea that the piece can possibly produce any effect; and I am afraid that it may fail. But Devrient is of good courage.

[38.]

CARLTON TERRACE, July 29, 1853.

"What is long delayed must be good when it comes." So I would be patient till you had really caught your Tartar, did I not fear that my dear friend was suffering again from his wretched headaches. Meanwhile I worked up the *Italica*, and the summary of the sixty-seven African languages is getting into shape, and the printer's devils are run off their legs. It would be delightful if my dear M. were to send me soon the chapter on the Mongols; only he must not work up a headache. You will have received my Schott last week by book post.

I have not been well. Theodora has had gastric fever, but is quite on the mend since this morning.

At last I have received Lassen III. (2) with the map.

[39.]

CARLTON TERRACE, Tuesday, August 2, 1853  
Half-past eleven o'clock.

My courier occupied me till nine. Since then I have read through your letter with intense delight; and now in a quarter of an hour I must go to the railway for a country party with Grote. I hasten to thank you for this beautiful gem for my Introduction and for my whole book. You shall have the last word. Your treatise is the only one in the collection which extends beyond isolated types of speech and families, although it preserves throughout the scientific method of Indo-Germanic philology. It was a double refreshment to me, as out of conscientiousness I had looked at and skimmed through L.'s perverse books. What determined impudence there is in that man!

Whilst I am looking over my materials, among which Aufricht's contribution looks very well, I feel very strongly the want of a report of the last results of the Caucasian languages. My two lines on Rosen look too miserable; also new works have appeared on the subject. Samiel help!

I am entirely of your opinion concerning the transliteration, but I maintain that you must send me a table (key) to *your* own transliteration. For your table of the forty-eight is otherwise not easy for my good English readers, or even for me; and to most it is unintelligible. With the others I shall soon find my way.

I intend to insert a chapter on definite terminology. I think it must be settled from the only tenable hypothesis, namely, the spreading abroad from one central point in mid-Asia, — that is, from the great district which (originally) was bounded towards the north by the open Polar Sea, with the Ural Island or Peninsula; to the west by the Caucasus and Ararat; east by the Altai and Altan Mountains; and south by the continuation of the Taurus Mountains, which stretch in the interior from west east, as far as the Hindu-Kúsh.

Therefore, for Turanian = Ural-Altai, or the northeastern branch.

For Semitic = Aramean, from Aram, the Mesopotamian highland.

For Japhetic = Eastern highland, or southeastern branch.

What do you think of this? I must get free from Semitic

etc., because *Chamitic* appears to be primitive Semitic, just as Turanian leans towards Iranian.

The carriage is there. Best thanks to Aufrecht.

You are indulging in a beautiful dream if you imagine that I have Dietrich here. I have studied his two volumes. I wish I could summon him to help me. He was most anxious to come to England. I am afraid of a young scholar whom I do not know personally.

[40.]

August 4, 1853.

Only a word, my dear friend, to express to you my delight and admiration at your Turanian article. I was so carried away by it that I was occupied with it till far into the night. It is exhaustive, convincing, and succinct.

What do you feel about the present state of the investigations on the Basque? I have convinced myself by my extracts from the grammar and dictionary that Basque is Turanian, but I have nothing fit for printing. I have never seen Rask's work. Do you know it, and can you make anything out of it?

There is only one point on which I do not agree with you. You say there is no purely monosyllabic language. But even that wretched modern Chinese has no dissyllabic word, as that would entail a loss of the accent. Or do you deny this? I have covered the baldness of our German vulgarism, "thief," "liar," in Böhntlingk versus Schott, and said, "With an animosity more German than Attic." Does that please you? Greetings to Aufrecht.

[41.]

ABBEY LODGE, August 22, 1853.

(Continuation of our conversation.) Before anything else, finish the Iranian Chapter III. for me, a copy of which I gave you; that is to be printed at once, as the Italic Chapter II. is printed, and needs only revising. You will shake this at once out of your conjuring bag, won't you?

[42.]

HIGHWOOD, Friday, August 26, 1853.

It strikes me, my dearest M., that we should be more correct in christening your essay *Arian*, instead of *Iranian*. I have always used *Iranian* as synonymous with *Indo-Germanic* (which

expresses too much and too little) or (which is really a senseless name) Indo-European : Arian for the languages of Aria in the wider sense, for which Bactria may well have been the starting-point. Don't you think we may use Arian, when you confine yourself to Sanskrit, Zend, and Parsi ?

I get more and more angry at L.'s perverseness in doubting that the Persians are Aryans. One cannot trace foreign words in Persian, and just these it must have carried off as a stigma, if there were any truth in the thing. One sees it in Pehlevi. But then, what Semitic forms has Persian ? The curious position of the words in the *status constructus* is very striking. Yet you have explained that. Where, then, are the *Aramæisms* in the Achæmenian Inscriptions, which surely are Persian in the strictest sense ? Earlier the Persians may have been tormented by the Turanians, and even subjugated ; but the Babylonian rule of Shemites over Persia cannot be of old date. About 2200 B. C., on the contrary, the Bactrians conquered Babylon, and kept it for a long time. But would not totally different corruptions have appeared in Persian, if they had allowed their language to be so entirely ruined ? A corruption, and then a later purification through the Medes, sounds Quixotic. Will you not prove this point ?

If you can give some chronological landmarks for the epoch of the Veda dialect, pray do so. There is so much in Lassen, that one learns nothing. I fancied the age of the Mahâbhârata and Râmâyana epoch was tolerably settled, and that thus a firm footing had been gained, as the language is that of the same people and the same religion. If you can say anything in the language-chapter about the genealogy of the mythological ideas it would be delightful for you to take possession of it, without encroaching on your own future explanations. And so good luck to you !

[43.]

HIGHWOOD, *Friday Morning,*  
*August 26, 1853.*

Your hearty and affectionate words for my birthday added to the happiness of the day, which I spent here in the quiet of the country, with my family. I have long looked on you as one of us ; and when I look forward into the future, I see your form as one of the bright points which there present themselves to me. You groan now under the burden of a very heavy moun-

tain, which you have taken on your shoulders as others would take a block; only the further you advance, the more will you be satisfied that it is a part of the edifice which you will yet find time to finish; and at the same time it will stand by itself as a κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί.

George is well, and will be with us to-morrow week; Theodora a week later.

Place your essay where you will. I find the connection with the Gothic by means of "Grimm's Law" most natural. The foundation of my arrangement was the purely external idea of progression from the nearer to the more remote, — from the known to the unknown. I hope that next time Aufrecht's muse will give us an intermediate chapter on the Hellenes, Pelasgians, Thracians, Æolians, Dorians, and Ionians; it is curious enough that these are entirely passed over. I do not know, though, what positive facts have resulted up to now from comparative philology as regards the Hellenic element. An historical insight is needed here, such as Ottfried Müller had just begun to acquire when death robbed us of his noble mind. But Müller really understood *nothing* of comparative philology, as the Introduction to his Etruscans proves. The Pelasgians must have been a nearly connected people; the Thracians were certainly so. But from the north comes Hellas, and from Hellas the Ionian Asia Minor. However, the history of the language falls infinitely earlier than the present narrow chronologists fancy. The Trojan War, that is the struggle of the Æolian settlers with the Pelasgians, on and around the sea-coast, lies nearer 2000 than 1000 B. C. The synchronisms require it. It is just the same with Crete and Minos, where the early Phœnician period is out of all proportion older than people imagine. Had we but monuments of Greek, like the Fratres Arvales in Latium! Homer is so modern; even though he certainly belongs to the tenth or eleventh century. That was a time in which the Hellenic mind sang the history of the creation in the deep myth of Prometheus, the son of Iapetus, with his three brothers, the emblem of humanity; a poem which Homer no longer understood.

Now cheer up, my dearest friend. The book must come out. Truly and cheerfully yours.

My wife sends her hearty greetings.

[44.]

LONDON, *September 2, 1853.*

My good wishes follow you to Wales, without knowing your address; so for my letter I must apply to Aufrecht. I hope you will speedily send me the linguistic proof that the noble Vedic hymn you sent us belongs to at least 1,000 years — not B. C., but before the language of the epic poets. Still this cannot really be the oldest; for it already contains a perfect reflection of the old poetic age.

Hare thinks the translation excellent, as I do; only one expression, "Poets in their hearts discerned," we can understand only if we make it "have discerned" (or seen) — for otherwise it is only a continuation of the narrative, which cannot be the meaning. Send it to me in German, for Schelling.

It is cold and rainy here; so don't find fault with Wales, if you are having bad weather there. *Cura ut valeas.* All the Muses be with you.

[45.]

LONDON, *Friday Morning,*  
*September 24, 1853.*

You have sent me the most beautiful thing you have yet written. I read your Veda essay yesterday, first to myself, and then to my family circle (including Lady Raffles, your great friend *in petto*), and we were all enchanted with both matter and form. I then packed up the treasure at once; at nine it goes to the printers. I think that the translation of the hymn is really improved; it is not yet quite clear to me whether instead of "poets discerned," it should not be "poets discern," or "have discerned," which is at all events the meaning. And now, I hope the same father of the Muses, with their mother, Mnemosyne, will accompany you into the Turanian wilderness, and give you courage to adopt the poor Malays; that in the next separate edition of this sketch, as Mithridates, we may already have the links for joining on Australia and East Africa. We go on printing valiantly. Dietrich has at once accepted my proposal with true German good-nature, although he has only been married for seven months to a young and charming wife. His good mother-in-law tried to shorten the six months, which he at first offered; but that would neither suit me nor him: so I have written to him to come away at once — to arrive here the 16th of October, instead of in November, that I may dismiss him with my blessing early in April.

J. Mohl is here, and Rosen. Both go on Monday. I give them on Saturday (to-morrow) an evening party of *literati*, to which I have invited Wilson, Norris, Loftus, Birch, etc., etc. Mohl, as well as Rosen, would like to see you. Could not you by a stroke of genius fly here, rest yourself Sunday, and think on Monday if you really need go back again? Theodore is here, and George is expected. My household all share my wish to see you. Greetings to Aufrecht.

Bötticher has discovered a fragment of Livy (palimpsest), and the Greek translation of Diocles, who, 120 B. C., wrote the "Founding of Rome" (fragment).

Another idea has just struck me. Could one not perhaps make the original unity of Aryans and Europeans clear, if one furnished the hymn written in Latin letters, with an interlinear translation, just as you once gave me an intuition of the first lines, which I have never forgotten. The translation would be best in Latin, with references to the other languages, according as the one or the other of them contains certain radicals with the same meaning as in Sanskrit. If you do not like this, you must prepare for me a Vedic Paternoster, just as Lepsius devised for me a pyramido-Pharaonic, and now prepares a Nubian.

I have announced you as a member of the Assyrian Society, and so saved you three guineas. It is arranged that whoever pays two guineas should receive all reports, transactions, etc. I have therefore inserted your name, with two guineas, and paid it.

Lord Clarendon has, on my recommendation, attached Loftus to the embassy at Constantinople, so that he has a position at Bagdad and Mosul. He leaves on the 1st of October, and we give him a parting entertainment on the 28th of this month. The plan is a secret, but we hope great things from it. I hope to secure the best duplicates for the Berlin Museum.

A Cheruscan countryman, personally unknown to me, Schütz from Bielefeld, the Sanskritist, has asked, with antique confidence, for a bed for his young daughter, on her way to Liverpool as a governess, which we have promised him with real pleasure. This has again shown me how full Germany is of men of research and mind. O! my poor and yet wealthy Fatherland, sacrificed to the Gogym (heathen)!

[46.]

CARLTON TERRACE, *Monday, October 17, 1853,*  
10 o'clock.

I have already admonished the printer most seriously. You have revised the tables *once*, but they had to be fresh printed on account of the innumerable alterations. But that is no reason why you should not get them. You would have had them long ago, had I had an idea of it. I am impatiently awaiting yours and Aufrecht's revision of Chapters II., III., and IV., which I sent you myself last week. This *presses* very much. You have not much to do to them. I will look after the correct English here with Cottrell; but all the rest Aufrecht can shake out of his bag. In your letter you say nothing of having received them. They were taken to the book-post on Monday evening, the 16th, a week ago, and sent off.

*Mi raccomanda, Signor Dottore, per il manoscritto.* I will arrange the printing as much as possible according to your wishes. Much depends on the manner in which you organize the whole. With short chapters, easily looked through, the whole can be brought forward as a treatise intended for *all* readers. I have not, however, been so fortunate with my Semitic essay; I have printed a good deal of it in small print, partly to save space (for the volume on the "Philosophy of Religion" must really not be even half as thick as the first), partly on account of the legibility.

I am so sorry to hear from Pertz that you have been suffering from headache. I hope you are quite well and brisk again.

[47.]

CARLTON TERRACE, *Saturday Morning,*  
*October 22, 1853, 10 o'clock.*

All right, my dear friend. I have already sent everything off to the printer. It is certainly better so. Where practicable you should have *two* chapters instead of *one*.

Ffoulkes' book shall be taken care of, either on the 1st or 15th. The same with the "Bampton Lectures," if it is wished I shall receive Mr. Thomson *summo cum honore*.

But now, my dear friend, where does the great Turanian essay hide itself? Pray let me soon receive something, not later than Monday or Tuesday; send it as a parcel by parcels' delivery, or, which is the cheapest and quickest, by book-post, which takes MS. (not letters) as well as printed matter, and forwards both for 6*d.* the lb.

I have sent my most difficult task to the printers, "Origin of the Three Gospels as part of the Second Age, 66-100." I am longing for the promised addenda from Aufrecht on the Haruspex. The printing is stopped for it, also for the answer about a hieroglyphic which is unintelligible in London, instead of the honest *amâ* = mother, which is not good enough for him.

[48.]

CARLTON TERRACE, *Monday Evening,*  
*October 24, 1853.*

"It has lightened — on the Danube!"

It is of too much importance to me to have my dear Turanian's thoughts according to his own best way and form, for me not to be ready to wait till the end of November. The entire work, in seven volumes, must come out together, and I can keep back till then the first part of the "Philosophy," which is entirely printed in slips up to your chapter, and go on with the second. Just look once at that book by the Scotch missionary, "The Karens, or Memoir of Ko-tha-bya," by Kincaid, on the Karens in Pegu. He maintains the unity of the Karens and Kakhyans, another form of the same, and of all the scattered branches of the same race, starting from Thibet (five millions altogether) as the remnant of a once very powerful people. To judge from the representations the race must be *very handsome*. Frau von Helfer told me the same, and she knows them. There are extracts given in the "Church Missionary Intelligence," October, 1853. Prichard says little about it, and has no specimens of the language. I have not got Latham at hand. Haruspex is printing; it waits for the conclusion. I have received Thomson's "Bampton Lectures." Where does *rife* come from — Anglo-Saxon *ryfe*? It means prevalent, abundant.

[49.]

*Friday Morning, October 28, 1853.*

Here is the printer's excuse. It is useless to think of printing at Oxford. You had better now keep the tables, in case you make more alterations, till you have quite finished your work, that nothing more may require alteration, but what you change during your work. I will send you Kincaid, if it is in London. Perhaps by a smile from the Muses you can get the first part ready in November. Is the Dean back? Good-by.

[50.] CARLTON TERRACE, *Monday, November 1, 1853.*

Please send me the letter for Humboldt. I will inclose it. Write him (and me) word in English what are the name and object of the Taylor Institution, and the name of the office. You will receive Kincaid from me. I will see after the tables. So courage.

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[51.] CARLTON TERRACE, *Tuesday Evening,  
November 2, 1853.*

I have written to Humboldt to announce your letter and request, so write at once direct to him. I have told Peritz to send me the treatise of Schott by the courier on the 15th. So you will receive it on the 20th of this month. I have again admonished the printer. God bless you.

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[52.] LONDON, *Wednesday, February 8, 1854.*

My heartiest congratulations on your well-earned success (Taylorian Professorship). Your position in life now rests on a firm foundation, and a fine sphere of work lies before you; and that in this heaven-blessed, secure, free island, and at a moment when it is hard to say whether the thrones of princes or the freedom of nations is in greatest danger. I send you the papers as they are. There is hope that the war may yet be rendered impossible.

With true affection yours.

Thanks for your Schleswig communication.

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[53.] CARLTON TERRACE, *April 14, 1854.*

DEAREST FRIEND, — So it is. My father has not up to this moment received a recall, and probably will not, in spite of the efforts of the Russians, within and without Berlin. On the other hand, we expect to-morrow the reply to an answer sent by my father in opposition to a renewed and very impetuous offer of leave of absence. In this answer (of the 4th of this month) my father made his accepting leave of absence dependent on the fulfillment of certain conditions guaranteeing his political honor. If the reply expected to-morrow from Berlin does not contain those conditions, nothing remains but for my father to

send in his resignation and leave the Prussian mock negotiations to be fought through by another Prussian ambassador. If they are accorded to him, he will go on long leave of absence. But in either case he will certainly remain provisionally in England. More I cannot tell, but this is enough to give you information *confidentially*.

Dietrich is gone, and begged me to tell you, that in spite of constant work at it here, he could not finish your commission. He will have leisure in Marburg to make it all clear for you, and will send the packet here by the next courier. I will send you a line to-morrow as to the events of the day. My father does not go into the country before Tuesday.

GEORGE BUNSEN.

[54.]

CARLTON TERRACE, *Maundy Thursday,*  
*April, 1854.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — The bearer, Herr von Fennenberg from Marburg, has brought me greetings and a little book from Thiersch, and wishes to be introduced to you. He is a philologist, in particular a Sanskritist. He wishes to have a place or employment that would make it possible for him to stay in England. I know no one who could better advise him than you. Before you receive these lines you will hear from George about me. I am determined to fight through the crisis, and am quite calm.

[55.]

CARLTON TERRACE, *Wednesday,*  
*May 10, 1854.*

DEAR FRIEND, — Of course Dietrich has sent nothing. The affair presses. My summary of the Semitic alphabet (lithographed) gives the summary of the system of transliteration used in this work, and is also in the press. Set aside then what is still wanting, and hurry on the matter for me. My journey to Heidelberg with my family, who at all events go on the 20th, depends on the work being finished. To-day I take refuge at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, 77 Marina, till the telegraph calls me to London to receive my letters of recall. I depend, therefore, on your friendly help in one of the most important parts of the book. All right here; the house is deserted, but the heart rejoices and the soul already spreads its wings. Truly yours.

Just starting. Dear M., pray send the MS. Spottiswoode lays everything on you.

[56.]

77 MARINA, ST. LEONARD'S, *Monday Morning,*  
*May 15, 1854.*

Your despairing letter of Thursday has alarmed me very much. You had offered me the alternative of leaving out the Semitic tables, if Dietrich does not send them by the courier. I did *not* write to him, as the omission of that list really did not seem to me a great misfortune. But now you say something quite new to me, and most dreadful, that you cannot make the *corrections* without having what I am unable to procure for you. I must own I cannot make this out. Trusting to your goodwill to do the *utmost*, I wrote to Petermann to send you at once an impression of the Semitic paraphrase put together by me and Bötticher. The courier comes on Friday, only I have given up all dependence on Dietrich, since he could take away the lists with him. He never said a word to me about it.

I *must* go to Germany on the 16th of June. Yesterday I sent *all the rest* to Spottiswoode, and at the same time complained about Watts. Only what can they, and what can I do, if you do not enable us to finish the most important book of the three works? I hope you have not worked yourself to death for Trevelyan, and that you will reserve a free hour for London to say good-by. Since last night I am at work at my German "Egypt," to my inexpressible delight. *Friday* I return to town, and stay probably (at Ernest's) till my things are sold. *Cura ut valeas.*

What is the original meaning of *glauben*, to believe?

[57.]

ST. LEONARD'S, *Wednesday, May 24, 1854.*

You have done wonders; and I hope you will rest yourself. A thousand thanks. I have at once sounded an alarm. I go to-day to town; Fanny and her two daughters will embark on Sunday morning: we have taken a house from the 1st of July, on the Neckar. I hope you will soon make your appearance there. George goes into the country to-morrow on business. I stay with Ernest till Hippolytus is out.

The snare is broken, and the bird is free; for which let us bless the Lord. As they once let me out of my cage, they shall not catch me again. My fifth book is ready for printing, down to the general philosophical article. Johannes Brandis, the Assyrian chronologist, arranges for me the synchronistic tables from Menes to Alexander.

Greetings to Aufrecht. I have not yet received the impression of the text, which he restored from the Codex.

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[58.]

ABBEY LODGE, REGENT'S PARK,  
Friday, June 9, 1854.

Your letter came just when wanted, my dearest friend. My wife and children leave the house to-morrow; and I follow them a week later, on account of Spottiswoode. Come here then to-morrow morning, and stay at least till Monday: so my daughter-in-law Elizabeth begs, who herself goes to Upton. George, Brandis, and I help Ernest to keep house this week.

I have *to-day* sent to press the "Resolutions and Statements on the Alphabet" which you wrote, with Lepsius's not "amendments" but certain explanations on his part, and my now English "recapitulations." I shall receive the first impression to-morrow evening. Lepsius has sent a long Essay, of which I only print the "Exposition of the System," with some "specimens of application."

You should rejoice, as I do, over "Hippolytus VII., Christianity and Mankind, their Beginnings and Prospects," in seven volumes (also as three separate works).

I shall easily finish it. Also "Egypt II." is publishing; I have written a new Preface to it. The "Theologia Germanica" is waiting for you; one copy for my dear M., and one for Dr. Thomson, whose address I don't know. Spottiswoode has vowed to have *all* ready next week. If you could stay here, and revise your sheets at once, I might believe the vow.

We have secured a beautiful house in Heidelberg (Heidweiler), on the right bank, opposite the Castle.

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[59.]

Thursday Morning, June 15, 1854, 9 o'clock.

Immediately saw about Venn: wrote urgently to him to send the order direct to Spottiswoode, and marked this on the sheet. I cannot send Lepsius, because the sheets are being printed; refer the printer to it. You deceiver! the hymn is without the interlineal version for the non-Iranians. Just as if you were a German professor! I personally beg earnestly for it, for myself and for those who are equally benighted. I have everything now at press, except some Latin abuse for M. Your visit refreshed me very much. Fanny had an exceedingly good journey, and will be to-morrow in Heidelberg.

[60.]

Thursday, June 15, 1854.

DEAREST FRIEND, — All ready for the journey. Your slips come in. Thirty-two men are day and night printing, composing, correcting, etc. I am ready. Venn will print nothing of yours, and will not even send Lepsius' Essay to the missionaries, that they may not be driven mad.

I do not know what books you have of mine: if I can have them by Saturday morning, 9 o'clock, good — if not, you must bring them yourself. George goes with me, instead of Ernest.

[61.]

HEIDELBERG, June 23, 1854.

DEAR MAX M., — Allow me, through this note, to recommend to you, in my own name, as well as in the name of the Duke of Coburg and Baron Stockmar, the bearer of this, Dr. Wilhelm Pertsch, who is going to England on Sanskrit business, and needs kind advice and a little assistance in his undertaking. Bunsen, who sends you his heartiest greetings, had at first offered to give him a letter to Wilson, but thought afterwards a word from you was worth more with Wilson than a letter from any one else.

The Bunsens have quite decided now to settle at Heidelberg for at least a year, and are already hoping for a speedy visit from you, by which I hope also to profit. He is studying upstairs with great delight your official and scientific *vade mecum* on the Turanian languages. Yesterday, by means of a breakfast, I introduced him to most of the scientific and literary celebrities here — such as H. Gagern, Mohl, Dusch, Harper, Jolly, etc., etc. George came with them, and helped in arranging things, but returns to-morrow.

A thousand good wishes. And always keep in friendly remembrance

Your true friend,

K. MEYER.

[62.]

HEIDELBERG, CHARLOTTENBERG,  
June 29, 1854.

I cannot let George, who took care of me here, return without a token for you of my being alive. I read your book for the English officers partly on the road, and partly here, with real delight and sincere admiration. What an advance from a "Guide Interprête," or a "Tableau Statistique," to such an in-

roduction to languages and nationalities. The map, too, is excellent. The excellent Petermann must make us several, just of this kind, for our unborn Mithridates.

I should like to scold your English reviser for several Gallisms, for which I feel certain you are not to blame. Rawlinson's barbaric *débris* instead of "ruins," and *fauteuil* instead of "chair," which in French as well as in English is the right expression for a professor's chair; whilst *fauteuil* is only used in French to denote the "President's chair" (for instance, in the Institute), and is quite inadmissible in English, even by the "Upholsterer." The third I have forgotten, but not forgiven.

I cannot *even now* give up my habit of using Iranian in opposition to Turanian, in deference to you. He who uses Turanian must use Iranian. Arian is to me something belonging to the land of Aria, therefore Median, part of Bactria and Persia. It is decidedly a great step in advance to separate the Indian from this. That the Indians acknowledge themselves to be Arians, suits me as it does you. But Iranian is a less localized name, and one wants such a name in contradistinction to Turanian and Semitic. It is only despised by the German "Brahmans and Indomaniacs."

There you have my opinions and criticisms.

I have already written 67 of the 150 pages belonging to the fifth book, and cannot go on till I have my books. I am now occupied with the principles of the method for the historical treatment of mythology, with especial reference to three points in the Egyptian:—

1. Age and relation of the Osiris-worship to the *θεοὶ νοητοὶ* and the astronomical gods (Ra, Horus, etc.).

2. History of Seth in Asia and in Egypt, *ad vocem Adam*.

3. Position and signification of animal worship.

Book IV. goes to press on the 15th of July. Book V. must be ready (D. V.) on the 24th of August.

Both the people and the country here please me. The land is enchantingly beautiful, nay, fairy-like, and our house is in the best situation of all. Fanny is almost more at home in Germany than I am, and the girls revel in the German enjoyment of life. I count on your paying us a visit. Say a good word for us to your mother, and persuade her to come with you to visit us in Heidelberg. We should much like to make her acquaintance, and tell her how dear you are to us all. Meyer is *proxenus Anglorum* and *Anglaram*, and does nothing I hope

to form here a little *Academia Nicorina*. Shall I ever leave Heidelberg? God bless you. *Cura ut valeas*. Ever yours.

P. S. I have worked through Steinschneider's sheet on the Semitic Roots in Egyptian with great advantage, and have sent it to Dietrich. The analogy of the consonants is unmistakable. Dietrich will certainly be able to fix this. And now you must shake that small specimen *Aricum* out of your Dessau conjuring sleeve. You need only skim the surface, it is not necessary to dig deep where the gold lies in sight. But we must rub the German nose in Veda butter, that they may find the right track.

We shall have a hard battle to fight at first in the Universities. Were Egypt but firmly established as the primitive Asiatic settlement of the as yet undivided Arian and Semitic families, we should have won the game for the recognition of historical truth.

I hope the "Outlines" and "Egypt" will come over next week. Longman will send them both to you; and also the copy of the Outlines for Aufrecht (to whom I have written an ostensible letter such as he wished for). I wish something could be found in Oxford for that delightful and clever man Johannes Brandis. He would exert an excellent influence, and England would be a good school for him. Will the Universities admit Dissenters to take a degree?

[63.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, *December 12, 1854.*

MY DEAR VANISHED FRIEND, — Where thou art and where thou hast turned since thy fleeting shadow disappeared, I have asked in vain on all sides during my journey through Germany. No one whom I met had seen you, which Ewald particularly deplored very much. At all events you are now in the sanctuary on the Isis, and I have long desired to communicate one thing and another to you. But first I will tell you what at this moment lies heavy on my heart — "Galignani" brought me the news yesterday: my dear friend Pusey lies seriously ill at his brother's house in Oxford; "his life is despaired of." Unfortunately there is nothing improbable in this sad intelligence.

I had already been anxious before this, for ten days, as I had written to him, to Pusey, nearly three weeks ago, on the news of the death of his wife, entreating him most pressingly, for his own and his family's sake, to spend the winter here, and to live as much as possible with us, his old friends. I know he would

have answered the letter, were he not ill. Perhaps he was not even able to read it.

Dr. Acland is our mutual friend, and without doubt attends the dear invalid. At all events, he has daily access to him. My request therefore is, if he is not already taken from us, that you will let Acland tell you how it really is with him, and let me hear by return of post, via Paris: if possible also, whether Pusey did receive my letter, and then how Sidney and the two daughters are; who is with them, whether Lady Carnarvon or only the sisters of charity.

Now to other things.

1. Dietrich gave me the inclosed, of course *post festum*. I have marked at the back what he still wants in your Tables.

2. Greet Dr. Aufrecht, and tell him I am very sorry that Dietrich has found fault with his Paternoster. I was obliged in the hurry to leave the printing of this section to him. I will let A.'s metacritic go to him.

3. I have a letter from Hodgson of Darjeling as an answer to the letter written here by you, very friendly and "in spirits," otherwise but slightly intelligible. He refers me to a letter forty pages long which he has sent to Mohl in Paris, an improved edition of the one he sent to Wilson. He supposes that I received both; if not, I should ask for the one to Mohl.

Of course I have received neither. But I have sent to Mohl through his niece, to beg he would send the said letter to you, and you would inform me of the particulars. I hope you have already received it. If not, see about it, for we must not lose sight of the man.

The copy of the "Outlines" must now be in his hands. These "Outlines," the child of our common toil, begin now to be known in Germany. Ewald has already taken a delight in them; he will review them. Meyer is quite enchanted with your Turanians, but would gladly, like many others, know something more of the Basques. For me it is a great event, having made a *friendship for life* and an alliance with Ewald, over Isaiah's

"No peace with the wicked;"

and on still higher grounds. Those were delightful days which I spent in Göttingen and Bonn, as also with Bethman-Hollweg, Camphausen, and others. I see and feel the misery of our people far more deeply than I expected, only I find more comfort than I hoped in the sympathy of my contemporaries, who willingly give me a place among themselves.

A proposal to enter the Upper House (of which, however, I do not care to speak) I could of course only refuse, with many thanks. I have finished my "Egypt," Volume. IV., with Bötticher, and sent it for press for the 1st January.

As an intermezzo, I have begun a specimen for a work suggested to me in a wonderful manner from England, America, and Germany (particularly by Ewald and Lücke), — a real Bible for the people, that is, a sensible and sensibly printed text, with a popular statement of the results of the investigations of historical criticism, and whatever the spirit may inspire besides.

I am now working from Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Baruch, where, beyond all expectation, I found new light on the road I was treading.

We live in the happiest retirement. Your visit, and that of your mother, of whom we all became very fond, was a great delight to us, though a short one. Fanny and I have a plan to greet her at Christmas by a short letter. Now write me word how it fares with you.

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[64.]

CHARLOTTEBERG, BADEN, *January 11, 1855.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I think you will not have misunderstood my silence since your last letter. Your heart will have told you that no news could be pleasanter to me than that you would undertake to bring the last sevenfold child of my English love into public notice. This can of course only be during the Parliamentary recess. You know better than any one what is the unity of the seven volumes, and what is the aim and result. Your own is a certainly not unimportant, and an independent part of it. But you have with old affection worked yourself and thought yourself into the whole, even where the particulars were of less interest to you. Lastly, as you have told me to my delight, Jowett has begun to interest himself in the work, and you have therefore one near at hand who, from one point of view, can help you as reflecting English opinion. Ewald told me that I had wished to give a *Cosmos* of the mind in that work. At all events, this idea has floated before me for many years, and is expressed in the Preface to the "God Consciousness." Only it is not more than a *study* for that which doats before me. My two next volumes will give more of it. If I only knew what to do with the work for Germany! My

task was arranged for England. It seemed to me important, under the guidance of the rediscovered Hippolytus, whose form first rose clearly before me during the first work, to show the organic development of the leading ideas of Christendom in the teachers and heroes, beginning from the first Pentecostal feast; in order to sift the ground, and show to my readers —

a. That the old system of inspiration and the Theodice of the Middle Ages, that is to say, that of the seventeenth century, has no *support* in ancient Christianity, but just the *contrary*. That is now a fact.

b. That we have something infinitely more reassuring to put in its place. Truth instead of delusion; reality instead of child's play and pictures.

c. That it is high time to be in earnest about this.

d. That for this, *clear insight* and practical purpose, also reasoning and moral earnestness, will be required on the part of the spiritual guides.

e. But that before all things Christianity must be introduced into the reality of the present; and that the corporation of the Church, the life of the community in its worship as in its mutually supporting work, must become the centre whence springs the consciousness of communion, — *not* a system of theology. Christianity is nothing to me but the restoration of the ideal of humanity, and this will become especially clear through the antecedent forms (præformations) of the development in language and religion. (See "Outlines.") There is a natural history of both, which rests on laws as sure as those of the visible Cosmos. The rest is professional, philological, — *legitimatío ad causam*.

How much of this idea can be presented to the English public, and in what manner, you know much better than I. Therefore you know the one as well, and the other better than I do. This is the reason why I believe you would not wait for my answer. Still I should have sent to you, if during this time two passions had not filled my heart. For once the dreadful distress of our condition forced me to try, from the midst of my blessed Patmos, to help by letters as far and wherever I could, through advice and cry of distress and summons to help. Now there is nothing more to be done but to wait the result. *Alea jacta esse*. Ernest is in Berlin.

My second passion is the carrying out of an idea by means of a Christian philosophical People's Bible, from the historical point of view, to get the lever which the development of the present

time in Europe has denied me. That I should begin this greatest of all undertakings in the sixty-fifth year of my age, is, I hope, no sign of my speedy death. But I have felt since as if a magic wall had been broken down between me and reality, and long flowing springs of life stream towards me, giving me the discernment and the prolific germ of that which I desired and still strive after. The Popular Bible will contain in two volumes (of equal thickness), 1st, the corrected and reasonably divided text; and 2d, the key to it. For that purpose I must see whether I shall succeed in executing the most difficult part, Isaiah and Jeremiah. And I have advanced so far with this since yesterday evening, that I see the child can move, it can walk. The outward practicability depends on many things, but I have thoroughly worked through the plan of it.

By the end of 1856 all must be ready. My first letter is to you. Thanks for your affection: it is so exactly like you, breaking away at once from London and going to Oxford, to talk over everything with Acland.

Meyer has once more descended from Pegasus, to our prosaic sphere. I believe he is working at a review of our work for the Munich Literary Journal of the Academy. Laboulaye (Vice-President of the Academy) says I have given him so much that is new to read, that he cannot be ready with his articles before the end of February. We shall appear in the "Débats" the beginning of March.

Holzmann is working at the proofs that the Celts were  *Germans*. Humboldt finds the unity of the Turanians not proved. (Never mind!) Osborn's "Egypt" runs on in one absurdity (the Hyksos period *never* existed), which the "Athenæum" censures sharply.

What is Aufrecht about? But above all, how are you yourself? God preserve you. My family greet you. Heartily yours in old affection.

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[65.]

HEIDELBERG, February 26, 1855.

It was, my dear friend, in expectation of the inclosed that I did not sooner return an answer and my thanks for your affectionate and detailed letter. I wish you would take advantage of my communication to put yourself in correspondence with Benfey. He is well disposed towards you, and has openly spoken of you as "the apostle of German science in England."

And then he stands *infinitely* higher than the present learned men of his department. He would also be very glad if you would offer yourself to him for communications suitable for his *Oriental Journal* from England, to which he always has an eye. (Keep this copy, perhaps Jowett may read it.) Humboldt's letter says in reality two things: —

1. He does not approve of the sharply defined difference between nomadic and agricultural languages; the occupations may change, yet the language remains the same as before. That is against *you*. The good old man does not consider that the language will or can become another without perishing in the root.

2. He does not agree in opposing one language to all others as *inorganic*. This is against *me*. But *first*, this one language is still almost the half of the human race, and *secondly*, I have said nothing which his brother has not said as strongly. It is only said as a sign of life, and that "my praise and my admiration may appear honest."

In the fifth volume of my "Egypt" I call the languages sentence-languages and word-languages; that is without metaphor, and cannot be misunderstood. The distinction itself is *right*. For *organic* is (as Kant has already defined it) an unity in parts. A granite mountain is not more thoroughly granite than a square inch of granite, but a man without hands or head is no man.

I am delighted to hear that your Veda gets on. If you would only not allow yourself to be frightened from the attempt to let others work for you in mere handicraft. Even young men have not time for everything. You have now fixed your impress on the work, and any one with the *will* and with the necessary knowledge of the tools, could not go far wrong under your eye. I should so like to see you free for other work. *Only do not leave Oxford. Spartam quam nactus es orna*. You would not like Germany, and Germany could offer you no sphere of activity that could be compared ever so distantly with your present position. I have often said to you, "Nature and England will not allow themselves to be changed from *without*, and therein consists exactly their worth in the divine plan of development; but they often alter themselves rapidly from within. Besides, the reform is gone too far to be smothered. Just now the Dons and other Philistines can do what they like, for the *people* has its eyes on other things. But the war makes the classes who are pressing forwards more powerful than ever

The old method of government is bankrupt forever. So do not be low-spirited, my dear M., or impatient. It is not so much the fault of England, as of yourself, that you do not feel settled and at home. You have now as good a position as a young man of intellect, and with a future before him, could possibly have anywhere, either in England or in Germany. Make a home for yourself. Since I saw your remarkable mother, I have been convinced that, unlike most mothers, she would not stand in the way of your domestic happiness, even were it contrary to her own views, but that she must be the best addition to your household for any wife who was worthy of you. Oxford is London, and better than London; and London is the world, and is *German*. How gladly would Pauli, that honest, noble German soul, stay, if he had but an occupation. The subjection of the mind by the government here becomes more vexatious, more apparent, more diabolical. *One* form of tyranny is that of Augustus, the more thorough, because so sly. They will not succeed in the end, but meanwhile it is horrible to witness. More firmly than ever I settle myself down here in Heidelberg, and will take the whole house, and say, "You must leave me my cottage standing, and my hearth, whose glow you envy me." We are now on the point of binding ourselves, without binding ourselves; and the prudent man in P(aris) pretends not to observe it—just like the devil, when a soul is making some additional conditions.

Still, it is possible that the desire to aid in the councils of Vienna at any price may carry us so far that we may join in the march against Poland and Finland. After all, the rivers flow according to the laws of gravitation.

I have definitely arranged my "Biblework" in two works:—

A. The Bible (People's Bible), corrected translation, with very short and purely historical notes below the text. One volume, large Bible-octavo.

B. The Key, in three equally large volumes (each like the Bible). I. Introduction; II. The restored documents in the historical books of the Old Testament, and restoration of the prophets Jeremiah and Isaiah, and of some of the smaller prophets; III. The New Testament. (The life of Christ is a part of this.)

*The work looks well.* I have now not only perfectly defined the Exodus and time of the Judges, but have put it so clearly and authentically before the public, that as long as the world

of Europe and America lasts, the theologians cannot make the *faithful* crazy, nor the scoffers lead them astray. It can be finished in three years. I can depend on *Ewald* and *Rothe*.

We have got through the winter. I, for the first time for twenty years, without cold or anything of that sort. The delicious air of Spring begins to blow, the almond-trees promise to be in blossom in a week. With true love, yours.

[66.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, *Tuesday Morning,*  
*April 17, 1855.*

(The day when peace or war will be decided.)

MY DEAR M.,—I cannot delay any longer to tell you that your first article announced to us by George, has reached me, and excited the delight and admiration of us all. It is pleasant, as Cicero says, “*laudari a viro laudato;*” but still sweeter “*laudari a viro amato.*” And you have so thoroughly adopted the English disguise, that it will not be easy for any one to suspect you of having written this “curious article.” It especially delights me to see how ingeniously you contrive to say what you announce you do not wish to discuss, namely, the purport of the theology. In short, we are all of opinion that your aunt or cousin was right when she said in Paris, to Neukomm, of you, that you ought to be in the diplomatic service. From former experience I have never really believed that the second article would be printed; it would have appeared by last Saturday at the latest, and would then have been already in my hands. But the article as it is has given me great pleasure, and all the greater because it is yours. I only wish you might soon give me the power of shaking your dear old hand, which I so often feel the want of.

Meanwhile I will tell you that Brockhaus writes in a very friendly way, in transmitting Ernst Schulze’s biography (the unfortunate poet’s journal, with very pleasant affectionate descriptions of his friends, of me especially), to ask if I would not make something out of the new Hippolytus for Germany. This letter reached me just as I had blended my past and future together for a large double work, the finished parts of which are now standing before me in seven large portfolios, with completed Contents, Preface, and Introduction.

“The Bible of the Faithful,” four volumes, large Bible-*o-  
tavo*; Volume I. the Bible; Volumes II.-IV. (separated) Key.

"The Faithful of the Bible." (A.) The *government* and the *worship* of the faithful. Two books, one volume. (B.) The congregational and family book (remodeling of the earlier devotional books for the faithful of the Bible), two volumes.

At the same time "Egypt" was at last ready for press as two volumes; and so I took courage to take up again that old idea, especially that which we had so often discussed. But first I can and will make a pretty little volume from the historical portraits in Hippolytus: "The first seven generations of Christians." A translation (by Pauli) of the exact text of the first English volume, preceded by the restoration of the line and the chronology of the Roman bishops down to Cornelius, since revised and much approved of by Röstell (quite clearly written out; about ten printed sheets with the documents).

This gives me hardly any trouble, and costs me very little thought. But secondly, to use Ewald's expression: "The Kosmos of Language" (in four volumes). This is *your* book, if it is to exist. It appears to me before anything else to be necessary to draw proper limits, with a wisdom worthy of Goethe.

I do not think that the time has come for publishing in the German way a complete or uniformly treated book; I think it is much more important to fortify our view of language from within, and launch it forth armed with stings upon these inert and confused times. *Therefore* method, and satisfactory discussion of that on which everything depends; with a general setting forth of *the* points which it concerns us now to investigate. I could most easily make you perceive what I mean, by an abstract of the prospectus, which I have written off, in order to discuss it thoroughly with you as soon as you can come here. As you would have to undertake three fourths of the whole, you have only to consider all this as a proposal open to correction, or rather a handle for discussion.

#### FIRST VOLUME. (Bunsen.)

##### *General Division.*

*Introduction.* The Science of Language and its Epochs (according to Outlines, 35-60).

1. The Phenomena of Language (according to Outlines, ii. 1-72).

2. The Metaphysics of Language (according to Outlines, ii. 73-122) — manuscript attempt to carry out Kant's Categories not according to Hegel's method.

3. The Historical Development (Outlines, ii. 123-140; and Outlines of Metaphysics, second volume, in MS.). Müller *ad libitum*. (With this an ethnographical atlas, colored according to the colors of the three families.)

SECOND VOLUME. (Müller.)

*First Division.* The *sentence-languages* of Eastern Asia (Chinese).

*Second Division.* The *Turanian* word-languages in Asia and Europe.

THIRD VOLUME. (Müller and Bunsen.)

*First Division.* The *Hamitic-Semitic* languages in Asia and Africa. (Bunsen.)

*Second Division.* The *Iranian* languages in Asia and Europe.

FOURTH VOLUME. (Müller.)

The branching off of the Turanians and Hamites in Africa, America, and Polynesia.

a. The colony of East Asiatic Turanians in South Africa (great Kaffir branch).

b. The colony of North Asiatic Turanians (Mongolians) in North America.

c. The Turanian colonies in South America.

d. The older colonies of the East Asiatic Turanians in Polynesia (Papuas).

e. The newer ditto (light-colored Malay branch).

Petermann or Kiepert would make the ethnographical atlas *beautifully*. I have in the last few months discovered that the three Noachic families were originally named according to the three colors.

1. Ham is clear; it means *black*.

2. Shem is an honorary name (the glorious, the famous), but the old name is Adam, that is, Edom, which means *red*, reddish =  $\phi\acute{o}\iota\nu\iota\varsigma$ : this has given me great light. The Canaanites were formerly called Edomi, and migrated about 2850, after the volcanic disturbance at the Dead Sea (Stagnum Assyrium, Justin. xviii. 3), towards the coast of Phœnicia, where Sidon is the most ancient settlement, the first begotten of Canaan; and the era of Tyre begins as early as 2760 (Herodotus, ii. 44).

3. Japhet is still explained in an incredible way by Ewald according to the national pun of Genesis x. as derived from Patah, "he who opens or spreads." It is really from Yaphat, "to be shining" = the light, *white*.

It would certainly be the wisest plan for us to fall back on this for the ethnographical atlas, at least for the choice of the colors; and I believe it could easily be managed. For the *Semitic* nations *red* is naturally the prevailing color, of a very deep shade in Abyssinia and Yemen; black in negro Khamites, and a light shade in Palestine and Northern Arabia. For the *Turanians*, *green* might be thought of as the prevailing color. For the *Iranians* there remains *white*, rising into a bluish tint. But that could be arranged for us by my genial cousin Bunsen, the chemist.

That would be a work, my dearest M. ! The genealogy of man, and the first parable, rising out of the infinite. Were you not half Anglicized, as I am, I should not venture to propose anything so "imperfect" — that is, anything to be carried out in such unequal proportions. But this is the only way in which it is possible to us, and, as I think, only thus really useful for our Language-propaganda, whose apostles we must be "in hoc temporis momento." And now further, I think we should talk this over together. I give you the choice of Heidelberg or Nice. We have resolved (D. V.) to emigrate about the 1st of October, by way of Switzerland and Turin, to the lovely home of the palm-tree, and encamp there till March: then I should like very much to see *Sicily*, but at all events to run through *Naples and Rome in April*; and then return here in the end of April by Venice. It is *indescribably lovely* here now; more enjoyable than I have ever seen it. We shall take a house there, where I could get into the open air four or five times every day. I fancy in the five working months I could do more than in the eight dreary winter months here. Much is already done, the *completion* is certain. Were not Emma (who has become inexpressibly dear to us) expecting her confinement about the 21st of September we should already at this time break up from here, in order to reach the heavenly Corniche Road (from Genoa to Nice) in the finest weather. Theodore goes in ten days for a year to Paris. Of course Emilia and the other girls go with us. They all help me in a most remarkable way in my work. I thought of inviting Brockhaus here in the summer to discuss with him the edition of the "Biblework." Now we know what we have in view. Now write soon, how you are and what *you* have in view. All here send most friendly greetings. Ever yours.

[67.]

BURG RHEINDORF, NEAR BONN, *December 2, 1855*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I think you must now be sitting quietly again in Oxford, behind the Vedas. I send you these lines from George's small but lovely place, where we have christened his child, to stop, if possible, your wrath against Renan. He confesses in his letter that "ma plume m'a trahi;" he has partly not said what he thinks, and partly said what he does not think. But his note is not that of an enemy. He considers his book an homage offered to German science, and had hoped that it would be estimated and acknowledged in the present position of French science, and that it would be received in a friendly way. Though brought up by the Jesuits, he is entirely free from the priestly spirit, and in fact his remarkable essay in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of the 15th of November on Ewald's "History of the People of Israel" deserves all our thanks in a theological, national, and scientific point of view. We cannot afford to quarrel unnecessarily with such a man. You must deal gently with him. You will do it, will you not, for my sake? I am persuaded it is best.

Brockhaus will bring out the third unaltered edition of my "Signs of the Times," as the 2,500 and the 1,000 copies are all sent out, and more are constantly asked for. I have, whilst here, got the first half of the "World-Consciousness" (Weltbewusstsein) ready to send off. The whole will appear in May, 1856, as the herald and forerunner of my work on the Bible. I have gone through this with H. Brockhaus, and reduced it to fifteen delightful little volumes in common octavo, six of the People's Bible, with a full Introduction, and nine of the Key with higher criticism. I am now expecting three printed sheets of the Bible, Volume I., the Key, Volumes I. and VII. The fourth and fifth volumes of "Egypt" are being rapidly printed at the same time for May. The chronological tables appear in September. And now be appeased, and write again soon. George sends hearty greetings. Thursday I shall be in Charlottenberg again. Heartily yours.

[68.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, *March 10, 1856.*

I should long ago have told you, my dearest friend, how much your letter of last September delighted me, had I not been so plunged in the vortex caused by the collision of old and new

work, that I have had to deny myself all correspondence. Since then I have heard from you, and of you from Ernst and some travelling friends, and can therefore hope that you continue well. As to what concerns me, I yesterday sent to press the MS. of the last of the *three* volumes which are to come out almost together. Volumes III. and IV. (thirty-six sheets are printed) on the 1st of May; Volume V. on the 15th of July. I have taken the bold resolution of acquitting myself of this duty before anything else, that I may then live for nothing but the "Biblework," and the contest with knaves and hypocrites in the interest of the faithful.

In thus concluding "Egypt," I found it indispensable to give *all* the investigations on the beginnings of the human race in a compressed form. Therefore SET = YAHVEH and all discoveries connected with this down to Abraham. Also the Bactrian and Indian traditions. I have read on both subjects all that is to be found here; above all Burnouf (for the second time), and Lassen's "Indian Antiquities," with *Dies minorum gentium*. I find then in Lassen much which can be well explained by my discoveries in the Egyptian, Babylonian, and Phœnician, but a huge chasm opens out for everything concerning the Vedas. I find in particular nothing analogous to the history of the Deluge, of which you most certainly told me. I therefore throw myself on your friendship, with the request that you will write out for me the most necessary points, so far as they do not exist in Colebrooke and Wilson, which I can order from Berlin. (1.) On the Deluge tradition; (2.) On the Creation of Man, if there is any; (3.) On the Fall of Man; (4.) On recollections of the *Primitive Homes* on the other side of Meru and Bactria, if such are to be found. I know of course what Lassen says. I do not expect much, as you know, from these enthusiastic emigrants; but all is welcome.

One must oppose with all one's power, and in solemn earnest, such pitiful nihilism and stupid jokes as Schwenk has made of the Persian mythology. I have done this in the "Doctrine of Zoroaster;" I am to-day applying to Haug about some *hard nuts* in this subject. The number seven predominates here also, of course, and in the symbolism depends on the time of each phase of the moon; but the Amshaspands have as little to do with it as with the moon itself. The Gahanbar resemble the six days of creation, if the Sanskrit translation by Neriosengh (which I don't understand) is more to be trusted than the Vis

pered. But at all events there is an ideal element here, which has been fitted in with the old nature worship.

The sanctity of the Hom (havam ?) must also be ideal, the plant can only be a symbol to Zoroaster. Can it be connected with Om? As to the *date*, Zoroaster the prophet *cannot* have lived later than 3000 B. C. (250 years before Abraham therefore), but 6000 or 5000 before Plato may more likely be correct, according to the statements of Aristotle and Eudoxus. Bactria (for that surely is Bakhdi) was the first settlement of the Aryans who escaped from the ice regions towards Sogd. The immigration, therefore, can hardly fall later than 10,000 or 9000 before Christ. Zoroaster himself must be considered as *after* the migration of the Aryans towards the Punjab, for his demons are your gods.

Now will you please let me have, at latest at Easter, what you can give me, for on the 25th the continuation of the MS. must go off, and of this the Indians form a part.

I do not find the account by Megasthenes of Indian beginnings (Plinius and Arrianus) at all amiss: the Kaliyuga computation of 3102 B. C. is purely humbug, just like the statement about the beginning of the Chinese times, to which Lassen gives credit. How can Herodotus have arrived at a female Mithra, Mylitta? Everything feminine is incompatible with the sun, yet nowhere, as far as I can see, does any deity corresponding to *Mater* appear among the Persians or Indians. Altogether *Mithra* is a knotty point in the system of Zoroaster, into which it fits like the fist into the eye.

And now I come to the subject of the inclosed Kuno Fischer has given a most successful lecture in Berlin on Bacon, which has grown into a book, a companion to Spinoza and Leibnitz, but much more attractive through the references to the modern English philosophy and Macaulay's conception of Bacon. The book is admirably written. Brockhaus is printing it, and will let it appear in May or at latest in June, about twenty-five sheets. He reserves the right of translation. And now I must appeal to your friendship and your influence, in order to find, 1st, the right translator, and 2d, the right publisher, who would give the author £50 or £100, for Fischer is dependent on his own resources. The *clique* opposes his appearance: Raumer has declared to the faculty that "a Privat-docent suspended in any state of the Bund because of his philosophical opinions which were irreconcilable with Christianity, ought not to teach

in Berlin." The faculty defends itself. I have written public and private letters to Humboldt, but what good does that do? Therefore it is now a matter of consequence to enable this *very* distinguished thinker and writer, and remarkably captivating teacher (he had here 300 pupils in metaphysics), to secure the means of subsistence. Miss Winkworth's publisher offered her £150 when she sent him the first chapter of my "Signs;" Longmans half profits, that is — nothing! I only wish to have the matter set going. The proof-sheets can be sent.

Who wrote the foolish article in the "Quarterly" against Jowett? The book will live and bear fruit. We are well, except that George has had scarlet fever. Frances is nursing him at Rheindorf. Heartily yours.

I have myself undertaken the comparison of the Aryan with the Semitic, on Lassen's plan. Two thirds of the stems can be authenticated. What a scandal is Roth's deciphering of the Cyprian inscriptions. Renan mourns over the "Monthly Review," but is otherwise very grateful. I have made use of *your* Alphabet in my "Egypt."

[69.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, March 12, 1856.

MY DEAREST M., — You receive at once a postscript. I have since read W.'s essay on the Deluge of the Hindús, in the second volume of the "Indian Studies;" and can really say now that I understand a little Sanskrit, for the essay is written in a Brahmanic jargon, thickly strewn with very many German and French foreign terms. O, what a style! I am still to-day reading *Roth* (Münchener Gelehrte Anzeigen). I know therefore what is in it; that is, a child's tale which came to India from the Persian Gulf, or at least from Babylonia, about Oannes, the man in the shape of a fish, who gives them their revelation and saves them. Have you really nothing better? It is just like the fable of Deucalion, from the backward-thrown *lâs*, that is, stones! Or was it ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἢ ἀπὸ πέτρας?

Faith in the old beliefs sits very lightly on all the emigrant children of Japhet. Yet many historical events are clearly buried in the myths before the Pândavas. Wilson's statement (Lassen, i. 479 n.) of the contents of a Purâna, shows still a consciousness of those epochs. There *must* be (1) a dwelling in the primitive country (bordering on the ideal), quite obscure, historically; (2) expulsion, through a change of climate; (3)

life in the land of the Aryans (Iran.); (4) migration to and life in the Punjab.

For the western Aryans and *for southern Europe*, there is another epoch, between 6000 and 5000 B. C. at latest, namely, the march of the Cushite (Turanian) Nimrud (Memnon?) by Susiana, and then across Northern Africa to Spain. The discovery of Curtius, of the Ionians being Asiatics that had migrated from Phrygia, who disputed with the Phœnicians for the world's commerce long before the colonies started from Europe, is *very* important.

Write me word what you think of Weber's Indian-Semitic Alphabet.

I have to-day written to Miss Winkworth, to speak to the publisher. If he will undertake it and pay Fischer well, both editions would appear at the same time; and she must then come here in April, to make the translation from the proof-sheets. The printing begins at Easter.

[70.]

CHARLOTTEBERG, April 22, 1856.  
(*Palilia anni urbis* 2610.)

So there you are, my worthy Don, sitting as a Member of Committees, etc.; and writing reports, and agitating and canvassing in *Academicis*! This delights me: for you have it in you, and feel the same longing, which seized me at your age — to *act* and to exert an influence on the God-given realities of life. It inspires me; for you, like me, will remain what you are — a German, and will not become a “Philister.”

I have missed *you* here very much, even more than your answers to my questions. No one escapes his fate: so I cannot escape the temptation to try my method and my insight on indirect chronology. I confess that such confusion I have not seen as that of these investigations hitherto beyond Colebrooke and Wilson, Lassen and Duncker. Something can already be made of Megasthenes' accounts in connection with the Brahmanic traditions, in the way cleared up by Lassen (in the “Journal”). I believe in the 153 kings before Sandrokottus and the 6402 years. The older tradition does not dream of ages of the world, the historical traditions begin with the Tretâage, and point back to the life on the Indus; the first period is like the divine dynasties of the Egyptians. The Kaliyuga is 1354 B. C., or 1400 if you like, *but not a day older*. The so called cataclysms “after

the universe had thrice attained to freedom" (what nonsense!) are nothing but the short interregnums of freedom obtained by the poor Indian Aryans between the monarchies. They are  $200 + 300 + 120$ . And I propose to you, master of the Vedas, the riddle, how do I know that the first republican interregnum (anarchy, to the barbarians) was 200 years long? The Indian traditions begin therefore with 7000, and that is the time of Zaradushta. I find *many* reasons for adopting *your* opinion on the origin of the Zend books. The Zoroastrians came out of India; but tell me, do you not consider this as a *return migration*? The schism broke out on the Indus, or on the movement towards the Jumna and lands of the Ganges. The dull, intolerable Zend books may be as late as they will, but they contain in the Vendidad, Fargard I., an (interpolated) record of the oldest movements of our cousins, which reach back further than anything Semitic.

About Uttara-Kuru and the like, you also leave me in the lurch; and so I was obliged to see what Ptolemy and Co., and the books know and mention about them. It seems then to me impossible to deny that the Ὀτροκοκοροι is the same, and points out the most eastern land of the old north, now in or near Shensi, the first home of the Chinese; to me the *eastern* boundary of *Paradise*. But how remarkable, not so much that the Aryans, faithful people, have not forgotten their original home, but that the name should be *Sanskrit*! Therefore Sanskrit in Paradise! in 10,000 or 9000. Explain this to me, my dear friend. But first send me, within half an hour of receiving these lines, in case you have them, as they assume here, Lassen's maps of India (mounted), belonging to my copy of the book, and just now very necessary to me. You can have them again in July on the Righi. Madame Schwabe is gone to console that high-minded afflicted Cobden, or rather his wife, on the death of his *only* son, whom we have buried here. She passes next Sunday through London, on her return to her children, and will call at Ernst's. Send the maps to him with a couple of lines. If you have anything else new, send it also. I have read with great interest your clever and attractive chapter on the history of the Indian Hellenic mind, called mythology. Does John Bull take it in? With not less pleasure your instructive essay on "Burning and other Funereal Ceremonies." How noble is all that is really old among the Aryans! Weber sent me the "Málavikā," a miserable thing, harem stories, — I hope by a dissolute fellow

of the tenth century, and surely not by the author of "Sakuntala." For your just, but sharply expressed and *nobly* suppressed essay against —, a thousand thanks. I have to-day received the last sheet of "Egypt," Book IV., and the last but one of Book V. (a), and the second of Book V. (b). These three volumes will appear on the 1st of June. The second half of Book V. (b) (Illustrations, Chronological Tables, and Index) I furnish subsequently for Easter, 1857, in order to have the last word against my critics.

Meanwhile farewell.

[71.]

CHARLOTTEBERG, *Wednesday, April 23, 1856.*

It would be a great pleasure to you, my dear friend, if you could see the enthusiasm of my reawakened love for India, which possessed me in the years 1811-14, and which now daily overpowers me. But it is well that you are not here, for I dare not follow the notes of the siren till I have finished the "Signs of the Times," and have the first volume of my five books of the "Bible" before me. I see clearly, from my point of view, that when one has the right frame, the *real facts* of the Indian life can be dug out from the exuberant wealth of poetry as surely as your Eros and the Charites, and the deepest thoughts from their ritual and mythology. True Germans and Anglo-Saxons are these Indian worthies. How grateful I am to Lassen for his conscientious investigations; also to Duncker for his representation of the history, made with the insight of a true historian. But all this can aid me but little. I can nowhere find the materials for *filling up my frame-work*; or, in case this frame-work should not itself be accurate, for destroying it and my whole chapter. Naturally all are ignorant of the time which precedes the great fable, — namely, the time of the Vedas.

And so I turn to you, with a request and adjuration which you cannot set aside. I give you my frame-work, *the chronological canon*, as it has been shaped by me. It is clear that we cannot depend on anything that stands in the noble Mahābhārata and the sentimental Rāmāyana, as to kings and lines of kings, unless it is confirmed by the Vedas; but they generally say the very opposite. All corruptions of history by our schoolmen and priests are but as child's play compared to the system-

atic falsifying and destruction of all history by the Brahmans. Three things are possible; (1) you may find my frame-work *wrong* because facts are against it; (2) you may find it *useless* because facts are missing; or (3) you may find the plan correct, and discover facts to support and further it. I hope for the last; but *every* truth is a gain. My scheme is this: The poets of the Veda have no chronological reckoning, the epic poets a false one. There remain the Greeks. To understand the narrative of Megasthenes, one must first restore the corrupted passages, which Lassen unfortunately has so entirely misunderstood.

Arr. Ind. ix., in Didot's "Geographi," i. p. 320: 'Απὸ μὲν δὴ Διονύσου (Svayambhū) βασιλέως ἡρίθμεον Ἴνδοι ἐς Σανδράκοτον τρεῖς καὶ πεντήκοντα καὶ ἑκατὸν, ἔτεα δὲ δύο καὶ τεσσαρακόσια (instead of πεντήκοντα) καὶ ἑξακισχίλια (6402, according to Pliny's text, confirmed by all MSS., and by Solinus Polyhist. 59; of Arrian we have but copies of one *codex*, and the *lacuna* is the same in all).

Ἐν δὲ τούτοισι τρεῖς ICTANAI (instead of τὸ πᾶν εἰς, Arr. writes only ἐς) ἐλευθερίην (ιστάναι is Herodotean for καθιστάναι, as every rational prose writer would have put).

ΤΗΝ ΜΕΝ ΕΣ ΔΙΑΚΟCΙΑ.

τὴν δὲ καὶ ἐς τριακόσια,

τὴν δὲ εἰκοσί τε ἑτέων καὶ ἑκατόν.

The restoration is certain, because the omission is explained through the *ὁμοιοτέλευτον*, and gives a meaning to the *καὶ*. The sense is made indubitable by Diodorus' rhetorical rendering of the same text of Megasthenes, ii. 38: τὸ δὲ τελευταῖον, πολλαῖς γενεαῖς ὕστερον καταλυθείση; τῆς ἡγεμονίας δημοκρατηθῆναι τὰς πόλεις; cf. 39, ὕστερον δὲ πολλοῖς ἔτεσι τὰς πόλεις δημοκρατηθῆναι.

From this it follows that the monarchy was thrice interrupted by democratic governments, and that there were *four* periods. This is the Indian tradition. But the whole was conceived as one history, doubtless with a prehistoric ideal beginning, like our Manus and Tuiskon. Therefore, no cosmic periods (Brahmanical imposture), but four *generations* of Aryan history in India.

The Kaliyuga is a new world, just as much as Teutonic Christendom, but no more. The Indians will probably have commenced it A. D. 410, as friend Kingsley too (in his "Hypa

tia"). Where is the starting-point? I hold to as the chronological computation up to the time of the Nandas.

1015 years.

For the Nandas, I hold to the 22 years.

If they say that Kâlâśoka and his ten sons reigned 22 years; and Nanda, nine brothers in succession, 22 years; the 22 years is not wrong, either here or there, but the 22 is correct and the ten kingly personages also, for aught I care: but the *names* are altered (and really to do away with the plebeian Nanda), therefore it is neither 44, nor 88, nor 100 (which is nothing), but . . . . .

22 "

From Parikshit to the year before Sandrakottus . . . . .

1037 "

Sandrak.'s first year 312 (?), 317 (?), 320 (?).

I have no opinion on the point, therefore take the middle number *about* . . . . .

317 "

Beginning of the fourth period . . . . .

1354 B. C.

Interregnum, popular government . . . . .

1200 "

1474 "

1475 "

End of the third period . . . . .

Nakshatra era 1476? (Weber, "Indian Studies," ii. 240.)

*This fourth period* is that of the supremacy of the Brahmans in the beginning, with its recoil to Buddha towards the end.

In the year 1250 B. C., about the one hundredth year of the era, Semiramis invaded India (Dâvpara).

*Third period of the royal dynasties*, the great empire on the Jumna, not far from the immortal Aliwal. Beginning with the *Dynasty of the Kurus*. (Here the names of the kings and their works, as canals, etc. *Seat of the empire*, the Duâb; Hastinapura, Ayodhyâ; or still on the Sarasvatî) . . . . .

0 years

Interregnum between III. and II. (Must have left its traces. A pasted up break is surely here.) . . . . .

300 "



of Sir W. Jones and Co., as philistering! One must oppose this more inflexibly than even that admirable Lassen does. (N. B. Has Colbrooke anything on this? or Wilson?)

There may have been *two* points of contact between the Aryans and the kingdoms on the Euphrates *before* the expedition of Semiramis.

a. By means of the Zoroastrian Medo-Babylonian kingdom, which had its capital in Babylon from 2234 B. C. (1903 before Alexander) for about two centuries.

b. In the oldest primitive times, by the Turanian-Cushite or North African kingdom of Nimrod, which cannot be placed later than in the seventh chiliad. The Egyptians had a tradition of this, as is proved according to my interpretation by the historical germ in the story in the Timæos of the great combat of Europe and Asia against the so-called Atlantides: but these are uncertain matters.

That is a general sketch of my frame-work. If you are able to do anything with it, I make you the following proposition: You will send me an *open letter* in German (only without *your Excellency*, and as I beg you will always write to me, as friend to friend), in which you will answer my communication. Send me beforehand a few reflections and doubts for my text, which I must send away by the 15th of May. Your open letter must be sent in in June, if possible before the 15th, in order to appear before the 15th of July as an Appendix to my text of Book V. b. (fourth division) first half. I can do nothing in the matter; everything here is wanting. I cannot even find German books here. Therefore keep Lassen's maps, if you have them. I have in the mean time helped myself by means of Ritter and Kiepert to find the old kingdoms and the sacred Sarasvati. That satisfies me for the present.

Soon a sign of life and love to your sorely tormented but faithful B.

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[72.] CHARLOTTENBERG, *Sunday Morning, April, 27, 1856.*

I have laid before you my restoration of the text of Megasthenes, and added a few preliminary thoughts on the possibility of the restoration of his traditions, and something of my restoring criticism. I have not however been able to rest since that time, without going to the very ground of the matter, to see if I am on a side-path, or on the right road. I now send you the summary of the two chapters which I have written since then.

I. The restoration of the list of Megasthenes. (153 kings in 6402 years.)

1. The list begins, like the Sanskrit tradition, with the first generation; three interregnums presuppose four periods.

2. The whole fourfold divided chronology is *one*: three sections of *historical recollections* lie before the Kali age. Lassen is therefore wrong in saying that Megasthenes began with the Tretâ age. The progress of the gradual extension of the kingdom is organic.

3. The foundation of the whole tradition of the four periods of time are the *genealogical registers of the old royal families*, which must if possible be *localized*; of course with special reference to Magadha, which however begins late. As in Egypt, every branch tried somewhere to find its place; we must therefore throw away or mark all names not supported by the legend (that is, the Vedic traditions). The contemporary dynasties must be separated from those that follow each other.

4. Each period was divided from the preceding by an *historical fact*, — a dissolution followed by a subjugation or a popular government. The first is divided from the second by Herakles — Krishna. The third from the second by Râma, the extirpator of the heroes and royal races (great rising of the people). The fourth from the third by purely historical revolutions, caused or fostered by the Assyrian invasion.

5. The mythical expression for these periods is *one thousand years*.

6. The historical interregnums are 200, 300, 120.

7. As both are the same, therefore  $3 \times 1000$  years vanish, and there remain but the 620.

8. Therefore Megasthenes' list . . . . .	6402
	3000

Kings from the first patriarch to Sandrakottus . . . . .	3402 years.
Interregnums . . . . .	620
	4022

#### FIRST PERIOD.

A. Aryan recollections. Megasthenes' list unites the traditions of the Moon-race (Budha) with that of the Sun-race (direct from Manu).

(1.) Questions. First question. What do the names Ayus and Yayâti mean? Is Nahusha = man?

- (2.) I know king Ikshvāku, *i. e.*, the gourd. Who are the Asuras, conquered by Prithu ?
- (3.) Anu, one of the four sons of Yayāti, is the North, not the Iranian, nor the Turanian, which is Turvasa, but the Semitic, *i. e.*, *Assur*. Anu is the chief national god of the Assyrians, according to the cuneiform inscriptions. The cradle of the old dynasty was therefore called Telanu = hill of Anu. Salmanassar is called Salem-anu, *i. e.*, face of Anu.

**B. Indian primitive times.**

- |  |      |
|--|------|
| 1. Manu (primitive time) . . . . .   | 1000 |
| 2-14. Thirteen human kings in the Punjab, each reigns on an average thirty-six years . . . . . | 468  |
| 15. Krishna, destruction . . . . .   | 1000 |

2468 years, representing really only 268 + 200 years, with an unknown quantity representing Aryan migrations and settlements in the Punjab.

- (4.) Question. Is Jones' statement correct in his chronology (Works, i. 299), that the fourth Avatâr must be placed between the first and second periods ?

SECOND PERIOD.

The kingdom of the Puru, and the Bharata kings. Royal residence, province of the Sarasvatî. Epos, the Râmâyana.

**A. Period from Puru to Dushyanta.**

Conquests from the Sarasvatî on the north, and to Kalinga (Bengal) on the south. Conquerors: Tansu, Ilina, Bharata, Suhôtra (all Vedic names).

**B. Period of destruction through the Pañkâlas.** — Agamîdha (Suhôtra's son, according to the unfalsified tradition) is the human Râma, the instrument of destruction.

- (5.) Question. Why is he called in Lassen, i. 590, the son of Rikshu ? (This is another thousand years.)

Riksha is called in M. Bh. (Lassen, xxiii. note 17) son of Agamîdha, and in another place, wife of Agamîdha, or both times wife !

THIRD PERIOD.

The Kurus; the Pañkâlas; the Pândavas. Seats in Middle Hindostan. Advance to the Vindhya (Epos, the Mahâbhârata of the third period, as the Râmâyana of the second).

**A. Kingdoms of the Kurus.**

B. Kingdom of the Pañkâlas. Contemporary lists; but the Pañkâlas outlast the Kurus. Both are followed by —

C. Kingdom of the Pândavas.

Ad. A. From Kuru to Devâpi who retires (that is, is driven away), Sântanu, Bahlika, the Bactrian (?), there are eleven reigns. Then the three generations to Duryodhana and Arjuna.

Parikshit represents the beginning of the Interregnum.

The list in the Vishnu-purâna of twenty-nine kings, from Parikshit to Kshemaka, with whom the race becomes extinct in the Kali age, does not concern us.

They are the lines of the pretenders, who did not again acquire the throne. The oldest list is probably only of six reigns; for the son of Satânika, the third V. P. king of this list, is also called Udayana (Lassen, xxvi. note 23), and the same is the name of the twenty-fifth king, the son of Satânika II. Therefore Brihadratha, Vasudâna, and Sudâsa (21, 22, 23) are likewise the last of a Parikshit line. But they do not count chronologically.

#### FOURTH PERIOD.

The kingdom of Magadha. Chronological clews for Megasthenes. The first part of the Magadha list preserved to us (Lassen, xxxi.) from Kuru to Sahadeva is an unchronological list of collateral lines of the third period, therefore of no value for the computation of time. The Kali list of Magadha begins with Somâpi to Ripungaya, 20 kings. The numbers are cooked in so stupid a way that they neither agree with each other nor are possible. One can only find the right number from lower down.

#### *Restoration of the Chronology.*

Kali II. Pradyota, five kings with . . . . .	138 years.
“ III. Saisunâga, ten kings with . . . . .	360 “
“ IV. Nanda, father with eight or nine-sons . . . . .	22 “
	520
“ V. Kandragupta king . . . . .	317 B. C.
	837 “

If one deducts these 837 years from 1182, the first year of the Kali age, there remain 345 years for the twenty kings from Somâpi to Ripungaya (First Dynasty), averaging  $17\frac{1}{2}$  years. (That will do!) I adopt 1182 years, because 1354 is impossible.

but 1181 is the historical chronological beginning of a kingdom in Kashmir. Semiramis invaded India under a *Sthavirapati* (probably only a title), about 1250. This time must therefore fall in the interregnum (120 years, after Megasthenes). The history of the war with Assyria (Asura?) is smothered by pushing forward the Abhîra, that is, the Naval War on the Indus (Diodorus).

I pass over the approximate restoration of the first three periods. I have given you a scanty abstract of my treatise, which I naturally only look upon as a *frame-work*. But if the *frame-work* be right, and of this I feel convinced, if I have discovered the true grooves and the system — then the unfalsified remains of traditions in the Vedas must afford further

1150

confirmation. The Kali can be fixed for about — by pow-

1190

erful synchronisms. The three earlier ages can be approximately restored. One thus arrives, by adding 200 + 300 + 120 (= 620) to each of the earlier and thus separated periods, to the beginning of the Tretâ (foundation of the *Bharata kingdom* beginning with Puru). This leads to the following computation.

I. Anarchy before Puru . . . . .	200 years.
II. From Puru to Bharata's father, 10 reigns	
of 20 years . . . . .	200 "
From Bharata to Agamîdha's son, 6 reigns	120 "
End of II. . . . .	300 "
III. From Kuru to Bahlika (migration towards	
Bactria?) 10 reigns . . . . .	200 "
(Parikshit) apparently 6-7 reigns . . . . .	120 "
<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/>	
End of the oldest Indian kingdom, before Kali	1340 years.
	1182 "
<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/>	
Beginning of Tretâ =	2522 B. C.
(2234 Zoroaster invaded Babylon from Media)	
Second dynasties in Babylon . . . . .	1100 "
<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/>	
	3622 "

We have still to account for the time of the *settlement in the Punjab* and formation of kingdoms there. This gives as the beginning approximately = 4339 B. C.

And now I am very anxious to hear what you have made out, or whether you have let the whole matter rest as it is. I have postponed everything, in order to clear up the way as far as I can. I shall try to induce Weber to visit me in the Whitsun holidays, to look into the details for me, that I may not lay myself open to attack. Before that I shall have received Haug's *entirely new translation of the first Fargard*, which I shall print as an Appendix, with his annotations. My *Chinese restoration* has turned out *most* satisfactory.

I may now look forward to telling them: (1.) The rabbinical chronology is false, it is impossible; it has every tradition opposed to it, most of all so the biblical — therefore away with it! (2.) Science has not to *turn back*, but now first to press really forward, and to restore: the question is not the fixing of abstract speculative formulas, but the employing of speculation and philology for the *reconstruction of the history of humanity*, of which revelation is only a portion, though certainly the centre if we believe in our moral consciousness of God.

This is about what I shall say, as my last word, in the Preface to the sixth volume of "Egypt." Volumes IV. and V. are printed. *Deo soli gloria.*

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[73.]

CHARLOTTEBERG, May 22, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — H. R. H. the Prince Regent, who starts for England to-morrow, wishes to see Oxford, and *quietly* and *instructively*. I therefore give these lines to his private secretary, Herr Ullmann, that he may by letter, or (if the time allows) by word of mouth, apply to you, to fix *a day*. Herr Ullmann is the son of the famous Dr. U., the present prelate and chief church-councilor, and a man of good intentions.

I have at last gone in for Vedic and Bactrian chronology, after having had Dr. Haug of Bonn with me for eight days. He translated and read to me many hymns from your two quartos (which he does very fluently), and a little of Sâyana's commentary. By this and by Lassen and Roth, and yours and Weber's communications, I believe I have saved myself from the breakers, and I hold my proofs as established: —

That the oldest Vedas were composed 3000–2500 B. C., and that everything else is written in a learned dead Brahmanical language, a precipitate of the Veda language, and certainly *very late*: scarcely anything before 800 B. C.

Manu takes his place after Buddha.

The ages of the world are the miserable system of the book of Manu, and nothing more than evaporated historical periods. These epochs can be restored not by the aid, but in spite of the two epics and their chronology.

Petermann sends me a beautiful map. The routes and settlements of the Aryans from their primitive home to the land of the five rivers (or rather seven).

Haug has worked out all the fourteen names. Kabul and Kandahar are hidden amongst them. I hope he will settle in the autumn with me, and for the next few years.

In haste, with hearty thanks for your affectionate and instructive answers. God bless you.

P. S. I shall take the liberty of sending you, about the 1st of July, the first five sheets of my *Aryans*, before they are printed off, and ten days later the remaining three or four, and beg for your instructive remarks on them.

[74.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, July 17, 1856.

MY DEARLY LOVED FRIEND,—Yesterday evening at half-past seven o'clock I wrote off my *last chapter* of "Egypt's Place" for press, and so the work is finished, the first sheets of which were sent to Gotha from London in 1843, the chief part of which however was written in 1838-39. You will receive the two new volumes (Books IV., V. a) in a fortnight; they will be published to-day. Of the third volume (the sixth of the German editions), or V. (b), twelve sheets are printed, and the other eighteen are ready, except a few sheets already at Gotha, including the index to I. to V. (a). I am in the main satisfied with the work.

You are the first with whom I begin paying off my debts of correspondence; and I rejoice that I can take this opportunity to thank you for all the delightful news which your last dear letter (sent by that most amiable Muir) conveyed to me; especially for the completion of the *third big volume of the Rig-veda*, and for the happy arrival of your mother and cousin, which has doubtless already taken place. You know it was a letter from the *latter*, which first told me *of you*, and made me wish to see you. And then you came *yourself*; and all that I prophesied of you after the first conversation in London and your first visit in the country, has been richly fulfilled — yes

beyond my boldest hopes. You have won an honorable position in the first English university, not only for yourself but for the Fatherland, and you have richly returned the love which I felt for you from the first moment, and have faithfully reciprocated a friendship which constitutes an essential portion of my happiness. I therefore thank you all the more for all the love and friendship of your last letters. I can only excuse myself *by my book* for not having sooner thanked you. I soon perceived that *you were quite right*, that the chronological researches on Indian antiquity have led to nothing more sure than the conviction that the earlier views, with few exceptions, were wrong or without foundation. As soon as I acquired this conviction, through reading the last works on the subject (Lassen and Roth), I grew furious, as it happens to me from time to time, and at the same time reawoke the longing after the researches which I had to lay aside in 1816, and which I now determined to approach again, in the course of my work, which is chronological in the widest sense. After I had read all that is written, I let Haug come to me in the Whitsun holidays. He brought with him the translation I wished for of the *First Fargard of the Vendidad*; and you can imagine my delight, when in Books XII. and XIII. he discovered for me (purely linguistically) the two countries, the non-appearance of which was the *only* tenable counter-reason which opposed itself to the intuition to which I had held fast since 1814 — namely, that this document, so ancient in its primitive elements, contained nothing less than the history of the gradual invasion, founding of states, and peopling of Asia by the Aryans. How could Kandahar and Kabul be missing if this were true? Without the least *suspicion* of this historical opinion, Haug proved to me that they are not wanting. Petermann will make the whole clear in a little map, such as I showed him. You will find it in the sixth volume. Then he rejoiced my heart by translating some *single hymns of the Rig-veda*, especially in Book VII., which I found threw great light on the God-Consciousness, the faith in the moral government of the world. *He comes to me*: from the 1st of August he is free in Bonn, and goes for the Zend affairs to Paris, marries his bride in Offerdingen, and comes here to me on the 1st of October for *Mithridates* and the Old Testament, the printing of which begins in January, 1857, with the *Pentateuch*. With him (in default of your personal presence) I have now gone **through everything** at which I arrived with regard to the period

of the entry of the Aryans (4000 B. C.) in the Indus country (to which Sarasvati does not belong — one can as easily count seven as five rivers from the eastern branch of the upper Indus to the west of the Satadru), and with regard to the difficult questions of the connection of these migrations with Zoroaster. That is, I *must* place Zoroaster *before* the emigration; on the march (from 5000–4000) the emigrants gradually break off. Three heresies, one after another, are mentioned in the record itself. The not exterminated germs of the nature-worship (with the adoration of fire) spring up again, but the moral life remained. (1.) Therefore the Veda language is to me the precipitate of the Old Bactrian (as the Edda language of the Old Norse). (2.) The *Zend language* is the second step from the Northern Old Bactrian. (3.) The Sanskrit is one still further advanced from the Southern Old Bactrian, or from the Veda language. (4.) All *Indian literature*, except the Vedas, is in the New South Bactrian, already become a learned language, which has been named the perfect or Sanskrit language. The *epochs of the language* are the three *great historical catastrophes*.

A. *Kingdom in the region of the Indus*. — 4000–3000. The Veda language as a living popular language.

B. *Second Period*. — On the Sarasvati and in the Duâb. The Veda tongue becomes the learned language. Sanskrit is the *popular* language, 3000–2000.

C. *Third Period*. — Sanskrit *begins* to be the learned language, at least at the end.

D. Kali = 1150 B. C. Sanskrit merely the learned language.

Therefore the oldest Vedas, the purely popular, cannot be younger than 3000; the *collection* was made in the third period, the tenth book is already in chief part written in a *dead language*. You see all depends on whether I can authenticate the four periods with their three catastrophes; for a new form of language presupposes a political change. Forms such as Har-aqaiti I can explain just as that the Norwegian names of places are younger than the corresponding Icelandic forms; in the colony the old remains as a fixed form, in the mother country the language progresses.

For what concerns now seriously the *Mythology*, your spirited essay opening the way was a real godsend, for I had just arrived at the conviction which you will find expressed in the introduction to Book V. (a): That the so-called nature-religion can be nothing but the *symbol* of the primitive consciousness of

God; which only gradually became independent (through misunderstanding) and which already lies prefigured in organic speech. P—, K— and Co., are on this point in great darkness, or rather in utter error. *You* have kept yourself perfectly free from this mistake. I however felt that I must proclaim what is positively true far more sharply, and have drawn the outlines of a method which is to me the more convincing, as it has stood the test of the whole history of old religion. For in taking up the Aryan investigations, I closed the circle of my historical mythological inquiry. What will *you* say to this? For I have written the whole especially for you, to come to an understanding with you. I arrive at the same point which you aim at, but without your roundabout way, which is but a makeshift. But in the fundamental conception of nature-religion, we do certainly agree altogether. If you come to Germany, you will find here with me the proof-sheets of Book V. (b) (about pages 1-200) which treat of this section, as well as the analysis of the table of the Hebrew patriarchs. They will be looked through before Haug's journey to Paris and mine to Geneva (August 1), and will be therefore all struck off when I return here on the 23d August.

Your essay holds a beautiful place in the history of the subject. The work on that section gave me inexpressible delight, and a despaired-of gap in my life is filled up, as far as is necessary for my own knowledge; and I believe too not without advantage to the faithful.

How disgraceful it is that we do not instinctively understand the Veda language, when we read it in respectable Roman letters, with a little previous grammatical practice! Your Veda Grammar will be a closed book to me, as you print in the later Devanagari goose-foot character. Haug shall transliterate for me the grammatical forms into *your* alphabet. He is a noble Suabian, and much attached to me; also a great admirer of yours.

My "God-Consciousness" is printed (thirty-two sheets), twenty are corrected (and fought through with Bernays). This work, too, will be carried through the second revise before my journey. I wonder myself what will come of the work. Its *extent* remains unaltered (three volumes in six books), but its contents are ever swelling. I hope it *will take*. I shall strike the old system *dead forever*, if we do not go to ruin; of this I am sure; therefore I must all the more lay the foundations of the new structure in the heart, the conscience, and the reason.

O! what a hideous time! God be praised, who made us both free. So also is Carl now, through his official efficiency and his happy marriage. The wedding will take place in Paris between the 9th and 15th October. We shall go there.

I take daily rides, and was never better. Please God I shall finish the "God-Consciousness" (II. and III.) between the 25th August and the end of October (the third volume is nearly ready), and then I shall take up the "Biblework," the proof-sheets of which lie before me, with *undivided* energy. The contract with Brockhaus is concluded and exchanged. I shall perhaps come to England in October, 1857; that is to say *with* the first volume of the Bible, but *not without* it.

Neukomm and Joachim have been with us for six weeks, which gave us the greatest enjoyment. Neukomm returns here at the end of August.

My children promise me (without saying it) to meet here for the 25th August, to introduce the amiable bride to me. I am rejoicing over it like a child.

Why do you not make a journey to the Neckar valley with your mother and cousin? My people send hearty greetings. With true love, yours.

I am purposely not reading your Anti-Renan all at once, that I may often read it over again before I finish it. I think it is admirably written. Perhaps a distinguished philologist, Dr. Fliedner (nephew of the head of the Deaconesses), may call on you. He has been highly recommended to me, and is worthy of encouragement. What is Aufrecht about? I cannot cease to feel interested about him.

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[75.]

CHARLOTTEBERG, *October 7, 1856.*

Yesterday, my dearest friend, I sent off the close of the last volume of "Egypt," together with the printed sheets 13-19, and at the same time to Brockhaus the last two revised sheets of the "God in History," Volume I.; and to-day I have again taken up the translation of the Bible (Exodus), with Haug and Camp-hausen — that is, Haug arrived the day before yesterday. (Between ourselves, I hope Bernays is coming to me for three years.) How I should have liked to show you these sheets, 13-19 (the Bactrians and Indians and their chronology). You will find in them a thorough discussion of your beautiful essay (which has been admired everywhere as a perfect masterpiece), not with-

out some shakings of the head at K—— and B——. In fact I have gone in for it, and by New Year's Day you shall have it before you. This, with the journey to Switzerland and three weeks of indisposition afterwards, are an excuse for my silence.

It always gives me great and inexpressible pleasure when you *talk* to me by letter and *think aloud*. And this time I have been deeply touched by it. I am convinced you have since then yourself examined the considerations which oppose themselves to your bold and noble wish with regard to the Punjab. What would become of your great work? I will not here say what shall we in Europe do without you? Also; do you mean to go *alone* to Hapta Hendu, or as a married man? There you will never find a wife. And would your intended go with you? And the *children*? All Englishmen tell me it is just as unbearably hot in Lahore as in Delhi; in *Umritsir* there is no fresh air. No Sing goes to Cashmir because he who reigns there would soon dispatch him out of the world at the time of the fever.

By the by, what has become of your convert? Does he still smoke without any scruple?

Your gorgeous Rig-veda at Brockhaus' frightens people here because of its extent (they would have given up the Sanhita, satisfied with various readings) and the exorbitant price. Others would willingly have had your own Veda Grammar besides the Indian grammatical treatise, especially on account of the Vedic forms. In fact you are admired, but criticised. You must not allow this to annoy you. I find that Haug thinks about the mythology nearly as I do.

Everything in Germany resolves itself more and more into pettinesses and cliques, and the pitiful question of subsistence. "The many princes are our good fortune, but poverty is our crime." Had not *Brunn* offered himself to take Braun's place, giving up his private tutorship, we must have given up the Archæological Institute at Rome! With difficulty Gerhard has found *one* man in Germany who could undertake the Italian printing of the "Annali" (appearing, as you know, in Gotha). "Resta a vedere se lo può!" All who can, leave Prussia — and only blockheads or hypocrites are let in, with the exception of physical science; whoever can do so turns engineer, or goes into a house of business, or emigrates. My decided advice on this account therefore is, reserve yourself for better times, and stay at present in England, where you have really won a delightful position for yourself.

Now for various things about myself. Every possible thing is done to draw me away from here (my third capitol, the first of my own). The King quite recently (which I could not in the least expect) received me here at the railway station, in the most affectionate way, and demanded a promise from me that I would pay him a visit within a year and a day. But I have once for all declared myself as the "hermit of Charlottenberg," and hermits and prophets should stay at home. I do not even go to Carlsruhe and Coblenz. *Cui bono?* What avails good words, without good deeds? But the nation is not dead. Don't imagine that. Before this month is out you will see what I have said on this subject in the Preface to the "God in History." Within six to ten years the nation will again be fit to act. Palmerston will cut his throat if nothing comes of the Neapolitan business, and just the same if he cannot make "a good case;" the principle of intervention even against Bomba is self-destruction for England, and disgraceful in the highest degree. The *fox* cannot begin war in Italy at the *present moment* from want of money, and his accomplices are afraid of losing their stolen booty. So he tries to gain time. He will still live a few years.

I have seen —: he knows a great deal more than he allows to appear, but is the driest, and most despairing Englishman I have ever seen. He has suffered shipwreck of everything on the Tübingen sand bank. The poor wretches! Religion and theology without philosophy is bad; philosophy without philosophy is a monster! So Comte is a trump-card with many in Oxford! He is so in London. What a fall of intellect! what a decay of life! what an abyss of ignorance! Jowett is a living shoot, and will continue so; but John Bull is my chief comfort, even for my "God in History." America is my greatest misery after my misery for Germany; but the North *will* prove itself in the right.

With hearty greetings of truest attachment and love to your mother, truly yours.

We expect George on the 18th. Ernst is here.

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[76.]

CHARLOTTENBERG. *January 29, 1857.*

You have really inflicted it on me! For though I have but one leg to stand upon (I cannot *sit* at all), as the other has been suffering for four days from *sciatica* (let Dr. Acland explain

that to you, whilst you at the same time thank him heartily for his excellent book on the cholera), still I am obliged to place myself at the desk, to answer my dear friend's letter, received yesterday evening in bed. The last fortnight I have daily thought of you incessantly, and wished to write you a dunning letter, at the same time thanking you for the third volume of the Veda, which already contains some hymns of the seventh book, as the admiring Haug read it out to me. Out of this especially he promises me a great treasure for my Vedic God-Consciousness, without prejudice to what the muse may perhaps prompt you to send me in your beautiful poetical translation; for my young assistant will have nothing to do with that. You will certainly agree with him, after you have read my first volume, that much is to be found in that Veda for the centre of my inquiries; the consciousness in the Indian Iranians of the reality of the divine in human life. I find in all that has yet come before me, almost the same that echoes through the Edda, and that appears in Homer as popular belief; the godhead interferes in human affairs, when crime becomes too wanton, and thus evil is overcome and the good gains more and more the upper hand. Of course that is kept in the background, when despair in realities becomes the keynote of the God-Consciousness, as with the Brahmans, and then with the much-praised apostles of annihilation, the Buddhists. You are quite right; it is a pity that I could not let the work appear all at once, for even you misunderstand me. When I say "*we cannot pray with the Vedas and Homer and their heroes, not even with Pindar,*" I mean, we as worshippers, as a community; and that you will surely allow. Of course the thoughtful philosopher can well say with Goethe, "worship and liturgy in the name of St. Homer, not to forget Æschylus and Shakespeare." But that matter is nevertheless true in history without any limitation. I have only tried it with Confucius, but it is more difficult; it is as if an antediluvian armadillo tried to dance.

But what will my Old Testament readers say when I lead them into the glory of the Hellenic God-Consciousness? Crossing and blessing themselves won't help! My expressions therefore in the second volume are carefully considered and cautiously used. But the tragedy of my life will be the fourth book. Yet I write it, I have written it!

You are quite right about the English translation; all the three volumes at once, and the address at the beginning. But

you must read the second book for me. It is no good saying you don't understand anything about it. I have made it easy enough for you. I have asserted nothing simply, without making it easy for every educated person to form his own opinion, if he will only reflect seriously about the Bible. The *presuppositions* are either as good as granted, or where anything peculiar to me comes in, I have in the notes justified everything thoroughly, although apparently very simply. Take the Lent Sundays for this, and you will keep Easter with me, and also your amiable mother (from whom you never send me even a word of greeting).

But now, how does it fare with "Egypt?" The closing volume, which, as you know, I wrote partly out of despair, because you would not help me, and in which I most especially thought of you, and reckoned on your guiding friendship, must surely now be in your hands (the two preceding volumes, of course, some time ago). Why don't you read them?

I am not at all easy at what you tell me about yourself and your feelings; even though I feel deeply that you do not quite withdraw your inmost thoughts from me. But why are you unhappy? You have gained for yourself a delightful position in life. You are getting on with your gigantic work. You (like me) have won a fatherland in England, without losing your German home, the ever excellent. You have a beautiful future before you. You can at any moment give yourself a comfortable and soul-satisfying family circle. If many around you are Philistines, you knew that already; still they are worth something in *their* own line. Only step boldly forward into life. Then Heidelberg would come again into your itinerary.

One thing more this time. I have not received Wilson's translation. I possess both the first and second volumes. Has he not continued his useful work? What can I do to remind him of the missing part? The third volume, too, must contain much that is interesting for me.

I cannot forget Aufrecht. Is he free from care and contented? The family greet you and your dear mother. We expect Charles and his young wife next week. Ernst is, as you will know, back at Abbey Lodge. With unaltered affection.

[77.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, *April 27, 1857.*

The month is nearly over, my dear friend, before the close of which I must, according to agreement, deliver up my revised copy of the amendments and additions to the English edition of my "Egypt." (They are already there.) I hoped that in this interval you would have found a little leisure (as Lepsius and Bernays have done, who sent me the fruits of their reading already at the beginning of the month, in the most friendly way) to communicate to me your criticisms or doubts or thoughts or corrections on that which I have touched on in your own especial territory, as I had expressly and earnestly begged you to do. I have improved the arrangement very much. As you have not done this, I can only entertain one of two disagreeable suppositions, namely, that you are either ill or out of spirits, or that you have only what is disagreeable to say of my book, and would rather spare yourself and me from this. But as from what I know of you, and you know of me, I do not find in either the one or the other supposition a sufficient explanation of your obstinate silence, I should have forced myself to wait patiently, had I not to beg from you alone a small but indispensable gift for my "God in History."

I have again in this interregnum taken up the interrupted studies of last year on the Aryan God-Consciousness in the Asiatic world, and thanks to Burnouf's, yours, Wilson's, Roth's and Fausböll's books, and Haug's assistance and translations, I have made the way easy to myself for understanding the two great Aryan prophets Zaraduschtra and Sākya, and (so far as that is possible to one of us now) the Veda; and this not without success and with inexpressible delight. My expectations are far exceeded. The Vedic songs are by far the most glorious, which in first going through that fearful translation of Wilson's, seemed to wish to hide themselves entirely from me. The difficulties of making them intelligible, even of a bare translation, are immense; the utter perverseness of Sāyana is only exceeded by that of Wilson, to whom however one can never be grateful enough for his communications. I now first perceive what a difficult but also noble work you have undertaken, and how much still remains doubtful; even after one has got beyond the collectors and near to the original poets. It is as if of the Hebrew traditions we only had the Psalms, and that without an individual personality like David, without, in fact, any one; on the contrary, allusions to Abraham's possible poems and the cos-

nical dreams of the Aramæans. But yet how strong is the feeling of immediate relation to God and nature, how truly human, and how closely related to our own! What a curious similarity to the Edda, Homer, and Pindar, Hesiod, and the Hellenic primitive times! Nothing however gave me greater delight than the dignity and solemnity of the funeral ceremonies, which you have made so really clear and easy to be understood. This is as yet the only piece of *real life* of our blood relations in the land of the five rivers. I have naturally taken possession of this treasure with the greatest delight, and perfected the description for my problem by the explanation of Yama (following on the whole Roth, who however overlooks the demiurgic character), of the Ribhus (departing entirely, not only from Nève's mistaken views, but also from what I have read elsewhere, representing them as the three powers which divide and form matter, namely, Air, Water, and Earth, to whom the fourth, Agni, was joined under the guidance of Tvash'ar), and of the funeral ceremonies as the condition of the laws of inheritance; where I return to my own beginning. And here it strikes me at once that in the Vedas, so far as they are accessible to me, there is not a trace to be found of the *joining together of the three generations* (the departed and his father and grandfather), and making them the unity of the race through the sacrificial oblations. And yet the *idea* must be older than the Vedas, as this precise, though certainly not accidental limitation is found with Solon and the Twelve Tables, just as clearly as with Manu and all the books of laws, and the commentaries collected by Colebrooke. You would of course have mentioned this in your account if anything of the sort had existed in the tenth book. But even the Pitris, the fathers, are not mentioned, but it passes on straight to Yama the first ancestor. Haug, too, has discovered nothing; if you know anything about it, communicate it to me in the course of May, for my second volume goes to press on the 1st June. I shall read it aloud to George and Miss Wynn here, between the 25th and 31st.

But my real desire is that you should send me one of your melodious and graceful metrical translations of *your* hymn, "Nor aught nor nought existed." I must of course give it (it belongs with me to the period of transition, therefore, comparatively speaking, late); and how can I venture to translate it? I have, to be sure, done so with about five poems, which Haug chose for me out of the first nine books, and translated literally

and then explained them to me; as well as with those which I worked out of Wilson's two first volumes by the help of Roth and Haug. But that is *your* hymn, and I have already written my thanks for your communication in my MS. and then left a space. That good Rowland Williams thinks it theistic, or at all events lets one of the speakers say so.

Rowland Williams' "Christ and Hindnism" has been a real refreshment to me, in this investigation of the Indian consciousness of God in the world. The mastery of the Socratic-Platonic dialogue, the delicacy and freedom of the investigation, and the deep Christian and human spirit of this man, have attracted me more than all other new English books, and even filled me with astonishment. Muir, that good man, sent it me through Williams and Norgate, and I have not only thanked him, but Williams himself, in a full letter, and have pressingly invited him for his holidays to our little philosophers' room. It is an especial pleasure to me that Mary and John, whose neighbor he is in summer, have appreciated him, and loved and prized him, and Henry also.

Henry will bring me "Rational Godliness." This book, English as it is, should be introduced into India, in order to convert the followers of Brahma and the English Christians! One sees what hidden energy lies in the English mind, as soon as it is turned to a worthy object, but for this of course the fructifying influences of the German spirit are required. I have, on the contrary, been much disappointed by G——'s communication contained in Burnouf's classical works, on that most difficult but yet perfectly soluble point of the teaching of Buddha, the twelve points "beginning with ignorance and ending with death." G—— leaves the rational way even at the first step, and perceives his error himself at the ninth, but so far he finds Buddha's (that is his own) proofs unanswerable. How totally different is Burnouf. He is fresh, self-possessed, and clear. I can better explain why William von Humboldt went astray on this subject. But I have already gossiped too much of my own thoughts to you. Therefore to Anglicis.

What are you about in Oxford? According to Haug's account you have abused me well, or allowed me to be well abused in your "Saturday Review," which passes as yours and Kingsley's mouthpiece. If it were criticism, however mistaken, but why personal aspersions? Pattison's article on the "Theologia Germanica" in the April number of the "Westminster

Review" is very brave, and deserves all thanks. He has learnt to prize Bleek: in all respects he has opened himself more to me in the last few weeks, and I like him. But the man who now writes the survey of foreign literature in the "Westminster Review" might have just *read* my book: this he cannot have done, or else he is a thorough bungler; for he (1) understands me only as representing the personal God (apparently the one in the clouds, as you once expressed it, *a-struiddle*, riding) and leaving out everything besides; (2) that the last twenty-seven chapters of the book of Isaiah are not, as one has hitherto conceived, written by one man, but by Jeremiah, although he is already the glorified saint of the 53d chapter, *and* by Baruch. Now thank God that the sheet is finished, and think occasionally in a friendly way of your true friend.

I shall to-day finish the ante-Solonic God-Consciousness of the Hellenes. That does one good.

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[78.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, *Friday, May 8, 1857.*

I must at least begin a letter to you to-day, because I feel I must thank you, and express my delight at the letter and article. The *letter* confirms my fears in the highest degree, namely, that *you are not well*, not to say that you begin to be a hypochondriacal old bachelor. But that is such a natural consequence of your retired sulky Don's life, and of your spleen, that I can only wonder how you can fight so bravely against it. But both letter and article show me how vigorous are both your mind and heart. It is quite right in you to defend Froude, though no one better knows that the general opinion is (as is even acknowledged by members of the German romantic school) that Shakespeare intentionally counteracted the corrupt instinct and depraved taste of his nation in the matter of Oldcastle. Whatever strange saints there have been in all countries, yet the Wycliffites, true to their great and noble master, were martyrs, and Milman has insisted on this most nobly. To misapprehend Wycliffe himself, that is, not to recognize him as the first and purest reformer, the man between the Waldenses, Tauler, and Luther, is, however, a heresy more worthy of condemnation than the ignoring of Germany in the Reformation, and doubly deplorable when one sees such blind faith in the bloody sentences of that most miserable court of judgment of Henry VIII. I must therefore invert your formula thus,

“L’histoire romanique (romantique) ne vaut pas le Roman historique.” (I am not speaking of “Two Years Ago,” for I only began to read the book yesterday.) *But* I am very glad that you think so highly of Froude personally, and therefore this matter does not disturb me. On the other hand, I rejoice without any *but*, that you have taken up Buddha so lovingly and courageously. (Do you know that extracts from the article have found their way into the papers, through “Galignani” as “Signs of the Times.” You will soon see how nearly we agree together, although I cannot say so much of the humanizing influence of Buddhism: it makes of the Turanians what the Jesuits make of the people of Paraguay, “praying machines.” In *China* the Buddhists are not generally respected; in *India* they could not maintain their position, and would with difficulty convert the people, if they tried to regain their lost ground. But Buddha, *personally*, was a saint, a man who felt for mankind, a profound man. I have said in my section, “Buddha has not only found more millions of followers than Jesus, but is also even more misunderstood than the Son of Mary.” Have you read *Dhammapadam*? What is the authority for Buddha’s “Ten Commandments?” I have always considered this as an invention of Klaproth’s, confirmed by Prinsep. I do not find them on Asoka’s pillars, nor in that didactic poem; on the contrary, four or five *ad libitum*. I shall, however, now read the sermons of the (really worthless) convert Asoka at the fountain head, from Sprenger’s library.

You have represented the whole as with a magic wand. We really *edified* ourselves yesterday evening with it. Frances read aloud, and we listened; and this morning early my wife has made it into a beautiful little book in quarto, with which I this afternoon made *Triibner* very happy for some hours. He is a remarkable man, and is *much* devoted to you, and I have entered into business relations with him about my “Biblework,” the first volume of which goes to press on the 1st of January; the other six stand before me as far finished as they can be, till I have the printed text of “The People’s Bible” in three volumes before me, on which the “Biblical Documents,” three volumes, and the “Life of Jesus and the Eternal Kingdom of God,” one volume, are founded. He appears to me to be the right negotiator between America, England, and Germany. He will before long call on you some Saturday. (Write me word how you think of him as a bookseller.) The duty you pay for

your place, by putting together a Chresthomathy, is very fair; whether you are obliged to print your Lectures I cannot decide. I shall curse them both if they prevent you from tearing yourself away from the Donnish atmosphere and bachelor life of Oxford, and from throwing yourself into the fresh mental atmosphere of Germany and of German mind and life. You must take other journeys besides lake excursions and Highland courses. Why don't you go to Switzerland, with an excursion (by Berlin) to Breslau, to the German Oriental Congress? There is nothing like the German spirit, in spite of all its one-sidedness. What a *læta paupertas*! What a recognition of the sacerdocy of science! And then the strengthening air, free from fog, of our mountains and valleys! You bad fellow, to tell me nothing of your mother's leaving you, for you ought to know that I am *tenderly* devoted to her; and it vexes me all the more, as I should long ago have sent her my "God in History," had I known that she was in Germany. (Query where? Address?) Therefore fetch her, instead of luring her away to the walks under the lime-trees. *George* is going too at the end of June from here to the Alps; we expect him in a fortnight. He is a great delight to me.

Now something more about Yama. I think you are *perfectly* right with regard to the origin. It is exactly the same with *Osiris*, the husband of Isis, the earth, and then the judge of the dead and first man. Only we do not on this account explain *Anubis* as a *symbol of the sun*, but as the watchful Dog of Justice, the accuser. So there are features in Yama (and Yima) which are not to be easily explained from the cosmogonic conception, although they can be from the idea of the divine, the first natural representation of which is the astral one. I think, however, that Yama is Geminus, that is "the upper and lower sun," to speak as an Egyptian. *The two dogs* must originally have been what their mother the old bitch Saramâ is; but with the God of Death they are something different, and the lord of the dead is to be as little explained by the so-called nature-religion *without returning to the eternal factor*, as this first phase itself could have arisen without it as cosmical—*therefore*, as first symbol. How I long for your two translations! The hymn which you give in the article is *sublime*: the search after the God of the human heart is expressed with indescribable pathos; and how much more will this be the case in your hands in a new Indian translation! For we are most surely now the Indians of

the West. I am delighted that you so value Rowland Williams. We must never forget that he has undertaken (as he himself most pointedly wrote to me) the difficult task "to teach Anglican theology (and that to Anglican Cymri)." He has not yet quite promised to pay me a visit, — he is evidently afraid of me as a German and freethinker, and is afraid "to be catechised." He, like all Englishmen, is wanting in *faith*. He seems to occupy himself profoundly with the criticism of the Old Testament. Poor fellow! But he will take to Daniel.

The Harfords are determined to keep him there, in which Henry has already encouraged them. I, however, think he *ought* to go to Cambridge if they offer him a professorship. Muir has written to me again, — an honest man; but he has again taken a useless step, a prize, for which Hoffmann (superintendent-in-general) is to be the arbiter; and the three judges will be named by him, Lehnert as theologian (Neander's unknown successor), H. Ritter as the historian of philosophy (very good), — and who as *Orientalist*! No magister will touch his pen, *his ducibus* and *tali auspicio*. You should perform the Benares vow by a catechism drawn up for the poor young Brahmans in the style of Rowland Williams, and yet quite different, that is, in your own manner, telling and short. At all events, no one in Germany will write half as good a book for the Brahmans as Williams has done. The Platonic dialogue requires a certain breadth, unless one is able and willing to imitate the Parmenides. At the same time the ordinary missionaries may convert the lower classes through the Gospel and through Christian-English-German life, in which alone they prove their faith. By the by, it seems that Williams hopes for an article from you in the "North British Review." That you intend to read my "Egypt" is delightful; only not in the Long Vacation, when you ought to travel about. Have you read the friendly article on "God in History" in the "National Review" (April), which however certainly shows an ignorance bordering on impudence. Even the man in the "Westminster Review" pleases me better, although he looked through my book fast asleep, and puts into my mouth the most unbelievable discoveries of his own ignorance, — Isaiah chapters xlix.—lxvi. are written by *Jeremiah* and *Baruch*, and similar horrors! When will people learn something? But in four years I hope, with God's help, to state this, in spite of them, and force them at last to learn something through "the help of their masters and mine." With true love,  
yours.

[79.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, *Friday Morning.**August 28, 1857.*

See there he remains in the centre of Germany for a month, and lets one hear and see nothing of him! Had I not soon after the receipt of your dear and instructive letter gone to Wildbad, and there fallen into indescribable idleness, I should long ago have written to Oxford; for the letter was a great delight to me. The snail had there crept out of his shell and spoke to me as the friend, but now "Your Excellency" appears again; so the snail has drawn his head in again.

Now, my dear friend, you ought to be thanked for the friendly thought of paying me a visit, and writing to me. Therefore you must know that I returned here on the 19th, in order to greet, in his father's native country, Astor, my now sixty-three years old pupil, who proposed himself for the 20th to the 25th, and who for my sake has left his money-bags in order to see me once again. And now Astor is really in Europe, and has called at Abbey Lodge; but his wife and granddaughter have stayed on in Paris or Brussels, and Astor is *not* yet here. This, however, has no effect on my movements, for I do not accompany him to Switzerland, where, I know, Brockhaus would send a hue and cry after me.

That the Oxford Don should ask him if I would afford him a "few hours," shows again the English leaven. For you well know that my hermit's life is dear to me for this reason, — that it leaves me at liberty to receive here the Muses and my friends. And what have we not to talk over? The "hours" belong to the Don's gown; for you know very well that we could in a "few hours" only figure to ourselves *what* we have to discuss by turns. So come as soon as you can, and stay at least a week here. You will find my house to be sure rather lonely, as Henry has robbed me of the womankind, and Sternberg of Theodora; and that excellent princess keeps Emilia from me, who is faithfully nursing her benefactress in an illness that I hope is passing away. We two old people are, however, here and full of old life. Perhaps you will also still find Theodore, who, however, soon after Astor's departure will be hurrying off to Falmouth for sea-bathing, in acceptance of his brother Ernst's invitation. Laboulaye has announced himself for the 8th; Gerhard and his wife for the first or second week in September; herefore, if you do find any one, they will be friends. Beside

Meyer, there is Dr. Sprenger, the Arabic scholar, as house friend, whose library I have at last secured for us, — a delightful man, who is my guide in the Arabian desert, so that I may be certain of bringing the children of Israel in thirty months to the Jabbok, namely, in the fifth of the eight volumes.

I can give you no better proof of my longing to see you than by saying that you shall *even* be welcome without your mother, who is so dear and unforgotten to us all, although we by no means give up the hope that you will bring her with you here. For I *must* see her again in this life. I ought to have thanked her before this for a charming letter, but I did not know *where* she had gone from Carlsbad; her son never sent me the address. Should she *not* come with you, you must pay toll for the delay, which, however, must not be longer than one year, with a photograph, for I *must* soon see her.

So you have looked at my Genesis! I am pleased at this. But I hope you will look at the chapters once again, when they are set *in pages*, after my last amendments; also at my discussions on Genesis i. 1-4, ii. 4-7, as i. and ii. of the thirty thorns (in the Appendix, p. cxxxv.) which I have run into the weak side of the Bible dragon, though less than one thirtieth of its heaviest sins. I feel as if I had got over three quarters of the work since I sent the eleven chapters and the thirty thorns into the world. My holidays last till the 21st of October. Haug is in the India House, over Minokhired and Parsi Bundelesh. If you have a moment's time, look at my quiet polemic against you and Burnouf in favor of Buddha, in reference to the Nirvâna. Koeppen has given me much new material, although he is of your opinion. I am quite convinced that Buddha thought on this point like Tauler and the author of the "German Theology;" but he was an Indian and lived in desperate times. A thousand thanks for the dove which you sent me out of the ark of the Rig-Veda. I had sinned against the same hymn by translating it according to Haug, as I had not courage enough to ask you for more. And that leads me to tell you with what deep sympathy and melancholy pleasure your touching idyl has filled me. You will easily believe me that after the first five minutes I saw you vividly behind the mask. I thank you *very much* for having ordered it to be sent to me. I am very glad that you *have* written it, for I would far rather see you mixing in the life of the present and future, with your innate freshness and energy *must* end. All love from me and Fanny to your incomparable mother. So 'to our speedy meeting. Truly yours.

George will have arrived in London yesterday with wife and child; his darling Ella has a serious nervous affection, and they are to try sea air. He is much depressed.

[80.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, *February 17, 1858.*

Your affectionate letter, my dear friend, has touched me deeply. First your unaltered love and attachment, and that you have perfectly understood me and my conduct in this affair. Naturally my fate will be very much influenced by it. I must be *every year* in Berlin: this year I shall satisfy myself with the last three weeks after Easter. In 1859 (as I shall spend the winter in Nice) I shall take my seat, when I return in April across the Alps. But later (and perhaps from 1859) I must not only live in Prussia, which is prescribed by good feeling and by the constitution, but I must stay for some time in Berlin. They all wish to have me there. God knows how little effort it costs me not to seek the place of Minister of Instruction, to say nothing of declining it, for everything is daily going more to *ruin*. But it could only be for a short time, and Bethmann-Hollweg, Usedom, and others can do the right thing just as well, and have time and youth to drag away the heavy cart of a Chinese order of business, which now consumes nine tenths of the time of a Prussian minister (who works twelve hours a day).

What I wish and am doing with my "Biblework," *you* will see between the lines of my first volume; other people, twelve months later, when my first volume of the Bible documents "comes out:" and even then they will not see where the concluding volume tends, — the world's history in the Bible, and the Bible in the world's history. Already in the end of 1857 I finished all of the first volume: the stereotyping goes on fearfully slow. You will receive one of the first copies which goes across the Channel; and you will read it at once, will you not? I am delighted that you are absorbed in *Eckart*: he is the key to Tauler, and there is nothing better, *except the Gospel of St. John*. For there stands still more clearly than in the other gospel writings, that the object of life in this world is to *found the Kingdom of God on earth* (as my friends the Taipings understand it also). Of this, Eckart and his scholars had despaired, just as much as Dante and his parody, Reineke Fuchs. You will find already many pious ejaculations of this kind in my two volumes of "God in History;" but I have deferred the closing

word till the sixth book, where *our* tragedy will be revealed, in order to begin boldly with a new epos. I send you to-day four sheets by book-post, "The Aryans in Asia;" for I cannot finish it without your personal help. You will find that you have already furnished a great portion of the matter. The same hymn which I translated with difficulty and trouble from Haug's literal translation (in strophes which you however do not recognize?) (Ps. li.), you have translated for me, in your own graceful manner, on a fly-sheet, and sent to me from Leipzig. Of course I shall use this translation in place of my own. I therefore venture to request that you will do the same with regard to the other examples which I have given. If you wish to add anything *new*, it will suit perfectly, for everything fits in at the end of the chapter: the number of the pages does not come into consideration in the present stage. You will receive the leaves on Saturday; it would be delightful if you could finish them in the course of the following week, and send them back to me. (We have a contract here with France, which gives us a sort of book-post.) I expect next week the continuation of the Brahmanism and Buddha. I should like to send both to you. The notes and *excursus* will only be printed at the close of the volume, therefore not before May. The rest (Books V., VI.) will be printed during the summer, to appear before I cross the Alps. In this I develop the tragedy of the Romano-Germanic world, and shall both gain many and lose many friends by it. I have read your brilliant article on Welcker with great delight. I possess it. Have you sent it (if only anonymously) to the noble old man? He has deserved it. The article makes a great noise, and will please him very much. In fact, everything would give me undisturbed pleasure, did I not see (even without your telling me, which, however, you have done, as is the sacred duty between friends) that you are not happy in yourself. Of *one* thing I am convinced, — you would be just as little so, *even less*, in Germany, and least of all among the sons of the Brahmins. If you continue to live as you do now, you would everywhere miss England, — perhaps also Oxford, if you went to London. Of this I am not clear: in general a German lives far more freely in the World-city than in the Don-city, where every English idiosyncrasy strengthens itself, and buries itself in coteries. Unfortunately I have neither read "Indophilus" nor "Philindus:" please tell me the numbers of the "Times." I can get a copy of the "Times" here from

the library from month to month. Trevelyan is an excellent man, occasionally unpractical and mistaken, always meaning well and accessible to reason. But does any one *study* in London? *Dubito!* But I don't understand the plan of an Oriental College. Perhaps it is possible to undertake London without giving up Oxford entirely. The power of influencing the young men, who after ten or twenty years will govern the land, is far greater in Oxford or Cambridge than in London. I am curious about your "German Reading Book."

I maintain one thing,—you are not happy; and that comes from your bachelor life. The progress of your Vedic work delights me: but how much in it is still a riddle! Thus, for instance, the long hymn (2 Ashṭaka, third Adhyāya, Sūkta viii. CLXIV.) p. 125. The hymn is first of all, as can be proved, beyond verse 41 *not genuine*; but even this older portion is late, surely already composed on the Sarasvatī. The Veda is already a finished book (verse 39), Brahma and Vishṇu are gods (35, 36). The whole is really wearisome, because it wishes to be mysterious without an idea. (See 4 Ashṭaka, seventh Adhyāya, vol. iii. p. 463.) Is not Brahma there a god like Indra?

I depend on your marking all egregious blunders with a red pencil. Many such must still have remained, leaving out of view all differences of opinion. Tell me as much as you can on this point in a letter, for on the Continent only notes for press are allowed to go as a packet. (But of these you can bring in as much as you wish: the copy is a duplicate.) At the end I should much like to write something about the present impossibility of enjoying the Rig-Veda, and of the necessity of a spiritual key. But I do not quite know, first of all, whether one can really enter upon the whole: there is much that is conventional and mortal by the side of what is imperishable. An anthology in about two or three volumes would find a rapid sale, and would only benefit a more learned and perfect edition. If you have arrived at the same conclusion, *I will blow the trumpet.*

George greets you heartily, as do his mother and sisters. Perhaps I shall move in April, 1859, to Bonn; *here I shall not stay. Deus providebit.* With truest affection, yours.

Best remembrance to your mother. Have you read my preface to "Debit and Credit?" I have poured out my heart about Kingsley in the Introduction to the German "Hypatia," and told him that everybody must say to himself, sooner or late, "Let the dead bury the dead."

[81.]

CHARLOTTENBERG, July 31, 1858.

With threefold joy, my loved friend, have I heard the news through your great admirer Mme. Schwabe, of your charming intention of delighting us in August with a visit. *First*, on account of the plan itself: *then* because I can now compress into a few lines the endless letter I have so long had in my thoughts, to develop it in conversation according to my heart's desire; *thirdly*, because really since yesterday the day has come when the one half of the concluding volume (iii.) of "God in History" has gone to press, so that its appearing is secured. A letter to you, and a like debt to Lepsius, therefore open the list. And now before anything else receive my hearty *thanks* for your friendly and instructive letter, and what accompanied it in *Vedicis*. It came just at the right time, and you will see what use I made of it in the work.

And now here first come my *congratulations*. Nothing could be more agreeable and suitable; it is personally and nationally an honor, and an unique acknowledgment. I can only add the wish that you may enjoy the dignity itself as short a time as possible, and take leave as soon as possible of the Fellow-celibates of All Souls'. Your career in England wants nothing but this crowning-point. How prosperous and full of results has it been! Without ceasing to be a German, you have appropriated all that is excellent and superior in English life, and of that there is much, and it will last for life. I imagine you will bring your historical *Chrestomathy* with you, and propose to you, as you most probably give something out of the Heliand and Ulphilas, to reserve my Woluspa for the next edition, as I have just established the first tenable text of this divine poem, on which the brothers Grimm would never venture. I have had his advantage, of working on the good foundation of my studies (with a Danish translation) of 1815 from Copenhagen. Neither Magnusson, nor Munch, nor Bergmann has given the text of the only MS. (Cod. Regius); one has disfigured it with the latest interpolations, another with unauthorized transpositions. I have at last worked out the unity of the Helgi and the Sigurd songs with each other, and the oldest purely mythological stratum (the solar tragedy) of both, as an important link in the chain of evidence, for the reality of the God-Consciousness of mankind and its organic laws. What people will say to the "results" (Book VI.) which fall into one's hands, I do not know.

I have been obliged to postpone the journey to Italy from September to November. October (the 23d) is the great crisis for Prussia, and I ought not to forsake the Fatherland then, and have willingly agreed not to do so. A brighter, better day is approaching. May God give his blessing. Every one must help; it is the highest time.

But nothing disturbs me from the work of my life. The fourth volume of the "Biblework" goes to press the day after to-morrow; on the 1st of September, the fifth (Documents I. a). I have now finished *my* preliminary work for the old Testament in the main points, and only reserved the last word before the stereotyping; so I begin at once on the New Testament and Life of Jesus. The friendly and clever notice of the first volume of the "Biblework" in the "Continental Review" gave me and my whole family *great pleasure*: and Bernays is here since yesterday (for August and September), which helps the printing of the Pentateuch very much, as I always sent him a last revise, and now all can be worked off here. I finish with Haug in the beginning of September; he will go probably to Poonah with his very sensible bride. Charles and Theodore are well. I expect George this week with Emilia for a visit. My family greet you. Bernays sighs. He has again made some *beautiful discoveries*; that of Aristotle (about the tragedies) I have carried further philosophically. Suggest to that good Arthur Stanley (to whom I have sent my "Biblework") to send me his "Pal-estine." I cannot get it here, and should like to say something about it.

With most true love, yours.

---

[82.]

CHARLOTTEBERG, July 23, 1859.

My sons knew too well what delight they would give me through their confidential communication, which has already given us all a foretaste of the delight of your visit with your bride, and meanwhile has brought me your expected and affectionate letter.

I have felt all these years what was the matter with you, and I sympathize with your happiness as if it concerned one of my own children. I therefore now, my loved friend, wish you all the more happiness and blessing in the acquisition of the highest of life's prizes, because your love has already shown the right effect and strength, in that you have acquired courage for

finishing at *this present time* your difficult and great work on the Vedas. The work will also give you further refreshment for the future, whilst the editing of the Veda still hangs on your hands.

Therefore let us all wish you joy most heartily (my wife has received the joyful news in Wildbad), and accept our united thanks beforehand for your kind intention of visiting us shortly with your young wife. By that time we shall all be again united here. Your remarkable mother will alone be wanting. Beg your bride beforehand to feel friendly towards me and towards us all. You know how highly I esteem her two aunts, though without personal acquaintance with them, and how dear to me is the cultivated, noble, Christian circle in which the whole family moves. I have as yet carried out my favorite plan with a good hope of success; six months in Charlottenberg on the true spiritually historical interpretation of the Old Testament, in the first volumes of the second division of the work (the so-called documents); six months of the winter on the "Life of Jesus," and what in my view immediately joins on to that. The first volume of the Bible documents is printed, *the Pentateuch*. You will see that I have handled Abraham and Moses as freely here as I did Zoroaster and Buddha in my last work; the explanation of the books and the history from Joram to Zedekiah is as good as finished.

We shall keep peace; Napoleon and Palmerston understand each other, and Palmerston is the *only* statesman in England and Europe who conceives rightly the Italian question. Russia follows him. I still hope by the autumn to be able to bless the God of free Italy beside Dante's and Machiavelli's graves. With us (Prussia) matters move fairly forwards; here they have been fools, and begin to feel ashamed of themselves. So a speedy and happy meeting.

Your heartily affectionate friend,

BUNSEN.





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To

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D. D.,

DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,

AS A TOKEN OF

GRATITUDE AND FRIENDSHIP

FROM

ONE WHO HAS FOR MANY YEARS ADMIR

HIS LOYALTY TO TRUTH,

HIS SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE,

HIS CHIVALROUS COURAGE,

AND

HIS UNCHANGING DEVOTION TO HIS FRIENDS.



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# I.

## INAUGURAL LECTURE,

### ON THE VALUE OF COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY AS A BRANCH OF ACADEMIC STUDY.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD THE 27TH OF  
OCTOBER, 1868.

---

THE foundation of a professorial chair in the University of Oxford marks an important epoch in the history of every new science.<sup>1</sup> There are other universities far more ready to confer this academical

<sup>1</sup> The following statute was approved by the University of Oxford in 1868 (*Statuta Universitatis Oxoniensis*, iv., i., 37, §§ 1-3):—

“1. Professor philologiæ comparativæ a Vice-Cancellario, et professoribus linguarum Hebraicæ, Sanskriticæ, Græcæ, Latinæ, et Anglo-Saxonicæ eligatur. In æqualitate suffragantium rem decidat Vice-Cancellarius.

“Proviso tamen ut si vir cl. M. Müller, M. A., hodie linguarum modernarum Europæ professor Taylorianus, eam professionem intra mensem post hoc statutum sancitum resignaverit, seque professoris philologiæ comparativæ munus suscipere paratum esse scripto Vice-Cancellarium certiozem fecerit, is primus admittatur professor.

“2. Professor quotannis per sex menses in Universitate incolat et comoretur inter decimum diem Octobris et primum diem Julii sequentis.

“3. Professor duas lectionum series in duobus discretis terminis legat, terminis Paschatis et S. Trinitatis pro uno reputatis; scilicet per sex septimanas in utroque termino, et bis ad minimum in unaquaque septimana: atque insuper per sex septimanas unius alicujus termini bis ad minimum in unaquaque septimana per unius horæ spatium vacet instruendis auditoribus in iis quæ melius sine solennitate tradi possunt. Unam porro ad minimum lectionem quotannis publice habeat ab academicis quibuscunque sine mercede audiendam. De die hora et loco quibus hæc lectio solennis habenda sit academiam modo consueto certiozem faciat.”

recognition on new branches of scientific research, and it would be easy to mention several subjects, and no doubt important subjects, which have long had their accredited representatives in the universities of France and Germany, but which at Oxford have not yet received this well-merited recognition.

If we take into account the study of ancient languages only, we see that as soon as Champollion's discoveries had given to the study of hieroglyphics and Egyptian antiquities a truly scientific character, the French government thought it its duty to found a chair for this promising branch of Oriental scholarship. Italy soon followed this generous example: nor was the Prussian government long behind hand in doing honor to the newborn science, as soon as in Professor Lepsius it had found a scholar worthy to occupy a chair of Egyptology at Berlin.

If France had possessed the brilliant genius to whom so much is due in the deciphering of the cuneiform inscriptions, I have little doubt that long ago a chair would have been founded at the *Collège de France* expressly for Sir Henry Rawlinson.

England possesses some of the best, if not the best, of Persian scholars (alas! he who was here in my mind, Lord Strangford, is no longer among us), yet there is no chair for Persian at Oxford or Cambridge, in spite of the charms of its modern literature, and the vast importance of the ancient language of Persia and Bactria, the Zend, a language full of interest, not only to the comparative philologist, but also to the student of Comparative Theology.

There are few of the great universities of Europe without a chair for that language which, from the very beginning of history, as far as it is known to us

seems always to have been spoken by the largest number of human beings, — I mean Chinese. In Paris we find not one, but two chairs for Chinese, one for the ancient, another for the modern language of that wonderful empire; and if we consider the light which a study of that curious form of human speech is intended to throw on the nature and growth of language, if we measure the importance of its enormous literature by the materials which it supplies to the student of ancient religions, and likewise to the historian who wishes to observe the earliest rise of the principal sciences and arts in countries beyond the influence of Aryan and Semitic civilization, — if, lastly, we take into account the important evidence which the Chinese language, reflecting, like a never-fading photograph, the earliest workings of the human mind, is able to supply to the student of psychology, and to the careful analyzer of the elements and laws of thought, we should feel less inclined to ignore or ridicule the claims of such a language to a chair in our ancient university.<sup>1</sup>

I could go on and mention several other subjects, well worthy of the same distinction. If the study of Celtic languages and Celtic antiquities deserves to be encouraged anywhere, it is surely in England, — not, as has been suggested, in order to keep English literature from falling into the abyss of German platitudes, nor to put Aneurin and Taliesin in the place of Shakespeare and Burns, and to counteract by their “suavity and brilliancy” the Philistine tendencies of the Saxon and the Northman, but in order to

<sup>1</sup> An offer to found a professorship of Chinese, to be held by an Englishman whom even Stanislas Julien recognized as the best Chinese scholar of the day, has lately been received very coldly by the Hebdomadal Council of the University.

supply sound materials and guiding principles to the critical student of the ancient history and the ancient language of Britain, to excite an interest in what still remains of Celtic antiquities, whether in manuscripts or in genuine stone monuments, and thus to preserve such national heir-looms from neglect or utter destruction. If we consider that Oxford possesses a Welsh college, and that England possesses the best of Celtic scholars, it is surely a pity that he should have to publish the results of his studies in the short intervals of official work at Calcutta, and not in the more congenial atmosphere of Rytichin.

For those who know the history of the ancient universities of England, it is not difficult to find out why they should have been less inclined than their continental sisters to make timely provision for the encouragement of these and other important branches of linguistic research. Oxford and Cambridge, as independent corporations, withdrawn alike from the support and from the control of the state, have always looked upon the instruction of the youth of England as their proper work ; and nowhere has the tradition of classical learning been handed down more faithfully from one generation to another than in England ; nowhere has its generous spirit more thoroughly pervaded the minds of statesmen, poets, artists, and moulded the character of that large and important class of independent and cultivated men, without which this country would cease to be what it has been for the last two centuries, a *res publica*, a commonwealth, in the best sense of the word. Oxford and Cambridge have supplied what England expected or demanded, and as English parents did not send their sons to learn Chinese or to study

Cornish, there was naturally no supply where there was no demand. The professorial element in the university, the true representative of higher learning and independent research, withered away ; the tutorial assumed the vastest proportions during this and the last centuries.

But looking back to the earlier history of the English universities, I believe it is a mistake to suppose that Oxford, one of the most celebrated universities during the Middle Ages and in the modern history of Europe, could ever have ignored the duty, so fully recognized by other European universities, of not only handing down intact, and laid up, as it were, in a napkin, the traditional stock of human knowledge, but of constantly adding to it, and increasing it five-fold and tenfold. Nay, unless I am much mistaken, there was really no university in which more ample provision had been made by founders and benefactors than at Oxford, for the support and encouragement of a class of students who should follow up new lines of study, devote their energies to work which, from its very nature, could not be lucrative or even self-supporting, and maintain the fame of English learning, English industry, and English genius in that great and time-honored republic of learning which claims the allegiance of the whole of Europe, nay, of the whole civilized world. That work at Oxford and Cambridge was meant to be done by the Fellows of Colleges. In times, no doubt, when every kind of learning was in the hands of the clergy, these fellowships might seem to have been intended exclusively for the support of theological students. But when other studies, once mere germs and shoots on the tree of knowledge, separated from the old stem and as-

sumed an independent growth, whether under the name of natural science, or history, or scholarship, or jurisprudence, a fair division ought to have been made at once of the funds which, in accordance with the letter, it may be, but certainly not with the spirit of the ancient statutes, have remained for so many years appropriated to the exclusive support of theological learning, if learning it could be called. Fortunately, that mistake has now been remedied, and the funds originally intended, without distinction, for the support of "true religion and useful learning," are now again more equally apportioned among those who, in the age in which we live, have divided and subdivided the vast intellectual inheritance of the Middle Ages, in order to cultivate the more thoroughly every nook and every corner in the boundless field of human knowledge.

Something, however, remains still to be done in order to restore these fellowships more fully and more efficiently to their original purpose, and thus to secure to the university not only a staff of zealous teachers, which it certainly possesses, but likewise a class of independent workers, of men who, by original research, by critical editions of the classics, by an acquisition of a scholarlike knowledge of other languages besides Greek and Latin, by an honest devotion to one or the other among the numerous branches of physical science, by fearless researches into the ancient history of mankind, by a careful collection or revision of the materials for the history of politics, jurisprudence, medicine, literature, and arts, by a life-long occupation with the problems of philosophy, and last, not least, by a real study of theology, or the science of religion, should perform again those duties

which in the stillness of the Middle Ages were performed by learned friars within the walls of our colleges. Those duties have remained in abeyance for several generations, and they must now be performed with increased vigor, in order to retain for Oxford that high position which it once held, not simply as a place of education, but as a seat of learning, amid the most celebrated universities of Europe.

“*Noblesse oblige*” is an old saying that is sometimes addressed to those who have inherited an illustrious name, and who are proud of their ancestors. But what are the ancestors of the oldest and proudest of families compared with the ancestors of this university! “*Noblesse oblige*” applies to Oxford at the present moment more than ever, when knowledge for its own sake, and a chivalrous devotion to studies which command no price in the fair of the world, and lead to no places of emolument in church or state, are looked down upon and ridiculed by almost everybody.

There is no career in England at the present moment for scholars and students. No father could honestly advise his son, whatever talent he might display, to devote himself exclusively to classical, historical, or physical studies. The few men who still keep up the fair name of England by independent research and new discoveries in the fields of political and natural history, do not always come from our universities; and unless they possess independent means, they cannot devote more than the leisure hours, left by their official duties in church or state, to the prosecution of their favorite studies. This ought not to be, nor need it be so. If only twenty men in Oxford and Cambridge had the will, every-

thing is ready for a reform, that is, for a restoration of the ancient glory of Oxford. The funds which are now frittered away in so-called prize-fellowships, would enable the universities to-morrow to invite the best talent of England back to its legitimate home. And what should we lose if we had no longer that long retinue of non-resident fellows? It is true, no doubt, that a fellowship has been a help in the early career of many a poor and hard-working man, and how could it be otherwise? But in many cases I know that it has proved a drag rather than a spur for further efforts. Students at English universities belong, as a rule, to the wealthier classes, and England is the wealthiest country in Europe. Yet in no country in the world would a young man, after his education is finished, expect assistance from public sources. Other countries tax themselves to the utmost in order to enable the largest possible number of young men to enjoy the best possible education in schools and universities. But when that is done the community feels that it has fulfilled its duty, and it says to the young generation, Now swim or drown. A manly struggle against poverty, it may be even against actual hunger, will form a stronger and sounder metal than a lotus-eating club-life in London or Paris. Whatever fellowships were intended to be, they were never intended to be mere sinecures, as most of them are at present. It is a national blessing that the two ancient universities of England should have saved such large funds from the shipwreck that swallowed up the corporate funds of the continental universities. But, in order to secure their safety for the future, it is absolutely necessary that these funds should be utilized again for the ad-

vancement of learning. Why should not a fellowship be made into a career for life, beginning with little, but rising like the incomes of other professions? Why should the grotesque condition of celibacy be imposed on a fellowship, instead of the really salutary condition of—No work, no pay? Why should not some special literary or scientific work be assigned to each fellow, whether resident in Oxford or sent abroad on scientific missions? Why, instead of having fifty young men scattered about in England, should we not have ten of the best workers in every branch of human knowledge resident at Oxford, whether as teachers, or as guides, or as examples? The very presence of such men would have a stimulating and elevating effect: it would show to the young men higher objects of human ambition than the baton of a field-marshal, the mitre of a bishop, the ermine of a judge, or the money bags of a merchant; it would create for the future a supply of new workers as soon as there was for them, if not an avenue to wealth and power, at least a fair opening for hard work and proper pay. All this might be done to-morrow, without any injury to anybody, and with every chance of producing results of the greatest value to the universities, to the country, and to the world at large. Let the university continue to do the excellent work which it does at present as a teacher, but let it not forget the equally important duty of a university, that of a worker. Our century has inherited the intellectual wealth of former centuries, and with it the duty, not only to preserve it or to dole it out in schools and universities, but to increase it far beyond the limits which it has reached at present. Where there is no advance, there is retrogression: rest is impossible for the human mind.

Much of the work, therefore, which in other universities falls to the lot of the professors, ought, in Oxford, to be performed by a staff of student-fellows, whose labors should be properly organized as they are in the Institute of France or in the Academy of Berlin. With or without teaching, they could perform the work which no university can safely neglect, the work of constantly testing the soundness of our intellectual food, and of steadily expanding the realms of knowledge. We want pioneers, explorers, conquerors, and we could have them in abundance if we cared to have them. What other universities do by founding new chairs for new sciences, the colleges of Oxford could do to-morrow by applying the funds which are not required for teaching purposes, and which are now spent on sinecure fellowships, for making either temporary or permanent provision for the endowment of original research.

It is true that new chairs have, from time to time, been founded in Oxford also ; but if we inquire into the circumstances under which provision was made for the teaching of new subjects, we shall find that it generally took place, not so much for the encouragement of any new branch of scientific research, however interesting to the philosopher and the historian, as in order to satisfy some practical wants that could no longer be ignored, whether in church or state, or in the university itself.

Confining ourselves to the chairs of languages, or, as they used to be called, "the readerships of tongues," we find that as early as 1311, while the Crusades were still fresh in the memory of the people of Europe, an appeal was made by Pope Clement V. at the Council of Vienne, calling upon the principal

universities in Christendom to appoint lecturers for the study of Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldaic. It was considered at the time a great honor for Oxford to be mentioned by name, together with Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca, as one of the four great seats of learning in which the Pope and the Council of Vienne desired that provision should be made for the teaching of these languages. It is quite clear, however, from the wording of the resolution of the Council,<sup>1</sup> that the chief object in the foundation of these readerships was to supply men capable of defending the interests of the church, of taking an active part in the controversies with Jews and Mohammedans, who were then considered dangerous, and of propagating the faith among unbelievers.

Nor does it seem that this papal exhortation produced much effect, for we find that Henry VIII. in 1540 had to make new provision in order to secure efficient teachers of Hebrew and Greek in the University of Oxford. At that time these two languages, but more particularly Greek, had assumed not only a theological, but a political importance, and it was but natural that the king should do all in his power to foster and spread a knowledge of a language which had been one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of the reformers. At Oxford itself this new chair was by no means popular: on the contrary those who studied Greek were for a

<sup>1</sup> *Liber Sextus Decretalium* (Lugduni, 1572), p. 1027: "Ut igitur peritia linguarum hujusmodi possit habiliter per instructionem efficaciam obtinere, hoc sacro approbante concilio scholas in subscriptarum linguarum generibus ubicunque Romanam curiam residere contigerit, necnon in Parisiensi, et Oxoniensi, Bononiensi, et Salmantino studiis providimus erigendas; statuentes ut in quolibet locorum ipsorum teneantur viri catholici, sufficienter habentes Hebraicæ, Arabicæ, et Chaldææ linguarum notitiam."

long time looked upon with great suspicion and dislike.<sup>1</sup>

Henry VIII. did nothing for the support of Arabic; but a century later (1636) we find Archbishop Laud, whose attention had been attracted by Eastern questions, full of anxiety to resuscitate the study of Arabic at Oxford, partly by collecting Arabic MSS. in the East and depositing them in the Bodleian Library, partly by founding a new chair of Arabic, inaugurated by Pococke, and rendered illustrious by such names as Greaves, Thomas Hyde, John Wallis, and Thomas Hunt.

The foundation of a chair of Anglo-Saxon, too, was due, not so much to a patriotic interest excited by the ancient national literature of the Saxons, still less to the importance of that ancient language for philological studies, but it received its first impulse from the divines of the sixteenth century, who wished to strengthen the position of the English Church in its controversy with the Church of Rome. Under the auspices of Archbishop Parker, Anglo-Saxon MSS. were first collected, and the Anglo-Saxon translations of the Bible, as well as Anglo-Saxon homilies, and treatises on theological and ecclesiastical subjects were studied by Fox, the martyrologist, and others,<sup>2</sup> to be quoted as witnesses to the purity and simplicity of the primitive church founded in this realm, free in its origin from the later faults and fancies of the Church of Rome. Without

<sup>1</sup> Greaves, *Oratio Oxoniæ habita*, 1637, p. 19: "Paucos ultra centum annos numeramus ex quo Græcæ primum literæ oras hæc appulerunt, antea ignotæ prorsus, nonnullis exosæ etiam et invisæ, indoctissimis scilicet fraterculis, quibus religio erat græcæ scire, et levissimus Atticæ eruditionis gustus hæresin sapiebat."

<sup>2</sup> See *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, vol. i. p. 110.

this practical object, Anglo-Saxon would hardly have excited so much interest in the sixteenth century, and Oxford would probably have remained much longer without its professorial chair of the ancient national language of England, which was founded by Rawlinson, but was not inaugurated before the end of the last century (1795).

Of the two remaining chairs of languages, of Sanskrit and of Latin, the former owes its origin, not to an admiration of the classical literature of India, nor to a recognition of the importance of Sanskrit for the purposes of Comparative Philology, but to an express desire on the part of its founder to provide efficient missionaries for India; while the creation of a chair of Latin, though long delayed, was at last rendered imperative by the urgent wants of the university.

Nor does the chair of Comparative Philology, just founded by the university, form altogether an exception to this general rule. It is curious to remark that while Comparative Philology has for more than half a century excited the deepest interest, not only among continental, but likewise among English scholars, and while chairs of this new science have been founded long ago in almost every university of France, Germany, and Italy, the foundation of a new chair of Comparative Philology at Oxford should coincide very closely with a decided change that has taken place in the treatment of that science, and which has given to its results a more practical importance for the study of Greek and Latin, such as could hardly be claimed for it during the first fifty years of its growth.

We may date the origin of Comparative Philology,

as distinct from the Science of Language, from the foundation of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, in 1784. From that time dates the study of Sanskrit, and it was the study of Sanskrit which formed the foundation of Comparative Philology.

It is perfectly true that Sanskrit had been studied before by Italian, German, and French missionaries ; it is likewise perfectly true that several of these missionaries were fully aware of the close relationship between Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin. A man must be blind who, after looking at a Sanskrit grammar, does not see at once the striking coincidences between the declensions and conjugations of the classical language of India and those of Greece and Italy.<sup>1</sup>

Filippo Sassetti, who spent some time at Goa, between 1581 and 1588, had only acquired a very slight knowledge of Sanskrit before he wrote home to his friends "that it has many words in common with Italian, particularly in the numerals, in the names for God, serpent, and many others." This was in the sixteenth century.

Some of the Jesuit missionaries, however, went far beyond this. A few among them had acquired a real and comprehensive knowledge of the ancient language and literature of India, and we see them anticipate in their letters several of the most brilliant discoveries of Sir W. Jones and Professor Bopp. The père Cœurdoux,<sup>2</sup> a French Jesuit, writes in 1767 from Pondichery to the French Academy, asking that learned society for a solution of the question, "*How is it that Sanskrit has so many words in com-*

<sup>1</sup> M. M.'s *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. i. p. 171.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 176.

*mon with Greek and Latin ?”* He presents not only long lists of words, but he calls attention to the still more curious fact, that the grammatical forms in Sanskrit show the most startling similarity with Greek and Latin. After him almost everybody who had looked at Sanskrit, and who knew Greek and Latin, made the same remark and asked the same question.

But the fire only smouldered on; it would not burn up, it would not light, it would not warm. At last, owing to the exertions of the founders of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, the necessary materials for a real study of Sanskrit became accessible to the students of Europe. The voice of Frederick Schlegel roused the attention of the world at large to the startling problem that had been thrown into the arena of the intellectual chivalry of the world, and at last the glove was taken up, and men like Bopp, and Burnouf, and Pott, and Grimm, did not rest till some answer could be returned, and some account rendered of Sanskrit, that strange intruder, and great disturber of the peace of classical scholarship.

The work which then began, was incessant. It was not enough that some words in Greek and Latin should be traced in Sanskrit. A kind of silent conviction began to spread that there must be in Sanskrit a remedy for all evils; people could not rest till every word in Greek and Latin had, in some disguise or other, been discovered in Sanskrit. Nor were Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit enough to satisfy the thirst of the new discoverers. The Teutonic languages were soon annexed, the Celtic languages yielded to some gentle pressure, the Slavonic languages clamored for incorporation, the sacred idiom

of ancient Persia, the Zend, demanded its place by the side of Sanskrit, the Armenian followed in its wake; and when even the Ossetic from the valleys of Mount Caucasus, and the Albanian from the ancient hills of Epirus, had proved their birthright, the whole family, the Aryan family of language, seemed complete, and an historical fact, the original unity of all these languages, was established on a basis which even the most skeptical could not touch or shake. Scholars rushed in as diggers rush into a new gold field, picking up whatever is within reach, and trying to carry off more than they could carry, so that they might be foremost in the race, and claim as their own all that they had been the first to look at or to touch. There was a rush, and now and then an ugly rush, and when the armfuls of nuggets that were thrown down before the world in articles, pamphlets, essays, and ponderous volumes, came to be more carefully examined, it was but natural that not everything that glittered should turn out to be gold. Even in the works of more critical scholars, such as Bopp, Burnouf, Pott, and Benfey, at least in those which were published in the first enthusiasm of discovery, many things may now be pointed out, which no assayer would venture to pass. It was the great merit of Bopp that he called the attention away from this tempting field to the more laborious work of grammatical analysis, though even in his Comparative Grammar, in that comprehensive survey of the grammatical outlines of the Aryan languages, the spirit of conquest and centralization still predominates. All languages are, if possible, to submit to the same laws; what is common to all of them is welcome, what is peculiar to each is treated as anomalous, or explained as the result of later corruption.

This period in the history of Comparative Philology has sometimes been characterized as *syncretistic*, and to a certain extent that name and the censure implied in it are justified. But to a very small extent only. It was in the nature of things that a comparative study of languages should at first be directed to what is common to all; nay, without having first become thoroughly acquainted with the general features of the whole family, it would have been impossible to discover and fully to appreciate what is peculiar to each of the members.

Nor was it long before a reaction set in. One scholar from the very first, and almost contemporaneously with Bopp's first essays on Comparative Grammar, devoted himself to the study of one branch of languages only, availing himself, as far as he was able, of the new light which a knowledge of Sanskrit had thrown on the secret history of the whole Aryan family of speech, but concentrating his energies on the Teutonic; I mean, of course, Jacob Grimm, the author of the great historical grammar of the German language; a work which will live and last long after other works of that early period shall have been forgotten, or replaced, at least, by better books.

After a time Grimm's example was followed by others. Zeuss, in his "Grammatica Celtica," established the study of the Celtic languages on the broad foundations of Comparative Grammar. Miklosich and Schleicher achieved similar results by adopting the same method for the study of the Slavonic dialects. Curtius, by devoting himself to an elucidation of Greek, opened the eyes of classical scholars to the immense advantages of this new treatment of grammar and etymology; while Corsen, in his more re-

cent works on Latin, has struck a mine which may well tempt the curiosity of every student of the ancient dialects of Italy. At the present moment the reaction is complete; and there is certainly some danger, lest what was called a *syncretistic* spirit should now be replaced by an *isolating* spirit in the science of language.

It cannot be denied, however, that this isolating, or rather discriminating, tendency has produced already the most valuable results, and I believe that it is chiefly due to the works of Curtius and Corssen, if Greek and Latin scholars have been roused at last from their apathy and been made aware of the absolute necessity of Comparative Philology, as a subject to be taught, not only in every university but in every school. I believe it is due to their works that a conviction has gradually been gaining ground among the best scholars at Oxford, also, that Comparative Philology could no longer be ignored as an important ingredient in the teaching of Greek and Latin; and while a comparative analysis of Sanskrit, Zend, Armenian, Greek, Latin, Gothic, High-German, Lithuanian, Slavonic, and Celtic, such as we find it in Bopp's "Comparative Grammar," would hardly be considered as a subject of practical utility, even in a school of philology, it was recognized at last that, not only for sound principles of etymology, not only for a rational treatment of Greek and Latin grammar, not only for a right understanding of classical mythology, but even for a critical restoration of the very texts of Homer and Plautus, a knowledge of Comparative Philology, as applied to Greek and Latin, had become indispensable.

My chief object, therefore, as Professor of Com-

parative Philology at Oxford, will be to treat the classical languages under that new aspect which they have assumed, as viewed by the microscope of Curtius and Corssen, rather than by the telescope of Bopp, Pott, and Benfey. I shall try not only to give results, but to explain what is far more important, the method by which these results were obtained, so far as this is possible without, for the present at least, presupposing among my hearers a knowledge of Sanskrit. Sanskrit certainly forms the only sound foundation of Comparative Philology, and it will always remain the only safe guide through all its intricacies. A comparative philologist without a knowledge of Sanskrit is like an astronomer without a knowledge of mathematics. He may admire, he may observe, he may discover, but he will never feel satisfied, he will never feel certain, he will never feel quite at home.

I hope, therefore, that, besides those who attend my public lectures, there will be at least a few to form a private class for the study of the elements of Sanskrit. Sanskrit, no doubt, is a very difficult language, and it requires the study of a whole life to master its enormous literature. Its grammar, too, has been elaborated with such incredible minuteness by native grammarians, that I am not surprised if many scholars who begin the study of Sanskrit turn back from it in dismay. But it is quite possible to learn the rules of Sanskrit declension and conjugation, and to gain an insight into the grammatical organization of that language, without burdening one's memory with all the phonetic rules which generally form the first chapter of every Sanskrit grammar, or without devoting years of study to the unrav-

eling of the intricacies of the greatest of Indian, if not of all grammarians, — Pânini. There are but few among our very best comparative philologists who are able to understand Pânini. Professor Benfey, whose powers of work are truly astounding, stands almost alone in his minute knowledge of that greatest of all grammarians. Neither Bopp, nor Pott, nor Curtius, nor Corssen, ever attempted to master Pânini's wonderful system. But a study of Sanskrit, as taught by European grammarians, cannot be recommended too strongly to all students of language. A good sailor may, for a time, steer without a compass, but even he feels safer when he knows that he may consult it, if necessary; and whenever he comes near the rocks, — and there are many in the Aryan sea, — he will hardly escape shipwreck without this magnetic needle.<sup>1</sup>

It will be asked, no doubt, by Greek and Latin scholars who have never as yet devoted themselves seriously to a study of Comparative Philology, what is to be gained after all the trouble of learning Sanskrit, and after mastering the works of Bopp, and Benfey, and Curtius? Would a man be a better Greek and Latin scholar for knowing Sanskrit? Would he write better Latin and Greek verse? Would he be better able to read and compare Greek and Latin MSS., and to prepare a critical edition of classical authors? To all these questions I reply both *No* and *Yes*.

If there is one branch of classical philology where the advantages derived from Comparative Philology have been most readily admitted, it is etymology. More than fifty years ago, Otfried Müller told clas-

<sup>1</sup> See Notes A and B, pp. 43, 45.

sical scholars that that province at least must be surrendered. And yet it is strange to see how long it takes before old erroneous derivations are exploded and finally expelled from our dictionaries ; and how, in spite of all warnings, similarity of sound and similarity of meaning are still considered the chief criteria of Greek and Latin etymologies. I do not address this reproach to classical scholars only ; it applies equally to many comparative philologists who, for the sake of some striking similarity of sound and meaning, will now and then break the phonetic laws which they themselves have helped to establish.

If we go back to earlier days, we find that Sanskrit scholars who had discovered that one of the names of the god of love in Bengali was *Dipuc*, *i. e.* the inflamer, derived from it by inversion the name of the god of love in Latin, *Cupid*. Sir William Jones identified *Janus* with the Sanskrit *Ganesa*, *i. e.*, lord of hosts,<sup>1</sup> and even later scholars allowed themselves to be tempted to see the Indian prototype of *Ganymedes* in the *Kanva-medhâtithi* or *Kanva-mesha* of the Veda.<sup>2</sup>

After the phonetic laws of each language had been more carefully elaborated, it was but too frequently forgotten that words have a history as well as a growth, and that the history of a word must be explored first, before an attempt is made to unravel its growth. Thus it was extremely tempting to derive *paradise* from the Sanskrit *paradesa*. The compound *para-desa* was supposed to mean the highest or a distant country, and all the rest seemed so evident as to require no further elucidation. *Paradesa*,

<sup>1</sup> See M. M., *Science of Religion*, 1873, p. 293.

<sup>2</sup> See Weber, *Indische Studien*, vol. i. p. 33.

however, does not mean the highest or a distant country in Sanskrit, but is always used in the sense of a foreign country, an enemy's country. Further, as early as the Song of Solomon (iv. 13), the word occurs in Hebrew as *pardés*, and how it could have got there straight from Sanskrit requires, at all events, some historical explanation. In Hebrew the word might have been borrowed from Persian, but the Sanskrit word *paradesa*, if it existed at all in Persian, would have been *paradaesa*, the *s* being a guttural, not a dental sibilant. Such a compound, however, does not exist in Persian, and therefore the Sanskrit word *paradesa* could not have reached Hebrew *viâ* Persia.

It is true, nevertheless, that the ancient Hebrew word *pardés* is borrowed from Persian, viz.: from the Zend *pairidaêza*, which means *circumvallatio*, a piece of ground inclosed by high walls, afterwards a park, a garden.<sup>1</sup> The root in Sanskrit is DIH or DHIH (for Sanskrit *h* is Zend *z*), and means originally to knead, to squeeze together, to shape. From it we have the Sanskrit *dehî*, a wall, while in Greek the same root, according to the strictest phonetic rules, yielded *τοιχος*, wall. In Latin our root is regularly changed into *fig*, and gives us *figulus*, a potter, *figura*, form or shape, and *ingere*. In Gothic it could only appear as *deig-an*, to knead, to form anything out of soft substances; hence *daig-s*, the English *dough*, German *Deich*.

But the Greek *παράδεισος* did not come from Hebrew, because here again there is no historical bridge between the two languages. In Greek we trace the word to Xenophon, who brought it back from his re-

<sup>1</sup> See Haug, in Ewald's *Biblische Jahrbücher*, vol. vi. p. 162.

peated journeys in Persia, and who uses it in the sense of pleasure-ground, or deer park.<sup>1</sup>

Lastly, we find the same word used in the LXX., as the name given to the garden of Eden, the word having been borrowed either a third time from Persia, or taken from the Greek, and indirectly from the works of Xenophon.

This is the real history of the word. It is an Aryan word, but it does not exist in Sanskrit. It was first formed in Zend, transferred from thence as a foreign word into Hebrew and again into Greek. Its modern Persian form is *firdaus*.

All this is matter of history rather than philology. Yet we read in one of the best classical dictionaries: "The root of *παράδεισος* appears to be Semitic, Arab. *firdaus*, Hebr. *pardês*: borrowed, also, in Sanskrit *paradêsa*."<sup>2</sup> Nearly every word is wrong.

From the same root DIH springs the Sanskrit word *d e h a*, body; body, like figure, being conceived as that which is formed or shaped. Bopp identified this *d e h a* with Gothic *leik*, body, particularly dead body, the modern German *Leiche* and *Leichnam*, the English *lich* in *lich-gate*. In this case the master of Comparative Philology disregarded the phonetic laws which he had himself helped to establish. The transition of *d* into *l* is no doubt common enough as between Sanskrit, Latin, and Greek, but it has never been established as yet on good evidence as taking place between Sanskrit and Gothic. Besides, the Sanskrit *h* ought in Gothic to appear as *g*, as we have it in *deig-s*, dough, and not by a tenuis.

<sup>1</sup> *Anab.*, i. 2, 7: "Ἐνταῦθα Κύρω Βασίλεια ἦν καὶ παράδεισος μέγας, ἀγρίων θηρίων πλήρης, ἃ ἐκεῖνος ἐθήρευεν ἀπὸ ἵππου, ὅποτε γυμνάσαι βούλοιτο ἑαυτὸν τε καὶ τοὺς ἵππους. Διὰ μέσου δὲ τοῦ παραδείσου ρεῖ ὁ Μαϊάνδρος ποταμὸς κ. τ. λ. *Hell.*, iv. 1, 15: "Ἐν περιειργμένοις παραδείσοις κ. τ. λ.

<sup>2</sup> See *Indian Antiquary*, 1874, p. 332.

Another Sanskrit word for body is *kālevara*, and this proved again a stumbling-block to Bopp, who compares it with the Latin *cadaver*. Here one might plead that *l* and *d* are frequently interchanged in Sanskrit and Latin words, but, as far as our evidence goes at present, we have no doubt many cases where an original Sanskrit *d* is represented in Latin by *l*, but no really trustworthy instance in which an original Sanskrit *l* appears in Latin as *d*. Besides, the Sanskrit diphthong *e* cannot, as a rule, in Latin be represented by long *â*.

If such things could happen to Bopp, we must not be too severe on similar breaches of the peace committed by classical scholars. What classical scholars seem to find most difficult to learn is that there are various degrees of certainty in etymologies even in those proposed by our best comparative scholars, and that not everything that is mentioned by Bopp, or Pott, or Benfey as possible, as plausible, as probable, and even as more than probable, ought, therefore, to be set down, for instance, in a grammar or dictionary, as simply a matter of fact. With certain qualifications, an etymology may have a scientific value; without those qualifications, it may become not only unscientific but mischievous. Again, nothing seems a more difficult lesson for an etymologist to learn than to say, I do not know. Yet to my mind, nothing shows, for instance, the truly scholarlike mind of Professor Curtius better than the very fact for which he has been so often blamed, viz. : his passing over in silence the words about which he has nothing certain to say.

Let us take an instance. If we open our best Greek dictionaries, we find that the Greek *αὐγή*,

light, splendor, is compared with the German word for eye, *Auge*. No doubt every letter in the two words is the same, and the meaning of the Greek word could easily be supposed to have been specialized or localized in German. Sophocles ("Aj." 70) speaks of ὀμμάτων αὐγαί, the lights of the eyes, and Euripides ("Andr." 1180) uses αὐγαί by itself for eyes, like the Latin *lumina*. The verb αὐγάζω, too, is used in Greek in the sense of seeing or viewing. Why, then, it was asked, should αὐγή not be referred to the same source as the German *Auge*, and why should not both be traced back to the same root that yielded the Latin *oc-ulus*? As long as we trust to our ears, or to what is complacently called common sense, it would seem mere fastidiousness to reject so evident an etymology. But as soon as we know the real chemistry of vowels and consonants, we shrink instinctively from such combinations. If a German word has the same sound as a Greek word, the two words cannot be the same, unless we ignore that independent process of phonetic growth which made Greek Greek, and German German. Whenever we find in Greek a media, a *g*, we expect in Gothic the corresponding tenuis. Thus the root *gan*, which we have in Greek γιγνώσκω, is in Gothic *kann*. The Greek γόνυ, Lat. *genu*, is in Gothic *knīu*. If, therefore, αὐγή existed in Gothic it would be *auko*, and not *augo*. Secondly, the diphthong *au* in *augo* would be different from the Greek diphthong. Grimm supposed that the Gothic *augo* came from the same etymon which yields the Latin *oc-ulus*, the Sanskrit a k - s h - i, eye, the Greek ὄσσε for ὄκι-ε, and likewise the Greek stem ὄπ in ὄπ-ωπ-α, ὄμμα, and ὄφ-θ-αλμός. It is true that the short radical vowel *a* in Sanskrit, *o* in Greek,

*u* in Latin, sinks down to *u* in Gothic, and it is equally true, as Grimm has shown, that, according to a phonetic law peculiar to Gothic, *u* before *h* and *r* is changed to *aú*. Grimm, therefore, takes the Gothic *aúgô* for \**aúhó*, and this for \**uhó*, which, as he shows, would be a proper representative in Gothic of the Sanskrit *ak - a n*, or *aksh - a n*.

But here Grimm seems wrong. If the *au* of *augô* were this peculiar Gothic *aú*, which represents an original short *a*, changed to *u*, and then raised to a diphthong by the insertion of a short *a*, then that diphthong would be restricted to Gothic; and the other Teutonic dialects would have their own representatives for an original short *a*. But in Anglo-Saxon we find *eáge*, in Old High German *augá*, both pointing to a labial diphthong, *i. e.* to a radical *u* raised to *au*.<sup>1</sup>

Professor Ebel,<sup>2</sup> in order to avoid this difficulty, proposed a different explanation. He supposed that the *k* of the root *ak* was softened to *kv*, and that *augô* represents an original *agvá* or *ahvá*, the *v* of *hvá* being inserted before the *h* and changed to *u*. As an analogous case he quoted the Sanskrit enclitic particle *ka*, Latin *que*, Gothic \**hva*, which \**hva* appears always under the form of *uh*. Leo Meyer takes the same view, and quotes, as an analogon, *haubida* as possibly identical with *caput*, originally \**kapvat*.

These cases, however, are not quite analogous. The enclitic particle *ka*, in Gothic \**hva*, had to lose its final vowel. It thus became unpronounceable, and the short vowel *u* was added simply to facili-

<sup>1</sup> Grassmann, Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. ix. p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Ebel, Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. viii. p. 242.

tate its pronunciation.<sup>1</sup> There was no such difficulty in pronouncing \**ah* or \**uh* in Gothic, still less the derivative form \**ahvô*, if such a form had ever existed.

Another explanation was therefore attempted by the late Dr. Lottner.<sup>2</sup> He supposed that the root *ak* existed also with a nasal as *ank*, and that *ankô* could be changed to *aukô*, and *aukô* to *augô*. In reply to this we must remark that in the Teutonic dialects the root *ak* never appears as *ank*, and that the transition of *an* into *au*, though possible under certain conditions, is not a phonetic process of frequent occurrence.

Besides, in all these derivations there is a difficulty, though not a serious one, viz.: that an original tenuis, the *k*, is supposed irregularly to have been changed into *g*, instead of what it ought to be, an *h*. Although this is not altogether anomalous,<sup>3</sup> yet it has to be taken into account. Professor Curtius, therefore, though he admits a possible connection between Gothic *augô* and the root *ak*, speaks cautiously on the subject. On page 99 he refers to *augô* as more distantly connected with that root, and on p. 457 he simply refers to the attempts of Ebel, Grassmann, and Lottner to explain the diphthong *au*, without himself expressing any decided opinion. Nor does he commit himself to any opinion as to the origin of *αὐγή*, though, of course, he never thinks of connecting the two words, Gothic *augô* and Greek *αὐγή*, as coming from the same root.

The etymology of the Greek *αὐγή*, in the sense of

<sup>1</sup> Schleicher, *Compendium*, § 112.

<sup>2</sup> Lottner, Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. ix. p. 319.

<sup>3</sup> Leo Meyer. *Die Gothische Sprache*, § 31.

light or splendor, is not known unless we connect it with the Sanskrit *og a s*, which, however, means vigor rather than splendor. The etymology of *oculus*, on the contrary, is clear; it comes from a root *ak*, to be sharp, to point, to fix, and it is closely connected with the Sanskrit word for eye, *akshi*, and with the Greek *ὄσσε*. The etymology of the German word *Age* is, as yet, unknown. All we may safely assert is, that, in spite of the most favorable appearances, it cannot, for the present, be traced back to the same source as either the Greek *ἀγγή* or the Latin *oculus*.

If we simply transliterated the Gothic *augô* into Sanskrit, we should expect some word like *o h a n*, nom. *o h â*. The question is, may we take the liberty, which many of the most eminent comparative philologists allow themselves, of deriving Gothic, Greek, and Latin words from roots which occur in Sanskrit, only, but which have left no trace of their former presence in any other language? If so, then there would be little difficulty in finding an etymology for the Gothic *augô*. There is in Sanskrit a root *û h*, which means to watch, to spy, to look. It occurs frequently in the Veda, and from it we have likewise a substantive, *o h a - s*, look or appearance. If, in Sanskrit itself this root had yielded a name for eye, such as *o h a n*, the instrument of looking, I should not hesitate for a moment to identify this Sanskrit word *o h a n* with the Gothic *augô*. No objection could be raised on phonetic grounds. Phonetically the two words would be one and the same. But as in Sanskrit such a derivation has not been found, and as in Gothic the root *û h* never occurs, such an etymology would not be satisfactory. The number of words of unknown origin is very considerable as yet in San-

skrit, in Greek, in Latin, and in every one of the Aryan languages ; and it is far better to acknowledge this fact, than to sanction the smallest violation of any of those phonetic laws, which some have called the straight jacket, but which are in reality, the leading strings of all true etymology.

If we now turn to grammar, properly so called, and ask what Comparative Philology has done for it, we must distinguish between two kinds of grammatical knowledge. Grammar may be looked upon as a mere art, and, as taught at present in most schools, it is nothing but an art. We learn to play on a foreign language as we learn to play on a musical instrument, and we may arrive at the highest perfection in performing on any instrument, without having a notion of thorough bass or the laws of harmony. For practical purposes this purely empirical knowledge is all that is required. But though it would be a mistake to attempt in our elementary schools to replace an empirical by a scientific knowledge of grammar, that empirical knowledge of grammar ought in time to be raised to a real, rational, and satisfying knowledge, a knowledge not only of facts, but of reasons ; a knowledge that teaches us not only what grammar is, but how it came to be what it is. To know grammar is very well, but to speak all one's life of gerunds and supines and infinitives, without having an idea what these formations really are, is a kind of knowledge not quite worthy of a scholar.

We laugh at people who still believe in ghosts and witches, but a belief in infinitives and supines is not only tolerated, but inculcated in our best schools and universities. Now, what do we really mean if we

speak of an infinitive? It is a time-honored name, no doubt, handed down to us from the Middle Ages; it has its distant roots in Rome, Alexandria, and Athens; — but has it any real kernel? Has it any more body or substance than such names as Satyrs and Lamias?

Let us look at the history of the name before we look at the mischief which it, like many other names, has caused by making people believe that whenever there is a name there must be something behind it. The name was invented by Greek philosophers who, in their first attempts at classifying and giving names to the various forms of language, did not know whether to class such forms as *γράφειν*, *γράψειν*, *γράψαι*, *γεγραφέναι*, *γράφεσθαι*, *γράψεσθαι*, *γέγραφθαι*, *γράψασθαι*, *γραφθῆναι*, *γραφθήσεσθαι*, as nouns or as verbs. They had established for their own satisfaction the broad distinction between nouns (*ὀνόματα*) and verbs (*ῥήματα*); they had assigned to each a definition, but, after having done so, they found that forms like *γράφειν* would not fit their definition either of noun or verb.<sup>1</sup> What could they do? Some (the Stoics) represented the forms in *ειν*, etc., as a subdivision of the verb, and introduced for them the name *ῥῆμα ἀπαρέμφατον* or *γενικώτατον*. Others recognized them as a separate part of speech, raising their number from eight to nine or ten. Others, again, classed them under the adverb (*ἐπίρρημα*), as one of the eight recognized parts of speech. The Stoics, taking their stand on Aristotle's definition of *ῥῆμα*, could not but regard the infinitive as *ῥῆμα*, because it implied time, past, present, or future, which was with them recognized

<sup>1</sup> Choeroboscus, *B. A.*, p. 1274, 29: Τὰ ἀπαρέμφατα ἀμφιβάλλεται εἰ ἄρα εἰσὶ ῥήματα ἢ οὐχί. Schoemann, *Rede-theile*, p. 49.

as the specific characteristic of the verb (*Zeitwort*). But they went further, and called forms such as *γράφειν*, etc., *ῥῆμα*, in the highest or most general sense, distinguishing other verbal forms, such as *γράφει*, etc., by the names of *κατηγορημα* or *σύμβαμα*. Afterwards, in the progress of grammatical science, the definition of *ῥῆμα* became more explicit and complete. It was pointed out that a verb, besides its predicative meaning (*ἔμφασις*), is able to <sup>1</sup> express several additional meanings (*παρακολουθήματα* or *παρεμφάσεις*), viz.: not only time, as already pointed out by Aristotle, but also person and number. The two latter meanings, however, being absent in *γράφειν*, this was now called *ῥῆμα ἀπαρέμφατον* (without by-meanings), or *γενικώτατον*, and, for practical purposes, this *ῥῆμα ἀπαρέμφατον* soon became the prototype of conjugation.

So far there was only confusion, arising from a want of precision in classifying the different forms of the verb. But when the Greek terminology was transplanted to Rome, real mischief began. Instead of *ῥῆμα γενικώτατον*, we now find the erroneous, or, at all events, inaccurate, translation, *modus infinitus*, and *infinitivus* by itself. What was originally meant as an adjective belonging to *ῥῆμα*, became a substantive, the infinitive, and though the question arose again and again what this infinitive really was, whether a noun, or a verb, or an adverb; whether a mood or not a mood; the real existence of such a thing as an infinitive could no longer be doubted. One can hardly trust one's eyes in reading the ex-

<sup>1</sup> Apollonius, *De Constr.*, i. c. 8, p. 32: Δυνάμει αὐτὸ τὸ ῥῆμα οὔτε πρόσωπα ἐπιτέχεται οὔτε ἀριθμούς, ἀλλὰ ἐγγεγόμενον ἐν προσώποις τότε καὶ τὰ πρόσωπα διέσπειλεν . . . καὶ ψυχικὴν διάθεσιν. Schoemann, l. c. p. 19.

traordinary discussions on the nature of the infinitive in grammatical works of successive centuries up to the nineteenth. Suffice it to say that Gottfried Hermann, the great reformer of classical grammars, treated the infinitive again as an adverb, and, therefore, as a part of speech belonging to the particles. We ourselves were brought up to believe in infinitives; and to doubt the existence of this grammatical entity would have been considered in our younger days a most dangerous heresy.

And yet, how much confused thought, and how much controversy might have been avoided, if this grammatical term of infinitive had never been invented.<sup>1</sup> The fact is that what we call infinitives are nothing more or less than cases of verbal nouns, and not till they are treated as what they are shall we ever gain an insight into the nature and the historical development of these grammatical monsters.

Take the old Homeric infinitive in *μεναι*, and you find its explanation in the Sanskrit termination *man e*, *i. e.* *man ai*, the native of the suffix *man a* (not, as others suppose, the locative of a suffix *man a*), by which a large number of nouns are formed in Sanskrit. From *gn â*, to know, we have (*g*) *n â man*, Latin (*g*) *nomén*, that by which a thing is known, its name; from *gan*, to be born, *g á n man*, birth. In Greek this suffix *man* is chiefly used for forming masculine nouns, such as *γνώ-μων*, *γνώ-μονος*, literally a knower; *τλή-μων*, a sufferer; or as *μην* in *ποι-μήν*, a shepherd, literally a feeder. In Latin, on the contrary, *men* occurs frequently at the end of abstract nouns in the neuter gender, such as *teg-men*, the covering, or *tegu-men* or *tegi-men*; *sola-*

<sup>1</sup> Note C, p. 47.

*men*, consolation; *voca-men*, an appellation; *certa-men*, a contest; and many more, particularly in ancient Latin; while in classical Latin the fuller suffix *mentum* predominates. If then we read in Homer, κίνας ἔτευξε δῶμα φυλασσόμεναι, we may call φυλασσόμεναι an infinitive, if we like, and translate "he made dogs to protect the house;" but the form which we have before us, is simply a dative of an old abstract noun in *μεν*, and the original meaning was "for the protection of the house," or "for protecting the house;" as if we said in Latin, *tutamini domum*.

The infinitives in *μεν* may be corruptions of those in *μεναι*, unless we take *μεν* as an archaic accusative, which, though without analogy in Greek, would correspond to Latin accusatives like *tegmen*, and express the general object of certain acts or movements. In Sanskrit, at least in the Veda, infinitives in *man* e occur, such as *dâ-man* e, to give, Greek *δό-μεναι*; *vid-mán* e, to know, Greek *πίδ-μεναι*.<sup>1</sup>

The question next arises, if this is a satisfactory explanation of the infinitives in *μεναι*, how are we to explain the infinitives in *εναι*? We find in Homer, not only ἵμεναι, to go, but also ἰέναι; not only ἔμμεναι, to be, but also εἶναι, i. e., ἔσ-εναι. Bopp simply says that the *m* is lost, but he brings no evidence that in Greek an *m* can thus be lost without any provocation. The real explanation, here, as elsewhere, is supplied by the *Beieinander* (the collateral growth), not by the *Nacheinander* (the successive growth) of language. Besides the suffix *man*, the Aryan languages possessed two other suffixes, *van* and *an*, which were added to verbal bases just like *man*. By the side of *dâman*, the act of giving, we find in the Veda

<sup>1</sup> Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, vol. i. p. 606; vol. ii. pp 97, 132.

dâ - v a n, the act of giving, and a dative dâ - v á n e, with the accent on the suffix, meaning for the giving, *i. e.* to give. Now in Greek this *v* would necessarily disappear, though its former presence might be indicated by the *digamma æolicum*. Thus, instead of Sanskrit dâ v á n e, we should have in Greek δοφέναι, δοέναι, and contracted δοῦναι, the regular form of the infinitive of the aorist, a form in which the diphthong *ου* would remain inexplicable, except for the former presence of the lost syllable *Fε*. In the same manner εἶναι stands for ἐσ-φέναι, ἐσ-έναι, ἐέναι, εἶναι. Hence ιέναι, stands for ιφέναι, and even the accent remains on the suffix *van*, just as it did in Sanskrit.

As the infinitives in *μεναι* were traced back to the suffix *man*, and those in *φεναι* to a suffix *van*, the regular infinitives in *εναι* after consonants, and *ναι* after vowels, must be referred to the suffix *an*, dat. *ane*. Here, too, we find analogous forms in the Veda. From dhûrv, to hurt, we have dhûrv - a n e, for the purpose of hurting, in order to hurt; in Rv. IX. 61, 30, we find vibhv - á n e, Rv. VI. 61, 13, in order to conquer, and by the same suffix the Greeks formed their infinitives of the perfect, λελοιπ-έναι, and the infinitives of the verbs in *μι*, τιθέ-ναι, διδό-ναι, ιστά-ναι, etc.

In order to explain, after these antecedents, the origin of the infinitive in *ειν*, as τύπτειν, we must admit either the shortening of *ναι* to *νι*, which is difficult; or the existence of a locative in *ι* by the side of a dative in *αι*. That the locative can take the place of the dative we see clearly in the Sanskrit forms of the aorist, pa r s h á n i, to cross, n e s h á n i, to lead, which, as far as their form, not their origin is concerned, would well match Greek forms like

λύσειν in the future. In either case, τύπτε-νι in Greek would have become τύπτειν, just as τύπτε-σι became τύπτεις. In the Doric dialect this throwing back of the final ι is omitted in the second person singular, where the Dorians may say ἀμέλγες for ἀμέλγεις; and in the same Doric dialect the infinitive, too, occurs in εἰν, instead of εἰν; e. g., ἀείδεν instead of ἀείδειν. (Buttman, "Greek Gr.," § 103, 10, 11.)

In this manner the growth of grammatical forms can be made as clear as the sequence of any historical events in the history of the world, nay, I should say far clearer, far more intelligible; and I should think that even the first learning of these grammatical forms might be somewhat seasoned and rendered more really instructive by allowing the pupil, from time to time, a glimpse into the past history of the Greek and Latin languages. In English what we call the infinitive is clearly a dative; *to speak* shows by its very preposition what it was intended for. How easy, then, to explain to a beginner that if he translates, "able to speak," by ἰκανὸς εἰπεῖν, the Greek infinitive is really the same as the English, and that εἰπεῖν stands for εἶπενι, and this for εἶπεναι, which, to a certain extent, answers the same purpose as the Greek ἔπει, the dative of ἔπος, and therefore originally ἔπεισι.

And remark, these very datives and locatives of nouns formed by the suffix *os* in Greek, as in Sanskrit, *es* in Latin, though they yield no infinitives in Greek, yield the most common form of the infinitive in Latin, and may be traced also in Sanskrit. As from *genus* we form a dative *generi*, and a locative *genere*, which stands for *genese*, so from *gigno* an abstract noun would be formed, *gignus*, and from it a dative

*gigneri*, and a locative, *gignere*. I do not say that the intermediate form *gignus* existed in the spoken Latin, I only maintain that such a form would be analogous to *gen-us*, *op-us*, *fac-us*, and that in Sanskrit the process is exactly the same. We form in Sanskrit a substantive *kàkshas*, sight, *kàkshus*, eye; and we find the dative of *kàkshas*, *i. e.* *kàkshase*, used as what we should call an infinitive, in order to see. But we also find another so-called infinitive, *gîvâse*, in order to live, although there is no noun, *gîvas*, life; we find *áyase*, to go, although there is no noun *áyas*, going. This Sanskrit *áyase* explains the Latin *i-re*, as \**i-vane* explained the Greek *iévai*. The intention of the old framers of language is throughout the same. They differ only in the means which they use, one might almost say, at random; and the differences between Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin are often due to the simple fact that out of many possible forms that might be used and had been used before the Aryan languages became traditional, settled, and national, one family or clan or nation fancied one, another another. While this one became fixed and classical, all others became useless, remained perhaps here and there in proverbial sayings or in sacred songs, but were given up at last completely, as strange, obsolete, and unintelligible.

And even then, after a grammatical form has become obsolete and unintelligible, it by no means loses its power of further development. Though the Greeks did not themselves, we still imagine that we feel the infinitive as the case of an abstract noun in many constructions. Thus *χαλεπὸν εὑρεῖν*, difficult to find, was originally, difficult in the finding, or diffi-

cult for the act of finding ; δεινὸς λέγειν, meant literally, powerful in speaking ; ἄρχομαι λέγειν, I begin to speak, *i. e.*, I direct myself to the act of speaking ; κέλευί με μυθήσασθαι, you bid me to speak, *i. e.*, you order me towards the act of speaking ; φόβουμαι διελέγχειν σε, I am afraid of refuting you, *i. e.*, I fear in the act, or, I shrink when brought towards the act, of refuting you ; σὸν ἔργον λέγειν, your business is in or towards speaking, you have to speak ; πᾶσιν ἀδεῖν χαλεπόν, there is something difficult in pleasing everybody, or, in our endeavor after pleasing everybody. In all these cases the so-called infinitive can, with an effort, still be felt as a noun in an oblique case. But in course of time expressions such as χαλεπὸν ἀδεῖν, it is difficult to please, ἀγαθὸν λέγειν, it is good to speak, left in the mind of the speaker the impression that ἀδεῖν and λέγειν were subjects in the nominative, the pleasing is difficult, the speaking is good ; and by adding the article, these oblique cases of verbal nouns actually became nominatives, τὸ ἀδεῖν, the act of pleasing, τὸ λέγειν, the act of speaking, capable of being used in every case, *e. g.*, ἐπιθυμία τοῦ πιεῖν, *desiderium bibendi*. This regeneration, this process of creating new words out of decaying and decayed materials may seem at first sight incredible, yet it is as certain as the change with which we began our discussion of the infinitive. I mean the change of the conception of a ῥῆμα γενικώτατον, a *verbum generalissimum*, into a *generalissimus* or *infinitivus*. Nor is the process without analogy in modern languages. The French *l'avenir*, the future (*Zukunft*), is hardly the Latin *advenire*. That would mean the arriving, the coming, but not what is to come. I believe *l'avenir* was (*quod est*) *ad venire*, what is to come, contracted

to *l'avenir*. In Low-German *to come* assumes even the character of an adjective, and we can speak not only of a year to come, but of a to-come year, *de tokum Jahr*.<sup>1</sup>

This process of grammatical vivisection may be painful in the eyes of classical scholars, yet even they must see how great a difference there is in the quality of knowledge imparted by our Greek and Latin grammars, and by comparative grammar. I do not deny that at first children must learn Greek and Latin mechanically, but it is not right that they should remain satisfied with mere paradigms and technical terms, without knowing the real nature and origin of so-called infinitives, gerunds, and supines. Every child will learn the construction of the accusative with the infinitive, but I well remember my utter amazement when I first was taught to say *Miror te ad me nihil scribere*, "I am surprised that you write nothing to me." How easy would it have been to explain that *scribere* was originally a locative of a verbal noun, and that there was nothing strange or irrational in saying, "I wonder at thee in the act of not writing to me." This first step once taken, everything else followed by slow degrees, but even in phrases like *Spero te mihi ignoscere*, we can still see the first steps which led from "I hope or I desire thee, toward the act of forgiving me," to "I trust thee to forgive me." It is the object of the comparative philologist to gather up the scattered fragments, to arrange them and fit them, and thus to show that language is something rational, human, intelligible, the very embodiment of the mind of man in its growth from the lowest to the highest stage, and with capabilities for

<sup>1</sup> *Chips*, vol. iii. p. 134.

further growth far beyond what we can at present conceive or imagine.

As to writing Greek and Latin verse, I do not maintain that a knowledge of Comparative Philology will help us much. It is simply an art that must be acquired by practice, if in these our busy days it is still worth acquiring. A good memory will no doubt enable us to say at a moment's notice whether certain syllables are long or short. But is it not far more interesting to know why certain vowels are long and others short, than to be able to string longs and shorts together in imitation of Greek and Latin hexameters? Now in many cases the reason why certain vowels are long or short, can be supplied by Comparative Philology alone. We may learn from Latin grammar that the *i* in *fidus*, trusty, and in *fido*, I trust, is long, and that it is short in *fides*, trust, and *perfidus*, faithless; but as all these words are derived from the same root, why should some have a long, others a short vowel? A comparison of Sanskrit at once supplies an answer. Certain derivatives, not only in Latin but in Sanskrit and Greek too, require what is called *Gunā* of the radical vowel. In *fidus* and *fido*, the *i* is really a diphthong, and represents a more ancient *ei* or *oi*, the former appearing in Greek *πίθω*, the latter in Latin *foedus*, a truce.

We learn from our Greek grammars that the second syllable in *δείκνυμι* is long, but in the plural, *δείκνυμεν*, it is short. This cannot be by accident, and we may observe the same change in *δάμνημι* and *δάμναμεν*, and similar words. Nothing, however, but a study of Sanskrit would have enabled us to discover the reason of this change, which is really the accent

in its most primitive working, such as we can watch it in the Vedic Sanskrit, where it produces exactly the same change, only with far greater regularity and perspicuity.

Why, again, do we say in Greek, οἶδα, I know, but ἴσμεν, we know? Why τέτληκα, but τέτλαμεν? Why μέμονα, but μέμαμεν? There is no recollection in the minds of the Greeks of the motive power that was once at work, and left its traces in these grammatical convulsions; but in Sanskrit we still see, as it were, a lower stratum of grammatical growth, and we can there watch the regular working of laws which required these changes, and which have left their impress not only on Greek, but on Sanskrit, and even on German. The same necessity which made Homer say οἶδα and ἴδμεν, and the Vedic poet védā and vidmās, still holds good, and makes us say in German, *Ich weiss*, I know, but *wir wissen*, we know.

All this becomes clear and intelligible by the light of Comparative Grammar; anomalies vanish, exceptions prove the rule, and we perceive more plainly every day how in language, as elsewhere, the conflict between the freedom claimed by each individual and the resistance offered by the community at large, establishes in the end a reign of law most wonderful, yet perfectly rational and intelligible.

These are but a few small specimens to show you what Comparative Philology can do for Greek and Latin; and how it has given a new life to the study of languages by discovering, so to say, and laying bare, the traces of that old life, that prehistoric growth, which made language what we find it in the oldest literary monuments, and which still supplies the vigor of the language of our own time. A

knowledge of the mere facts of language is interesting enough ; nay, if you ask yourself what grammars really are — those very Greek and Latin grammars which we hated so much in our schoolboy days — you will find that they are store-houses, richer than the richest museums of plants or minerals, more carefully classified and labeled than the productions of any of the great kingdoms of nature. Every form of declension and conjugation, every genitive and every so-called infinitive and gerund, is the result of a long succession of efforts, and of intelligent efforts. There is nothing accidental, nothing irregular, nothing without a purpose and meaning in any part of Greek or Latin grammar. No one who has once discovered this hidden life of language, no one who has once found out that what seemed to be merely anomalous and whimsical in language is but, as it were, a petrification of thought, of deep, curious, poetical, philosophical thought, will ever rest again till he has descended as far as he can descend into the ancient shafts of human speech, exploring level after level, and testing every successive foundation which supports the surface of each spoken language.

One of the great charms of this new science is that there is still so much to explore, so much to sift, so much to arrange. I shall not, therefore, be satisfied with merely lecturing on Comparative Philology, but I hope I shall be able to form a small philological society of more advanced students, who will come and work with me, and bring the results of their special studies as materials for the advancement of our science. If there are scholars here who have devoted their attention to the study of Homer, Comparative Philology will place in their hands a light

with which to explore the dark crypt on which the temple of the Homeric language was erected. If there are scholars who know their Plautus or Lucretius, Comparative Philology will give them a key to grammatical forms in ancient Latin, which, even if supported by an Ambrosian palimpsest, might still seem hazardous and problematical. As there is no field and no garden that has not its geological antecedents, there is no language and no dialect which does not receive light from a study of Comparative Philology, and reflect light in return on more general problems. As in geology again, so in Comparative Philology, no progress is possible without a division of labor, and without the most general coöperation. The most experienced geologist may learn something from a miner or from a ploughboy; the most experienced comparative philologist may learn something from a schoolboy or from a child.

I have thus explained to you what, if you will but assist me, I should like to do as the first occupant of this new chair of Comparative Philology. In my public lectures I must be satisfied with teaching. In my private lectures, I hope I shall not only teach, but also learn, and receive back as much as I have to give.

## NOTES.



### NOTE A.

#### ON THE FINAL DENTAL OF THE PRONOMINAL STEM *tad*.

ONE or two instances may here suffice to show how compassless even the best comparative philologists find themselves if, without a knowledge of Sanskrit, they venture into the deep waters of grammatical research. What can be clearer at first sight than that the demonstrative pronoun *that* has the same base in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and German? Bopp places together (§ 349) the following forms of the neuter :—

Sanskrit	Zend	Greek	Latin	Gothic
t a t	t a d.	τ ά	is-tud	thata

and he draws from them the following conclusions :—

In the Sanskrit t a - t we have the same pronominal element repeated twice, and this repeated pronominal element became afterwards the general sign of the neuter after other pronominal stems, such as y a - t, k a - t.

Such a conclusion seems extremely probable, particularly when we compare the masculine form s a - s, the old nom. sing., instead of the ordinary s a. But the first question that has to be answered is, whether this is phonetically possible, and how.

If t a t in Sanskrit is t a + t a, then we expect in Gothic *tha+tha*, instead of which we find *tha+ta*. We expect in Latin *is-tut*, not *istud*, *illut*, not *illud*, *it*, not *id*, for Latin represents final *t* in Sanskrit by *t*, not by *d*. The old Latin ablative in *d* is not a case in point, as we shall see afterwards.

Both Gothic *tha-ta*, therefore, and Latin *istud*, postulate a Sanskrit t a d, while Zend and Greek at all events do not conflict with an original final media. Everything therefore depends on what was the original form in Sanskrit ; and here no Sanskrit scholar would hesitate for one moment between t a t and t a d. Whatever the origin of t a t may have been, it is quite

certain that Sanskrit knows only of *tad*, never of *tat*. There are various ways of testing the original surd or sonant nature of final consonants in Sanskrit. One of the safest seems to me to see how those consonants behave before *tad* *d*hita or secondary suffixes, which require no change in the final consonant of the base. Thus before the suffix *īya* (called *kha* by Pāṇini) the final consonant is never changed, yet we find *tad-īya*, like *mad-īya*, *tvad-īya*, *asmad-īya*, *yushmad-īya*, etc. Again, before the possessive suffix *vat* final consonants of nominal bases suffer no change. This is distinctly stated by Pāṇini, I. 4, 19. Hence we have *vidyut-vān*, from *vidyut*, lightning, from the root *dyut*; we have *udāsvit-vān*, from *udāsvit*. In both cases the original final tenuis remains unchanged. Hence, if we find *tad-vān*, *kad-vān*, our test shows us again that the final consonant in *tad* and *kad* is a media, and that the *d* of these words is not a modification of *t*.

Taking our stand therefore on the undoubted facts of Sanskrit grammar, we cannot recognize *t* as the termination of the neuter of pronominal stems, but only *d*;<sup>1</sup> nor can we accept Bopp's explanation of *tad* as a compound of *ta* + *t*, unless the transition of an original *t* into a Sanskrit and Latin *d* can be established by sufficient evidence. Even then that transition would have to be referred to a time before Sanskrit and Gothic became distinct languages, for the Gothic *tha-ta* is the counterpart of the Sanskrit *tad*, and not of *tat*.

Bopp endeavors to defend the transition of an original *t* into Latin *d* by the termination of the old ablatives, such as *gnaivod*, etc. But here again it is certain that the original termination was *d*, and not *t*. It is so in Latin, it may be so in Zend, where, as Justi points out, the *d* of the ablative is probably a media.<sup>2</sup> In Sanskrit it is certainly a media in such forms as *mad*, *tvad*, *asmad*, which Bopp considers as old ablatives, and which in *madīya*, etc., show the original media. In other cases it is impossible in Sanskrit to test the nature of the final dental in

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Kielhorn in his grammar gives correctly *tad* as base, *tat* as nom. and acc. sing., because in the latter case phonetic rules either require or allow the change of *d* into *t*. Boehtlingk, Roth, and Benfey also give the right forms. Curtius, like Bopp, gives *yat*, Schleicher *tat*, which he supposes to have been changed at an early time into *tad* (§ 203).

<sup>2</sup> Weich ist es (‡ oder ḍ) wohl im abl. sing. *gafnâ t* (*gafnâ dha*). Justi, *Handbuch der Zendsprache*, p. 362.

the ablative, because *d* is always determined by its position in a sentence. But under no circumstances could we appeal to Latin *gnaiuod* in order to prove a transition of an original *t* into *d*; while on the contrary all the evidence at present is in favor of a media, as the final letter both of the ablative and of the neuter bases of pronouns, such as *ta d* and *ya d*.

These may seem *minutiæ*, but the whole of Comparative Grammar is made up of *minutiæ*, which, nevertheless, if carefully joined together and cemented, lead to conclusions of unexpected magnitude.

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#### NOTE B.

#### DID FEMININE BASES IN *â* TAKE *s* IN THE NOMINATIVE SINGULAR ?

I ADD one other instance to show how a more accurate knowledge of Sanskrit would have guarded comparative philologists against rash conclusions. With regard to the nominative singular of feminine bases ending in derivative *â*, the question arose, whether words like *bona* in Latin, *ἀγαθή* in Greek, *si v â* in Sanskrit, had originally an *s* as the sign of the nom. sing., which was afterwards lost, or whether they never took that termination. Bopp (§ 136), Schleicher (§ 246), and others seem to believe in the loss of the *s*, chiefly, it would seem, because the *s* is added to feminine bases ending in *î* and *û*. Benfey<sup>1</sup> takes the opposite view, viz. that feminines in *â* never took the *s* of the nom. sing. But he adds one exception, the Vedic *gnâ-s*. This remark has caused much mischief. Without verifying Benfey's statements, Schleicher (l. c.) quotes the same exception, though cautiously referring to the Sanskrit dictionary of Boehlingk and Roth as his authority. Later writers, for instance Merguet,<sup>2</sup> leave out all restrictions, simply appealing to this Vedic form *gnâ-s* in support of the theory that feminine bases in *â* too took originally *s* as sign of the nom. sing. and afterwards dropped it. Even so careful a scholar as Büchler<sup>3</sup> speaks of the *s* as lost.

There is, first of all, no reason whatever why the *s* should

<sup>1</sup> *Orient und Occident*, vol. i. p. 298.

<sup>2</sup> *Entwickelung der Lateinischen Formenlehre*, 1870, p. 20.

<sup>3</sup> *Grundriss der Lateinischen Declination*, 1866, p. 9.

have been added<sup>1</sup>; secondly, there is none why it should have been lost. But, whatever opinion we may hold in this respect, the appeal to the Vedic gnâ-s cannot certainly be sustained, and the word should at all events be obelized till there is better evidence for it than we possess at present.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Benfey, l. c. p. 298.

<sup>2</sup> In the dictionary of Boehtlingk and Roth we read *s. v.* gnâ, "scarce in the singular; nom. sing. seems to be gnâs, according to the passage Rv. IV. 9, 4, and Naigh. I. 11, in one text, while the other text gives the form gnâ." Against this, it should be remarked, that it would make no difference whether the MSS. of the Naighantuka give gnâ or gnâs. Gnâ would be the nom. sing., gnâs would be the form in which the word occurs most frequently in the Veda. It is easy to see that the collector of the Naighantuka allowed himself to quote words according to either principle.

Devarâga, in his commentary on gnâ, explains it: "Gamer dhâtor dhâp-rivasyagyatibhyo nah (U. S. III. 6) iti bahulakân napratyayo bhavati tilopas ka; tap. Gatyarthâ buddhyarthâh gânantî karmeti gnâh. Yadvâ gakkhati yagneshu; abhî yagnâm grinîhi no gnâvah (patnîvah) Rv. I. 15, 3. Khandânsi vai gnâ iti brâhmanam iti Mâdhava. Asmâ id u gnâs kid (Rv. I. 61, 8) ity api; gâyatryâdyâ devapatnya iti sa eva. Tasmâk khandasâm gâyatryâdnâm vâgrûpatvâd gnâvyapadesah.

In his remarks on Nigh. III. 29, it is quite clear that Devarâga takes gnâh as a nom. plur., not as a nom. sing. He says: Menâ gnâ iti strînam; ubhâv api sabdau vyâkhyâtau vânnâmasu. Mânayanti hi tâh pativasura-mâtulâdayah, pûgyâ bhûshayitavyâs keti smaranât. Gakkhanty enâh patayo patyârthinah. The passage quoted in the Nirukta III. 29, gnâs tvâkrîntann apaso 'tanvata vayitryo 'vayan, is taken from the Tândya-brâhmana I. 8, 9: "O dress! the women cut thee out, the workers stretched thee out, the weavers wove thee."

Thus every support which the Nighantu or the Nirukta was supposed to give to the form gnâh as a nom. sing. vanishes. And if it is said *s. v.* gnâspati, that in this compound gnâh might be taken as a nom. sing., and that the Pada-text separates gnâh-pati, it has been overlooked that the separation in Rv. II. 33, 10, is a mere misprint. See Prâtisâkhya, 738. The compound gnâspati has been correctly explained as standing for gnâyâspati, and the same old genitive is also found in gâspati and gâspatyam. See also Vâgasan. Prâtisâkhya, IV. 39. It is important to observe that the metre requires us to pronounce gnâspati either as gnâspâtîh or as gânsâspâtîh.

There is, as far as I know, no passage where gnâh in the Veda can be taken as a nom. sing., and it should be observed that gnâh as nom. plur. is almost always disyllabic in the Rig-veda, excepting the tenth Mandala: that the acc. sing. (V. 43, 6) is, however, disyllabic, but the acc. plur. monosyllabic (I. 22, 10). In V. 43, 13, we must either read gnâh or gâhâdhîh.

The passage which is always quoted from the Rv. IV. 9, 4, as showing *gn ā-s* to be a nom. sing. in *s*, is extremely difficult, and as it stands at present, most likely corrupt :—

Utá gnāḥ agníḥ adhvare úto grīhā-patiḥ dáme, utá brahmā ní sídati.

This could only be translated :—

“Agni sits down at the sacrifice as a woman, as lord in the house, and as priest.”

This, however, is impossible, for Agni, the god of fire, is never represented in the Veda as a woman. If we took *gn ā ḥ* as a genitive, we might translate, “Agni sits down in the sacrifice of the lady of the house,” but this again would be utterly incongruous in Vedic poetry.

I believe the verse is corrupt, and I should propose to read :—

Utá agnāv agníḥ adhvare.

“Agni sits down at the sacrifice in the fire, as lord in the house, and as a priest.”

The ideas that Agni, the god of fire, sits down in the fire, or that Agni is lighted by Agni, or that Agni is both the sacrificial fire and the priest, are familiar to every reader of the Veda. Thus we read, I. 12, 6, *agnínā agníḥ sám idhyate*, “Agni is lighted by Agni;” X. 88, 1, we find Agni invoked as *ā-hutam agnáu*, etc.

But whether this emendation be right or wrong, it must be quite clear how unsafe it would be to support the theory that feminine bases in *ā* ended originally in *s* by this solitary passage from the Veda.

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#### NOTE C.

#### GRAMMATICAL FORMS IN SANSKRIT CORRESPONDING TO SO-CALLED INFINITIVES IN GREEK AND LATIN.

THERE is no trace of such a term as infinitive in Sanskrit, and yet exactly the same forms, or, at all events, forms strictly analogous to those which we call infinitives in Greek and Latin, exist in Sanskrit. Here, however, they are treated in the simplest way.

Sanskrit grammarians when giving the rules according to which nouns and adjectives are derived from verbal roots by means of primary suffixes (*Krit*), mention among the rest the suffixes *tum* (Pān., III. 3, 10), *se*, *a se*, *adhya i*, *tava i*, *tave*, *shya i*, *e*, *am*, *tos*, *as* (IV. 4, 9–17), defining their meaning

in general by that of tum (III. 3, 10). This tum is said to express immediate futurity in a verb, if governed by another word conveying an intention. An example will make this clearer. In order to say he goes to cook, where "he goes" expresses an intention, and "to cook" is the object of that intention which is to follow immediately, we place the suffix tum at the end of the verb pak, to cook, and say in Sanskrit, vragati pak-tum. We might also say pākako vragati, he goes as one who means to cook, or vragati pākāya, he goes to the act of cooking, placing the abstract noun in the dative; and all these constructions are mentioned together by Sanskrit grammarians. The same takes place after verbs which express a wish (III. 3, 158); e. g., ikkhati paktum, he wishes to cook, and after such words as kâla, time, samaya, opportunity, velâ, right moment (III. 3, 167); e. g., kâlah paktum, it is time to cook, etc. Other verbs which govern forms in tum are (III. 4, 65) sak, to be able; dhriśh, to dare; gñâ, to know; glai, to be weary; ghat, to endeavor; ârabh, to begin; labh, to get; prakram, to begin; utsah, to endure; arh, to deserve; and words like asti, there is; e. g., asti bhoktum, it is (possible) to eat; not, it is (necessary) to eat. The forms in tum are also enjoined (III. 4, 66) after words like alam, expressing fitness, e. g., paryâpto bhoktum, alam bhoktum, kusalo bhoktum, fit or able to eat.

Here we have everything that is given by Sanskrit grammarians in place of what we should call the Chapter on the Infinitive in Greek and Latin. The only thing that has to be added is the provision, understood in Pânini's grammar, that such suffixes as tum, etc., are indeclinable.

And why are they indeclinable? For the simple reason that they are themselves case terminations. Whether Pânini was aware of this, we cannot tell with certainty. From some of his remarks it would seem to be so. When treating of the cases, Pânini (I. 4, 32) explains what we should call the dative by Sampradâna. Sampradâna means giving (δοτική), but Pânini uses it here as a technical term, and assigns to it the definite meaning of "he whom one looks to by any act" (not only the act of giving, as the commentators imply). It is therefore what we should call "the remote object." Ex. Brâhmanâya dhanam dadâti, he gives wealth to the Brâhman. This is afterwards extended by several rules explaining that the

*Sampradâna* comes in after verbs expressive of pleasure caused to somebody (I. 4, 33); after *slâgh*, to applaud, *hnu*, to dissemble, to conceal, *sthâ*,<sup>1</sup> to reveal, *sap*, to curse (I. 4, 34); after *dhâray*, to owe (I. 4, 35); *sprîh*, to long for (I. 4, 36); after verbs expressive of anger, ill-will, envy, detraction (I. 4, 37); after *râdh* and *îksh*, if they mean to consider concerning a person (I. 4, 39); after *pratisru* and *âsru*, in the sense of according (I. 4, 40); *anugri* and *pratigri*, in the sense of acting in accordance with (I. 4, 41); after *parikri*, to buy, to hire (I. 4, 44). Other cases of *Sampradâna* are mentioned after such words as *namah*, salutation to, *svasti*, hail, *svâhâ*, salutation to the gods, *svadhâ*, salutation to the manes, *alam*, sufficient for, *vashat*, offered to, a sacrificial invocation, etc. (II. 3, 16); and in such expressions as *na tvam trinâya manye*, I do not value thee a straw (II. 3, 17); *grâmâya gakkhati*, he goes to the village (II. 2, 12): where, however, the accusative, too, is equally admissible. Some other cases of *Sampradâna* are mentioned in the *Vârtikas*; *e. g.*, I. 4, 44, *muktaye harim bhagati*, for the sake of liberation he worships Hari; *vâtâya kapilâ vidyut*, a dark red lightning indicates wind. Very interesting, too, is the construction with the prohibitive *mâ*; *e. g.* *mâ kâpalâya*, lit. not for unsteadiness, *i. e.*, do not act unsteadily.<sup>2</sup>

In all these cases we easily recognize the identity of *Sampradâna* with the dative in Greek and Latin. If therefore we see that Pânini in some of his rules states that *Sampradâna* takes the place of *tum*, the so-called infinitive, we can hardly doubt that he had perceived the similarity in the functions of what we call dative and infinitive. Thus he says that instead of *phalâny âhartum yâti*, he goes to take the fruits, we may use the dative and say *phalebhyo yâti*, he goes for the fruits; instead of *yashum yâti*, he goes to sacrifice, *yâgâya yâti*, he goes to the act of sacrificing (II. 3, 14-15).

But whether Pânini recognized this fact or not, certain it is that we have only to look at the forms which in the Veda take the place of *tum*, in order to convince ourselves that most of

<sup>1</sup> *Sthâ*, *svâhiprâyabodhanânukûlasthiti*, to reveal by gestures, a meaning not found in our dictionaries. Wilson renders it wrongly by to stay with, which would govern the instrumental. *Sap*, cursing, means to use curses in order to convey some meaning or intention to another person.

<sup>2</sup> Wilson's *Sanskrit Grammar*, p. 390.

them are datives of verbal nouns. As far as Sanskrit grammar is concerned, we may safely cancel the name of infinitive altogether, and speak instead boldly of datives and other cases of verbal nouns. Whether these verbal nouns admit of the dative case only, and whether some of those datival terminations have become obsolete, are questions which do not concern the grammarian, and nothing would be more unphilosophical than to make such points the specific characteristic of a new grammatical category, the infinitive. The very idea that every noun must possess a complete set of cases, is contrary to all the lessons of the history of language; and though the fact that some of these forms belong to an antiquated phase of language has undoubtedly contributed towards their being used more readily for certain syntactical purposes, the fact remains that in their origin and their original intention they were datives and nothing else. Neither could the fact that these datives of verbal nouns may govern the same case which is governed by the verb, be used as a specific mark, because it is well known that, in Sanskrit more particularly, many nouns retain the power of governing the accusative. We shall now examine some of these so-called infinitives in Sanskrit.

#### DATIVES IN *e*.

The simplest dative is that in *e*, after verbal bases ending in consonants or *â*, e. g., *driśé*, for the sake of seeing, to see; *vid-é*, to know, *paribhveê*,<sup>1</sup> to overcome; *srad dhé kám*, to believe.

#### DATIVES IN *ai*.

After some verbs ending in *â*, the dative is irregularly (Grammar, §§ 239, 240) formed in *ai*; Rv. VII. 19, 7, *parâdái*, to surrender. III. 60, 4, *pratimái*, to compare, and the important form *vayo dhái*, of which more by and by.

#### ACCUSATIVES IN *am*. GENITIVES AND ABLATIVES IN *as*.

#### LOCATIVES IN *i*.

By the side of these datives we have analogous accusatives in *am*, genitives and ablatives in *as*, locatives in *i*.

Accusative : I. 73, 10, *sakéma yámam*, May we be able to get. I. 94, 3, *sakéma tvâ samídhán*, May we be able to light

<sup>1</sup> In verbs compounded with prepositions the accent is on the penultimate: e. g., *samídhé*, *atíkráme*, etc.

thee. This may be the Oscan and Umbrian infinitive in *um*, *om* (*u, o*), if we take *yama* as a base in *a*, and *m* as the sign of the accusative. In Sanskrit it is impossible to determine this question, for that bases in *a* also are used for similar purposes is clearly seen in datives like *dábhâya*; *e. g.*, Rv. V. 44, 2, *ná dábhâya*, not to conquer; VIII. 96, 1, *nríbhyaḥ tárâya síndhavaḥ su-pârâḥ*, the rivers easy to cross for men. Whether the Vedic imperatives in *âya* (*sâya k*) admit of a similar explanation is doubtful on account of the accent.

Genitive : *vilikhaḥ*, in *isvaro vilikhaḥ*, cognizant of drawing; and possibly X. 108, 2, *atiskádaḥ bhíyásâ*, from fear of crossing.

Ablative : Rv. VIII. 1, 12, *purâ átrídaḥ*, before striking.

Locative : Rv. V. 52, 12, *drisí tvishé*, to shine in glancing (?)

#### DATIVES IN *s-e*.

The same termination of the dative is added to verbal bases which have taken the increment of the aorist, the *s*. Thus from *gi*, to conquer, we have *gi-s-h*, and *ge-s-h*, and from both datival forms with infinitival function. I. 111, 4, *té nah hinvantu sâtáye dhiyê gishé*, May they bring us to wealth, wisdom, victory!

I. 100, 11, *apám tokásya tánayasya geshé*, May Indra help us for getting water, children, and descendants. Cf. VI. 44, 18.

Or, after bases ending in consonants, *upaprakshé*; V. 47, 6, *upa-prakshé vríshanaḥ* --- *vadhvâḥ yanti ákḥa*, the men go towards their wives to embrace.

These forms correspond to Greek infinitives like *λῦσαι* and *τῶσαι*, possibly to Latin infinitives like *ferre*, for *fer-se*, *velle* for *vel-se*, and *voluis-se*; for *se*, following immediately on a consonant, can never represent the Sanskrit *a se*. With regard to infinitives like *fac-se*, *dic-se*, I do not venture to decide whether they are primitive forms, or contracted, though *fac-se* could hardly be called a contraction of *fecisse*. The 2d pers. sing. of the imperative of the 1st aorist middle, *λῦσαι*, is identical with the infinitive in form, and the transition of meaning from the infinitive to the imperative is well known in Greek and other languages. (*Παῖδα δ' ἐμοὶ λῦσαι τε φίλην τὰ τ' ἄποινα δέχεσθαι*, Deliver up my dear child and accept the ransom). Several of these aoristic forms are sometimes very perplexing in Sanskrit. If we find, for instance, *s t u s h é*, we cannot always tell whether

it is the infinitive ( $\lambda\upsilon\sigma\alpha\iota$ ); or the 1st pers. sing. of the aor.  $\hat{\text{A}}\text{tmanep.}$  in the subjunctive (for  $\text{stushai}$ ), Let me praise ( $\lambda\upsilon\sigma\omega\mu\alpha\iota$ ); or lastly, the 2d pers. sing.  $\hat{\text{A}}\text{tmanep.}$  in the indicative ( $\lambda\upsilon\eta$ ). If  $\text{stushé}$  has no accent, we know, of course, that it cannot be the infinitive, as in X. 93, 9; but when it has the accent on the last, it may, in certain constructions, be either infinitive, or 1st pers. sing. aor.  $\hat{\text{A}}\text{tm. subj.}$  Here we want far more careful grammatical studies on the language of the Veda, before we can venture to translate with certainty. In places, for instance, where as in I. 122, 7 we have a nominative with  $\text{stushé}$ , it is clear that it must be taken as an infinitive,  $\text{stushé sâ vâm} - - \text{râtsh}$ , your gift, Varuna and Mitra, is to be praised; but in other places, such as VIII. 5, 4, the choice is difficult. In VIII. 65, 5,  $\text{índra grinishé u stushé}$ , I should propose to translate, Indra, thou longest for praising, thou desirest to be praised, cf. VIII. 71, 15; while in II. 20, 4,  $\text{tám u stushe índram tám grinishe}$ , I translate, Let me praise Indra, let me laud him, admitting here, the irregular retention of Vikarana in the aorist, which can be defended by analogous forms such as  $\text{grí-ni-sh-áni}$ ,  $\text{strí-ni-sh-áni}$ , of which more hereafter. However, all these translations, as every real scholar knows, are, and can be tentative only. Nothing but a complete Vedic grammar, such as we may soon expect from Professor Benfey, will give us safe ground to stand on.

#### DATIVES IN $\hat{\text{A}}\text{YAI}$ .

Feminine bases in  $\hat{a}$  form their dative in  $\hat{a}yai$ , and thus we find  $\text{karâyai}$  used in the Veda, VII. 77, 1, as what we should call an infinitive, in the sense of to go. No other cases of  $\text{karâ}$  have as yet been met with. A similar form is  $\text{gârâyai}$ , to praise, I. 38, 13.

#### DATIVES IN $\hat{\text{A}}\text{YE}$ .

We have next to consider bases in  $i$ , forming their dative in  $\hat{a}ye$ . Here, whenever we are acquainted with the word in other cases, we naturally take  $\hat{a}ye$  as a simple dative of a noun. Thus in I. 31, 8, we should translate  $\text{sánáye dhánânâm}$ , for the acquisition of treasures, because we are accustomed to other cases, such as I. 100, 13,  $\text{sánáyas}$ , acquisitions, V. 27, 3,  $\text{sáním}$ , wealth. But if we find, V. 80, 5,  $\text{drisáye nâh asthât}$ , she stood to be seen by us, lit., for our seeing, then we

prefer, though wrongly, to look upon such datives as infinitives, simply because we have not met with other cases of *dris-i-s*.

#### DATIVES IN *TAFĒ*.

What applies to datives of nouns in *i*, applies with still greater force to datives of nouns in *ti*. There is no reason why in IX. 96, 4 we should call *á h a t a y e*, to be without hurt, an infinitive, simply because no other case of *á h a t i-s* occurs in the Rig-Veda; while *á g í t a y e*, not to fail, in the same line, is called a dative of *á g í t i-s*, because it occurs again in the accusative *á g í t i-m*.

#### DATIVES IN *TYĀI*.

In *it y á i*, to go, I. 113, 6; 124, 1, we have a dative of *i t i-s*, the act of going, of which the instrumental *it y ā* occurs likewise, I. 167, 5. This *ty ā*, shortened to *ty a*, became afterwards the regular termination of the gerund of compound verbs in *ty a* (Grammar § 446), while *y a* (§ 445) points to an original *y a* or *y a i*.

#### DATIVES IN *AS-E*.

Next follow datives from bases in *a s*, partly with accent on the first syllable, like neuter nouns in *a s*, partly with the accent on *a s*; partly with *Guna*, partly without. With regard to them it becomes still clearer how impossible it would be to distinguish between datives of abstract nouns, and other grammatical forms, to be called infinitives. Thus Rv. I. 7, 3 we read *d í r g h ā y a k á k s h a s e*, Indra made the sun rise for long glancing, *i. e.*, that it might glance far and wide. It is quite true that no other cases of *k á k s h a s*, seeing, occur, on which ground modern grammarians would probably class it as an infinitive; but the qualifying dative *d í r g h ā y a*, clearly shows that the poet felt *k á k s h a s e* as the dative of a noun, and did not trouble himself, whether that noun was defective in other cases or not.

These datives of verbal nouns in *a s*, correspond exactly to Latin infinitives in *ēre*, like *vivere* (*g í v á s e*), and explain likewise infinitives in *āre*, *ēre*, and *īre*, forms which cannot be separated. It has been thought that the nearest approach to an infinitive is to be found in such forms as *g í v á s e*, *b h i y á s e*, to fear (V. 29, 4), because in such cases the ordinary nominal form would be *b h á y a s-e*. There is, however, the instrumental *b h i y á s a*, X. 108, 2.

## DATIVES IN MANE.

Next follow datives from nouns in ma n, va n, and a n. The suffix ma n is very common in Sanskrit, for forming verbal nouns, such as ka r-ma n, doing, deed, from ka r. Va n is almost restricted to forming *nomina agentis*, such as dru h-va n, hating; but we find also substantives like pa t-va n, still used in the sense of flying. An also is generally used like va n, but we can see traces of its employment to form *nomina actionis* in Greek ἀγών, Lat. *turbo*, etc.

Datives of nouns in ma n, used with infinitival functions, are very common in the Veda; e. g. I. 164, 6, prikkhâmi vidmane, I ask to know; VIII. 93, 8, dâmane kritâh, made to give. We find also the instrumental case vidmânâ, e. g., VI. 14, 5, vidmânâ urushyâti, he protects by his knowledge. These correspond to Homeric infinitives, like ἴδμεναι, δόμεναι, etc., old datives and not locatives, as Schleicher and Curtius supposed; while forms like δόμεν are to be explained either as abbreviated, or as obsolete accusatives.

## DATIVES IN VANE.

Of datives in vâne I only know dāvâne, a most valuable grammatical relic, by which Professor Benfey was enabled to explain the Greek δοῦναι, i. e., δοφέναι.<sup>1</sup>

## DATIVES IN ANE.

Of datives in âne I pointed out (l. c.) dhûrv-ane and vibhv-âne, VI. 61, 13, taking the latter as synonymous with vibhvê, and translating, Sarasvatî, the great, made to conquer, like a chariot. Professor Roth, s. v. vibhvân, takes the dative for an instrumental, and translates "made by an artificer." It is, however, not the chariot that is spoken of, but Sarasvatî, and of her it could hardly be said that she was made either by or for an artificer.

## LOCATIVES IN SANI.

As we saw before that aoristic bases in s take the datival e, so that we had prák-she by the side of prík-e, we shall have to consider here aoristic bases in s, taking the suffix an, not however with the termination of the dative, but with that of the locative i. Thus we read X. 126, 3, náyishthâh u nah neshâni

<sup>1</sup> See M. M.'s *Translation of the Rig-Veda*, I. p. 34.

*pārshishthāh u naḥ parshāni āti dvīshah*, they who are the best leaders to lead us, the best helpers to help us to overcome our enemies, lit. in leading us, in helping us. In VIII. 12, 19, *grinīshāni*, i. e. *grī-nī-shān-i* stands parallel with *turv-ān-e*, thus showing how both cases can answer nearly the same purpose. If these forms existed in Greek, they would, after consonantal bases, be identical with the infinitives of the future.

#### CASES OF VERBAL NOUNS IN *TU*.

We next come to a large number of datives, ablatives, or genitives, and accusatives of verbal nouns in *tu*. This *tu* occurs in Sanskrit in abstract nouns such as *gātú*, going, way, etc., in Latin in *adven-tus*, etc. As these forms have been often treated, and as some of them occur frequently in later Sanskrit also, it will suffice to give one example of each:—

Dative in *tave*: *gántave*, to go, I. 46, 7.

Old form in *ai*: *gántavái*, X. 95, 14.

Genitive in *toḥ*: *dātoḥ*, governed by *īse*, VII. 4, 6.

Ablative in *toḥ*: *gāntoḥ*, I. 89, 9.

Accusative in *tum*: *gántum*. This is the supine in *tum* in Latin.

#### CASES OF VERBAL NOUNS IN *TVĀ*.

Next follow cases of verbal nouns in *tvā*, the accent being on the suffix.

Datives in *tvāya*: *hatvāya*, X. 84, 2.

Instrumentals in *tvā*: *hatvā*, I. 100, 18.

Older form in *tvī*: *hatvī*, II. 17, 6; *gativī*, IV. 41, 5.

#### DATIVES IN *DHAI* AND *DHYAI*.

I have left to the end datives in *dhai* and *dhyai*, which properly belong to the datives in *ai*, treated before, but differ from them as being datives of compound nouns. As from *māyah*, delight, we have *mayaskarā*, delight-making, *mayobhū*, delight-causing, and constructions like *māyo dādhe*, so from *vāyas*, life, vigor, we have *vāyaskrīt*, life-giving, and constructions like *vāyo dhât*. From *dhâ* we can frame two substantival frame, *dhâ* and *dhi-s*, *e. g.* *puro-dhâ*, and *puro-dhis*, like *vi-dhi-s*. As an ordinary substantive, *purodhâ* takes the feminine termination *â*, and is declined like *sivâ*. But if the verbal base remains at the

end of a compound without the feminine suffix, a compound like *vayodhâ* would form its dative *vayodhe* (Grammar, § 239); and as in analogous cases we found old datives in *ai*, instead of *e*, e. g. *parâdai*, nothing can be said against *vayodhai*, as a Vedic dative of *vayodhâ*. The dative of *purodhi* would be *purodhaye*, but here again, as, besides forms like *dris-aye*, we met with datives, such as *ityai*, *rohishyai*, there is no difficulty in admitting an analogous dative of *purodhi*, viz., *purodhyai*.

The old dative *dhai* has been preserved to us in one form only, which for that reason is all the more valuable and important, offering the key to the mysterious Greek infinitives in *θαι*, I mean *vayodhái*, which occurs twice in the Rig-Veda, X. 55, 1, and X. 67, 11. The importance of this relic would have been perceived long ago, if there had not been some uncertainty as to whether such a form really existed in the Veda. By some accident or other, Professor Aufrecht had printed in both passages *vayodhaih*, instead of *vayodhai*. But for this, no one, I believe, would have doubted that in this form *vayodhai* we have not only the most valuable prototype of the Greek infinitives in  $(\sigma)\thetaαι$ , but at the same time their full explanation. *Vayodhai* stands for *vayas-dhai*, in which composition the first part *vayas* is a neuter base in *as*, the second a dative of the auxiliary verb *dhâ*, used as a substantive. If, therefore, we find corresponding to *vayodhai* a Greek infinitive *βέεσθαι*, we must divide it into *βέεσ-θαι*, as we divide *ψεύδεσθαι* into *ψεύδες-θαι*, and translate it literally by "to lying."

It has been common to identify Greek infinitives in *σθαι* with corresponding Sanskrit forms ending in *dhyai*. No doubt these forms in *dhyai* are much more frequent than forms in *dhai*, but as we can only take them as old datives of substantives in *dhi*, it would be difficult to identify the two. The Sanskrit *dhy* appears, no doubt, in Greek, as *σσ*, *dh* being represented by the surd *θ*, and then assimilated by *y*; but we could hardly attempt to explain  $\sigma\theta = \theta y$ , because  $\sigma\delta = \zeta = \delta y$ . Therefore, unless we are prepared to see with Bopp in the *σ* before *θ*, in this and similar forms, a remnant of the reflexive pronoun, nothing remains but to accept the explanation offered by the Vedic *vayodhai*, and to separate *ψεύδεσθαι* into *ψεύδες-θαι*, lying to do. That this grammatical compound, if once

found successful, should have been repeated in other tenses, giving us not only *γράφεισ-θαι*, but *γράφεισ-θαι*, *γράφασ-θαι*, and even *γραφήσσεισ-θαι*, is no more than what we may see again and again in the grammatical development of ancient and modern languages. In Some scholars have objected on the same ground to Bopp's explanation of *ama-minī*, as the nom. plur. of a participle, because they think it impossible to look upon *amemini*, *amabāmini*, *amaremini*, *amabimini* as participial formations. But if a mould is once made in language, it is used again and again, and little account is taken of its original intention. If we object to *γράφεισ-θαι*, why not to *κελευσέ-μεναι*, or *τεθνά-μεναι*, or *μιχθή-μεναι*? In Sanskrit, too, we should hesitate to form a compound of a modified verbal base, such as *prīna*, with *dhi*, doing; yet as the Sanskrit ear was accustomed to *yagadhyaī* from *yaga*, *gamadhyaī* from *gama*, it did not protest against *prīnadhyaī*, *vāvridhadhyaī*, etc.

#### HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE OF THESE GRAMMATICAL FORMS.

And while these ancient grammatical forms which supply the foundation of what in Greek, Latin, and other languages we are accustomed to call infinitives are of the highest interest to the grammarian and the logician, their importance is hardly less in the eyes of the historian. Every honest student of antiquity, whether his special field be India, Persia, Assyria, or Egypt, knows how often he is filled with fear and trembling when he meets with thoughts and expressions which, as he is apt to say, cannot be ancient. I have frequently confessed to that feeling with regard to some of the hymns of the Rig-Veda, and I well remember the time when I felt inclined to throw up the whole work as modern and unworthy of the time and labor bestowed upon it. At that time I was always comforted by these so-called infinitives and other relics of ancient language. They could not have been fabricated in India. They are unknown in ordinary Sanskrit, they are unintelligible as far as their origin is concerned in Greek and Latin, and yet in the Vedic language we find these forms, not only identical with Greek and Latin forms, but furnishing the key to their formation in Greece and Italy. The Vedic *vayas-dhāi* compared with Greek *βέεισ-θαι*, the Vedic *stushe* compared with *λῦσαι* are to my mind evidence in support of the antiquity and genuineness of the Veda that cannot be shaken by any arguments.

## THE INFINITIVE IN ENGLISH.

I add a few words on the infinitive in English, though it has been well treated by Dr. March in his "Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language," by Dr. Morris, and others. We find in Anglo-Saxon two forms, one generally called the infinitive, *nim-an*, to take, the other the gerund, *to nim-anne*, to take. Dr. March explains the first as identical with Greek  $\nu\acute{\epsilon}\mu\text{-}\epsilon\iota\nu$  and  $\nu\acute{\epsilon}\mu\text{-}\epsilon\nu\text{-}\alpha\iota$ , *i. e.*, as an oblique case, probably the dative, of a verbal noun in *an*. He himself quotes only the dative of nominal bases in *a*, *e. g.*  $n\ a\ m\ a\ n\ \hat{a}\ y\ a$ , because he was probably unacquainted with the nearer forms in *an-e* supplied by the Veda. This infinitive exists in Gothic as *nim-an*, in Old Saxon as *nim-an*, in Old Norse as *nem-a*, in Old High German as *nem-an*. The so-called gerund, *to nimanne*, is rightly traced back by Dr. March to Old Saxon *nim-annia*, but he can hardly be right in identifying these old datival forms with the Sanskrit base  $n\ a\ m\ a\ n\ \hat{a}\ y\ a$ . In the Second Period of English (1100-1250)<sup>1</sup> the termination of the infinitive became *en*, and frequently dropped the final *n*, as *smelle* = *smellen*; while the termination of the gerund at the same time became *enne*, (*ende*), *ene*, *en*, or *e*, so that outwardly the two forms appear to be identical, as early as the 12th century.<sup>2</sup> Still later, towards the end of the 14th century, the terminations were entirely lost, though Spenser and Shakespeare have occasionally *to killen*, *passen*, *delven*, when they wished to impart an archaic character to their language. In modern English the infinitive with *to* is used as a verbal substantive. When we say, "I wish you to do this," "you are able to do this," we can still perceive the datival function of the infinitive. Likewise in such phrases, "it is time," "it is proper," "it is wrong to do that," *to do* may still be felt as an oblique case. But we have only to invert these sentences, and say, "to do this is wrong," and we have a new substantive in the nom. sing., just as in the Greek  $\tau\acute{o}\ \lambda\acute{\epsilon}\gamma\epsilon\iota\nu$ . Expressions like *for to do*, show that the simple *to* was not always felt to be sufficiently expressive to convey the meaning of an original dative.

## WORKS ON THE INFINITIVE.

The infinitive has formed the subject of many learned treatises. I divide them into two classes, those which appeared be-

<sup>1</sup> Morris, *Historic Outlines of English Accidence*, p. 52.

<sup>2</sup> Morris, *l. c.* p. 177.

fore and after Wilhelm's excellent essay, written in Latin, "De Infinitivi Vi et Natura," 1868; and in a new and improved edition, "De Infinitivo Linguarum Sanscritæ, Bactricæ, Persicæ, Græcæ, Oscæ, Umbricæ, Latinæ, Goticæ, forma et usu," Isenaci, 1873. In this essay the evidence supplied by the Veda was for the first time fully collected, and the whole question of the nature of the infinitive placed in its true historical light. Before Wilhelm the more important works were Hofer's book, "Vom Infinitiv, besonders im Sanskrit," Berlin, 1840; Bopp's paragraphs in his "Comparative Grammar;" Humboldt's paper, in Schlegel's "Indische Bibliothek" (II. 74), 1824; and his posthumous paper in Kuhn's "Zeitschrift" (II. 245), 1853; some dissertations by L. Meyer, Merguet, and Golenski. Benfey's "Sanskrit Grammar" (1852), too, ought to be mentioned, as having laid the first solid foundations for this and all other branches of grammatical research, as far as Sanskrit is concerned. After Wilhelm the same subject has been treated with great independence by Ludwig, "Der Infinitiv im Veda," 1871, and again "Agglutination oder Adaptation," 1873; and also by Jolly, "Geschichte des Infinitivs," 1873.

I had myself discussed some questions connected with the nature of the infinitive in my "Lectures on the Science of Language," vol. ii. p. 15 seq., and I had pointed out in Kuhn's "Zeitschrift," XV. 215 (1866) the great importance of the Vedic *vayodhai* for unraveling the formation of Greek infinitives in *σ-θαι*.

#### THE INFINITIVE IN BENGALI.

At a still earlier time, in 1847, in my "Essay on Bengali," I said: "As the infinitives of the Indo-Germanic languages must be regarded as the absolute cases of a verbal noun, it is probable that in Bengali the infinitive in *ite* was also originally a locative, which expressed not only local situation, but also movement towards some object, as an end, whether real or imaginary. Thus the Bengali infinitive corresponds exactly with the English, where the relation of case is expressed by the preposition *to*. Ex. *tâhâke mârîte âmi âsiyâchi*, means, I came to the state of beating him, or, I came to beat him; *âmâke mârîte deo*, give me (permission), let me (go) to the action of beating, *i. e.*, allow me to beat. Now as the form of the participle is the same as that of the infinitive, it may be doubted if there is really a dis-

inction between these two forms as to their origin. For instance, the phrase *âpan putrake mârîte âmi tâhâka dekhilâm*, can be translated, I saw him beating his own son; but it can be explained also as, what they nonsensically call in Latin grammar *accusativus cum infinitivo*, that is to say, the infinitive can be taken for a locative of the verbal noun, and the whole phrase be translated, I saw him in the action of beating his own son, (*vidi patrem cedere ipsius filium*). As in every Bengali phrase the participle in *ite* can be understood in this manner, I think it admissible to ascribe this origin to it, and instead of taking it for a nominative of a verbal adjective, to consider it as a locative of a verbal noun."

#### THE INFINITIVE IN THE DRAVIDIAN LANGUAGES.

I also tried to show that the infinitive in the Dravidian languages is a verbal noun with or without a case suffix. This view has been confirmed by Dr. Caldwell, but, in deference to him, I gladly withdraw the explanation which I proposed in reference to the infinitive in Tamil. I quote from Dr. Caldwell's "Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages," 2d ed. p. 423: "Professor Max Müller, noticing that the majority of Tamil infinitives terminate in *ka*, supposed this *ka* to be identical in origin with *kô*, the dative-accusative case-sign of the Hindi, and concluded that the Dravidian infinitive was the accusative of a verbal noun. It is true that the Sanskrit infinitive and Latin supine in *tum* is correctly regarded as an accusative, and that our English infinitive *to do*, is the dative of a verbal noun; it is also true that the Dravidian infinitive is a verbal noun in origin, and never altogether loses that character; nevertheless, the supposition that the final *ka* of most Tamil infinitives is in any manner connected with *ku*, the sign of the Dravidian dative, or of *kô*, the Hindi dative-accusative, is inadmissible. A comparison of various classes of verbs and of the various dialects shows that the *kâ* in question proceeds from a totally different source."

#### ON LABIALIZED AND UNLABIALIZED GUTTURALS.

As in my article on *Vayodhai*, published in Kuhn's "Zeitschrift," 1866, p. 215, I had entered a *caveat* against identifying Greek  $\beta$  with Sanskrit  $\text{व}$ , I take this opportunity of frankly withdrawing it. Phonetically, no doubt, these two letters rep-

resent totally distinct powers, and to say that Sanskrit **ज** ever became Greek  $\beta$  is as irrational to-day as it was ten years ago. But historically I was entirely wrong, as will be seen from the last edition of Curtius' "Grundzüge." The guttural sonant check was palatalized in the Southeastern Branch, and there became *g* and *z*, while in the Northwestern Branch the same *g* was frequently labialized and became *gv*, *v*, and *b*. Hence, where we have **ज** in Sanskrit, we may and do find  $\beta$  in Greek.

But after withdrawing my former *caveat*, I make bold to propose another, namely, that the original palatal sonant flatus, which in Sanskrit is graphically represented by *g*, can never be represented in Greek by  $\beta$ . Whether *g* in Sanskrit represents an original palatal sonant check or an original palatal sonant flatus can generally be determined by a reference to Zend, which represents the former by *g*, the latter by *z*. We may therefore formulate this phonetic law:—

“When Sanskrit *g* is represented by Zend *z*, it cannot be represented by Greek  $\beta$ .”

In this manner it is possible, I believe, to utilize Ascoli's and Fick's brilliant discovery as to a twofold, or even threefold, distinction of the Aryan *k*, as applied to the Aryan *g*. They have proved that all Aryan languages show traces of an original distinction between a guttural surd check, *k*, frequently palatalized in the Southeastern Branch (Sk. *k*, Zend *k̄*) and liable to labialization, in Latin, Greek, Cymric, and Gothic; and another *k*, never liable to labialization, but changed into a flatus, palatal or otherwise, in Sanskrit, Lithuanian, and Old Slavonic. They showed, in fact, —

Sanskrit.	Lith.	Slav.	Gadh. & Cym.	Lat.	Greek.	Gothic.
क (च)	= k	= k, č	= c = p = c	qu, v = κ, κf, κκ, π, ππ, τ, ττ	= hv, h.	
श	= sz = s	= c = c	= c = c	= κ	= h	

In the same manner we ought in future to distinguish between a guttural sonant check, *g*, frequently palatalized in the Southeastern Branch (Sk. *g*, Zend *ḡ*), and liable to labialization, like *k*; and another *g*, never liable to labialization, but changed into a flatus, palatal or otherwise, in Zend, Lithuanian, and Old Slavonic. As we never have  $\pi = \text{श}$  we never have  $\beta = \text{ज}$ , if **ज** in Zend is *z*.

The evidence will be found under Sk. *g a n*, *g a b h*, *g a r* (to

decay, and to praise), *gush*, *gñâ*, *gñu*, *gâmâtar*; *ag*, *bhrâg*, *marg*, *yag*, *rag* (atam).

Gothic *quinô*, Gadh. *ben*, Bœot. *βáva* depend on Zend *geni*; Gadh. *baith-is* on Zend *ga-f-ra*. It is wrong to connect *σβεσ* with *gas*, on account of Zend *zas*, and *gyâ-ni* with *βία*, on account of Zend *zyâ-ni*.

## II.

### REDE LECTURE,

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE HOUSE BEFORE THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, ON FRIDAY,  
MAY 29, 1868.<sup>1</sup>

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#### PART I.

#### ON THE STRATIFICATION OF LANGUAGE.

THERE are few sensations more pleasant than that of wondering. We have all experienced it in childhood, in youth, and in our manhood, and we may hope that even in our old age this affection of the mind will not entirely pass away. If we analyze this feeling of wonder carefully, we shall find that it consists of two elements. What we mean by wondering is not only that we are startled or stunned, — that I should call the merely passive element of wonder. When we say “I wonder,” we confess that we are taken aback, but there is a secret satisfaction mixed up with our feeling of surprise, a kind of hope, nay, almost of certainty, that sooner or later the wonder will cease, that our senses or our mind will recover, will grapple with these novel impressions or experiences, grasp them, it may be, throw them, and finally triumph over them. In fact we wonder at the riddles

<sup>1</sup> This Lecture has been translated by M. Louis Havet, and forms the first fasciculus of the Bibliothèque de l'École des Hautes Études, publiée sous les auspices du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique. Paris, 1869.

of nature, whether animate or inanimate, with a firm conviction that there is a solution to them all, even though we ourselves may not be able to find it.

Wonder, no doubt, arises from ignorance, but from a peculiar kind of ignorance; from what might be called a fertile ignorance: an ignorance which, if we look back at the history of most of our sciences, will be found to have been the mother of all human knowledge. For thousands of years men have looked at the earth with its stratifications, in some places so clearly mapped out; for thousands of years they must have seen in their quarries and mines, as well as we ourselves, the imbedded petrifications of organic creatures: yet they looked and passed on without thinking more about it — they did not wonder. Not even an Aristotle had eyes to see; and the conception of a science of the earth, of Geology, was reserved for the eighteenth century.

Still more extraordinary is the listlessness with which during all the centuries that have elapsed since the first names were given to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field, men have passed by what was much nearer to them than even the gravel on which they trod, namely, the words of their own language. Here, too, the clearly marked lines of different strata seemed almost to challenge attention, and the pulses of former life were still throbbing in the petrified forms imbedded in grammars and dictionaries. Yet not even a Plato had eyes to see, or ears to hear, and the conception of a science of language, of Glottology, was reserved for the nineteenth century.

I am far from saying that Plato and Aristotle knew nothing of the nature, the origin, and the purpose of

language, or that we have nothing to learn from their works. They, and their successors, and their predecessors too, beginning with Herakleitos and Demokritos, were startled and almost fascinated by the mysteries of human speech as much as by the mysteries of human thought; and what we call grammar and the laws of language, nay, all the technical terms which are still current in our schools, such as *noun* and *verb*, *case* and *number*, *infinitive* and *participle*, all this was first discovered and named by the philosophers and grammarians of Greece, to whom, in spite of all our new discoveries, I believe we are still beholden, whether consciously or unconsciously, for more than half of our intellectual life.

But the interest which those ancient Greek philosophers took in language was purely philosophical. It was the form, far more than the matter of speech which seemed to them a subject worthy of philosophical speculation. The idea that there was, even in their days, an immense mass of accumulated speech to be sifted, to be analyzed, and to be accounted for somehow, before any theories on the nature of language could be safely started, hardly ever entered their minds; or when it did, as we see here and there in Plato's "Kratylos," it soon vanished, without leaving any permanent impression. Each people and each generation has its own problems to solve. The problem that occupied Plato in his "Kratylos" was, if I understand him rightly, the possibility of a perfect language, a correct, true, or ideal language, a language founded on his own philosophy, his own system of types or ideas. He was too wise a man to attempt, like Bishop Wilkins, the actual construction of a philosophical language. But, like Leibniz, he just

lets us see that a perfect language is conceivable, and that the chief reason of the imperfections of real language must be found in the fact that its original framers were ignorant of the true nature of things, ignorant of dialectic philosophy, and therefore incapable of naming rightly what they had failed to apprehend correctly. Plato's view of actual language, as far as it can be made out from the critical and negative rather than didactic and positive dialogue of "Kratylos," seems to have been very much the same as his view of actual government. Both fall short of the ideal, and both are to be tolerated only in so far as they participate in the perfections of an ideal state and an ideal language.<sup>1</sup> Plato's "Kratylos" is full of suggestive wisdom. It is one of those books which, as we read them again from time to time, seem every time like new books: so little do we perceive at first all that is pre-supposed in them, — the accumulated mould of thought, if I may say so, in which alone a philosophy like that of Plato could strike its roots and draw its support.

But while Plato shows a deeper insight into the mysteries of language than almost any philosopher that has come after him, he has no eyes for that marvelous harvest of words garnered up in our dictionaries, and in the dictionaries of all the races of the earth. With him language is almost synonymous with Greek, and though in one passage of the "Kratylos" he suggests that certain Greek words might have been borrowed from the Barbarians, and, more particularly from the Phrygians, yet that remark, as coming from Plato, seems to be purely ironical, and though it contains, as we know, a germ of truth that

<sup>1</sup> See Benfey, *Ueber die Aufgabe des Kratylos*, Göttingen, 1868.

has proved most fruitful in our modern science of language, it struck no roots in the minds of Greek philosophers. How much our new science of language differs from the linguistic studies of the Greeks; how entirely the interest which Plato took in language is now supplanted by new interests, is strikingly brought home to us when we see how the *Société de Linguistique*, lately founded at Paris, and including the names of the most distinguished scholars of France, declares in one of its first statutes that "it will receive no communication concerning the origin of language or the formation of a universal language," the very subjects which, in the time of Herakleitos and Plato, rendered linguistic studies worthy of the consideration of a philosopher.

It may be that the world was too young in the days of Plato, and that the means of communication were wanting to enable the ancient philosopher to see very far beyond the narrow horizon of Greece. With us it is different. The world has grown older, and has left to us in the annals of its various literatures the monuments of growing and decaying speech. The world has grown larger, and we have before us, not only the relics of ancient civilization in Asia, Africa, and America, but living languages in such number and variety that we draw back almost aghast at the mere list of their names. The world has grown wiser too, and where Plato could only see imperfections, the failures of the founders of human speech, we see, as everywhere else in human life, a natural progress from the imperfect towards the perfect, unceasing attempts at realizing the ideal, and the frequent triumphs of the human mind over the inevitable difficulties of this earthly condition, — diffi-

culties, not of man's own making, but, as I firmly believe, prepared for him, and not without a purpose, as toils and tasks, by a higher Power and by the highest Wisdom.

Let us look then abroad and behold the materials which the student of language has now to face. Beginning with the language of the Western Isles, we have at the present day, at least 100,000 words, arranged as on the shelves of a Museum, in the pages of Johnson and Webster. But these 100,000 words represent only the best grains that have remained in the sieve, while clouds of chaff have been winnowed off, and while many a valuable grain too has been lost by mere carelessness. If we counted the wealth of English dialects, and if we added the treasures of the ancient language from Alfred to Wycliffe, we should easily double the herbarium of the linguistic flora of England. And what are these Western Isles as compared to Europe; and what is Europe, a mere promontory, as compared to the vast continent of Asia; and what again is Asia, as compared to the whole inhabitable world? But there is no corner of that world that is not full of language: the very desert and the isles of the sea teem with dialects, and the more we recede from the centres of civilization, the larger the number of independent languages, springing up in every valley, and overshadowing the smallest island.

Ἴδαν ἐς πολύδενδρον ἀνὴρ ὑλατόμος ἐνθὼν  
Παπταίνει, παρέοντος ἄδην, πόθεν ἄρξεται ἔργω.<sup>1</sup>

We are bewildered by the variety of plants, of birds, and fishes, and insects, scattered with lavish prodigality over land and sea; — but what is the liv-

<sup>1</sup> Theokritos, xvii. 9.

ing wealth of that Fauna as compared to the winged words which fill the air with unceasing music! What are the scanty relics of fossil plants and animals, compared to the storehouse of what we call the dead languages! How then can we explain it that for centuries and centuries, while collecting beasts, and birds, and fishes, and insects, while studying their forms, from the largest down to the smallest and almost invisible creatures, man has passed by this forest of speech, without seeing the forest, as we say in German, for the very number of its trees (*Man sah den Wald vor lauter Bäumen nicht*), without once asking how this vast currency could have been coined, what inexhaustible mines could have supplied the metal, what cunning hands could have devised the image and superscription, — without once wondering at the countless treasure inherited by him from the fathers of the human race?

Let us now turn our attention in a different direction. After it had been discovered that there was this great mass of material to be collected, to be classified, to be explained, what has the Science of Language, as yet, really accomplished? It has achieved much, considering that real work only began about fifty years ago; it has achieved little, if we look at what still remains to be done.

The first discovery was that languages admit of classification. Now this was a very great discovery, and it at once changed and raised the whole character of linguistic studies. Languages might have been, for all we know, the result of individual fancy or poetry; words might have been created here and there at random, or been fixed by a convention, more or less arbitrary. In that case a scientific classification would

have been as impossible as it is if applied to the changing fashions of the day. Nothing can be classified, nothing can be scientifically ruled and ordered, except what has grown up in natural order and according to rational rule.

Out of the great mass of speech that is now accessible to the student of language, a number of so-called families have been separated, such as the *Aryan*, the *Semitic*, the *Ural-Altaiic*, the *Indo-Chinese*, the *Dravidian*, the *Malayo-Polynesian*, the *Kafir* or *Bâ-ntu* in Africa, and the *Polysynthetic* dialects of America. The only classes, however, which have been carefully examined, and which alone have hitherto supplied the materials for what we might call the Philosophy of Language, are the *Aryan* and the *Semitic*, the former comprising the languages of India, Persia, Armenia, Greece and Italy, and of the Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic races; the latter consisting of the languages of the Babylonians, the Syrians, the Jews, the Ethiopians, the Arabs.

These two classes include, no doubt, the most important languages of the world, if we measure the importance of languages by the amount of influence exercised on the political and literary history of the world by those who speak them. But considered by themselves, and placed in their proper place in the vast realm of human speech, they describe but a very small segment of the entire circle. The completeness of the evidence which they place before us in the long series of their literary treasures, points them out in an eminent degree as the most useful subjects on which to study the anatomy of speech, and nearly all the discoveries that have been made as to the laws of language, the process of composition, derivation, and

inflexion, have been gained by Aryan and Semitic scholars.

Far be it from me, therefore, to underrate the value of Aryan and Semitic scholarship for a successful prosecution of the Science of Language. But while doing full justice to the method adopted by Semitic and Aryan scholars in the discovery of the laws that regulate the growth and decay of language, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that our field of observation has been thus far extremely limited, and that we should act in defiance of the simplest rules of sound induction, were we to generalize on such scanty evidence. Let us but clearly see what place these two so-called families, the Aryan and Semitic, occupy in the great kingdom of speech. They are in reality but two centres, two small settlements of speech, and all we know of them is their period of decay, not their period of growth, their descending, not their ascending career, their Being, as we say in German, not their Becoming (*Ihr Gewordensein, nicht ihr Werden*). Even in the earliest literary documents both the Aryan and Semitic speech appear before us as fixed and petrified. They had left forever that stage during which language grows and expands, before it is arrested in its exuberant fertility by means of religious or political concentration, by means of oral tradition, or finally by means of a written literature. In the natural history of speech, writing, or, what in early times takes the place of writing, oral tradition, is something merely accidental. It represents a foreign influence which, in natural history, can only be compared to the influence exercised by domestication on plants and animals. Language would be language still, nay,

would be more truly language, if the idea of a literature, whether oral or written, had never entered men's minds ; and however important the effects produced by this artificial domestication of language may be, it is clear that our ideas of what language is in a natural state, and therefore what Sanskrit and Hebrew, too, must have been before they were tamed and fixed by literary cultivation, ought not to be formed from an exclusive study of Aryan and Semitic speech. I maintain that all that we call Aryan and Semitic speech, wonderful as its literary representatives may be, consists of neither more or less than so many varieties which all owe their origin to only two historical concentrations of wild unbounded speech ; nay, however perfect, however powerful, however glorious in the history of the world, — in the eyes of the student of language, Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, are what a student of natural history would not hesitate to call "*monstra*," unnatural, exceptional formations which can never disclose to us the real character of language left to itself to follow out its own laws without let or hindrance.

For that purpose a study of Chinese and the Turanian dialects, a study even of the jargons of the savages of Africa, Polynesia, and Melanesia is far more instructive than the most minute analysis of Sanskrit and Hebrew. The impression which a study of Greek and Latin and Sanskrit leaves on our minds is, that language is a work of art, most complicated, most wonderful, most perfect. We have given so many names to its outward features, its genders and cases, its tenses and moods, its participles, gerunds, and supines, that at last we are frightened at our own devices. Who can read through all the so-called

irregular verbs, or look at the thousands and thousands of words in a Greek Dictionary without feeling that he moves about in a perfect labyrinth? How then, we ask, was this labyrinth erected? How did all this come to be? We ourselves, speaking the language which we speak, move about, as it were, in the innermost chambers, in the darkest recesses of that primeval palace, but we cannot tell by what steps and through what passages we arrived there, and we look in vain for the thread of Ariadne which in leading us out of the enchanted castle of our language, would disclose to us the way by which we ourselves, or our fathers and forefathers before us, entered into it.

The question how language came to be what it is has been asked again and again. Even a school-boy, if he possesses but a grain of the gift of wondering must ask himself why *mensa* means one table, and *mensæ* many tables; why I love should be *amo*, I am loved *amor*, I shall love *amabo*, I have loved *amavi*, I should have loved *amavissem*. Until very lately two answers only could have been given to such questions. Both sound to us almost absurd, yet in their time they were supported by the highest authorities. Either, it was said, language, and particularly the grammatical framework of language was made by *convention*, by agreeing to call one table *mensa*, and many tables *mensæ*; or, and this was Schlegel's view, language was declared to possess an organic life, and its terminations, prefixes, and suffixes were supposed to have sprouted forth from the radicals and stems and branches of language, like so many buds and flowers. To us it seems almost incredible that such theories should have been seriously maintained, and

maintained by men of learning and genius. But what better answer could they have given? What better answer has been given even now? We have learnt something, chiefly from a study of the modern dialects, which often repeat the processes of ancient speech, and thus betray the secrets of the family. We have learnt that in some of the dialects of modern Sanskrit, in Bengali for instance,<sup>1</sup> the plural is formed, as it is in Chinese, Mongolian, Turkish, Finnish, Burmese, and Siamese, also in the Dravidian and Malayo-Polynesian dialects, by adding a word

<sup>1</sup> In my essay *On the Relation of Bengali to the Aryan and Aboriginal Languages of India*, published in 1848, I tried to explain these plural suffixes, such as *dig*, *gana*, *gâti*, *varga*, *dala*. I had translated the last word by *band*, supposing from Wilson's Dictionary, and from the *Sabda-kalpa-druma* that *dala* could be used in the sense of band or multitude. I doubt, however, whether *dala* is ever used in Sanskrit in that sense, and I feel certain that it was not used in that sense with sufficient frequency to account for its adoption in Bengali. Dr. Friedrich Müller, in his useful abstracts of some of the grammars discovered by the *Novara* in her journey round the earth (1857-59), has likewise referred *dal* to the Sanskrit *dala*, but he renders what I had in English rendered by *band*, by the German word *Band*. This can only be an accident. I meant *band* in the sense of a band of robbers, which in German would be *Bande*. He seems to have misunderstood me, and to have taken *band* for the German *Band*, which means a ribbon. Might *dala* in Bengali be the Dravidian *tala* or *dala*, a host, a crowd, which Dr. Caldwell (p. 197) mentions as a possible etymon of the pluralizing suffix in the Dravidian languages? Bengali certainly took the idea of forming its plurals by composition with words expressive of plurality from its Dravidian neighbor, and it is not impossible that in some cases it might have transferred the very word *dala*, crowd. This *dala* and *tala* appears in Tamil as *kala* and *gala*, and as Sanskrit *k* may in Sinhalese be represented by *v* (*loka* = *lova*), I thought that the plural termination used in Sinhalese after inanimate nouns might possibly be a corruption of the Tamil *kala*. Mr. Childers, however, in his able "Essay on the formation of the Plural of Neuter Nouns in Sinhalese" (*J. R. A. S.*, 1874, p. 40), thinks that the Sinhalese *vala* is a corruption of the Sanskrit *vana*, forest, an opinion which seems likewise to be held by Mr. D'Alwis (l. c. p. 48). As a case in point, in support of my own opinion, Mr. Childers mentioned to me the Sinhalese *malvaru*, Sanskrit *mâlâ-kâra*, a wreath-maker, a gardener. In Persiau both *ân* and *hâ* are remnants of decayed plural terminations, not collective words added to the base.

expressive of plurality, and then appending again the terminations of the singular. We have learnt from French how a future, *je parlerai*, can be formed by an auxiliary verb: "I to speak have" coming to mean, I shall speak. We have learnt from our own language, whether English or German, that suffixes, such as *head* in *godhead*, *ship* in *ladyship*, *dom* in *kingdom*, were originally substantives, having the meaning of quality, shape, and state. But I doubt whether even thus we should have arrived at a thorough understanding of the real antecedents of language, unless, what happened in the study of the stratification of the earth, had happened in the study of language. If the formation of the crust of the earth had been throughout regular and uniform, and if none of the lower strata had been tilted up, so that even those who run might read, no shaft from the surface could have been sunk deep enough to bring the geologist from the tertiary strata down to the Silurian rocks. The same in language. Unless some languages had been arrested in their growth during their earlier stages, and had remained on the surface in this primitive state exposed only to the decomposing influence of atmospheric action, and to the ill-treatment of literary cultivation, I doubt whether any scholar would have had the courage to say that at one time Sanskrit was like unto Chinese, and Hebrew no better than Malay. In the successive strata of language thus exposed to our view, we have in fact, as in Geology, the very thread of Ariadne, which, if we will but trust to it, will lead us out of the dark labyrinth of language in which we live, by the same road by which we and those who came before us, first entered into it. The more we retrace our steps, the

more we advance from stratum to stratum, from story to story, the more shall we feel almost dazzled by the daylight that breaks in upon us; the more shall we be struck, no longer by the intricacy of Greek or Sanskrit grammar, but by the marvelous simplicity of the original warp of human speech, as preserved, for instance, in Chinese; by the child-like contrivances, that are at the bottom of Paulo-post Futures and Conditional Moods.

Let no one be frightened at the idea of studying a Chinese grammar. Those who can take an interest in the secret springs of the mind, in the elements of pure reason, in the laws of thought, will find a Chinese grammar most instructive, most fascinating. It is the faithful photograph of man in his leading-strings, trying the muscles of his mind, groping his way, and so delighted with his first successful grasps that he repeats them again and again. It is child's play, if you like, but it displays, like all child's play, that wisdom and strength which are perfect in the mouth of babes and sucklings. Every shade of thought that finds expression in the highly finished and nicely balanced system of Greek tenses, moods, and particles can be expressed, and has been expressed, in that infant language by words that have neither prefix nor suffix, no terminations to indicate number, case, tense, mood, or person. Every word in Chinese is monosyllabic, and the same word, without any change of form, may be used as a noun, a verb, an adjective, an adverb, or a particle. Thus *ta*, according to its position in a sentence, may mean great, greatness to grow, very much, very.<sup>1</sup>

And here a very important observation has been

<sup>1</sup> Stanilas Julien, *Exercices Pratiques*, p. 14.

made by Chinese grammarians, an observation which, after a very slight modification and expansion, contains indeed the secret of the whole growth of language from Chinese to English. If a word in Chinese is used with the *bonâ fide* signification of a noun or a verb, it is called a *full word* (*shi-tsé*); if it is used as a particle or with a merely determinative or formal character, it is called an *empty word* (*hiu-tsé*<sup>1</sup>). There is as yet no outward difference between full and empty words in Chinese, and this renders it all the more creditable to the grammarians of China that they should have perceived the inward distinction, even in the absence of any outward signs.

Let us learn then from Chinese grammarians this great lesson, that words may become empty, and without restricting the meaning of empty words as they do, let us use that term in the most general sense, as expressive of the fact that words may lose something of their full original meaning.

Let us add to this another observation, which the Chinese could not well have made, but which we shall see confirmed again and again in the history of language, viz.: that empty words, or, as we may also call them, dead words, are most exposed to phonetic decay.

It is clear then that, with these two preliminary

<sup>1</sup> Endlicher, *Chinesische Grammatik*, § 122. Wade, *Progressive Course on the Parts of Speech*, p. 102. A different division of words adopted by Chinese grammarians is that into *dead* and *live words*, *ssè-tsé* and *sing-tsé*, the former comprising nouns, the latter verbs. The same classes are sometimes called *tsing-tsé* and *ho-tsé*, unmoved and moved words. This shows how purposeless it would be to try to find out whether language began with noun or verb. In the earliest phase of speech the same word was both noun and verb, according to the use that was made of it, and it is so still to a great extent in Chinese. See Endlicher *Chinesische Grammatik*, § 219.

observations, we can imagine three conditions of language : —

1. There may be languages in which all words, both empty and full, retain their independent form. Even words which are used when we should use mere suffixes or terminations, retain their outward integrity in Chinese. Thus, in Chinese, *jin* means man, *tu* means crowd, *jin-tu*, man-crowd. In this compound both *jin* and *tu* continue to be felt as independent words, more so than in our own compound *man-kind*; but nevertheless *tu* has become empty, it only serves to determine the preceding word *jin*, man, and tells us the quantity or number in which *jin* shall be taken. The compound answers in intention to our plural, but in form it is wide apart from *men*, the plural of *man*.

2. Empty words may lose their independence, may suffer phonetic decay, and dwindle down to mere suffixes and terminations. Thus in Burmese the plural is formed by *to*, in Finnish, Mordvinian, and Ostiakian by *t*. As soon as *to* ceases to be used as an independent word in the sense of number, it becomes an empty, or if you like, an obsolete word, that has no meaning except as the exponent of plurality; nay, at last, it may dwindle down to a mere letter, which is then called by grammarians the termination of the plural. In this second stage phonetic decay may well-nigh destroy the whole body of an empty word, but — and this is important — no full words, no radicals are as yet attacked by that disintegrating process.

3. Phonetic decay may advance, and does advance still further. Full words also may lose their independence, and be attacked by the same disease that

had destroyed the original features of suffixes and prefixes. In this state it is frequently impossible to distinguish any longer between the radical and formative elements of words.

If we wished to represent these three stages of language algebraically, we might represent the first by RR, using R as the symbol of a root which has suffered no phonetic decay; the second, by  $R + \rho$ , or  $\rho + R$ , or  $\rho + R + \rho$ , representing by  $\rho$  an empty word that has suffered phonetic change; the third, by  $r\rho$ , or  $\rho r$ , or  $\rho r\rho$ , when both full and empty words have been changed, and have become welded together into one indistinguishable mass through the intense heat of thought, and by the constant hammering of the tongue.

Those who are acquainted with the works of Humboldt will easily recognize, in these three stages or strata, a classification of language first suggested by that eminent philosopher. According to him languages can be classified as *isolating*, *agglutinative*,<sup>1</sup> and *inflectional*, and his definition of these three classes agrees in the main with the description just given of the three strata or stages of language.

But what is curious is that this threefold classification, and the consequences to which it leads, should not at once have been fully reasoned out, nay, that a system most palpably erroneous should have been founded upon it. We find it repeated again and again in most works on Comparative Philology, that Chinese belongs to the *isolating* class, the Turanian languages to the *combinatory*, the Aryan and Semitic

<sup>1</sup> *Agglutinative* seems an unnecessarily uncouth word, and as implying a something which glues two words together, a kind of *Bindevocal*, it is objectionable as a technical term. *Combinatory* is technically more correct, and less strange than agglutinative.

to the *inflectional*; nay, Professor Pott<sup>1</sup> and his school seem convinced that no evolution can ever take place from *isolating* to *combinatory* and from *combinatory* to *inflectional* speech. We should thus be forced to believe that by some inexplicable grammatical instinct, or by some kind of inherent necessity, languages were from the beginning created as *isolating* or *combinatory*, or *inflectional*, and must remain so to the end.

It is strange that those scholars who hold that no transition is possible from one form of language to another, should not have seen that there is really no language that can be strictly called either *isolating*, or *combinatory*, or *inflectional*, and that the transition from one stage to another is in fact constantly taking

<sup>1</sup> Professor Pott, in his article entitled "Max Müller und die Kennzeichen der Sprachverwandtschaft," published in 1855, in the *Journal of the German Oriental Society*, vol. ix. p. 412, says, in confutation of Bunsen's view of a real historical progress of language from the lowest to the highest stage: "So cautious an inquirer as W. von Humboldt declines expressly, in the last chapter of his work on the *Diversity of the Structure of Human Language* (p. 414), any conclusions as to a real historical progress from one stage of language to another, or at least does not commit himself to any definite opinion. This is surely something very different from that gradual progress, and it would be a question whether, by admitting such an historical progress from stage to stage, we should not commit an absurdity hardly less palpable than by trying to raise infusoria into horses or still further into men. [What was an absurdity in 1855 does not seem to be so in 1875.] Mr. Bunsen, it is true, does not hesitate to call the monosyllabic idiom of the Chinese an inorganic formation. But how can we get from an inorganic to an organic language? In nature such a thing would be impossible. No stone becomes a plant, no plant a tree, by however wonderful a metamorphosis, except, in a different sense, by the process of nutrition, *i. e.*, by regeneration. The former question, which Mr. Bunsen answers in the affirmative, is disposed of by him with the short dictum: 'The question whether a language can be supposed to begin with inflections, appears to us simply an absurdity;' but unfortunately he does not condescend, by a clear illustration, to make that absurdity palpable. Why, in inflectional languages, should the grammatical form always have added itself to the matter subsequently and *ab extra*? Why should it not partially from the beginning have been created with it and in it, as having a meaning with something else, but not having antecedently a meaning of its own?"

place under our very noses. Even Chinese is not free from combinatory forms, and the more highly developed among the combinatory languages show the clearest traces of incipient inflection. The difficulty is not to show the transition of one stratum of speech into another, but rather to draw a sharp line between the different strata. The same difficulty was felt in Geology, and led Sir Charles Lyell to invent such pliant names as *Eocene*, *Meiocene*, and *Pleiocene*, names which indicate a mere dawn, a minority, or a majority of new formations, but do not draw a fast and hard line, cutting off one stratum from the other. Natural growth, and even merely mechanical accumulation and accretion, here as elsewhere, are so minute and almost imperceptible that they defy all strict scientific terminology, and force upon us the lesson that we must be satisfied with an approximate accuracy. For practical purposes Humboldt's classification of languages may be quite sufficient, and we have no difficulty in classing any given language, according to the prevailing character of its formation, as either isolating, or combinatory, or inflectional. But when we analyze each language more carefully we find there is not one exclusively isolating, or exclusively combinatory, or exclusively inflectional. The power of composition, which is retained unimpaired through every stratum, can at any moment place an inflectional on a level with an isolating and a combinatory language. A compound such as the Sanskrit *goduh*, cow-milking, differs little, if at all, from the Chinese *nieou-jou*, *vaccæ lac*, or in the patois of Canton, *ngau ü*, cow-milk, before it takes the terminations of the nominative, which is, of course, impossible in Chinese.

So again in English *New-town*, in Greek *Nea-polis*, would be simply combinatory compounds. Even *New-ton* would still belong to the combinatory stratum; but *Naples* would have to be classed as belonging to the inflectional stage.

Finnish, Hungarian, Turkish, and the Dravidian languages belong in the main to the combinatory stratum; but having received a considerable amount of literary cultivation, they all alike exhibit forms which in every sense of the word are inflectional. If in Finnish, for instance, we find *käsi*, in the singular, hand, and *kädet*, in the plural, hands, we see that phonetic corruption has clearly reached the very core of the noun, and given rise to a plural more decidedly inflectional than the Greek  $\chi\epsilon\iota\rho\text{-}\epsilon\varsigma$ , or the English *hand-s*. In Tamil, where the suffix of the plural is *gal*, we have indeed a regular combinatory form in *kei-gal*, hands; but if the same plural suffix *gal* is added to *kal*, stone, the euphonic rules of Tamil require not only a change in the suffix, which becomes *kaḷ*, but likewise a modification in the body of the word, *kal* being changed to *kaḷ*. We thus get the plural *karkaḷ* which in every sense of the word is an inflectional form. In this plural suffix *gal*, Dr. Caldwell has recognized the Dravidian *taḷa* or *daḷa*, a host, a crowd; and though, as he admits himself in the second edition (p. 143), the evidence in support of this etymology may not be entirely satisfactory, the steps by which the learned author of the Grammar of the Dravidian languages has traced the plural termination *lu* in Telugu back to the same original suffix *kaḷ* admit of little doubt.

Evidence of a similar kind may easily be found in any grammar, whether of an isolating, combinatory,

or inflectional language, wherever there is evidence as to the ascending or descending progress of any particular form of speech. Everywhere amalgamation points back to combination, and combination back to juxtaposition, everywhere isolating speech tends towards terminational forms, and terminational forms become inflectional.

I may best be able to explain the view commonly held with regard to the strata of language by a reference to the strata of the earth. Here, too, where different strata have been tilted up, it might seem at first sight as if they were arranged perpendicularly and side by side, none underlying the other, none presupposing the other. But as the geologist, on the strength of more general evidence, has to reverse this perpendicular position, and to re-arrange his strata in their natural order, and as they followed each other horizontally, the student of language too is irresistibly driven to the same conclusion. No language can by any possibility be inflectional without having passed through the combinatory and isolating stratum; no language can by any possibility be combinatory without clinging with its roots to the underlying stratum of isolation. Unless Sanskrit and Greek and Hebrew had passed through the combinatory stratum, nay, unless, at some time or other, they had been no better than Chinese, their present form would be as great a miracle as the existence of chalk (and the strata associated with it) without an underlying stratum of oolite (and the strata associated with it;) or a stratum of oolite unsupported by the trias or system of new red sandstone. Bunsen's dictum, that "the question whether a language can begin with inflections, implies an absurdity," may have seemed too

strongly worded: but if he took inflections in the commonly received meaning, in the sense of something that may be added or removed from a base in order to define or to modify its meaning, then surely the simple argument *ex nihilo nihil fit* is sufficient to prove that the inflections must have been something by themselves, before they became inflections relatively to the base, and that the base too must have existed by itself, before it could be defined and modified by the addition of such inflections.

But we need not depend on purely logical arguments, when we have historical evidence to appeal to. As far as we know the history of language, we see it everywhere confined within those three great strata or zones which we have just described. There are inflectional changes, no doubt, which cannot as yet be explained, such as the *m* in the accusative singular of masculine, feminine, and in the nominative and accusative of neuter nouns; or the change of vowels between the Hebrew *Piel* and *Pual*, *Hiphil* and *Hophal*, where we might feel tempted to admit formative agencies different from juxtaposition and combination. But if we consider how in Sanskrit the Vedic instrumental plural, *aśvebhis* (Lat. *equobus*), becomes before our very eyes *aśvais* (Lat. *equis*), and how such changes as *Bruder*, brother, and *Brüder*, brethren, *Ich weiss*, I know, A. S. *wât*, and *Wir wissen*, we know, A. S. *wit-on*, have been explained as the results of purely mechanical, *i. e.*, combinatory proceedings, we need not despair of further progress in the same direction. One thing is certain, that, wherever inflection has yielded to a rational analysis, it has invariably been recognized as the result of a previous combination, and wherever combination has

been traced back to an earlier stage, that earlier stage has been simple juxtaposition. The primitive blocks of Chinese and the most perplexing agglomerates of Greek can be explained as the result of one continuous formative process, whatever the material elements may be on which it was exercised ; nor is it possible even to imagine in the formation of language more than these three strata through which hitherto all human speech has passed.

All we can do is to subdivide each stratum, and thus, for instance, distinguish in the second stratum the suffixing ( $R + \rho$ ) from the prefixing ( $\rho + R$ ), and from the affixing ( $\rho + R + \rho$ ) languages.

A fourth class, the infixing or incapsulating languages, are but a variety of the affixing class, for what in Bask or in the polysynthetic dialects of America has the appearance of actual insertion of formative elements into the body of a base can be explained more rationally by the former existence of simpler bases to which modifying suffixes or prefixes have once been added, but not so firmly as to exclude the addition of new suffixes at the end of the base, instead of, as with us, at the end of the compound. If we could say in Greek  $\delta\epsilon\acute{\iota}\kappa\text{-}\mu\text{-}\nu\nu$ , instead of  $\delta\epsilon\acute{\iota}\kappa\text{-}\nu\nu\text{-}\mu\text{-}\iota$ , or in Sanskrit  $y\text{-}u\text{-}m\text{-}i\text{-}n\text{-}a\text{-}g$ , instead of  $y\text{-}u\text{-}n\text{-}a\text{-}g\text{-}m\text{-}i$ , we should have a real beginning of so-called incapsulating formations.<sup>1</sup>

A few instances will place the normal progress of language from stratum to stratum more clearly before our eyes. We have seen that in Chinese every word is monosyllabic, every word tells, and there are, as yet, no suffixes by which one word is derived from another, no case-terminations by which the relation

<sup>1</sup> Cf. D. G. Brinton, *The Myths of the New World*, p. 6, note.

of one word to another could be indicated. How, then, does Chinese distinguish between the son of the father, and the father of the son? Simply by position. *Fú* is father, *tzé*, son; therefore *fú tzé* is son of the father, *tzé fú*, father of the son. This rule admits of no exception but one. If a Chinese wants to say *a wine-glass*, he puts *wine* first and *glass* last, as in English. If he wants to say *a glass of wine*, he puts *glass* first and *wine* last. Thus *i-pei thsieou*, a cup of wine; *thsieou pei*, a wine-cup. If, however, it seems desirable to mark the word which is in the genitive more distinctly, the word *tchi* may be placed after it, and we may say, *fú tchi tzé*, the son of the father. In the Mandarin dialect this *tchi* has become *ti*, and is added so constantly to the governed word, that, to all intents and purposes, it may be treated as what we call the termination of the genitive. Originally this *tchi* was a relative, or rather a demonstrative, pronoun, and it continues to be used as such in the ancient Chinese.<sup>1</sup>

It is perfectly true that Chinese possesses no derivative suffixes; that it cannot derive, for instance, *kingly* from a noun, such as *king*, or adjectives like *visible* and *invisible* from a verb *videre*, to see. Yet the same idea which we express by *invisible*, is expressed without difficulty in Chinese, only in a different way. They say *khan-pu-kien*, "I-behold-and-do-not-see," and this to them conveys the same idea as the English *invisible*, though more exactly *invisible* might be rendered by *kien*, to see, *pou-te*, one cannot, *ti*, which.

<sup>1</sup> Julien, *Exercices Pratiques*, p. 120. Endlicher, *Chinesische Grammatik*, § 161. See, also, Nöldeke, *Orient und Occident*, vol. i. p. 759. *Grammar of the Bornu Language* (London, 1853), p. 55: "In the Treaty the genitive is supplied by the relative pronoun *agu*, singularly corroborative of the Rev. R. Garnett's theory of the genitive case."

We cannot in Chinese derive from *ferrum*, iron, a new substantive *ferrarius*, a man who works in iron, a blacksmith; *ferraria*, an iron mine, and again *ferrariarius*, a man who works in an iron mine. All this is possible in an inflectional language only. But it is not to be supposed that in Chinese there is an independent expression for every single conception, even for those which are clearly secondary and derivative. If an arrow in Chinese is *shi*, then a maker of arrows (in old French *fléchier*, in English *fletcher*) is called an arrow-man, *shi-jin*. *Shui* means water, *fu*, man; hence *shui-fu*, a water man, a water carrier. The same word *shui*, water, if followed by *sheu*, hand, stands for steersman, literally, water-hand. *Kin* means gold, *tsiang*, maker; hence *kin-stiang*, a goldsmith. *Shou* means writing, *sheu*, hand; hence *shou-sheu*, a writer, a copyist, literally, a writing-hand.

A transition from such compounds to really combinatory speech is extremely easy. Let *sheu*, in the sense of hand, become obsolete, and be replaced in the ordinary language by another word for hand; and let such names as *shu-sheu*, author, *shui-sheu*, boatsman, be retained, and the people who speak this language will soon accustom themselves to look upon *sheu* as a mere derivative, and use it by a kind of false analogy, even where the original meaning of *sheu*, hand, would not have been applicable.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Time changes the meaning of words as it does their sound. Thus, many old words are retained in compounds, but have lost their original signification. E. g., 'keu, mouth, has been replaced in colloquial usage by 'tsui, but it is still employed extensively in compound terms and in derived senses. Thus, kwai' 'keu, a rapid talker, men'keu, door, kwan'keu, custom house. So also muh, the original word for eye, has given place to 'yen, tsing, or 'yen alone. It is, however, employed with other words in derived senses. E. g., muh hia', at present; muh luh, table of contents.

"The primitive word for head, 'sheu, has been replaced by .feu, but is

We can watch the same process even in comparatively modern languages. In Anglo-Saxon, for instance, *hād* means state, order. It is used as an independent word, and continued to be so used as late as Spenser, who wrote : —

“Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,  
So vainly t' advaunce thy headlesse hood.”

After a time, however, *hād*, as an independent word, was lost, and its place taken by more classical expressions, such as *habit*, *nature*, or *disposition*. But there remained such compounds as *man-hād*, the state of man, *God-hād*, the nature of God; and in these words the last element, being an empty word and no longer understood, was soon looked upon as a mere suffix. Having lost its vitality, it was all the more exposed to phonetic decay, and became both *hood* and *head*.

Or, let us take another instance, The name given to the fox in ancient German poetry was *Regin-hart*. *Regin* in Old High German means thought or cunning, *hart*, the Gothic *hardu*, means strong. This *hart*<sup>1</sup> corresponds to the Greek *κράτος*, which, in its adjectival form of *κρατης*, forms as many proper names in Greek as *hart* in German. In Sanskrit the same word exists as *kratu*, meaning intellectual rather than bodily strength, a shade of meaning which is still perceivable even in the German *hart*, and in the English *hard* and *hardy*. *Reginhart*, therefore, was originally a compound, meaning “thought-strong.” strong in cunning. Other words formed in the same retained with various words in combination. E. g., *tseh 'sheu*, robber chief.”

Edkins, *Grammar of the Chinese Colloquial Language*, 2d edition, 1864, p. 100.

<sup>1</sup> Grimm, *Deutsche Grammatik*, ii. 339.

or a very similar manner are: *Peranhart* and *Bernhart*, literally, bear-minded, or bold like a bear; *Eburhart*, boar-minded; *Engilhart*, angel-minded; *Gothart*, god-minded; *Eginhart*, fierce-minded; *Hugihart*, wise-minded or strong in thought, the English *Hogarth*. In Low German the second element, *hart*, lost its *h* and became *ard*. This *ard* ceased to convey any definite meaning, and though in some words which are formed by *ard* we may still discover its original power, it soon became a mere derivative, and was added promiscuously to form new words. In the Low German name for the fox, *Reinaert*, neither the first nor the second word tells us any longer anything, and the two words together have become a mere proper name. In other words the first portion retains its meaning, but the second, *ard*, is nothing but a suffix. Thus we find the Low German *dronk-ard*, a drunkard; *dick-ard*, a thick fellow; *rik-ard*, a rich fellow; *gérard*, a miser. In English *sweet-ard*, originally a very sweet person, has been changed and resuscitated as *sweet-heart*,<sup>1</sup> by the same process which changed *shamefast* into *shamefaced*.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the German *Liebhart*, *mignon*, in *Anshelm*, 1, 335. Grimm, *Deutsche Grammatik*, iii. 707. I feel more doubtful now as to *sweetard*. Dr. Morris mentions it in his *Historical Outlines of English Grammar*, p. 219; but Koch, when discussing the same derivations in his *English Grammar*, does not give the word. Mr. Skeat writes to me: "The form really used in Middle English is *sweeting*. Three examples are given in *Stratmann*. One of the best is in my edition of William of Palerne, where, however, it occurs not *once* only (as given by *Stratmann*), but *four times*, viz.: in lines 916, 1537, 2799, 3088. The lines are:—

'Nai, sertes, <i>sweting</i> , he seide: that schal I neuer.'	916
'& seide aswithe <i>sweting</i> , welcome!'	1537
'Sertes, <i>sweting</i> , that is soth. seide william thane.'	2799
'treuli, <i>sweting</i> , that is soth. seide william thane.'	3088

The date of this poem is about A. D. 1360. Shakespeare has both forms, viz.: *sweeting* and *sweet-heart*. Chaucer has *swete herte*, just as we should use *sweet-heart*."

But, still more curious, this suffix *ard*, which had lost all life and meaning in Low German, was taken over as a convenient derivative by the Romance languages. After having borrowed a number of words such as *renard*, fox, and proper names like *Bernard*, *Richard*, *Gerard*, the framers of the new Romance dialects used the same termination even at the end of Latin words. Thus they formed not only many proper names, like *Abeillard*, *Bayard*, *Brossard*, but appellatives like *leccardo*, a gourmand, *linguardo*, a talker, *criard*, a crier, *codardo*, Prov. *coart*, Fr. *coward*.<sup>1</sup> That a German word *hart*, meaning strong, and originally strength, should become a Roman suffix may seem strange; yet we no longer hesitate to use even Hindustani words as English suffixes. In Hindustani *válá* is used to form many substantives. If Dilli is Delhi, then Dill-*vállá* is a man of Delhi. Go is cow, go-*válá* a cow-herd, contracted into *gválá*. Innumerable words can thus be formed, and as the derivative seemed handy and useful, it was at last added even to English words, for instance in "Competition wallah."

These may seem isolated cases, but the principles on which they rest pervade the whole structure of language. It is surprising to see how much may be achieved by an application of those principles, how large results may be obtained by the smallest and simplest means. By means of the single radical *î* or *y â* (originally *ya*), which in the Aryan languages means to go or to send, the almost unconscious framers of Aryan grammar formed not only their neuter, denominative, and causative verbs, but their passives, their

<sup>1</sup> Diez, *Grammatik*, ii. 358. Grimm, *Deutsche Grammatik*, i. p. 340  
706.

optatives, their futures, and a considerable number of substantives and adjectives. Every one of these formations, in Sanskrit as well as in Greek, can be explained, and has been explained, as the result of a combination between any given verbal root and the radical *î* or *y â*.

There is, for instance, a root *nak*, expressive of perishing or destruction. We have it in *nak*, night; Latin *nox*, Greek *νόξ*, meaning originally the waning, the disappearing, the death of day. We have the same root in composition, as, for instance, *gî va-nak*, life-destroying; and by means of suffixes Greek has formed from it *νεκ-ρός*, a dead body, *νέκ-υς*, dead, and *νέκ-υ-ες*, in the plural, the departed. In Sanskrit this root is turned into a simple verb, *na s-a-ti*, he perishes. But in order to give to it a more distinctly neuter meaning, a new verbal base is formed by composition with *ya*, *na s-y a-ti*, he goes to destruction, he perishes.

By the same or a very similar process denominative verbs are formed in Sanskrit to a very large extent. From *r â g a n*, king, we form *r â g â-y a-t e*, he behaves like a king, literally, he goes the king, he acts the king, *il a l' allure d'un roi*. From *k u m â r î*, girl, *k û m â r â-y a-t e*, he behaves like a girl, etc.<sup>1</sup>

After raising *na s* to *n â s a*, and adding the same radical *ya*, Sanskrit produces a causative verb, *n â s a-y a-ti*, he sends to destruction, the Latin *nêcare*.

In close analogy to the neuter verb *na s y a t i*, the regular passive is formed in Sanskrit by composition with *ya*, but by adding, at the same time, a differ-

<sup>1</sup> See *Sanskrit Grammar*, § 497. I doubt whether in Greek ἀγγέλλω is a denominative verb and stands for ἀγγελοῦμαι (Curtius, *Chronologie*, p. 58). I should prefer to explain it as ἀνα-γασ-ίω, to proclaim, as a verb of the fourth class.

ent set of personal terminations. Thus *ná-s-y-á-ti* means he perishes, while *ná-s-y-á-te* means he is destroyed.

The usual terminations of the Optative in Sanskrit are : —

yâm,	yâs,	yât,	yâma,	yâta,	yus,
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or, after bases ending in vowels : —

iyam,	is,	it	ima,	ita,	iyus
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In Greek : —

ιην,	ιης,	ιη,	ιημεν,	ιητε,	ιεν,
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or, after bases ending in o : —

ιμι,	ις,	ι,	ιμεν,	ιτε,	ιεν.
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In Latin : —

iêm	iês	iet	—	—	ient,
îm,	îs,	it,	îmus,	îtis,	int.

If we add these terminations to the root A S, to be, we get the Sanskrit *s-y-â-m* for *a-s-y-â-m* : —

syâm,	syâs,	syât,	syâma,	syâta,	syus.
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Greek *εσ-ίην*, contracted to *εἶην* : —

εἶην,	εἶης,	εἶη,	εἶημεν,	εἶητε,	εἶεν.
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Latin *es-iem*, changed to *siêm*, *sîm*, and *erîm* : —

siêm,	siês,	siet, <sup>1</sup>	—	—	sient.
sîm,	sîs,	sit, <sup>2</sup>	sîmus,	sîtis,	sint.
erîm,	erîs,	erit,	erîmus,	erîtis,	erint.

If we add the other termination to a verbal base ending in certain vowels, we get the Sanskrit *bharâyam*, contracted to *bhâreyam* : —

bharâyam,	bharês,	bharêt,	bharêma,	bharêta,	bharêyus.
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in Greek *φέροιμι* : —

φέροιμι,	φέροις,	φέροι,	φέροιμεν,	φέροιτε,	φέροιεν.
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in Latin *ferem*, changed to *ferem*, used in the sense

<sup>1</sup> Lex Repetund. "ceivis romanus ex hac lege fiet, nepotesque — ceivis romanei justei sunt." Cf. Egger, *Lat. Sermon. Vetust. Reliq.*, p. 245. Meunier, in *Mémoires de la Société de Linguistique de Paris*, vo. i. p. 34.

<sup>2</sup> Still used as long by Plautus ; cf. Neue, *Formenlehre*, ii. p. 340.

of a future, but replaced <sup>1</sup> in the first person by *feram*, the subjunctive of the present : —

feram, ferês, feret, ferêmus, ferêtis, ferent.

Perfect Subjunctive : —

tul-erim, tul-eris, tul-erit, tul-erimus, tul-eritis,<sup>2</sup> tul-erint.

Here we have clearly the same auxiliary verb, *i* or *y a*, again, and we are driven to admit that what we now call an optative or potential mood, was originally a kind of future, formed by *y a*, to go, very much like the French *je vais dire*, I am going to say, I shall say, or like the Zulu <sup>1</sup>ngi-<sup>2</sup>y a-<sup>3</sup>k u-<sup>4</sup>t a n d a, I go to love, I shall love.<sup>3</sup> The future would afterwards assume the character of a civil command, as “thou wilt go” may be used even by us in the sense of “go;” and the imperative would dwindle away into a potential, as we may say: “Go and you will see,” in the same sense as, If you go, you will see.

The terminations of the future are : —

Sanskrit : —

syâmi, syasi, syati, syâmas, syâtha, syanti.

Greek : —

σω, σεις, σελ, σομεν, σετε, σονται.

Latin : —

ero, eris, erit, erimus. eritis, erunt.

<sup>1</sup> In old Latin the termination of the first person singular was *em*. Thus Quintilian, i. 7, 23, says: “Quid? non Cato Censorius *dicam et faciam, dicem et faciem* scripsit, eundemque in ceteris, quæ similiter cadunt, modum tenuit? quod et ex veteribus ejus libris manifestum est, et a Messala in libro de s. littera positum.” Neue, *Formenlehre*, ii. p. 348. The introduction of *feram*, originally a subjunctive, to express the future in the first person, reminds us of the distinction in English between *I shall* and *thou wilt*, though the analogy fails in the first person plural. In Homer the use of the subjunctive for the future is well known. See Curtius, *Chronologie*, p. 50.

<sup>2</sup> Historically the *i* in *tuleritis* should be long in the subjunctive of the perfect, short in the future.

<sup>3</sup> Bleek, *On the Concord*, p. lxvi.

In these terminations we have really two auxiliary verbs, the verb a s, to be, and ya, to go, and by adding them to any given root, as, for instance, DA, to give, we have the Sanskrit (d â-a s-y â-m i) : —

dâ-s-yâ-mi, dâ-s-ya-si, dâ-s-ya-ti, dâ-s-yâ-mas, dâ-s-ya-tha, dâ-s-ya-nti,  
Greek (δω-εσ-ιω) : —

δῶ-σ-ω,<sup>1</sup> δῶ-σ-εις, δῶ-σ-ει, δῶ-σ-ομεν δῶ-σ-ετε, δῶ-σ-ουσι.

Latin : —

pot-ero, pot-eris, pot-erit, pot-erimus, pot-eritis, pot-erunt.

A verbal form of very frequent occurrence in Sanskrit is the so-called gerundive participle which signifies that a thing is necessary or proper to be done. Thus from budh, to know, is formed bodh-ya-s, one who is to be known, *cognoscendus* ; from guh, to hide, gúh-ya-s, or goh-ya-s, one who is to be hidden, literally, one who goes to a state of hiding or being hidden ; from yag, to sacrifice, yâg-ya-s, one who is or ought to be worshipped. Here, again, what is going to be becomes gradually what will be, and lastly, what shall be. In Greek we find but few analogous forms, such as ἅγιος, holy, στυγίλιος, to be hated ; in Latin *ex-im-i-us*, to be taken out ; in Gothic *andânêmjâ*, to be taken on, to be accepted, agreeable, German *angenehm*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In δῶ-σ-ω, for δωσιω, the *i* or *y* is lost in Greek as usual. In other verbs *s* and *y* are both lost. Hence τερεσιω becomes τερέσω, and τενω, the so-called Attic future. Bopp, *Vergleich-Grammatik*, first ed., p. 903. In Latin we have traces of a similar future in forms like *fac-so*, *cap-so*, etc. See Neue, *Formenlehre*, ii. p. 421. The Epic dialect sometimes doubles the *σ* when the vowel is short, αἰδέσσομαι. But this can hardly be considered relic of the original σι, because the same reduplication takes place sometimes in the Aorist, ἐγέλασσα.

<sup>2</sup> See Bopp, *Vergleichende Grammatik*, §§ 897, 898. These verbal adjectives should be carefully distinguished from nominal adjectives, such as Sanskrit दिव-या-s, divinus, originally दिव-ि-ा-s, *i. e.*, divi-bhavas, being in heaven ; οικειος, domesticus, originally οικει-ο-ς, being in the house. These are adjectives formed, it would seem, from old locatives, just as in

While the gerundive participles in *ya* are formed on the same principle as the verbal bases in *ya* of the passive, a number of substantives in *ya* seem to have been formed in close analogy to the bases of denominative verbs, or the bases of neuter verbs, in all of which the derivative *ya* expresses originally the act of going, behaving, and at last of simple being. Thus from *vid*, to know, we find in Sanskrit *vid-yâ*, knowing, knowledge; from *si*, to lie down, *sa-yâ*; resting. Analogous forms in Latin are *gaud-i-um*, *stud-i-um*, or with feminine terminations, *in-ed-i-a*, *in-vid-i-a*, *per-nic-i-es*, *scab-i-es*; in Greek, *μαν-ία*, *ἀμαρ-τία*, or *ἀμαρ-τι-ον*; in German, numerous abstract nouns in *i* and *e*.<sup>1</sup>

This shows how much can be achieved, and has been achieved, in language with the simplest materials. Neuter, denominative, causative, passive verbs, optatives and futures, gerundives, adjectives, and substantives, all are formed by one and the same process, by means of one and the same root. It is no inconsiderable portion of grammar which has thus been explained by this one root *ya*, to go, and we learn again and again how simple and yet how wonderful are the ways of language, if we follow them up from *stratum* to *stratum* to their original starting-point.

Now what has happened in these cases, has happened over and over again in the history of language. Everything that is now formal, not only derivative suffixes, but everything that constitutes the grammat-

Bask we can form from *etche*, house, *etche-tic*, of the house, and *etche-tic-acoa*, he who is of the house; or from *seme*, son, *semea-ren*, of the son, and *semea-ren-a*, he who is of the son. See W. J. van Eys, *Essai de Grammaire de la Langue Basque*, 1867, p. 16.

<sup>1</sup> Bopp, *Vergleichende Grammatik*, §§ 883-898.

ical framework and articulation of language, was originally material. What we now call the terminations of cases were mostly local adverbs; what we call the personal endings of verbs were personal pronouns. Suffixes and affixes were mostly independent words, nominal, verbal, or pronominal; there is, in fact, nothing in language that is now empty, or dead, or formal, that was not originally full, and alive, and material. It is the object of Comparative Grammar to trace every formal or dead element back to its life-like form; and though this resuscitating process is by no means complete, nay, though in several cases it seems hopeless to try to discover the living type from which proceeded the petrified fragments which we call terminations or suffixes, enough evidence has been brought together to establish on the firmest basis this general maxim, that *Nothing is dead in any language that was not originally alive*; that nothing exists in a tertiary stratum that does not find its antecedents and its explanation in the secondary or primary stratum of human speech.

After having explained, as far as it was possible in so short a time, what I consider to be the right view of the stratification of human speech, I should have wished to be able to show to you how the aspect of some of the most difficult and most interesting problems of our science is changed, if we look at them again with the new light which we have gained regarding the necessary antecedents of all language. Let me only call your attention to one of the most contested points in the Science of Language. The question whether we may assign a common origin to the Aryan and Semitic languages has been discussed over and over again. No one thinks now of deriving

Sanskrit from Hebrew, or Hebrew from Sanskrit; the only question is whether at some time or other the two languages could ever have formed part of one and the same body of speech. There are scholars, and very eminent scholars, who deny all similarity between the two, while others have collected materials that would seem to make it difficult to assign such numerous coincidences to mere chance. Nowhere, in fact, has Bacon's observation on this radical distinction between different men's dispositions for philosophy and the sciences been more fully verified than among the students of the Science of Language:—*Maximum et velut radiciale discrimen ingeniorum, quoad philosophiam et scientias, illud est, quod alia ingenia sint fortiora et aptiora ad notandas rerum differentias; alia ad notandas rerum similitudines. . . . Utrumque autem ingenium facile labitur in excessum, prensando aut gradus rerum, aut umbras.*<sup>1</sup> Before, however, we enter upon an examination of the evidence brought forward by different scholars in support of their conflicting theories, it is our first duty to ask a preliminary question, viz.: What kind of evidence have we any right to expect, considering that both Sanskrit and Hebrew belong, in the state in which we know them, to the inflectional stratum of speech?

Now it is quite true that Sanskrit and Hebrew had a separate existence long before they reached the tertiary stratum, before they became thoroughly inflectional; and that consequently they can share nothing in common that is peculiar to the inflectional stratum in each, nothing that is the result of phonetic decay, which sets in after combinatory formations have be-

<sup>1</sup> Bacon, *Novum Organum*, i. 55.

come unintelligible and traditional. I mean, supposing that the pronoun of the first person had been originally the same in the Semitic and Aryan languages, supposing that in the Hebrew *an-oki* (Assyrian *an-aku*, Phen. *anak*) the last portion, *oki*, was originally identical with the Sanskrit *ah* in *aham*, the Greek  $\epsilon\gamma$  in  $\epsilon\gamma\acute{\omega}$ , it would still be useless to attempt to derive the termination of the first person singular, whether in *kâtal-ti* or in *ektól*, from the same type which in Sanskrit appears as *mi* or *am* or *a*, in *tudâ-mi*, *atud-am*, *tutod-a*. There cannot be between Hebrew and Sanskrit the same relationship as between Sanskrit and Greek, if indeed the term of relationship is applicable even to Sanskrit and Greek, which are really mere dialectic varieties of one and the same type of speech.

The question then arises, Could the Semitic and Aryan languages have been identical during the second or *combinatory* period? Here, as before, the answer must be, I believe, decidedly negative, for not only are the empty words which are used for derivative purposes different in each, but, what is far more characteristic, the manner in which they are added to the stems is different too. In the Aryan languages formative elements are attached to the ends of words only; in the Semitic languages they are found both at the end and at the beginning. In the Aryan languages grammatical compounds are all according to the formula  $r\rho$ ; in the Semitic we have formations after the formulas  $r\rho$ ,  $\rho r$ , and  $\rho r\rho$ .

There remains, therefore, the first or isolating stage only in which Semitic and Aryan speech might have been identical. But even here we must make a distinction. All Aryan roots are monosyllabic, all Semi-

tic roots have been raised to trilateral form. Therefore it is only previous to the time when the Semitic roots assumed this secondary trilateral form that any community could possibly be admitted between these two streams of language. Supposing we knew as an historical fact that at this early period — a period which transcends the limits of everything we are accustomed to call historical — Semitic and Aryan speech had been identical, what evidence of this union could we expect to find in the actual Semitic and Aryan languages such as we know them in their inflectional period? Let us recollect that the 100,000 words of English, nay, the many hundred thousand words in all the dictionaries of the other Aryan languages, have been reduced to about 500 roots, and that this small number of roots admits of still further reduction. Let us, then, bear in mind that the same holds good with regard to the Semitic languages, particularly if we accept the reduction of all trilateral to biliteral roots. What, then, could we expect in our comparison of Hebrew and Sanskrit but a small number of radical coincidences, a similarity in the form and meaning of about 500 radical syllables, everything else in Hebrew and Sanskrit being an after-growth, which could not begin before the two branches of speech were severed once and forever.

But more, if we look at these roots we shall find that their predicative power is throughout very general, and therefore liable to an infinite amount of specification. A root that means to fall (Sk. *pat*,  $\pi\acute{\iota}-\pi\tau-\omega$ ) comes to mean to fly (Sk. *ut-pat*,  $\pi\acute{\epsilon}\tau\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$ ). The root *dâ*, which means to give, assumes, after the preposition *â*, the sense of taking. The root *yu*, which means to join, means to separate if preceded

by the preposition *vi*. The root *ghar*, which expresses brightness, may supply, and does supply in different Aryan languages, derivations expressive of brightness (gleam), warmth (Sk. *gharma*, heat), joy (*χαίρειν*), love (*χάρις*), of the colors of green (Sk. *hari*), yellow (*gilvus*, *flavus*), and red (Sk. *harit*, *fulvus*), and of the conception of growing (*ger-men*). In the Semitic languages this vagueness of meaning in the radical elements forms one of the principal difficulties of the student, for according as a root is used in its different conjugations, it may convey the most startling variety of conception. It is also to be taken into account that out of the very limited number of roots which at that early time were used in common by the ancestors of the Aryan and Semitic races, a certain portion may have been lost by each, so that the fact that there are roots in Hebrew of which no trace exists in Sanskrit, and *vice versâ*, would again be perfectly natural and intelligible.

It is right and most essential that we should see all this clearly, that we should understand how little evidence we are justified in expecting in support of a common origin of the Semitic and Aryan languages, before we commit ourselves to any opinion on this important subject. I have by no means exhausted all the influences that would naturally, nay necessarily, have contributed towards producing the differences between the radical elements of Aryan and Semitic speech, always supposing that the two sprang originally from the same source. Even if we excluded the ravages of phonetic decay from that early period of speech, we should have to make ample allowances for the influence of dialectic variety. We know in the Aryan languages the constant play between gut-

turals, dentals, and labials (*quinque*, Sk. *pañka*, *πέντε*, Æol. *πέμπτε*, Goth. *fimf*). We know the dialectic interchange of Aspirate, Media, and Tenuis, which, from the very beginning, has imparted to the principal channels of Aryan speech their individual character (*τρῆς*, Goth. *threis*, High German *drei*).<sup>1</sup> If this and much more could happen within the dialectic limits of one more or less settled body of speech, what must have been the chances beyond those limits? Considering how fatal to the identity of a word the change of a single consonant would be in monosyllabic languages, we might expect that monosyllabic roots, if their meaning was so general, vague, and changeable, would all the more carefully have preserved their consonantal outline. But this is by no means the case. Monosyllabic languages have their dialects no less than polysyllabic ones; and from the

<sup>1</sup> Until a rational account of these changes, comprehended under the name of *Lautverschiebung*, is given, we must continue to look upon them, not as the result of phonetic decay, but of dialectic growth. I am glad to find that this is more and more admitted by those who think for themselves, instead of simply repeating the opinions of others. Grimm's Law stands no longer alone, as peculiar to the Teutonic languages, but analogous changes have been pointed out in the South-African, the Chinese, the Polynesian dialects, showing that these changes are everywhere collateral, not successive. I agree with Professor Curtius and other scholars that the impulse to what we call *Lautverschiebung* was given by the third modification in each series of consonants, by the *gh*, *dh*, *bh* in Sanskrit, the *χ*, *θ*, *φ*, in Greek. I differ from him in considering the changes of *Lautverschiebung* as the result of dialectic variety, while he sees their motive power in phonetic corruption. But whether we take the one view or the other, I do not see that Dr. Scherer has removed any of our difficulties. See Curtius, *Grundzüge*, 4th ed., p. 426, note. Dr. Scherer, in his thoughtful work, *Zur Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*, has very nearly, though not quite, apprehended the meaning of my explanation as to the effects of dialectic change contrasted with those of phonetic decay. If it is allowable to use a more homely illustration, one might say with perfect truth, that each dialect chooses its own phonetic garment, as people choose the coats and trousers which best fit them. The simile, like all similes, is imperfect, yet it is far more exact than if we compare the ravages of phonetic decay, as is frequently done, to the wear and tear of these phonetic suits.

rapid and decisive divergence of such dialects, we may learn how rapid and decisive the divergence of language must have been during the isolating period. Mr. Edkins, who has paid particular attention to the dialects of Chinese, states that in the northern provinces the greatest changes have taken place, eight initial and one final consonant having been exchanged for others, and three finals lost. Along the southern bank of the Yang-tsi-kiang, and a little to the north of it, the old initials are all preserved, as also through Chekiang to Fuh-kien. But among the finals, *m* is exchanged for *n*; *t* and *p* are lost, and also *k*, except in some country districts. Some words have two forms, one used colloquially, and one appropriated to reading. The former is the older pronunciation, and the latter more near to Mandarin. The cities of Su-cheu, Hang-cheu, Ningpo, and When-cheu, with the surrounding country, may be considered as having one dialect, spoken probably by thirty millions of people, *i. e.*, by more than the whole population of Great Britain and Ireland. The city of Hwei-cheu has a dialect of its own, in which the soft initial consonants are exchanged for hard and aspirated ones, a process analogous to what we call *Lautverschiebung* in the Aryan languages. At Fu-cheu-fu, in the eastern part of the province of Kiang-si, the soft initials have likewise been replaced by aspirates. In many parts of the province of Hunan the soft initials still linger on; but in the city of Chang-sha the spoken dialect has the five tones of Mandarin, and the aspirated and other initials distributed in the same manner. In the island of Hai-nan there is a distinct approach to the form which Chinese words assume in the language of Annam. Many of the hard consonants are softened,

instead of the reverse taking place as in many other parts of China. Thus *ti*, *di*, both *ti* in Mandarin, are both pronounced *di* in Hai-nan. *B* and *p* are both used for many words whose initials are *w* and *f* in Mandarin. In the dialects of the province of Fuh-kien the following changes take place in initial consonants: *k* is used for *h*; *p* for *f*; *m*, *b*, for *w*; *j* for *y*; *t* for *ch*; *ch* for *s*; *ng* for *i*, *y*, *w*; *n* for *j*.<sup>1</sup> When we have clearly realized to ourselves what such changes mean in words consisting of one consonant and one vowel, we shall be more competent to act as judges, and to determine what right we have to call for more ample and more definite evidence in support of the common origin of languages which became separated during their monosyllabic or isolating stages, and which are not known to us before they are well advanced in the inflectional stage.

It might be said, — Why, if we make allowance for all this, the evidence really comes to nothing, and is hardly deserving of the attention of the scholar. I do not deny that this is, and always has been my own opinion. All I wish to put clearly before other scholars is, that this is not our fault. We see why there can be no evidence, and we find there is no evidence, or very little support of a common origin of Semitic and Aryan speech. But that is very different from dogmatic assertions, so often and so confidently repeated, that there can be no kind of relationship between Sanskrit and Hebrew, that they must have had different beginnings, that they represent, in fact, two independent species of human speech. All this is pure dogmatism, and no true scholar will be satisfied with it, or turn away con-

<sup>1</sup> Edkins, *Grammar*, p. 84.

temptuously from the tentative researches of scholars like Ewald, Raumer, and Ascoli. These scholars, particularly Raumer and Ascoli, have given us, as far as I can judge, far more evidence in support of a radical relationship between Hebrew and Sanskrit than, from my point of view, we are entitled to expect. I mean this as a caution in both directions. If, on one side, we ought not to demand more than we have a right to demand, we ought, on the other, not to look for, nor attempt to bring forward, more evidence than the nature of the case admits of. We know that words which have identically the same sound and meaning in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and German, cannot be the same words, because they would contravene those phonetic laws that made these languages to differ from each other. *To doom* cannot have any connection with the Latin *damnare*; *to call* cannot be the Greek *καλεῖν*, the Latin *calare*; nor Greek *φᾶλος* the German *faul*; the English *care* cannot be identified with Latin *cura*, nor the German *Auge* with the Greek *αὐγή*. The same applies, only with a hundred-fold greater force, to words in Hebrew and Sanskrit. If any triliteral root in Hebrew were to agree with a triliteral word in Sanskrit, we should feel certain, at once, that they are not the same, or that their similarity is purely accidental. Pronouns, numerals, and a few imitative rather than predicative names for father and mother, etc., may have been preserved from the earliest stage by the Aryan and Semitic speakers; but if scholars go beyond, and compare such words as Hebrew *barak*, to bless, and Latin *precari*; Hebrew *lab*, heart, and the English *liver*; Hebrew *melech*, king, and the Latin *mulcere*, to smoothe, to quiet, to subdue, they are in great danger, I believe, of proving too much.

Attempts have lately been made to point out a number of roots which Chinese shares in common with Sanskrit. Far be it from me to stigmatize even such researches as unscientific, though it requires an effort for one brought up in the very straitest school of Bopp, to approach such inquiries without prejudice. Yet, if conducted with care and sobriety, and particularly with a clear perception of the limits within which such inquiries must be confined, they are perfectly legitimate ; far more so than the learned dogmatism with which some of our most eminent scholars have declared a common origin of Sanskrit and Chinese as out of the question. I cannot bring myself to say that the method which Mr. Chalmers adopts in his interesting work on the "Origin of Chinese" is likely to carry conviction to the mind of the *bonâ fide* skeptic. I believe, before we compare the words of Chinese with those of any other language, every effort should be made to trace Chinese words back to their most primitive form. Here Mr. Edkins has pointed out the road that ought to be followed, and has clearly shown the great advantage to be derived from an accurate study of Chinese dialects. The same scholar has done still more by pointing out how Chinese should at first be compared with its nearest relatives, the Mongolian of the North-Turanian, and the Tibetan of the South-Turanian class, before any comparisons are attempted with more distant colonies that started during the monosyllabic period of speech. "I am now seeking to compare," he writes, "the Mongolian and Tibetan with the Chinese, and have already obtained some interesting results :—

"1. A large proportion of Mongol words are Chinese. Perhaps a fifth are so. The identity is in the

first syllable of the Mongol words, that being the root. The correspondence is most striking in the adjectives, of which perhaps one half of the most common are the same radically as in Chinese; e. g., *sain*, good; *begen*, low; *ic'hi*, right; *sologai*, left; *c'hihe*, straight; *gadan*, outside; *c'hohon*, few; *logon*, green; *hung-gun*, light (not heavy). But the identity is also extensive in other parts of speech, and this identity of common roots seems to extend into the Turkish, Tatar, etc.; e. g., *su*, water; *tenri*, heaven.

“2. To compare Mongol with Chinese it is necessary to go back at least six centuries in the development of the Chinese language. For we find in common roots final letters peculiar to the old Chinese, e. g., final *m*. The initial letters also need to be considered from another standpoint than the Mandarin pronunciation. If a large number of words are common to Chinese, Mongol, and Tatar, we must go back at least twelve centuries to obtain a convenient epoch of comparison.

“3. While the Mongol has no traces of tones, they are very distinctly developed in Tibetan. Csoma de Körös and Schmidt do not mention the existence of tones, but they plainly occur in the pronunciation of native Tibetans resident in Peking.

“4. As in the case of the comparison with Mongol, it is necessary in examining the connection of Tibetan with Chinese to adopt the old form of the Chinese with its more numerous final consonants, and its full system of soft, hard, and aspirated initials. The Tibetan numerals exemplify this with sufficient clearness.

“5. While the Mongol is near the Chinese in the

extensive prevalence of words common to the two languages, the Tibetan is near in phonal structure, as being tonic and monosyllabic. This being so, it is less remarkable that there are many words common to Chinese and Tibetan, for it might have been expected; but that there should be perhaps as many in the Mongol with its long untuned polysyllables, is a curious circumstance.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Having stated this on the authority of Mr. Edkins, one of our best living Chinese scholars, it is but fair that I should give the opinion of another Chinese scholar, the late Stanislas Julien, whose competence to give an opinion on this subject Mr. Edkins would probably be the first to acknowledge. All that we really want is the truth, not a momentary triumph of our own opinions. M. Julien wrote to me in July, 1868:—

“Je ne suis pas du tout de l’avis d’Edkins qui dit qu’un grand nombre de mots mongols sont chinois; c’est faux, archifaux.

*Sain* est mandchou et veut dire bon, en chinois *chen*.

*begen*, low : en chinois *hia*.

*itchi*, droit ; en chinois *yeou*.

*sologai*, left, gauche ; en chinois *tso*.

*chihe*, straight ; en chinois *tchi* (rectus).

*gadan*, outside ; en chinois *wai*.

*logon*, green ; en chinois *tsing*.

*chohon*, few ; en chinois *chao*.

*hungun*, light (not heavy) ; en chinois *king*.

“Je voudrais bien savoir comment M. Edkins prouve que les mots qu’il cite sont chinois.

“Foucaux a échoué également en voulant prouver, autrefois, que 200 mots thibétains qu’il avait choisis ressemblaient aux mots chinois correspondants.”

M. Stanislas Julien wrote again to me on the 21st of July:—

“J’ai peur que vous ne soyez fâché du jugement sévère que j’ai porté sur les identifications faites par Edkins du mongol avec le chinois. J’ai d’abord pris dans votre savant article les mots mongols qu’il cite et je vous ai montré qu’ils ne ressemblent pas le moins du monde au chinois.

“Je vais vous en citer d’autres tirés du Dictionnaire de Khienlung chinois mandchou-mongol.

Mongol.	Chinois.
<i>tegri</i> , ciel . . . . .	<i>thien</i> .
<i>naran</i> , soleil . . . . .	<i>ji</i> .
<i>naran barimoni</i> , } . . . . .	<i>ji-chi</i> .
éclipse de soleil }	
<i>saran</i> , lune . . . . .	<i>youei</i> .
<i>oudoun</i> , étoile . . . . .	<i>sing</i> .

This is no doubt the right spirit in which researches into the early history of language should be

<i>egoulé</i> , nuages, . . . . .	<i>yun.</i>
<i>ayounga</i> , le tonnerre . . . . .	<i>louï.</i>
<i>tchagilgan</i> , éclair . . . . .	<i>tien.</i>
<i>borogan</i> , la pluie . . . . .	<i>yu.</i>
<i>sigouderi</i> , la rosée . . . . .	<i>lou.</i>
<i>kirago</i> , la gelée . . . . .	<i>choang</i>
<i>lapsa</i> , la neige . . . . .	<i>sioue.</i>
<i>salgin</i> , le vent . . . . .	<i>fong.</i>
<i>ousoun</i> , l'eau . . . . .	<i>chouï.</i>
<i>gal</i> , le feu . . . . .	<i>ho.</i>
<i>siroi</i> , la terre . . . . .	<i>thou.</i>
<i>aisin</i> , l'or . . . . .	<i>altan.</i>

“Je vous donnerai, si vous le désirez, 1000 mots mongols avec leurs synonymes chinois, et je défie M. Edkins de trouver dans les 1000 mots mongols un seul qui ressemble au mot chinois synonyme.

“Comme j'ai fait assez de thibétain, je puis vous fournir aussi une multitude de mots thibétains avec leurs correspondants en chinois, et je défierai également M. Edkins de trouver un seul mot thibétain dans mille qui ressemble au mot chinois qui a le même sens.”

My old friend, M. Stanislas Julien, wrote to me once more on this subject, the 6th of August, 1868:—

“Depuis une quinzaine d'années, j'ai l'avantage d'entretenir les meilleures relations avec M. Edkins. J'ai lu, anciennement dans un journal que publie M. Léon de Rosny (actuellement professeur titulaire de la langue Japonaise) le travail où M. Edkins a tâché de rapprocher et d'identifier, par les sons, des mots mongols et chinois ayant la même signification. Son système m'a paru mal fondé. Quelques mots chinois peuvent être entrés dans la langue mongole par suite du contact des deux peuples, comme cela est arrivé pour le mandchou, dont beaucoup de mots sont entrés dans la langue mongole en en prenant les terminaisons; mais il ne faudrait pas se servir de ces exemples pour montrer l'identité ou les ressemblances des deux langues.

“Quand les mandchous ont voulu traduire les livres chinois, ils ont rencontré un grand nombre de mots dont les synonymes n'existaient pas dans leur langue. Ils se sont alors emparé des mots chinois en leur donnant des terminaisons mandchoues, mais cette quasi-ressemblance de certains mots mandchous ne prouve point le moins du monde l'identité des deux langues. Par exemple, un préfet se dit en chinois *tchi-fou*, et un sous-préfet *tchi-hien*; les mandchous qui ne possédaient point ces fonctionnaires se sont contentés de transcrire les sons chinois *dchhifou*, *dchhikhiyar*.

“Le tafetas se dit en chinois *tcheou-tse*; les mandchous, n'ayant point de mots pour dire tafetas, ont transcrit les sons chinois par *tchouse*. Le bambou se dit *tchou-tze*; ils ont écrit l'arbre (moo) *tchouse*. Un titre de noblesse écrit sur du papier aéré s'appelle *tsé*; les mandchous écrivent *tche*,

conducted, and I hope that Mr. Edkins, Mr. Chalmers, and others, will not allow themselves to be discouraged by the ordinary objections that are brought against all tentative studies. Even if their researches should only lead to negative results, they would be of the highest importance. The criterion by which we test the relationship of inflectional languages, such as Sanskrit and Greek, Hebrew and Arabic, cannot, from the nature of the case, be applied to languages which are still in the combinatory or isolating stratum, nor would they answer any purpose, if we tried by them to determine whether certain lan-

Je pourrais vous citer un nombre considérable de mots du même genre, qui ne prouvent pas du tout l'identité du mandchou et du chinois.

“L'ambre s'appelle *hou-pe*; les mandchous écrivent *khôba*. La barbe s'appelle *hou-tse*, ils écrivent *khôsé*.

“Voici de quelle manière les mandchous ont fait certains verbes. Une balance s'appelle en chinois *thien ping*, ils écrivent *p'ing-sé*; puis pour dire peser avec une balance, ils ont fait le verbe *p'ingselembi*; *lembi* est une terminaison commune à beaucoup de verbes.

“Pour dire faire peser, ordonner de peser avec une balance, ils écrivent *p'ingseleboumbi*; *boumbi* est la forme factive ou causative; cette terminaison sert aussi pour le passif; de sorte que ce verbe peut signifier aussi *être pesé avec une balance*.

“Je pourrais citer aussi des mots mandchous auxquels on a donné la terminaison mongole, et *vice versa*.”

These remarks, made by one who, during his lifetime, was recognized by friend and foe as the first Chinese scholar in Europe, ought to have their proper weight. They ought certainly to make us cautious before persuading ourselves that the connection between the northern and southern branches of the Turanian languages has been found in Chinese. On the other hand I am quite aware that all that M. Stanislas Julien says against Mr. Edkins may be true, and that nevertheless Chinese may have been the central language from which Mongolian in the north and Tibetan in the south branched off. A language, such as Chinese, with a small number of sounds and an immense number of meanings, can easily give birth to dialects which, in their later development, might branch off in totally different directions. Even with languages so closely connected as Sanskrit and Latin, it would be easy to make out a list of a thousand words in Latin which could not be matched in Sanskrit. The question, therefore, is not decided. What is wanted are researches carried on by competent scholars, in an unprejudiced and at the same time a thoroughly scientific spirit.

guages, separated during their inflectional growth, had been united during their combinatory stage, or whether languages, separated during their combinatory progress, had started from a common centre in their monosyllabic age. Bopp's attempt to work with his Aryan tools on the Malayo-Polynesian languages, and to discover in them traces of Aryan forms, ought to serve as a warning example.

However, there are dangers also, and even greater dangers, on the opposite shore, and if Mr. Chalmers in his interesting work on "the Origin of Chinese," compares, for instance, the Chinese *tzé*, child, with the Bohemian *tsi*, daughter, I know that the indignation of the Aryan scholars will be roused to a very high pitch, considering how they have proved most minutely that *tsi* or *dei* in Bohemian is the regular modification of *dugte*, and that *dugte* is the Sanskrit *duhitā*, the Greek *θυγάτηρ*, daughter, originally a pet-name, meaning a milk-maid, and given by the Aryan shepherds, and by them only, to the daughters of their house. Such accidents<sup>1</sup> will happen in so comprehensive a subject as the Science of Language. They have happened to scholars like Bopp, Grimm, and Burnouf, and they will happen again. I do not defend haste or inaccuracy, I only say, we must venture on, and not imagine that all is done, and that nothing remains to conquer in our science. Our watchword, here as elsewhere, should be *Festina lente!* but, by all means, *Festina! Festina! Festina!*

<sup>1</sup> If Mr. Chalmers' comparison of the Chinese and Bohemian names for daughter is so unpardonable, what shall we say of Bopp's comparison of the Bengali and Sanskrit names for sister? Sister in Bengali is *bohini*, the Hindi *bahin* and *bhân*, the Prakrit *bahini*, the Sanskrit *bhagini*. Bopp, in the most elaborate way, derives *bohini* from the Sanskrit *svasrī*, sister. Bopp, *Vergleichende Grammatik*, Vorrede zur vierten Abtheilung, p. x.

## PART II.

## ON CURTIUS' CHRONOLOGY OF THE INDO-GERMANIC LANGUAGES.

IN a former Lecture on the "Stratification of Language" I ventured to assert that wherever *inflection* has yielded to a rational analysis, it has invariably been recognized as the result of a previous *combination*, and wherever *combination* has been traced back to an earlier stage, that earlier stage has been simply *juxtaposition*.

Professor Pott in his "Etymologische Forschungen" (1871, p. 16), a work which worthily holds its place by the side of Bopp's "Comparative Grammar," questions the correctness of that statement; but in doing so he seems to me to have overlooked the restrictions which I myself had introduced, in order to avoid the danger of committing myself to what might seem too general a statement. I did not say that every form of inflection had been proved to spring from a previous combination, but I spoke of those cases only where we have succeeded in a rational analysis of inflectional forms, and it was in these that I maintained that inflection had always been found to be the result of previous combination. What is the object of the analysis of grammatical inflections, or of Comparative Grammar in general, if not to find out what terminations originally were, before they had assumed a purely formal character? If we take the French adverb *sincèrement*, sincerely, and trace it

back to the Latin *sincerè mente*, we have for a second time the three stages of juxtaposition, combination, and, to a certain extent, inflection, repeated before our eyes. I say, inflection, for *ment*, though originally an independent word, soon becomes a mere adverbial suffix, the speakers so little thinking of its original purport, that we may say of a stone that it falls *lourdement*, heavily, without wishing to imply that it falls *luridâ mente*, with a heavy, lit., with a lurid mind.

If we take the nom. sing. of a noun in Sanskrit, Greek, or Latin, we find that masculine nouns end frequently in *s*. We have for instance, Sk. *vesa-s* Gr. *οἶκο-s*, Lat. *vīcu-s*. These three words are identical in their termination, in their base, and in their root. The root is the Sk. *vis*, to settle down, to enter upon or into a thing. This root, without undergoing any further change, may answer the purpose both of a verbal and a nominal base. In the precativè, for instance, we have *vis-yâ-t*, he may enter, which yields to a rational analysis into *vis*, the root *yâ*, to go, and the old pronominal stem of the third person, *t*, he. We reduplicate the root, and we get the perfect *vi-vis-us*, they have entered. Here I can understand that objections might be raised against accepting us as a mere phonetic corruption of *ant* and *anti*; but if, as in Greek, we find as the termination of the third pers. plur. of the perfect *ἄσι*, we know that this is a merely phonetic change of the original *anti*,<sup>1</sup> and this *anti* has been traced back by Pott himself (whether rightly or wrongly, we need not here inquire) to the pronominal stems *ana*, that, and *ti*, he. These two stems, when joined together,

<sup>1</sup> Curtius, *Verbum*, p. 72.

become a nti,<sup>1</sup> meaning *those and he*, and are gradually reduced to *âsi*, and in Sanskrit to *us* for a n t. What we call reduplication has likewise been traced back by Pott himself to an original repetition of the whole root, so that *vi-vis* stands for an original or intentional *vis-vis*; thus showing again the succession of the three stages, juxtaposition, *vis-vis*, combination *vi-vis*, inflection, the same, *vi-vis*, though liable to further phonetic modification.

Used as a nominal base the same root *vis* appears, without any change, in the nom. plur. *vis-as*, the settlers, the clans, the people. Now here again Professor Pott himself has endeavored to explain the inflection as by tracing it back to the pronominal base *as*, in *asa u, ille*. He therefore takes the plural *vis-as* as a compound, meaning "man and that;" that is to say, he traces the inflection back to a combinatory origin.

By raising the simple base *vis* to *visa*, we arrive at new verbal forms, such as *vis-â-mi*, I enter, *vis-a-si*, thou enterest, *vis-a-ti*, he enters. In all these inflectional forms, the antecedent combinatory stage is still more or less visible, for *mi, si, ti*, whatever their exact history may have been, are clearly varieties of the pronominal bases of the first, second, and third persons, *ma, tva, ta*.

Lastly, by raising *vis* to *vesa*, we arrive at a new nominal base, and by adding to it the stem of a demonstrative pronoun *s*, we form the so-called nom. sing. *vesa-s, οἶκος, vicu-s*, from which we started, meaning originally house-here, this house, the house.

In all this Professor Pott would fully agree, but where he would differ, would be when we proceed to

<sup>1</sup> Pott, E. F., 1871, p. 21.

generalize, and to lay it down as an axiom, that all inflectional forms *must* have had the same combinatory origin. He may be right in thus guarding against too hasty generalization, to which we are but too prone in all inductive sciences. I am well aware that there are many inflections which have not yielded, as yet, to any rational analysis, but, with that reservation, I thought, and I still think, it right to say that, until some other process of forming those inflections has been pointed out, inflection may be considered as the invariable result of combination.

It is impossible in writing, always to repeat such qualifications and reservations. They must be taken as understood. Take for instance the augment in Greek and Sanskrit. Some scholars have explained it as a negative particle, others as a demonstrative pronoun; others, again, took it as a mere symbol of differentiation. If the last explanation could be established by more general analogies, then, no doubt, we should have here an inflection, that cannot be referred to combination. Again, it would be difficult to say, what independent element was added to the pronoun *sa*, he, in order to make it *sâ*, she. This, too, may, for all we know, be a case of phonetic symbolism, and, if so, it should be treated on its own merits. The lengthening of the vowel in the subjunctive mood was formerly represented by Professor Curtius as a symbolic expression of hesitation, but he has lately recalled that explanation as untenable. I pointed out that when in Hebrew we meet with such forms as *Piel* and *Pual*, *Hiphil* and *Hophal*, we feel tempted to admit formative agencies, different from mere juxtaposition and combination. But before we admit this purely phonetic symbolism, we

should bear in mind that the changes of *bruder*, brother, into *brüder*, brethren, of *Ich weiss*, I know, into *wir wissen*, we know, which seem at first sight purely phonetic, have after all been proved to be the indirect result of juxtaposition and combination, so that we ought to be extremely careful and first exhaust every possible rational explanation, before we have recourse to phonetic symbolism as an element in the production of inflection forms.

The chief object, however, of my lecture on the "Stratification of Language" was not so much to show that inflection everywhere presupposes combination, and combination juxtaposition, but rather to call attention to a fact that had not been noticed before, viz. : that there is hardly any language, which is not at the same time *isolating*, *combinatory*, and *inflectional*.

It had been the custom in classifying languages morphologically to represent some languages, for instance Chinese, as *isolating* ; others, such as Turkish or Finnish, as *combinatory* ; others, such as Sanskrit or Hebrew, as *inflectional*. Without contesting the value of this classification for certain purposes, I pointed out that even Chinese, the very type of the isolating class, is not free from combinatory forms, and that the more highly developed among the combinatory languages, such as Hungarian, Finnish, Tamil, etc., show the clearest traces of incipient inflection. "The difficulty is not," as I said, "to show the transition of one stratum of speech into another, but rather to draw a sharp line between the different strata. The same difficulty was felt in Geology, and led Sir Charles Lyell to invent such pliant names as *Eocene*, *Meiocene*, and *Pleiocene*, names which indicate a mere

dawn, a minority, or a majority of new formations, but do not draw a fast and hard line, cutting off one stratum from the other. Natural growth and even merely mechanical accumulation and accretion, here as elsewhere, are so minute and almost imperceptible that they defy all strict scientific terminology, and force upon us the lesson that we must be satisfied with an approximate accuracy."

Holding these opinions, and having established them by an amount of evidence which, though it might easily be increased, seemed to me sufficient, I did not think it safe to assign to the three stages in the history of the Aryan languages, the *juxtapositional*, the *combinatory*, and the *inflectional*, a strictly successive character, still less to admit in the growth of the Aryan languages a number of definite stages, which should be sharply separated from each other, and assume an almost chronological character. I fully admit that wherever *inflectional* forms in the Aryan languages have yielded to a rational analysis, we see that they are preceded chronologically by *combinatory* formations; nor should I deny for one moment that *combinatory* forms presuppose an antecedent, and therefore chronologically more ancient stage of mere juxtaposition. What I doubt is whether, as soon as combination sets in, juxtaposition ceases, and whether the first appearance of inflection puts an end to the continued working of combination.

It seems to me, even if we argue only on *à priori* grounds, that there must have been at least a period of transition during which both principles were at work together, and I hardly can understand what certain scholars mean if they represent the principle of inflection as a sudden psychological change which

as soon as it has taken place, makes a return to combination altogether impossible. If, instead of arguing *à priori*, we look the facts of language in the face, we cannot help seeing that, even after that period during which it is supposed that the United Aryan language had attained its full development, I mean at a time when Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin had become completely separated, as so many national dialects, each with its own fully developed inflectional grammar, the power of combination was by no means extinct. The free power of composition, which is so manifest in Sanskrit and Greek, testifies to the continued working of combination in strictly historical times. I see no real distinction between the transition of *Néa pólis*, i. e., new town, into *Neápolis*, and into *Naples*, and the most primitive combination in Chinese, and I maintain that as long as a language retains that unbounded faculty of composition, which we see in Sanskrit, in Greek, and in German, the growth of new inflectional forms from combinatory germs must be admitted as possible. Forms such as the passive aorist in Greek, *ἐτέθην*, or the weak preterite in Gothic *nas-i-da*, *nas-i-dédjau*, need not have been formed before the Aryan family broke up into national languages; and forms such as Italian *meco*, *fratello*, or the future *avro*, I shall have, though not exactly of the same workmanship, show at all events that analogous powers are at work even in the latest periods of linguistic growth.

Holding these opinions, which, as far as I know, have never been controverted, I ought perhaps, when I came to publish the preceding Lecture, to have defended my position against the powerful arguments advanced in the meantime by my old friend, Profes-

sor G. Curtius, in support of a diametrically opposite opinion in his classical essay, "On the Chronology of the Indo-Germanic Languages," published in 1867, new edition, 1873. While I had endeavored to show that juxtaposition, combination, and inflection, though following each other in succession, do not represent chronological periods, but represent phases, strongly developed, it is true, in certain languages, but extending their influence far beyond the limits commonly assigned to them, Professor Curtius tried to establish the chronological character not only of these three, but of four other phases or periods in the history of Aryan speech. Confining himself to what he considers the undivided Aryan language to have been, before it was broken up into national dialects, such as Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, he proceeds to subdivide the antecedent period of its growth into *seven* definite stages, each marked by a definite character, and each representing a sum of years in the chronology of the Aryan language. As I had found it difficult to treat Chinese as entirely *juxtapositional*, or Turkish as entirely *combinatory*, or Sanskrit as entirely *inflectional*, it was perhaps not to be wondered at that not even the persuasive pleading of my learned friend could convince me of the truth of the more minute chronological division proposed by him in his learned essay. But it would hardly have been fair if, on the present occasion, I had reprinted my "Rede Lecture" without explaining why I had altered nothing in my theory of linguistic growth, why I retained these three phases and no more, and why I treated even these not as chronological periods, in the strict sense of the word, but as preponderating tendencies, giving an individual character to certain classes of language, with-

out being totally absent in others. Professor Curtius is one of the few scholars with whom it is pleasant to differ. He has shown again and again that what he cares for is truth, not victory, and when he has defended his position against attacks not always courteous, he has invariably done so, not with hard words, but with hard arguments. I therefore feel no hesitation in stating plainly to him where his theories seem to me either not fully supported, or even contradicted by the facts of language, and I trust that this free exchange of ideas, though in public, will be as pleasant as our conversations in private used to be, now more than thirty years ago.

Let us begin with the *First Period*, which Professor Curtius calls the *Root-Period*. There must have been, as I tried to explain before, a period for the Aryan languages, during which they stood on a level with Chinese, using nothing but roots, or radical words, without having reduced any of them to a purely formal character, without having gone through the process of changing what Chinese grammarians call *full* words into *empty* words. I have always held, that to speak of roots as mere abstractions, as the result of grammatical theory, is self-contradictory. Roots which never had any real or historical existence may have been invented both in modern and ancient collections or *Dhâtupâthas*; but that is simply the fault of our etymological analysis, and in no way affects the fact, that the Aryan, like all other languages we know, began with roots. We may doubt the legitimacy of certain chemical elements, but not the reality of chemical elements in general. Language, in the sense in which we use the word, begins with roots, which are not only the ulti-

mate facts for the Science of Language, but real facts in the history of human speech. To deny their historical reality would be tantamount to denying cause and effect.

Logically, no doubt, it is possible to distinguish between a root as a mere postulate, and a root used as an actual word. That distinction has been carefully elaborated by Indian grammarians and philosophers, but it does in no way concern us in purely historical researches. What I mean by a root used in real language is this: when we analyze a cluster of Sanskrit words, such as *yodha-s*, a fighter, *yodhaka-s*, a fighter, *yoddhâ*, a fighter, *yodhana-m*, fighting, *yuddhi-s*, a fight, *yuyutsu-s*, wishing to fight, *âyudha-m*, a weapon, we easily see that they presuppose an element *yudh*, to fight, and that they are all derived from that element by well-known grammatical suffixes. Now is this *yudh*, which we call the root of all these words, a mere abstraction? Far from it. We find it as *yudh* used in the Veda either as a nominal or as a verbal base, according to suffixes by which it is followed. Thus *yudh* by itself would be a fighter, only that *dh* when final, has to be changed into *t*. We have *goshu-yúdh-am*, an accusative, the fighter among cows. In the plural we have *yúdh-a-s*, fighters; in the locative *yudh-i*, in the fight; in the instrumental, *yudh-â*, with the weapon. That is to say, we find that as a nominal base, *yudh*, without any determinative suffixes, may express fighting, the place of fighting, the instrument of fighting, and a fighter. If our grammatical analysis is right, we should have *yudh* as a nominal base in *yúdh-ya-ti*, lit. he goes to fighting *yudh-ya-t-e*, pass.; (a)-*yut-samahi*, aor., either

we were to fight, or we were fighters ; y ú-yu t-s a-ti, he is to fight-fight ; y u d h-y a-s, to be fought (p. 94), etc. As a verbal base we find y u d h, for instance, or y u-y u d h-e, I have fought ; in a-y u d-d h a, for a-y u d h-ta, he fought. In the other Aryan languages this root has left hardly any traces ; yet the Greek *ἵσμιν*, and *ἵσμίμη* would be impossible without the root y u d h.

The only difference between Chinese and these Sanskrit forms which we have just examined, is that while in Chinese such a form as y u d h-i, in the battle, would have for its last element a word clearly meaning middle, and having an independent accent, Sanskrit has lost the consciousness of the *i* of the locative, and uses it traditionally as an empty word, as a formal element, as a mere termination.

I also agree with Curtius that during the earliest stage, not of Sanskrit, but of Aryan speech in general, we have to admit two classes of roots, the *predicative* and *demonstrative*, and that what we now call the plural of y u d h, y u d h-as, fighters, was, or may have been, originally a compound consisting of the predicative root y u d h, and the demonstrative root, a s or s a, possibly repeated twice, meaning " fight-he-he," or " fight-there-there," *i. e.*, fighters.

There is another point with regard to the character of this earliest radical stage of the Aryan language, on which formally I should have agreed with Curtius, but where now I begin to feel more doubtful, — I mean the necessarily monosyllabic form of all original roots. There is, no doubt, much to be said for this view. We always like to begin with what is simple. We imagine, as it has been said, that 'the simple

idea must break forth, like lightning, in a simple body of sound, to be perceived in one single moment." But on the other hand, the simple, so far as it is the general, is frequently, to us at least, the last result of repeated complex conceptions, and therefore there is at all events no *à priori* argument against treating the simplest roots as the latest, rather than the earliest products of language. Languages in a low state of development are rich in words expressive of the most minute differences, they are poor in general expressions, a fact which ought to be taken into account as an important qualification of a remark made by Curtius that language supplies necessities first, luxuries afterwards (p. 32). I quote the following excellent remarks from Mr. Sayce's "Principles of comparative Philology" (p. 208): "Among modern savages the individual objects of sense have names enough, while general terms are very rare. The Mohicans have words for cutting various objects, but none to signify cutting simple."<sup>1</sup> In taking this view we certainly are better able to explain the actual forms of the Ayran roots, viz., by *elimination*, rather than by *composition*. If we look for instance, as I did myself formerly, on such roots as yudh, yug, and yaut, as developed from the simpler root yu, or on mardh, marg, mark, marp, mard, smar, as developed from mar, then we are bound to ac-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Callaway, in his *Remarks on the Zulu Language* (1870), p. 2, says: "The Zulu Language contains upwards of 20,000 words in *bonâ fide* use among the people. Those curious appellations for different colored cattle, or for different maize cobs, to express certain minute peculiarities of color or arrangement of color, which it is difficult for us to grasp, are not synonymous, but instances in which a new noun or name is used instead of adding adjectives to one name to express the various conditions of an object. Neither are these various verbs used to express varieties of the same action, synonyms, such as *ukupata*, to carry in the hand, *ukwetshata*, to carry on the shoulder, *ukubeleta*, to carry on the back."

count for the modificatory elements, such as *dh*, *g*, *k*, *p*, *d*, *s*, *n*, *t*, *r*, as remnants of other roots, whether predicative or demonstrative. Thus Curtius compares *tar* or *tra*, with *tras*, *tram*, *trak*, *trap*; *tri* and *tru* with *trup*, *trib*, taking the final consonants as modificatory letters? But what are these modificatory letters? Every attempt to account for them has failed. If it could be proved that these modificatory elements, which Curtius calls *Determinatives*, produced always the *same* modification of meaning, they might then be classed with the verbal suffixes which change simple verbs into causative, desiderative, or intensive verbs. But this is not the case. On the other hand, it would be perfectly intelligible that such roots as *mark*, *margin*, *mark*, *markh*, expressing different kinds of crushing, became fixed side by side, that by a process of elimination, their distinguishing features were gradually removed, and the root *mar* left as the simplest form, expressive of the most general meaning. Without entering here on that process of mutual friction by which I believe that the development of roots can best be explained, we may say at least so much, that whatever process will account for the root *yu*, will likewise account for the root *yug*, *nay*, that roots like *mark* or *mark* are more graphic, expressive, and more easily intelligible than the root *mar*.

However, if this view of the origin of roots has to be adopted, it need not altogether exclude the other view. In the process of simplification, certain final letters may have become typical, may have seemed invested with a certain function or determinative power, and may therefore have been added independently to other roots, by that powerful imitative ten-

dency which asserts itself again and again through the whole working of language. But however that may be, the sharp line of distinction which Curtius draws between the First Period, represented by simple, and the Second Period represented by derivative roots, seems certainly no longer tenable, least of all as dividing *chronologically* two distinct periods in the growth of language.

When we approach the Third Period, it might seem that here, at least, there could be no difference of opinion between Professor Curtius and myself. That Third Period represents simply what I called the first setting in of *combination*, following after the *isolating* stage. Curtius calls it the *primary verbal period*, and ascribes to it the origin of such combinatory forms as *dã-m a*, give-I, *dâ-t v a*, give-thou, *dã-t a*, give-he; *dâ-m a-t v i*, give-we, *dâ-t v a-t v i*, give-you, *dâ-(a) n t i*, give-they. These verbal forms he considers as much earlier than any attempts at declension in nouns. No one who has read Curtius' arguments in support of this chronological arrangement would deny their extreme plausibility; but there are grave difficulties which made me hesitate in adopting this hypothetical framework of linguistic chronology. I shall only mention one, which seemed to me insurmountable. We know that during what we called the First Radical Period the sway of phonetic laws was already so firmly established, that, from that period onward to the present day, we can say, with perfect certainty, which phonetic changes are possible, and which are not. It is through these phonetic laws that the most distant past in the history of the Aryan language is connected with the present. It is on them that the

whole science of etymology is founded. Only because a certain root has a tenuis, a media, an aspirate, or a sibilant, is it possible to keep it distinct from other roots. If *t* and *s* could be interchanged, then the root *tar*, to cross, would not be distinct from the root *sar*, to go. If *d* and *dh* could vary, then *dar*, to tear, would run together with *dhar*, to hold. These phonetic distinctions were firmly established in the radical period, and continue to be maintained, both in the undivided Aryan speech, and in the divided national dialects, such as Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Gothic. How then can we allow an intervening period, during which *ma-tvi*, could become *masi*, *tva-tvi*, *thas*, and the same *tva-tvi* appear also as *sai*? Such changes, always most startling, may have been possible in earlier periods; but when phonetic order had once been established, as it was in what Curtius calls his first and second periods, to admit them as possible, would be, as far as I can judge, to admit a complete anachronism. Of two things one; either we must altogether surrender those chaotic changes which are required for identifying Sanskrit *e* with Greek *μαι*, and Greek *μαι* with *mâ-ma*, etc., or we must throw them back to a period anterior to the final settlement of the Aryan roots.

I now proceed to point out a second difficulty. If Curtius uses these same personal terminations, *masi*, *tvasi*, and *anti*, as proof positive that they must have been compounded out of *ma-tva*, and *tva-tva*, before there were any case terminations, I do not think his argument is quite stringent. Curtius says: "If plural suffixes had existed before the coining of these terminations, we should expect them here, as well as in the noun" (p. 33) But the plural of the

pronoun *I* could never have been formed by a plural suffix, like the plural of *horse*. *I* admits of no plural, as little as *thou*, and hence the plural of these very pronouns in the Aryan language is not formed by the mere addition of a plural termination, but by a new base. We say *I*, but *we*; *thou* but *you*, and so through all the Aryan languages. According to Curtius himself, *ma si*, the termination of the plural, is not formed by repeating *ma*, by saying *I* and *I*, but by *ma* and *tv a*, *I* and *thou*, the most primitive way, he thinks, of expressing *we*. The termination of the second person plural might be expressed by repeating *thou*. "You did it," might have been rendered by "thou and thou did it;" but hardly by treating *thou* like a noun, and adding to it a plural termination. The absence of plural terminations, therefore at the end of the personal suffixes of the verbs, does not prove, as far as I can see, that plurals of nouns were unknown when the first, second, and third persons plural of the Aryan verbs were called into existence.

Again, if Curtius says, that "what language has once learnt, it does not forget again, and that therefore if the plural had once found expression in nouns, the verb would have claimed the same distinction," is true, no doubt, in many cases, but not so generally true as to supply a safe footing for a deductive argument. In so late a formation as the periphrastic future in Sanskrit, we say *dâtâ-smah*, as it were *dator sumus*, not *dâtârah-smah*; and in the second person plural of the passive in Latin *amamini*, though the plural is marked, the gender is always disregarded.

Further, even if we admit with Bopp and Curtius that the terminations of the medium are composed of

two pronouns, that the *ta* of the third person singular stands for *ta-ti*, to-him-he, that *καλύπτεται* in fact meant originally hide-himself-he, it does not follow that in such a compound one pronominal element should have taken the termination of the accusative, any more than the other takes the termination of the nominative. The first element in every composition takes necessarily its Pada or thematic form; the second or final element has suffered so much, according to Bopp's own explanation, that nothing would be easier to explain than the disappearance of a final consonant, if it had existed. The absence of case-terminations in such compounds cannot therefore be used as proof of the non-existence of case-terminations at a time when the medial and other personal endings took their origin. On the contrary, these terminations seem to me to indicate, though I do not say to prove, that the conception of a subjective, as distinct from an objective case, had been fully realized by those who framed them. I do not myself venture to speak very positively of such minute processes of analysis as that which discovers in the Sk. first pers. sing. ind. pres. of the middle, *tud e*, I strike, an original *tud a + a + i*, *tud a + ma + i*, *tud a + ma + mi*, *tud a + m â + ma*, but admitting that the middle was formed in that way, and that it meant originally *strike-to-me-I*, then surely we have in the first *m â* an oblique case, and in the compound itself the clearest indication that the distinction between a nominative and an oblique case, whether dative or accusative, was no longer a mystery. Anyhow, and this is the real point at issue, the presence of such compounds as *m â - ma*, to-me-I, is in no way a proof that at the time of their formation people could not

distinguish between *y u d h (s)*, nom., a fighter, and *y u d h (a m)*, acc., a fighter; and we must wait for more irrefragable evidence before admitting, what would under all circumstances be a most startling conclusion, namely, that the Aryan language was spoken for a long time without case-terminations, but with a complete set of personal terminations, both in the singular and the plural. For though it is quite true that the want of cases could only be felt in a sentence, the same seems to me to apply to personal terminations of the verb. The one, in most languages we know, implies the other, and the very question whether conjugation or declension came first is one of those dangerous questions which take something for granted which has never been proved.

During all this time, according to Curtius, our Aryan language would have consisted of nothing but roots, used for nominal and verbal purposes, but without any purely derivative suffixes, whether verbal or nominal, and without declension. The only advance, in fact, made beyond the purely Chinese standard, would have consisted in a few combinations of personal pronouns with verbal stems, which combinations assumed rapidly a typical character, and led to the formation of a skeleton of conjugation, containing a *present*, an *ao*rist with an augment, and a *reduced perfect*. Why, during the same period, nominal bases should not have assumed at least some case-terminations, does not appear; and it certainly seems strange that people who could say *v a k-ti*, speak-he, *v a k-a n ti*, speak-this-he, should not have been able to say *v â k-s*, whether in the sense of speak-there, *i. e.*, speech or speak-there, *i. e.*, speaker.

The next step which, according to Curtius, the

Aryan language had to make, in order to emerge from its purely radical phase, was the creation of bases, both verbal and nominal, by the addition of verbal and nominal suffixes to roots, both primary and secondary. Curtius calls this fourth the Period of the *Formation of Themes*. The suffixes are very numerous, and it is by them that the Aryan languages have been able to make their limited number of roots supply the vast materials of their dictionary. From *bhar*, to carry, they formed *bhar-a*, a carrier, but sometimes also a burden. In addition to *bhar-ti*, carry-he, they formed *bhara-ti*, meaning possibly carrying-he. The growth of these early themes may have been very luxuriant, and, as Professor Curtius expresses it, chiefly *paraschematic*. It may have been left to a later age to assign to that large number of possible synonyms more definite meanings. Thus from *φέρω*, I carry, we have *φορά*, the act of carrying, used also in the sense of *impetus* (being carried away), and of *provectus*, i. e., what is brought in. *Φορός* means carrying, but also violent, and lucrative; *φέρετρον*, an instrument of carrying, means a bier; *φαρέτρα*, a quiver, for carrying arrows. *Φορμός* comes to mean a basket; *φόρτος*, a burden; *φορός*, tribute.

All this is perfectly intelligible, both with regard to nominal and verbal themes. Curtius admits four kinds of verbal themes as the outcome of his Fourth Period. He had assigned to his Third Period the simple verbal themes *έσ-τί*, and the reduplicated themes such as *δίδω-σι*. To these were added, in the Fourth Period, the following four secondary themes:—

- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| (1) <i>πλέκ-ε-(τ)-ι</i>  | Sanskrit <i>lipa-ti</i> |
| (2) <i>ἀλείφ-ε-(τ)-ι</i> | ‘ ‘ <i>laipa-ti</i>     |

(3) δείκ-νυ-σι	Sanskrit lip-na u-ti
(4) δάμ-νῃ-σι	“ lip-n â-ti.

He also explains the formation of the subjunctive in analogy with bases such as lip-a-ti, as derived from lip-ti.

Some scholars would probably feel inclined to add one or two of the more primitive verbal themes, such as

lip-a-ti	<i>rumpo</i>
lipana-ti	λαμβάνε(τ)ι,

but all would probably agree with Curtius in placing the formation of these themes, both verbal and nominal, between the radical and the latest inflectional period. A point, however, on which there would probably be considerable difference of opinion is this, whether it is credible, that at a time when so many nominal themes were formed, — for Curtius ascribes to this Fourth Period the formation of such nominal bases as

λόγ-ο, intellect,	= lip-a-ti
λοίπ-ο, left,	= laip-a-ti
λυγ-νί, smoke,	= lip-na u-ti
δάφ-νῃ, laurel,	= lip-n â-ti —

the simplest nominal compounds, which we now call nominative and accusative, singular and plural, were still unknown; that people could say *dhrish-nu-más*, we dare, but not *dhrish-nú-s*, daring-he; that they had an imperative, *dhrishnuhí*, dare, but not a vocative, *dhrishno*? Curtius strongly holds to that opinion, but with regard to this period too. he does not seem to me to establish it by a regular and complete argument. Some arguments which he refers to occasionally have been answered before. Another, which he brings in incidentally, when dis-

cussing the abbreviation of certain suffixes, can hardly be said to carry conviction. After tracing the suffixes *ant* and *tar* back to what he supposes to have been their more primitive forms, *an-ta* and *ta-ra*, he remarks that the dropping of the final vowel would hardly be conceivable at a time when there existed case-terminations. Still this dropping of the vowel is very common, in late historical times, in Latin, for instance, and other Italian dialects, where it causes frequent confusion and heteroclitism.<sup>1</sup> Thus the Augustan *innocua* was shortened in common pronunciation to *innoca*, and this dwindles down in Christian inscriptions to *innox*. In Greek, too, *διάκτωρ* is older than *διάκτωρ*; *φύλακος* older than *φύλαξ*.

Nor can it be admitted that the nominal suffixes have suffered less from phonetic corruption than the terminations of the verb, and that therefore they must belong to a more modern period (pp. 39, 40). In spite of all the changes which the personal terminations are supposed to have undergone, their connection with the personal pronouns has always been apparent, while the tracing back of the nominal suffixes, and, still more, of the case-terminations to their typical elements, forms still one of the greatest difficulties of comparative grammarians.<sup>2</sup>

Professor Curtius is so much impressed with the later origin of declension that he establishes one more period, the fifth, to which he assigns the growth of all compound verbal forms, compound stems, compound tenses, and compound moods, before he allows the first beginnings of declension, and the

<sup>1</sup> Bruppacher, *Lantlere der Oskischen Sprache*, p. 48. Büchler, *Grundriss der Lateinischen Declination*, p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> "Die Entstehung der Casus ist noch das aller dunkelste im weiten Bereich des indogermanischen Formensystems." Curtius, *Chronologie*, p. 71

formation even of such simple forms as the nominative and accusative. It is difficult, no doubt, to disprove such an opinion by facts or dates, because there are none to be found on either side: but we have a right to expect very strong arguments indeed, before we can admit that at a time when an aorist, like ἔδεικσα, Sanskrit a-dik-sha-t was possible, that is to say, at a time when the verb a s, which meant originally to breathe, had by constant use been reduced to the meaning of being; at a time when that verb, as a mere auxiliary, was joined to a verbal base in order to impart to it a general historical power; when the persons of the verb were distinguished by pronominal elements, and when the augment, no longer purely demonstrative, had become the symbol of time past, that at such a time people were still unable to distinguish, except by a kind of Chinese law of position, between "the father struck the child," and "the child struck the father." Before we can admit this, we want much stronger proofs than any adduced by Curtius. He says, for instance, that compound verbal bases formed with y â, to go, and afterwards fixed as causatives, would be inconceivable during a period in which accusatives existed. From n a s, to perish, we form in Sanskrit n â s a-y â m i, I make perish. This, according to Curtius, would have meant originally, I send to perishing. Therefore n â s a would have been, in the accusative, n â s a m, and the causative would have been n â s a m y â m i, if the accusative had then been known. But we have in Latin <sup>1</sup> *pessum dare*, *venum ire*, and no one would say that compounds like *cafleacio*, *liquefacio*, *putrefacio*, were impossible after the first Aryan separation, or after that

<sup>1</sup> Corssen, ii. 888.

still earlier period to which Curtius assigns the formation of the Aryan case-terminations. Does Professor Curtius hold that compound forms like Gothic *nasi-da* were formed not only before the Aryan separation, but before the introduction of case-terminations? I hold, on the contrary, that such really old compositions never required, nay never admitted, the accusative. We say in Sanskrit, *dyu-gat*, going to the sky, *dyu-ksha*, dwelling in the sky, without any case-terminations at the end of the first part of the compound. We say in Greek, *σακέσ-παλος*, not *σάκοσ-παλος*, *παιδοφόνος*, not *παιδαφόνος*, *ὄρεσ-κῶος*, mountain-bred, and also *ὄρεσί-τροφος*, mountain-fed. We say in Latin, *agri-cola*, not *agrū-cola*, *fratri-cīda*, not *fratrem-cīda*, *rēgī-fugium*, not *regis-fugium*. Are we to suppose that all these words were formed before there was an outward mark of distinction between nominative and accusative in the primitive Aryan language? Such compounds, we know, can be formed at pleasure, and they continued to be formed long after the full development of the Aryan declension, and the same would apply to the compound stems of causal verbs. To say, as Curtius does, that composition was possible only before the development of declension, because when cases had once sprung up, the people would no longer have known the bases of nouns, is far too strong an assertion. In Sanskrit<sup>1</sup> the really difficult bases are generally sufficiently visible in the so-called Pada, cases, *i. e.*, before certain terminations beginning with consonants, and there is besides a strong feeling of analogy in language, which would generally, though not always (for compounds are fre-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Clemm, *Die neuesten Forschungen auf dem Gebiet der Griechischen Composita*, p. 9.

quently framed by false analogy), guide the framers of new compounds rightly in the selection of the proper nominal base. It seems to me that even with us there is still a kind of instinctive feeling against using nouns, articulated with case-terminations, for purposes of composition, although there are exceptions to that rule in ancient, and many more in modern languages. We can hardly realize to ourselves a Latin *pontemfex*, or *pontisfex*, still less *ponsfex* instead of *pontifex*, and when the Romans drove away their kings, they did not speak of a *regisfugium* or a *regumfugium*, but they took, by habit or by instinct, the base *regi*, though none of them, if they had been asked, knew what a base was. Composition, we ought not to forget, is after all only another name for combination, and the very essence of combination consists in joining together words which are not yet articulated grammatically. Whenever we form compounds, such as *railway*, we are still moving in the combinatory stage, and we have the strongest proof that the life of language is not capable of chronological division. There was a period in the growth of the Aryan language when the principle of combination preponderated, when inflection was as yet unknown. But inflection itself was the result of combination, and unless combination had continued long after inflection set in, the very life of language would have become extinct.

I have thus tried to explain why I cannot accept the fundamental fact on which the seven-fold division of the history of the Aryan language is founded, viz., that the combinatory process which led to the Aryan system of conjugation would have been impossible, if at the time nominal bases had already been articu-

lated with terminations of case and number. I see no reason why the earliest case-formations, I mean particularly the nominative and accusative in the singular, plural, and dual, should not date from the same time as the earliest formations of conjugation. The same process that leads to the formation of *v a k-ti*, speak-he, would account for the formation of *v a k-s*, speak-there, *i. e.*, speaker. Necessity, which after all is the mother of all inventions, would much sooner have required the clear distinction of singular and plural, of nominative and accusative, than of the three persons, of the verbs. It is far more important to be able to distinguish the subject and the object in such sentences as "the son has killed the father," or "the father has killed the son," than to be able to indicate the person and tense of the verb. Of course we may say that in Chinese the two cases are distinguished without any outward signs, and by mere position; but we have no evidence that the law of position was preserved in the Aryan languages, after verbal inflection had once set in. Chinese dispenses with verbal inflection as well as with nominal, and an appeal to it would therefore prove either too much or too little.

At the end of the five periods which we have examined, but still before the Aryan separation, Curtius places the sixth, which he calls the Period of the Formation of Cases, and the seventh, the Period of Adverbs. Why I cannot bring myself to accept the late date here assigned to declension, I have tried to explain before. That adverbs existed before the great branches of Aryan speech became definitely separated has been fully proved by Professor Curtius. I only doubt whether the adverbial period can be

separated chronologically from the case period. I should say, on the contrary, that some of the adverbs in Sanskrit and the other Aryan languages exhibit the most primitive and obsolete case-terminations, and that they existed probably long before the system of case-terminations assumed its completeness.

If we look back at the results at which we have arrived in examining the attempt of Professor Curtius to establish seven distinct chronological periods in the history of the Aryan speech, previous to its separation into Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Slavonic, Teutonic, and Celtic, I think we shall find two principles clearly established: —

1. That it is impossible to distinguish more than *three* successive phases in the growth of the Aryan language. In the first phase or period the only materials were roots, not yet compounded, still less articulated grammatically, a form of language to us almost inconceivable, yet even at present preserved in the literature and conversation of millions of human beings, the Chinese. In that stage of language, “king rule man heap law instrument,” would mean, the king rules men legally.

The *second* phase is characterized by the combination of roots, by which process one loses its independence and its accent, and is changed from a full and material into an empty or formal element. That phase comprehends the formation of compound roots, of certain nominal and verbal stems, and of the most necessary forms of declension and conjugation. What distinguishes this phase from the inflectional is the consciousness of the speaker, that one part of his word is the stem or the body, and all the rest its environment, a feeling analogous to that which we have

when we speak of *man-hood*, *man-ly*, *man-ful*, *man-kind*, but which fails us when we speak of *man* and *men*, or if we speak of *wo-man*, instead of *wif-man*. The principle of combination preponderated when inflection was as yet unknown. But inflection itself was the result of combination, and unless it had continued long after inflection set in, the very life of language would have become extinct.

The *third* phase is the inflectional, when the base and the modificatory elements of words coalesce, lose their independence in the mind of the speaker, and simply produce the impression of modification taking place in the body of words, but without any intelligible reason. This is the feeling which we have throughout nearly the whole of our own language, and it is only by means of scientific reflection that we distinguish between the root, the base, the suffix, and the termination. To attempt more than this three-fold division seems to me impossible.

2. The second principle which I tried to establish was that the growth of language does not lend itself to a chronological division, in the strict sense of the word. Whatever forces are at work in the formation of languages, none of them ceases suddenly to make room for another, but they work on with a certain continuity from beginning to end, only on a larger or smaller scale. Inflection does not put a sudden end to combination, nor combination to juxtaposition. When even in so modern a language as English we can form by mere combination such words as *man-like*, and reduce them to *manly*, the power of combination cannot be said to be extinct, although it may no longer be sufficiently strong to produce new cases or new personal terminations. We may admit,

in the development of the Aryan language, previous to its division, three successive strata of formation, a *juxtapositional*, a *combinatory*, and an *inflectional*; but we shall have to confess that these strata are not regularly superimposed, but tilted, broken up, and convulsed. They are very prominent each for a time, but even after that time is over, they may be traced at different points, pervading the very latest formations of tertiary speech. The true motive power in the progress of all language is combination, and that power is not extinct even in our own time.

### III.

## ON THE MIGRATION OF FABLES.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, ON FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1870.

“COUNT not your chickens before they be hatched,” is a well-known proverb in English, and most people, if asked what was its origin, would probably appeal to La Fontaine’s delightful fable, *La Laitière et le Pot au Lait*.<sup>1</sup> We all know Perrette, lightly stepping along from her village to the town, carrying the milk-pail on her head, and in her day-dreams selling her milk for a good sum, then buying a hundred eggs, then selling the chickens, then buying a pig, fattening it, selling it again, and buying a cow with a calf. The calf frolics about, and kicks up his legs — so does Perrette, and, alas! the pail falls down, the milk is spilt, her riches gone, and she only hopes when she comes home that she may escape a flogging from her husband.

Did La Fontaine invent this fable? or did he merely follow the example of Sokrates, who, as we know from the *Phædon*,<sup>2</sup> occupied himself in prison, during the last days of his life, with turning into verse some of the fables, or, as he calls them, the myths of Æsop.

<sup>1</sup> La Fontaine, *Fables*, livre vii., fable 10.

<sup>2</sup> *Phædon*, 61, 5: Μετὰ δὲ τὸν θεόν, ἐννοήσας, ὅτι τὸν ποιητὴν δέοι, εἴπερ μέλλοι ποιητὴς εἶναι, ποιεῖν μύθους, ἀλλ’ οὐ λόγους, καὶ αὐτὸς οὐκ ἦ μυθολογικός, διὰ ταῦτα δὴ οὐς προχείρους εἶχεν καὶ ἠπιστάμην μύθους τοῦς Διῶπου, τούτων ἰποίησα οἷς πρώτους ἐνέτυχον.

La Fontaine published the first six books of his fables in 1668,<sup>1</sup> and it is well known that the subjects of most of these early fables were taken from Æsop, Phædrus, Horace, and other classical fabulists, if we may adopt this word "fabuliste," which La Fontaine was the first to introduce into French.

In 1678 a second edition of these six books was published, enriched by five books of new fables, and in 1694 a new edition appeared, containing one additional book, thus completing the collection of his charming poems.

The fable of Perrette stands in the seventh book, and was published, therefore, for the first time in the edition of 1678. In the preface to that edition La Fontaine says: "It is not necessary that I should say whence I have taken the subjects of these new fables. I shall only say, from a sense of gratitude, that I owe the largest portion of them to Pilpay the Indian sage."

If, then, La Fontaine tells us himself that he borrowed the subjects of most of his new fables from Pilpay, the Indian sage, we have clearly a right to look to India in order to see whether, in the ancient literature of that country, any traces can be discovered of Perrette with the milk-pail.

Sanskrit literature is very rich in fables and stories; no other literature can vie with it in that respect; nay, it is extremely likely that fables, in particular animal fables, had their principal source in India. In the sacred literature of the Buddhists, fables held a most prominent place. The Buddhist preachers, addressing themselves chiefly to the people, to the un-

<sup>1</sup> Robert, *Fables Inédites*, des XII<sup>e</sup>, XIII<sup>e</sup>, et XIV<sup>e</sup> Siècles; Paris, 1825 vol. i. p. ccxxvii.

taught, the uncared for, the outcast, spoke to them, as we still speak to children, in fables, in proverbs and parables. Many of these fables and parables must have existed before the rise of the Buddhist religion; others, no doubt, were added on the spur of the moment, just as Sokrates would invent a myth or fable whenever that form of argument seemed to him most likely to impress and convince his hearers. But Buddhism gave a new and permanent sanction to this whole branch of moral mythology, and in the sacred canon, as it was settled in the third century before Christ, many a fable received, and holds to the present day, its recognized place. After the fall of Buddhism in India, and even during its decline, the Brahmans claimed the inheritance of their enemies, and used their popular fables for educational purposes. The best known of these collections of fables in Sanskrit is the *Pañcatantra*, literally the Pentateuch, or Pentamerone. From it and from other sources another collection was made, well known to all Sanskrit scholars by the name of *Hitopadesa*, i. e., Salutory Advice. Both these books have been published in England and Germany, and there are translations of them in English, German, French, and other languages.<sup>1</sup>

The first question which we have to answer refers to the date of these collections, and dates in the his-

<sup>1</sup> *Pantschātāntrum sive Quinquēpartitum*, edidit I. G. L. Kosegarten. Bonnæ, 1848.

*Pantschātāntra, Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, aus dem Sanskrit übersetzt.* Von Th. Benfey. Leipzig, 1859.

*Hitopadesa*, with interlinear translation, grammatical analysis, and English translation, in Max Müller's *Handbooks for the study of Sanskrit.* London, 1864.

*Hitopadesa, eine alte indische Fabelsammlung aus dem Sanskrit zum ersten Mal in das Deutsche übersetzt.* Von Max Müller. Leipzig, 1844.

tory of Sanskrit literature are always difficult points. Fortunately, as we shall see, we can in this case fix the date of the *Pañkatantra* at least, by means of a translation into ancient Persian, which was made about 550 years after Christ, though even then we can only prove that a collection somewhat like the *Pañkatantra* must have existed at that time; but we cannot refer the book, in exactly that form in which we now possess it, to that distant period.

If we look for La Fontaine's fable in the Sanskrit stories of the *Pañkatantra*, we do not find, indeed, the milkmaid counting her chickens before they are hatched, but we meet with the following story:—

“There lived in a certain place a Brâhman, whose name was Svabhâvakripâna, which means ‘a born miser.’ He had collected a quantity of rice by begging (this reminds us somewhat of the Buddhist mendicants), and after having dined off it, he filled a pot with what was left over. He hung the pot on a peg on the wall, placed his couch beneath, and looking intently at it all the night, he thought, ‘Ah, that pot is indeed brimful of rice. Now, if there should be a famine, I should certainly make a hundred rupees by it. With this I shall buy a couple of goats. They will have young ones every six months, and thus I shall have a whole herd of goats. Then, with the goats, I shall buy cows. As soon as they have calved, I shall sell the calves. Then, with the cows, I shall buy buffaloes; with the buffaloes, mares. When the mares have foaled, I shall have plenty of horses; and when I sell them, plenty of gold. With that gold I shall get a house with four wings. And then a Brâhman will come to my house, and will give me his beautiful daughter, with a large dowry. She will have a son, and I shall call him Somasarman. When he is old enough to be danced on his father's knee, I shall sit with a book at the back of the stable, and while I am reading the boy will see me, jump from his mother's lap, and run towards me to be danced on my knee. He will come too near the horse's hoof, and, full of anger, I shall call to my wife, “Take the baby; take him!” But she, distracted by some domestic work does not hear me. Then I get up, and give her

such a kick with my foot.' While he thought this, he gave a kick with his foot, and broke the pot. All the rice fell over him, and made him quite white. Therefore, I say, 'He who makes foolish plans for the future will be white all over, like the father of Somasarman.'''<sup>1</sup>

I shall at once proceed to read you the same story, though slightly modified, from the *Hitopadesa*.<sup>2</sup> The *Hitopadesa* professes to be taken from the *Pañkatantra* and some other books; and in this case it would seem as if some other authority had been followed. You will see, at all events, how much freedom there was in telling the old story of the man who built castles in the air.

"In the town of Devikotta there lived a Brâhman of the name of Devasarman. At the feast of the great equinox he received a plate full of rice. He took it, went into a potter's shop, which was full of crockery, and, overcome by the heat, he lay down in a corner and began to doze. In order to protect his plate of rice, he kept a stick in his hand, and began to think, 'Now, if I sell this plate of rice, I shall receive ten cowries (*kapardaka*). I shall then, on the spot, buy pots and plates, and after having increased my capital again and again, I shall buy and sell betel nuts and dresses till I become enormously rich. Then I shall marry four wives, and the youngest and prettiest of the four I shall make a great pet of. Then the other wives will be so angry, and begin to quarrel. But I shall be in a great rage, and take a stick, and give them a good flogging.' . . . While he said this, he flung his stick away; the plate of rice was smashed to pieces, and many of the pots in the shop were broken. The potter, hearing the noise, ran into the shop, and when he saw his pots broken, he gave the Brâhman a good scolding, and drove him out of his shop. Therefore I say, 'He who rejoices over plans for the future will come to grief, like the Brâhman who broke the pots.'"

In spite of the change of a Brahman into a milkmaid, no one, I suppose, will doubt that we have here

<sup>1</sup> *Pañkatantra*, v. 10.

<sup>2</sup> *Hitopadesa*, ed. Max Müller, p. 120; German translation, p. 159.

in the stories of the Pañkatantra and Hitopadesa the first germs of La Fontaine's fable.<sup>1</sup> But how did that fable travel all the way from India to France? How did it doff its Sanskrit garment and don the light dress of modern French? How was the stupid Brahman born again as the brisk milkmaid, "*cotillon simple et souliers plats?*"

It seems a startling case of longevity that while languages have changed, while works of art have perished, while empires have risen and vanished again, this simple children's story should have lived on, and maintained its place of honor and its undisputed sway in every school-room of the East and every nursery of the West. And yet it is a case of longevity so well attested that even the most skeptical would hardly venture to question it. We have the passport of these stories *viséed* at every place through which they have passed, and, as far as I can judge, *parfaitement en règle*. The story of the migration of these Indian fables from East to West is indeed wonderful; more wonderful and more instructive than many of these fables themselves. Will it be believed that we, in this Christian country and in the nineteenth century, teach our children the first, the most important lessons of worldly wisdom, nay, of a more than worldly wisdom, from books borrowed from Buddhists and Brahmans, from heretics and idolaters, and that wise words, spoken a thousand, nay, two thousand years ago, in a lonely village of India, like precious seed scattered broadcast all over the world, still bear fruit a hundred and a thousand-fold in that soil which is the most precious before God and man the soul of a child? No lawgiver, no philosopher,

<sup>1</sup> Note A, page 188.

has made his influence felt so widely, so deeply, and so permanently as the author of these children's fables. But who was he? We do not know. His name, like the name of many a benefactor of the human race, is forgotten. We only know he was an Indian — a nigger, as some people would call him — and that he lived at least two thousand years ago.

No doubt, when we first hear of the Indian origin of these fables, and of their migration from India to Europe, we wonder whether it can be so; but the fact is, that the story of this Indo-European migration is not, like the migration of the Indo-European languages, myths, and legends, a matter of theory, but of history, and that it was never quite forgotten either in the East or in the West. Each translator, as he handed on his treasure, seems to have been anxious to show how he came by it.

Several writers who have treated of the origin and spreading of Indo-European stories and fables, have mixed up two or three questions which ought to be treated each on its own merits.

The first question is whether the Aryans, when they broke up their pro-ethnic community, carried away with them, not only their common grammar and dictionary, but likewise some myths and legends which we find that Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Slaves, when they emerge into the light of history, share in common? That certain deities occur in India, Greece, and Germany, having the same names and the same character, is a fact that can no longer be denied. That certain heroes, too, known to Indians, Greeks, and Romans, point to one and the same origin, both by their name and by their

history, is a fact by this time admitted by all whose admission is of real value. As heroes are in most cases gods in disguise, there is nothing very startling in the fact that nations, who had worshipped the same gods, should also have preserved some common legends of demi-gods or heroes, nay, even in a later phase of thought, of fairies and ghosts. The case, however, becomes much more problematical when we ask, whether stories also, fables told with a decided moral purpose, formed part of that earliest Aryan inheritance? This is still doubted by many who have no doubts whatever as to common Aryan myths and legends, and even those who, like myself, have tried to establish by tentative arguments the existence of common Aryan fables, dating from before the Aryan separation, have done so only by showing a possible connection between ancient popular saws and mythological ideas, capable of a moral application. To any one, for instance, who knows how in the poetical mythology of the Aryan tribes, the golden splendor of the rising sun leads to conceptions of the wealth of the Dawn in gold and jewels and her readiness to shower them upon her worshippers, the modern German proverb, *Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde*, seems to have a kind of mythological ring, and the stories of benign fairies, changing everything into gold, sound likewise like an echo from the long-forgotten forest of our common Aryan home. If we know how the trick of dragging stolen cattle backwards into their place of hiding, so that their footprints might not lead to the discovery of the thief, appears again and again in the mythology of different Aryan nations, then the pointing of the same trick as a kind of proverb, intended to convey a moral lesson

and illustrated by fables of the same or a very similar character in India and Greece, makes one feel inclined to suspect that here too the roots of these fables may reach to a pro-ethnic period. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is clearly an ancient proverb, dating from a nomadic period, and when we see how Plato ("Alcibiades," i. 123) was perfectly familiar with the Æsopian myth or fable, — *κατὰ τὸν Αἰσώπου μῦθον*, he says — of the fox declining to enter the lion's cave, because all footsteps went into it and none came out, and how the Sanskrit Pañkatantra (III. 14) tells of a jackal hesitating to enter his own cave, because he sees the footsteps of a lion going in, but not coming out, we feel strongly inclined to admit a common origin for both fables. Here, however, the idea that the Greeks, like La Fontaine, had borrowed their fable from the Pañkatantra would be simply absurd, and it would be much more rational, if the process must be one of borrowing, to admit, as Benfey ("Pantschatantra," i. 381) does, that the Hindus, after Alexander's discovery of India, borrowed this story from the Greeks. But if we consider that each of the two fables has its own peculiar tendency, the one deriving its lesson from the absence of backward footprints of the victims, the other from the absence of backward footprints of the lion himself, the admission of a common Aryan proverb such as "*vestigia nulla retrorsum*," would far better explain the facts such as we find them. I am not ignorant of the difficulties of this explanation, and I would myself point to the fact that among the Hottentots, too, Dr. Bleek has found a fable of the jackal declining to visit the sick lion, "because the traces of the animals

who went to see him did not turn back.”<sup>1</sup> Without, however, pronouncing any decided opinion on this vexed question, what I wish to place clearly before you is this, that the spreading of Aryan myths, legends, and fables, dating from a pro-ethnic period, has nothing whatever to do with the spreading of fables taking place in strictly historical times from India to Arabia, to Greece and the rest of Europe, not by means of oral tradition, but through more or less faithful translations of literary works. Those who like may doubt whether *Zeus* was *Dyaus*, whether *Daphne* was *Ahânâ*, whether *La Belle au Bois* was the mother of two children, called *L'Aurore* and *Le Jour*,<sup>2</sup> but the fact that a collection of fables was, in the sixth century of our era, brought from India to Persia, and by means of various translations naturalized among Persians, Arabs, Greeks, Jews, and all the rest, admits of no doubt or cavil. Several thousand years have passed between those two migrations, and to mix them up together, to suppose that Comparative Mythology has anything to do with the migration of such fables as that of *Perrette*, would be an anachronism of a portentous character.

There is a third question, viz., whether besides the two channels just mentioned, there were others through which Eastern fables could have reached Europe, or *Æsopian* and other European fables have been transferred to the East. There are such channels, no doubt. Persian and Arab stories, of Indian origin, were through the crusaders brought back to Constantinople, Italy, and France; Buddhist fables

<sup>1</sup> *Hottentot Fables and Tales*, by Dr. W. H. I. Bleek, London, 1894, p. 19.

<sup>2</sup> *Academy*, vol. v. p. 548.

were through Mongolian<sup>1</sup> conquerors (13th century) carried to Russia and the eastern parts of Europe. Greek stories may have reached Persia and India at the time of Alexander's conquests and during the reigns of the Diadochi, and even Christian legends may have found their way to the East through missionaries, travellers, or slaves.

Lastly, there comes the question, how far our common human nature is sufficient to account for coincidences in beliefs, customs, proverbs, and fables, which, at first sight, seem to require an historical explanation. I shall mention but one instance. Professor Wilson ("Essays on Sanskrit Literature," i. p. 201) pointed out that the story of the Trojan horse occurs in a Hindu tale, only that instead of the horse we have an elephant. But he rightly remarked that the coincidence was accidental. In the one case, after a siege of nine years, the principal heroes of the Greek army are concealed in a wooden horse, dragged into Troy by a stratagem, and the story ends by their falling upon the Trojans and conquering the city of Priam. In the other story a king bent on securing a son-in-law, had an elephant constructed by able artists, and filled with armed men. The elephant was placed in a forest, and when the young prince came to hunt, the armed men sprang out, overpowered the prince and brought him to the king, whose daughter he was

<sup>1</sup> *Die Märchen des Siddhi-kür, or Tales of an Enchanted Corpse*, translated from Kalmuk into German by B. Jülg, 1866. (This is based on the *Vetâlapañkavimsati*.) *Die Geschichte des Ardschi-Bordschi Chan*, translated from Mongolian by Dr. B. Jülg, 1868. (This is based on the *Simhâsanadvâtrim sati*.) A Mongolian translation of the *Kalila and Dimnah*, is ascribed to Mëlik Saïd Iftikhar eddin Mohammed ben Abou Nasr, who died A. D. 1280. See Barbier de Meynard, "Description de la Ville de Kazvin," *Journal Asiatique*, 1857, p. 284; Lancereau, *Parichatantra*, p. xxv.

to marry. However striking the similarity may seem to one unaccustomed to deal with ancient legends, I doubt whether any comparative mythologist has postulated a common Aryan origin for these two stories. They feel that, as far as the mere construction of a wooden animal is concerned, all that was necessary to explain the origin of the idea in one place was present also in the other, and that while the Trojan horse forms an essential part of a mythological cycle, there is nothing truly mythological or legendary in the Indian story. The idea of a hunter disguising himself in the skin of an animal, or even of one animal assuming the disguise of another,<sup>1</sup> are familiar in every part of the world, and if that is so, then the step from hiding under the skin of a large animal to that of hiding in a wooden animal is not very great.

Every one of these questions, as I said before, must be treated on its own merits, and while the traces of the first migration of Aryan fables can be rediscovered

<sup>1</sup> Plato's expression, "As I have put on the lion's skin" (*Kratylos*, 411), seems to show that he knew the fable of an animal or a man having assumed the lion's skin without the lion's courage. The proverb ὄνος παρὰ κυμαίου seems to be applied to men boasting before people who have no means of judging. It presupposes the story of a donkey appearing in a lion's skin.

A similar idea is expressed in a fable of the *Pañkatantra* (IV. 8) where a dyer, not being rich enough to feed his donkey, puts a tiger's skin on him. In this disguise the donkey is allowed to roam through all the corn-fields without being molested, till one day he see a female donkey, and begins to bray. Thereupon the owners of the field kill him.

In the *Hitopadesa* (III. 3) the same fable occurs, only that there it is the keeper of the field who on purpose disguises himself as a she-donkey, and when he hears the tiger bray, kills him.

In the Chinese *Avadānas*, translated by Stanislas Julien (vol. ii. p. 59), the donkey takes a lion's skin and frightens everybody, till he begins to bray, and is recognized as a donkey.

In this case it is again quite clear that the Greeks did not borrow their fable and proverb from the *Pañkatantra*; but 't is not so easy to determine positively whether the fable was carried from the Greeks to the East, or whether it arose independently in two places.

only by the most minute and complex inductive processes, the documents of the latter are to be found in the library of every intelligent collector of books. Thus, to return to Perrette and the fables of Pilpay, Huet, the learned bishop of Avranches, the friend of La Fontaine, had only to examine the prefaces of the principal translations of the Indian fables in order to track their wanderings, as he did in his famous "Traite de l'Origine des Romans," published at Paris in 1670, two years after the appearance of the first collection of La Fontaine's fables. Since his time the evidence has become more plentiful, and the whole subject has been more fully and more profoundly treated by Sylvestre de Sacy,<sup>1</sup> Loiseleur Deslongchamps,<sup>2</sup> and Professor Benfey.<sup>3</sup> But though we have a more accurate knowledge of the stations by which the Eastern fables reached their last home in the West, Bishop Huet knew as well as we do that they came originally from India through Persia by way of Bagdad and Constantinople.

In order to gain a commanding view of the countries traversed by these fables, let us take our position at Bagdad in the middle of the eighth century, and watch from that central point the movements of our literary caravan in its progress from the far East to the far West. In the middle of the eighth century, during the reign of the great Khalif Almansur, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa wrote his famous collection of fables, the "Kalila and Dimnah," which we still possess.

<sup>1</sup> *Calilah et Dimna, ou, Fables de Bidpai, en Arabe, précédées d'un Mémoire sur l'origine de ce livre.* Par Sylvestre de Sacy. Paris, 1816.

<sup>2</sup> Loiseleur Deslongchamps, *Essai sur les Fables Indiennes, et sur leur Introduction en Europe.* Paris, 1838.

<sup>3</sup> *Pantschatantra, Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen, mit Einleitung.* Von. Th. Benfey. Leipzig, 1859.

The Arabic text of these fables has been published by Sylvestre de Sacy, and there is an English translation of it by Mr. Knatchbull, formerly Professor of Arabic at Oxford. Abdallah ibn Almokaffa was a Persian by birth, who after the fall of the Omeyyades became a convert to Mohammedanism, and rose to high office at the court of the Khalifs. Being in possession of important secrets of state, he became dangerous in the eyes of the Khalif Almansur, and was foully murdered.<sup>1</sup> In the preface, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa tells us that he translated these fables from Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia; and that they had been translated into Pehlevi (about two hundred years before his time) by Barzûyeh, the physician of Khosru Nushirvan, the King of Persia, the contemporary of the Emperor Justinian. The King of Persia had heard that there existed in India a book full of wisdom, and he had commanded his Vezier, Buzurjmihir, to find a man acquainted with the languages both of Persia and India. The man chosen was Barzûyeh. He travelled to India, got possession of the book, translated it into Persian, and brought it back to the court of Khosru. Declining all rewards beyond a dress of honor, he only stipulated that an account of his own life and opinions should be added to the book. This account, probably written by himself, is extremely curious. It is a kind of *Religio Medici* of the sixth century, and shows us a soul dissatisfied with traditions and formularies, striving after truth, and finding rest only where many other seekers after truth have found rest before and after him, in a life devoted to alleviating the sufferings of mankind.

There is another account of the journey of this

<sup>1</sup> See Weil, *Geschichte der Chalifen*, vol. ii. p. 84.

Persian physician to India. It has the sanction of Firdúsi, in the great Persian epic, the Shah Nâme, and it is considered by some<sup>1</sup> as more original than the one just quoted. According to it, the Persian physician read in a book that there existed in India trees or herbs supplying a medicine with which the dead could be restored to life. At the command of the king he went to India in search of those trees and herbs; but, after spending a year in vain researches, he consulted some wise people on the subject. They told him that the medicine of which he had read as having the power of restoring men to life had to be understood in a higher and more spiritual sense, and that what was really meant by it were ancient books of wisdom preserved in India, which imparted life to those who were dead in their folly and sins.<sup>1</sup> Thereupon the physician translated these books, and one of them was the collection of fables, the "Kalila and Dimnah."

It is possible that both these stories were later inventions; the preface also by Ali, the son of Alshah Farési, in which the names of Bidpai and King Dabshelim are mentioned for the first time, is of later date. But the fact remains that Abdallah ibn Almo-kaffa, the author of the oldest Arabic collection of our fables, translated them from Pehlevi, the language of Persia at the time of Khosru Nushirvan, and that the Pehlevi text which he translated was believed to be a translation of a book brought from India in the middle of the sixth century. That Indian book could not have been the Pañkatantra, as we now possess it, but must have been a much larger collection of fables,

<sup>1</sup> Benfey, p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Barlaam et Joasaph*, ed. Boissonade, p. 37.

for the Arabic translation, the “Kalilah and Dimnah,” contains eighteen chapters instead of the five of the Pañkatantra, and it is only in the fifth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth chapters that we find the same stories which form the five books of the Pañkatantra in the *textus ornatior*. Even in these chapters the Arabic translator omits stories which we find in the Sanskrit text, and adds others which are not to be found there.

In this Arabic translation the story of the Brahman and the pot of rice runs as follows :—

“ A religious man was in the habit of receiving every day from the house of a merchant a certain quantity of butter (oil) and honey, of which, having eaten as much as he wanted, he put the rest into a jar, which he hung on a nail in a corner of the room, hoping that the jar would in time be filled. Now, as he was leaning back one day on his couch, with a stick in his hand, and the jar suspended over his head, he thought of the high price of butter and honey, and said to himself, ‘ I will sell what is in the jar, and buy with the money which I obtain for it ten goats, which, producing each of them a young one every five months, in addition to the produce of the kids as soon as they begin to bear, it will not be long before there is a large flock.’ He continued to make his calculations, and found that he should at this rate, in the course of two years, have more than four hundred goats. ‘ At the expiration of this term I will buy,’ said he, ‘ a hundred black cattle, in the proportion of a bull or a cow for every four goats. I will then purchase land, and hire workmen to plough it with the beasts, and put it into tillage, so that before five years are over I shall, no doubt, have realized a great fortune by the sale of the milk which the cows will give, and of the produce of my land. My next business will be to build a magnificent house, and engage a number of servants, both male and female; and, when my establishment is completed, I will marry the handsomest woman I can find, who, in due time becoming a mother, will present me with an heir to my possessions, who, as he advances in age, shall receive the best masters that can be procured; and, if the progress which he makes

in learning is equal to my reasonable expectations, I shall be amply repaid for the pains and expense which I have bestowed upon him; but if, on the other hand, he disappoints my hopes, the rod which I have here shall be the instrument with which I will make him feel the displeasure of a justly-offended parent.' At these words he suddenly raised the hand which held the stick towards the jar, and broke it, and the contents ran down upon his head and face." <sup>1</sup> . . . .

You will have observed the coincidences between the Arabic and the Sanskrit versions, but also a considerable divergence, particularly in the winding up of the story. The Brahman and the holy man both build their castles in the air; but, while the former kicks his wife, the latter only chastises his son. How this change came to pass we cannot tell. One might suppose that, at the time when the book was translated from Sanskrit into Pehlevi, or from Pehlevi into Arabic, the Sanskrit story was exactly like the Arabic story, and that it was changed afterwards. But another explanation is equally admissible, viz., that the Pehlevi or the Arabic translator wished to avoid the offensive behavior of the husband kicking his wife, and therefore substituted the son as a more deserving object of castigation.

We have thus traced our story from Sanskrit to Pehlevi, and from Pehlevi to Arabic; we have followed it in its migrations from the hermitages of Indian sages to the court of the kings of Persia, and from thence to the residence of the powerful Khalifs at Bagdad. Let us recollect that the Khalif Alman-sur, for whom the Arabic translation was made, was the contemporary of Abderrhaman, who ruled in Spain, and that both were but little anterior to Ha-

<sup>1</sup> *Kalila and Dimna; or, the Fables of Bidpai, translated from the Arabic.* By the Rev. Wyndham Knatchbull, A. M. Oxford, 1819.

run al Rashid and Charlemagne. At that time, therefore, the way was perfectly open for these Eastern fables, after they had once reached Bagdad, to penetrate into the seats of Western learning, and to spread to every part of the new empire of Charlemagne. They may have done so, for all we know; but nearly three hundred years pass before these fables meet us again in the literature of Europe. The Carovingian empire had fallen to pieces, Spain had been rescued from the Mohammedans, William the Conqueror had landed in England, and the Crusades had begun to turn the thoughts of Europe towards the East, when, about the year 1080, we hear of a Jew of the name of Symeon, the son of Seth, who translated these fables from Arabic into Greek. He states in his preface that the book came originally from India, that it was brought to the King Chosroes of Persia, and then translated into Arabic. His own translation into Greek must have been made from an Arabic MS. of the "Kalila and Dimna," in some places more perfect, in others less perfect, than the one published by De Sacy. The Greek text has been published, though very imperfectly, under the title of "Stephanites and Ichnelates."<sup>1</sup> Here our fable is told as follows (p. 337):—

"It is said that a beggar kept some honey and butter in a jar close to where he slept. One night he thus thought within himself: 'I shall sell this honey and butter for however small a sum; with it I shall buy ten goats, and these in five months will produce as many again. In five years they will become four hundred. With them I shall buy one hundred cows, and with them I shall cultivate some land. And what with their calves

<sup>1</sup> *Specimen Sapiientia Indorum Veterum, id est Liber Ethico-Politicus pervetustus, dictus Arabice Kalilah ve Dimnah, Græce Stephanites et Ichnelates, nunc primum Græce ex MS. Cod. Holsteiniano prodit cum versione Latina, opera S. G. Starkii. Berolini, 1697.*

and the harvests, I shall become rich in five years, and build a house with four wings,<sup>1</sup> ornamented with gold, and buy all kinds of servants, and marry a wife. She will give me a child, and I shall call him Beauty. It will be a boy, and I shall educate him properly; and if I see him lazy, I shall give him such a flogging with this stick. . . .’ With these words he took a stick that was near him, struck the jar, and broke it, so that the honey and milk ran down on his beard.”

This Greek translation might, no doubt, have reached La Fontaine; but as the French poet was not a great scholar, least of all a reader of Greek MSS., and as the fables of Symeon Seth were not published till 1697, we must look for other channels through which the old fable was carried along from East to West.

There is, first of all, an Italian translation of the “Stephanites and Ichnelates,” which was published at Ferrara in 1583.<sup>2</sup> The title is, “Del Governo de’ Regni. Sotto morali essempli di animali ragionanti tra loro. Trattati prima di lingua Indiana in Agarena da Lelo Demno Saraceno. Et poi dall’ Agarena nella Greca da Simeone Setto, philosopho Antiocheno. Et hora tradotti di Greco in Italiano.” This translation was probably the work of Giulio Nuti.

There is, besides, a Latin translation, or rather a free rendering of the Greek translation by the learned Jesuit, Petrus Possinus, which was published at Rome in 1666.<sup>3</sup> This may have been, and, according to some authorities, has really been one of the sources from which La Fontaine drew his inspirations. But though La Fontaine may have consulted this work

<sup>1</sup> This expression, a four-winged house, occurs also in the Pañkātāntra. As it does not occur in the Arabic text, published by De Sacy, it is clear that Symeon must have followed another Arabic text in which this adjective, belonging to the Sanskrit, and no doubt to the Pehlevi text, also, had been preserved.

<sup>2</sup> Note B, p. 190.

<sup>3</sup> Note C, p. 191.

for other fables, I do not think that he took from it the fable of Perrette and the milk-pail.

The fact is, these fables had found several other channels through which, as early as the thirteenth century, they reached the literary market of Europe, and became familiar as household words, at least among the higher and educated classes. We shall follow the course of some of these channels. First, then, a learned Jew, whose name seems to have been Joel, translated our fables from Arabic into Hebrew (1250?). His work has been preserved in one MS. at Paris, but has not yet been published, except the tenth book, which was communicated by Dr. Neubauer to Benfey's journal, "*Orient und Occident*" (vol. i. p. 658). This Hebrew translation was translated by another converted Jew, Johannes of Capua, into Latin. His translation was finished between 1263-1278, and, under the title of "*Directorium Humanæ Vitæ*," it became very soon a popular work with the select reading public of the thirteenth century.<sup>1</sup> In the "*Directorium*," and in Joel's translation, the name of Sendebar is substituted for that of Bidpay. The "*Directorium*" was translated into German at the command of Eberhard, the great Duke of Würtemberg,<sup>2</sup> and both the Latin text and the German translation occur, in repeated editions, among the rare books printed between 1480 and the end of the fifteenth century.<sup>3</sup> A Spanish translation, founded both on the German and the Latin texts, appeared at Burgos in 1493;<sup>4</sup> and from these different sources flowed in the sixteenth century the Italian

<sup>1</sup> Note D, p. 192.

<sup>2</sup> Note E p. 193.

<sup>3</sup> Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, vol. i. p. 133.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 501. Its title is: "*Exemplario contra los engaños y peligros del mundo*," *ibid.* pp. 167, 168.

renderings of Firenzuola (1548)<sup>1</sup> and Doni (1552).<sup>2</sup> As these Italian translations were repeated in French<sup>3</sup> and English, before the end of the sixteenth century, they might no doubt have supplied La Fontaine with subjects for his fables.

But, as far as we know, it was a third channel that really brought the Indian fables to the immediate notice of the French poet. A Persian poet, of the name of Nasr Allah, translated the work of Abdallah ibn Almokaffa into Persian about 1150. This Persian translation was enlarged in the fifteenth century by another Persian poet, Husain ben Ali called el Vaez, under the title of "Anvári Suhaili."<sup>4</sup> This name will be familiar to many members of the Indian Civil Service, as being one of the old Haileybury class-books which had to be construed by all who wished to gain high honors in Persia. This work, or

<sup>1</sup> *Discorsi degli animali, di Messer Agnolo Firenzuola, in prose di M. A. F.* (Firenza, 1548.)

<sup>2</sup> *La Moral Filosofia del Doni, tratta da gli antichi scrittori.* Vinegia, 1552.

*Trattati Diversi di Sendeban Indiano, filosofo morale.* Vinegia, 1552. P. 65. *Trattato Quarto.*

A woman tells her husband to wait till her son is born, and says:—

"Stava uno Romito domestico ne i monti di Brianza a far penitenza e teneva alcune cassette d' api per suo spasso, e di quelle a suoi tempi ne cavava il *Mele*, e di quello ne vendeva alcuna parte tal volta per i suoi bisogni. Avenne che un' anno ne fu una gran carestia, e egli attendeva a conservarlo, e ogni giorno lo guardava mille volte, e gli pareva cent' anni ogni hora, che e gli indugiava a empierlo di Mele," etc.

<sup>3</sup> *Le Plaisant et Facétieux Discours des Animaux, nouvellement traduit de Tuscan en François.* Lyon, 1556, par Gabriel Cottier.

*Deux Livres de Philosophie Fabuleuse, le Premier Pris des Discours de M. Ange Firenzuola, le Second Extraict des Traictez de Sandeban Indien, par Pierre de La Rivey.* Lyon, 1579.

The second book is a translation of the second part of Doni's *Filosofia Morale*.

<sup>4</sup> *The Anvar-i Suhaili, or the Lights of Canopus, being the Persian version of the Fables of Pilpay, or the Book, Kalilah and Damnah, rendered into Persian by Husain Vá'iz U'l-Káshifi, literally translated by E. B. Eastwick.* Hertford. 1854.

at least the first books of it, were translated into French by David Sahid of Ispahan, and published at Paris in 1644, under the title of "Livre des Lumières, ou, la Conduite des Rois, composé par le Sage Pilpay, Indien." This translation, we know, fell into the hands of La Fontaine, and a number of his most charming fables were certainly borrowed from it.

But Perrette with the milk-pail has not yet arrived at the end of her journey, for if we look at the "Livre des Lumières," as published at Paris, we find neither the milkmaid nor her prototype, the Brahman who kicks his wife, or the religious man who flogs his boy. That story occurs in the later chapters, which were left out in the French translation; and La Fontaine, therefore, must have met with his model elsewhere.

Remember that in all our wanderings we have not yet found the milkmaid, but only the Brahman or the religious man. What we want to know is who first brought about this metamorphosis.

No doubt La Fontaine was quite the man to seize on any jewel which was contained in the Oriental fables, to remove the cumbersome and foreign-looking setting, and then to place the principal figure in that pretty frame in which most of us have first become acquainted with it. But in this case the charmer's wand did not belong to La Fontaine, but to some forgotten worthy, whose very name it will be difficult to fix upon with certainty.

We have, as yet, traced three streams only, all starting from the Arabic translation of Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, one in the eleventh, another in the twelfth, a third in the thirteenth century, all reaching Europe,

some touching the very steps of the throne of Louis XIV., yet none of them carrying the leaf which contained the story of "Perrette," or of the "Brahman," to the threshold of La Fontaine's home. We must, therefore, try again.

After the conquest of Spain by the Mohammedans, Arabic literature had found a new home in Western Europe, and among the numerous works translated from Arabic into Latin or Spanish, we find towards the end of the thirteenth century (1289) a Spanish translation of our fables, called "*Calila é Dymna*."<sup>1</sup> In this the name of the philosopher is changed from Bidpai to Bundobel. This, or another translation from Arabic, was turned into Latin verse by Raimond de Béziers in 1313 (not published).

Lastly, we find in the same century another translation from Arabic straight into Latin verse, by Baldo, which became known under the name of "*Æsopus alter*."<sup>2</sup>

From these frequent translations, and translations of translations, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, we see quite clearly that these Indian fables were extremely popular, and were, in fact, more widely read in Europe than the Bible, or any other book. They were not only read in translations, but having been introduced into sermons,<sup>3</sup> homilies, and works on morality, they were improved upon, acclimatized, localized, moralized, till at last it is almost impossible to recognize their Oriental features under their homely disguises.

I shall give you one instance only.

Rabelais, in his "*Gargantua*," gives a long description how a man might conquer the whole world. At

<sup>1</sup> Note F, p. 194.

<sup>2</sup> Note G, p. 194.

<sup>3</sup> Note H, p. 196.

the end of this dialogue, which was meant as a satire on Charles V., we read:—

“There was there present at that time an old gentleman well experienced in the wars, a stern soldier, and who had been in many great hazards, named Echephron, who, hearing this discourse, said: ‘J’ay grand peur que toute ceste entreprise sera semblable à la farce *du pot au lait* duquel un cordavanier se faisoit riche par resverie, puis le pot cassé, n’eut de qucy disner.’”

This is clearly our story, only the Brahman has, as yet, been changed into a shoemaker only, and the pot of rice or the jar of butter and honey into a pitcher of milk. Now it is perfectly true that if a writer of the fifteenth century changed the Brahman into a shoemaker, La Fontaine might, with the same right, have replaced the Brahman by his milkmaid. Knowing that the story was current, was, in fact, common property in the fifteenth century, nay, even at a much earlier date, we might really be satisfied after having brought the germs of “Perrette” within easy reach of La Fontaine. But, fortunately, we can make at least one step further, a step of about two centuries. This step backwards brings us to the thirteenth century, and there we find our old Indian friend again, and this time really changed into a milkmaid. The book I refer to is written in Latin, and is called, “*Dialogus Creaturarum optime moralizatus;*” in English, the “*Dialogue of Creatures moralized.*” It was a book intended to teach the principles of Christian morality by examples taken from ancient fables. It was evidently a most successful book, and was translated into several modern languages. There is an old translation of it in English, first printed by Rastell,<sup>1</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> *Dialogues of Creatures moralysed*, sm. 4to, circ. 1517. It is generally attributed to the press of John Rastell, but the opinion of Mr. Hasle

afterwards repeated in 1816. I shall read you from it the fable in which, as far as I can find, the milkmaid appears for the first time on the stage, surrounded already by much of that scenery which, four hundred years later, received its last touches at the hand of La Fontaine.

“DIALOGO C. (p. cexxiii.) For as it is but madnesse to trust to moche in surete, so it is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys, for vayne be all erthly thinges longynge to men, as sayth Davyd, Psal. xciiii : Wher of it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyvered to her mayden a *galon of mylke* to sell at a cite, and by the way, as she sate and restid her by a dych side, she began to thinke that with the money of the mylke she wold bye an henne, the which shulde bringe forth chekyns, and when they were growyn to hennys she wolde sell them and by piggis, and eschaunge them in to shepe, and the shepe in to oxen, and so whan she was come to richesse she sholde be maried right worshipfully unto some worthy man, and thus she reioycid. And whan she was thus mervelously comfortid and ravished inwardly in her secrete solace, thinkynge with howe greate ioye she shuld be ledde towarde the chyrche with her husband on horsebacke, she sayde to her self : ‘Goo we, goo we.’ Sodaynye she smote the ground with her fote, myndynge to spurre the horse, but her fote slypped, and she fell in the dych, and there lay all her mylke, and so she was farre from her purpose, and never had that she hopid to have.”<sup>1</sup>

wood, in his preface to the reprint of 1816, that the book was printed on the continent, is perhaps the correct one. (*Quaritch's Catalogue*, July, 1870.)

<sup>1</sup> The Latin text is more simple : “Unde cum quedam domina dedisset ancille sue lac ut venderet et lac portaret ad urbem iuxta fossatum cogitare cepit quod de p̄cio lactis emerit gallinam quæ faceret pullos quos auctos in gallinas venderet et porcellos emeret eosque mutaret in oves et ipsas in boves. Sic que ditata contraheret cum aliquo nobili et sic gloriabatur. Et cum sic gloriaretur et cogitaret cum quanta gloria duceretur ad illum virum super equum dicendo gio gio cepit pede percutere terram quasi pungeret equum calcaribus. Sed tunc lubricatus est pes ejus et cecidit in fossatum effundendo lac. Sic enim non habuit quod se adepturam sperabat.” *Dialogus Creaturarum optime moralizatus* (ascribed to Nicolaus Pergaminus, supposed to have lived in the thirteenth century). He quotes Elynandus, in *Gestis Romanorum*. First edition, “per Gerardum .eeu in oppido Goudansi inceptum; munere Dei finitus est, Anno Domini, 1480.”

Here we have arrived at the end of our journey. It has been a long journey across fifteen or twenty centuries, and I am afraid our following Perrette from country to country, and from language to language, may have tired some of my hearers. I shall, therefore, not attempt to fill the gap that divides the fable of the thirteenth century from La Fontaine. Suffice it to say, that the milkmaid, having once taken the place of the Brahman, maintained it against all comers. We find her as Dona Truhana, in the famous "Conde Lucanor," the work of the Infante Don Juan Manuel,<sup>1</sup> who died in 1347, the grandson of St. Ferdinand, the nephew of Alfonso the Wise, though himself not a king, yet more powerful than a king; renowned both by his sword and by his pen, and possibly not ignorant of Arabic, the language of his enemies. We find her again in the "Contes et Nouvelles" of Bonaventure des Periers, published in the sixteenth century, a book which we know that La Fontaine was well acquainted with. We find her after La Fontaine in all the languages of Europe.<sup>2</sup>

You see now before your eyes the bridge on which our fables came to us from East to West. The same bridge which brought us Perrette brought us hundreds of fables, all originally sprung up in India, many of them carefully collected by Buddhist priests, and preserved in their sacred canon, afterwards handed on to the Brahminic writers of a later age, carried by Barzûyeh from India to the court of

<sup>1</sup> Note I, p. 197.

<sup>2</sup> My learned German translator, Dr. Felix Liebrecht, says in a note: "Other books in which our story appears before La Fontaine are *Esopus*, by Burkhard Waldis, ed. H. Kurz, Leipzig, 1862, ii. 177; note to *Des Bettlers Kaufmannschaft*; and Oesterley, in Kirchoff's *Wendunmuth*, v. 44, note to i. 171, *Vergebene Anschleg reich zuwerden* (Bibl. des liter Vereins zu Stuttg. No. 99).



Persia, then to the courts of the Khalifs at Bagdad and Cordova, and of the emperors at Constantinople. Some of them, no doubt, perished on their journey, others were mixed up together, others were changed till we should hardly know them again. Still, if you once know the eventful journey of Perrette, you know the journey of all the other fables that belong to this Indian cycle. Few of them have gone through so many changes, few of them have found so many friends, whether in the courts of kings or in the huts of beggars. Few of them have been to places where Perrette has not also been. This is why I selected her and her passage through the world as the best illustration of a subject which otherwise would require a whole course of lectures to do it justice.

But though our fable represents one large class or cluster of fables, it does not represent all. There were several collections, besides the *Pankatantra*, which found their way from India to Europe. The most important among them is the "Book of the Seven Wise Masters, or the Book of Sindbad," the history of which has lately been written, with great learning and ingenuity, by Signor Comparetti.<sup>1</sup>

These large collections of fables and stories mark what may be called the high roads on which the literary products of the East were carried to the West. But there are, beside these high roads, some smaller, less trodden paths on which single fables, sometimes mere proverbs, similes, or metaphors, have come to us from India, from Persepolis, from Damascus and Bagdad. I have already alluded to the powerful influence which Arabic literature exercised on Western Europe through Spain. Again, a most

<sup>1</sup> *Ricerche intorno al Libro di Sindibad.* Milano, 1869.

active interchange of Eastern and Western ideas took place at a later time during the progress of the Crusades. Even the inroads of Mongolian tribes into Russia and the East of Europe kept up a literary bartering between Oriental and Occidental nations.

But few would have suspected a Father of the Church as an importer of Eastern fables. Yet so it is.

At the court of the same Khalif Almansur, where Abdallah ibn Almokaffa translated the fables of Calila and Dimna from Persian into Arabic, there lived a Christian of the name of Sergius, who for many years held the high office of treasurer to the Khalif. He had a son to whom he gave the best education that could then be given, his chief tutor being one Cosmas, an Italian monk, who had been taken prisoner by the Saracens, and sold as a slave at Bagdad. After the death of Sergius, his son succeeded him for some time as chief councillor (*πρωτοσύμβουλος*) to the Khalif Almansur. Such, however, had been the influence of the Italian monk on his pupil's mind, that he suddenly resolved to retire from the world, and to devote himself to study, meditation, and pious works. From the monastery of St. Saba, near Jerusalem, this former minister of the Khalif issued the most learned works on theology, particularly his "Exposition of the Orthodox Faith." He soon became the highest authority on matters of dogma in the Eastern Church, and he still holds his place among the saints both of the Eastern and Western Churches. His name was Joannes, and from being born at Damascus, the former capital of the Khalifs, he is best known in history as Joannes Damascenus, or St. John of Damascus. He must

have known Arabic, and probably Persian; but his mastery of Greek earned him, later in life, the name of Chrysorrhoas, or Gold-flowing. He became famous as the defender of the sacred images, and as the determined opponent of the Emperor Leo the Isaurian, about 726. It is difficult in his life to distinguish between legend and history, but that he had held high office at the court of the Khalif Almansur, that he boldly opposed the iconoclastic policy of the Emperor Leo, and that he wrote the most learned theological works of his time, cannot be easily questioned.

Among the works ascribed to him is a story called "Barlaam and Joasaph."<sup>1</sup> There has been a fierce controversy as to whether he was the author of it or not. Though for our own immediate purposes it would be of little consequence whether the book was written by Joannes Damascenus or by some less distinguished ecclesiastic, I must confess that the arguments hitherto adduced against his authorship seem to me very weak.

The Jesuits did not like the book, because it was

<sup>1</sup> The Greek text was first published in 1832 by Boissonade, in his *Anecdota Græca*, vol. iv. The title, as given in some MSS. is: 'Ἱστορία ψυχωφελῆς ἐκ τῆς ἐνδοτέρας τῶν Διθιόπων χώρας, τῆς Ἰνδῶν λεγομένης, πρὸς τὴν ἁγίαν πόλιν μετενεχθεῖσα διὰ Ἰωάννου τοῦ μοναχοῦ [other MSS. read, συγγραφείσα παρὰ τοῦ ἁγίου πατρὸς ἡμῶν Ἰωάννου τοῦ Δαμασκηνοῦ], ἀνδρὸς τιμίου καὶ ἐναρέτου μονῆς τοῦ ἁγίου Σάβα' ἐν ᾗ ὁ βίος Βαρλαάμ καὶ Ἰωάσαφ τῶν ἀοιδίμων καὶ μακαρίων. Joannes Monachus occurs as the name of the author in other works of Joannes Damascenus. See Leo Allatius, *Prolegomena*, p. L., in *Damasceni Opera Omnia*. Ed. Lequien, 1748. Venice.

At the end the author says: 'Ἐως ὧδε τὸ πέρας τοῦ παρόντος λόγου, ἐν κατὰ δύναμιν ἐμῆν γεγράφηκα, καθὼς ἀκήκοα παρὰ τῶν ἀψευδῶς παραδεδωκότων μοι τιμίων ἀνδρῶν. Γένοιτο δὲ ἡμᾶς, τοὺς ἀναγινώσκοντάς τε καὶ ἀκούοντάς τιν ἐν ψυχωφελῇ διήγησιν ταύτην, τῆς μερίδος ἀξιωθῆναι τῶν εὐαρεστησάντων τῷ κυρίῳ εὐχαίς καὶ προσβείαις Βαρλαάμ καὶ Ἰωάσαφ τῶν μακαρίων, περὶ ὧν ἡ διήγησις. See also Wiener, *Jahrbücher*, vol. lxiii. pp. 44-83; vol. lxxii. pp. 274-288; vol. lxxiii. pp. 176-202.

a religious novel. They pointed to a passage in which the Holy Ghost is represented as proceeding from the Father "and the Son," as incompatible with the creed of an Eastern ecclesiastic. That very passage, however, has now been proved to be spurious; and it should be borne in mind, besides, that the controversy on the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, or from the Father through the Son, dates a century later than Joannes. The fact, again, that the author does not mention Mohammedanism,<sup>1</sup> proves nothing against the authorship of Joannes, because, as he places Barlaam and Joasaph in the early centuries of Christianity, he would have ruined his story by any allusion to Mohammed's religion, then only a hundred years old. Besides, he had written a separate work, in which the relative merits of Christianity and Mohammedanism are discussed. The prominence given to the question of the worship of images shows that the story could not have been written much before the time of Joannes Damascenus, and there is nothing in the style of our author that could be pointed out as incompatible with the style of the great theologian. On the contrary, the author of "Barlaam and Joasaph" quotes the same authors whom Joannes Damascenus quotes most frequently — *e. g.*, Basilus and Gregorius Nazianzenus. And no one but Joannes could have taken long passages from his own works without saying where he borrowed them.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Littré, *Journal des Savants*, 1865, p. 337.

<sup>2</sup> The *Martyrologium Romanum*, whatever its authority may be, states distinctly that the acts of Barlaam and Josaphat were written by Sanctus Joannes Damascenus. "Apud Indos Persis finitimos sanctorum Barlaam et Josaphat, quorum actus mirandos sanctus Joannes Damascenus conscripsit." See Leonis Allatii Prolegomena, in *Joannis Damasceni Opera*,

The story of "Barlaam and Joasaph" -- or, as he is more commonly called, Josaphat — may be told in a few words: "A king in India, an enemy and persecutor of the Christians, has an only son. The astrologers have predicted that he would embrace the new doctrine. His father, therefore, tries by all means in his power to keep him ignorant of the miseries of the world, and to create in him a taste for pleasure and enjoyment. A Christian hermit, however, gains access to the prince, and instructs him in the doctrines of the Christian religion. The young prince is not only baptized, but resolves to give up up all his earthly riches; and after having converted his own father and many of his subjects, he follows his teacher into the desert."

The real object of the book is to give a simple exposition of the principal doctrines of the Christian religion. It also contains a first attempt at comparative theology, for in the course of the story there is a disputation on the merits of the principal religions of the world — the Chaldæan, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Jewish, and the Christian. But one of the chief attractions of this manual of Christian theology consisted in a number of fables and parables with which it is enlivened. Most of them have been traced to an Indian source. I shall mention one only which has found its way into almost every literature of the world: <sup>1</sup> —

"A man was pursued by a unicorn, and while he tried to flee from it, he fell into a pit. In falling he stretched out both his

ed. Lequien, vol. i. p. xxvi. He adds: "Et Gennadius Patriarcha per Concil. Florent. cap. 5: οὐχ ἤττον δὲ καὶ ὁ Ἰωάννης ὁ μέγας τοῦ Δαμασκοῦ ἰφθ αλμῶς ἐν τῷ βίῳ Βαρλαάμ καὶ Ἰωσάφατ τῶν Ἰνδῶν μαρτυρεῖ λέγων."

<sup>1</sup> The story of the caskets, well known from the *Merchant of Venice*, occurs in *Barlaam and Josaphat*, though it is used there for a different purpose.

arms, and laid hold of a small tree that was growing on one side of the pit. Having gained a firm footing, and holding to the tree, he fancied he was safe, when he saw two mice, a black and a white one, busy gnawing the root of the tree to which he was clinging. Looking down into the pit, he perceived a horrid dragon with his mouth wide open, ready to devour him, and when examining the place on which his feet rested, the heads of four serpents glared at him. Then he looked up, and observed drops of honey falling down from the tree to which he clung. Suddenly the unicorn, the dragon, the mice, and the serpents were all forgotten, and his mind was intent only on catching the drops of sweet honey trickling down from the tree."

An explanation is hardly required. The unicorn is Death, always chasing man; the pit is the world; the small tree is man's life, constantly gnawed by the black and the white mouse — *i. e.*, by night and day; the four serpents are the four elements which compose the human body; the dragon below is meant for the jaws of hell. Surrounded by all these horrors, man is yet able to forget them all, and to think only of the pleasures of life, which, like a few drops of honey, fall into his mouth from the tree of life.<sup>1</sup>

But what is still more curious is, that the author of "Barlaam and Josaphat" has evidently taken his very hero, the Indian Prince Josaphat, from an Indian source. In the "Lalita Vistara" — the life, though no doubt the legendary life, of Buddha — the father of Buddha is a king. When his son is born, the Brahman Asita predicts that he will rise to great glory, and become either a powerful king, or, renouncing the throne and embracing the life of a hermit

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, vol. i. p. 80; vol. ii. p. 528; *Les Avadanas, Contes et Apologues indiens*, par Stanislas Julien, i. pp. 132, 191; *Gesta Romanorum*, cap. 168; *Homáyun Naméh*, cap. iv.; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, pp. 758, 759; Liebrecht, *Jahrbücher für Rom. und Engl. Literatur*, 1860.

become a Buddha.<sup>1</sup> The great object of his father is to prevent this. He therefore keeps the young prince, when he grows up, in his garden and palaces, surrounded by all pleasures which might turn his mind from contemplation to enjoyment. More especially he is to know nothing of illness, old age, and death, which might open his eyes to the misery and unreality of life. After a time, however, the prince receives permission to drive out; and then follow the four drives,<sup>2</sup> so famous in Buddhist history. The places where these drives took place were commemorated by towers still standing in the time of Fa Hian's visit to India, early in the fifth century after Christ, and even in the time of Hiouen Tshang, in the seventh century. I shall read you a short account of the three drives: <sup>3</sup>—

“ One day when the prince with a large retinue was driving through the eastern gate of the city, on the way to one of his parks, he met on the road an old man, broken and decrepit. One could see the veins and muscles over the whole of his body, his teeth chattered, he was covered with wrinkles, bald, and hardly able to utter hollow and unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick, and all his limbs and joints trembled. ‘ Who is that man?’ said the prince to his coachman. ‘ He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth chatter, his body is wasted away; leaning on his stick, he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?’

“ ‘ Sir,’ replied the coachman, ‘ that man is sinking under old age, his senses have become obtuse, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support and useless, and people have abandoned him, like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family.

<sup>1</sup> *Lalita Vistara*, ed. Calcutt., p. 126.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 225.

<sup>3</sup> See M. M.'s *Chips from a German Workshop*, Amer. ed., vol. i. p. 207

In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends, will come to the same state; this is the appointed end of all creatures.'

" 'Alas!' replied the prince, 'are creatures so ignorant, so weak and foolish as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing the old age which awaits them? As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn my chariot quickly. What have I, the future prey of old age — what have I to do with pleasure?'" And the young prince returned to the city without going to the park.

"Another time the prince was driving through the southern gate to his pleasure-garden, when he perceived on the road a man suffering from illness, parched with fever, his body wasted, covered with mud, without a friend, without a home, hardly able to breathe, and frightened at the sight of himself, and the approach of death. Having questioned his coachman, and received from him the answer which he expected, the young prince said, 'Alas! health is but the sport of a dream, and the fear of suffering must take this frightful form. Where is the wise man who, after having seen what he is, could any longer think of joy and pleasure?' The prince turned his chariot, and returned to the city.

"A third time he was driving to his pleasure-garden through the western gate, when he saw a dead body on the road, lying on a bier and covered with a cloth. The friends stood about crying, sobbing, tearing their hair, covering their heads with dust, striking their breasts, and uttering wild cries. The prince, again, calling his coachman to witness this painful scene, exclaimed, 'Oh, woe to youth, which must be destroyed by old age! Woe to health, which must be destroyed by so many diseases! Woe to this life, where a man remains so short a time! If there were no old age, no disease, no death; if these could be made captive forever!' Then, betraying for the first time his intentions, the young prince said, 'Let us turn back, I must think how to accomplish deliverance.'

"A last meeting put an end to hesitation. He was driving through the northern gate on the way to his pleasure-gardens, when he saw a mendicant, who appeared outwardly calm, subdued, looking downwards, wearing with an air of dignity his religious vestment, and carrying an alms-bowl.

" 'Who is that man?' asked the prince.

“ ‘ Sir,’ replied the coachman, ‘ this man is one of those who are called Bhikshus, or mendicants. He has renounced all pleasures, all desires, and leads a life of austerity. He tries to conquer himself. He has become a devotee. Without passion, without envy, he walks about asking for alms.’

“ ‘ This is good and well said,’ replied the prince. ‘ The life of a devotee has always been praised by the wise. It will be my refuge, and the refuge of other creatures; it will lead us to a real life, to happiness and immortality.’

“ With these words the young prince turned his chariot, and returned to the city.”

If we now compare the story of Joannes of Damascus, we find that the early life of Josaphat is exactly the same as that of Buddha. His father is a king, and after the birth of his son, an astrologer predicts that he will rise to glory; not, however, in his own kingdom, but in a higher and better one; in fact, that he will embrace the new and persecuted religion of the Christians. Everything is done to prevent this. He is kept in a beautiful palace, surrounded by all that is enjoyable; and great care is taken to keep him in ignorance of sickness, old age, and death. After a time, however, his father gives him leave to drive out. On one of his drives he sees two men, one maimed, the other blind. He asks what they are, and is told that they are suffering from disease. He then inquires whether all men are liable to disease, and whether it is known beforehand who will suffer from disease and who will be free; and when he hears the truth, he becomes sad, and returns home. Another time, when he drives out, he meets an old man with wrinkled face and shaking legs, bent down, with white hair, his teeth gone, and his voice faltering. He asks again what all this means, and is told that this is what happens

to all men ; and that no one can escape old age, and that in the end all men must die. Thereupon he returns home to meditate on death, till at last a hermit appears,<sup>1</sup> and opens before his eyes a higher view of life, as contained in the Gospel of Christ.

No one, I believe, can read these two stories without feeling convinced that one was borrowed from the other ; and as Fa Hian, three hundred years before John of Damascus, saw the towers which commemorated the three drives of Buddha still standing among the ruins of the royal city of Kapilavastu, it follows that the Greek father borrowed his subject from the Buddhist scriptures. Were it necessary, it would be easy to point out still more minute coincidences between the life of Josaphat and of Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist religion. Both in the end convert their royal fathers, both fight manfully against the assaults of the flesh and the devil, both are regarded as saints before they die. Possibly even a proper name may have been transferred from the sacred canon of the Buddhists to the pages of the Greek writer. The driver who conducts Buddha when he flees by night from his palace where he leaves his wife, his only son, and all his treasures, in order to devote himself to a contemplative life, is called Chandaka, in Burmese, Sanna.<sup>2</sup> The friend and companion of Barlaam is called Zardan.<sup>3</sup> Rei-

<sup>1</sup> Minayeff, *Mélanges Asiatiques*, vi. 5, p. 584, remarks : " According to a legend in the *Mahāvastu* of Yasas or Yasoda (in a less complete form to be found in Schiefner, *Eine tibetische Lebensbeschreibung Sākyamunis*, p. 247 ; Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 187 ; Bigandet, *The Life or Legend of Gaudama*, p. 113), a merchant appears in Yosoda's house, the night before he has the dream which induces him to leave his paternal house, and proclaims to him the true doctrine.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, vol. iii. p. 21.

<sup>3</sup> In some places one might almost believe that Joannes Damascenus did not only hear the story of Buddha, as he says, from the mouth of people

naud in his "Mémoire sur l'Inde," p. 91 (1849), was the first, it seems, to point out that Youdasf, mentioned by Massoudi as the founder of the Sabæan religion, and Youasaf, mentioned as the founder of Buddhism by the author of the "Kitáb-al-Fihrist," are both meant for Bodhisattva, a corruption quite intelligible with the system of transcribing that name with Persian letters. Professor Benfey has identified Theudas, the sorcerer in "Barlaam and Joasaph," with the Devadatta of the Buddhist scriptures.<sup>1</sup>

How palpable these coincidences are between the two stories is best shown by the fact that they were pointed out, independently of each other, by scholars in France, Germany, and England. I place France first, because in point of time M. Laboulaye was the first who called attention to it in one of his charming articles in the "Débats."<sup>2</sup> A more detailed com-

who had brought it to him from India, but that he had before him the very text of the *Lalita Vistara*. Thus in the account of the three or four drives we find indeed that the Buddhist canon represents Buddha as seeing on three successive drives, first an old, then a sick, and at last a dying man, while Joannes makes Joasaph meet two men on his first drive, one maimed, the other blind, and an old man, who is nearly dying, on his second drive. So far there is a difference which might best be explained by admitting the account given by Joannes Damascenus himself, viz: that the story was brought from India, and that it was simply told him by worthy and truthful men. But, if it was so, we have here another instance of the tenacity with which oral tradition is able to preserve the most minute points of the story. The old man is described by a long string of adjectives both in Greek and in Sanskrit, and many of them are strangely alike. The Greek γέρων, old, corresponds to the Sanskrit *gīrṇa*; πεπαλαιώμενος, aged, is Sanskrit *vṛiddha*; ἔρρικνύμενος τὸ πρόσωπον, shriveled in his face, is *balinīkitakāya*, the body covered with wrinkles; παρείμενος τὰς κνήμας, weak in his knees, is *pravedhayamānaḥ sarvāṅgapratyangaiḥ*, trembling in all his limbs; συγκεκυφώς, bent, is *kubga*; πεπολιώμενος, gray, is *palitakesa*; ἔστερήμενος τοὺς ὀδόντας, toothless, is *khanda-danta*; ἐγκεκομένα λαλῶν, stammering, is *khurakhurāvasaktakantḥa*.

<sup>1</sup> *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, vol. xxiv p. 480.

<sup>2</sup> *Débats*, 1859, 21 and 26 Juillet.

parison was given by Dr. Liebrecht.<sup>1</sup> And, lastly, Mr. Beal, in his translation of the "Travels of Fa Hian,"<sup>2</sup> called attention to the same fact — viz., that the story of Josaphat was borrowed from the "Life of Buddha." I could mention the names of two or three scholars besides who happened to read the two books, and who could not help seeing, what was as clear as daylight, that Joannes Damascenus took the principal character of his religious novel from the "Lalita Vistara," one of the sacred books of the Buddhists; but the merit of having been the first belongs to M. Laboulaye.

This fact is, no doubt, extremely curious in the history of literature; but there is another fact connected with it which is more than curious, and I wonder that it has never been pointed out before. It is well known that the story of "Barlaam and Josaphat" became a most popular book during the Middle Ages. In the East it was translated into Syriac(?), Arabic, Ethiopic, Armenian, and Hebrew; in the West it exists in Latin, French, Italian, German, English, Spanish, Bohemian, and Polish. As early as 1204, a King of Norway translated it into Icelandic, and at a later time it was translated by a Jesuit missionary into Tagala, the classical language of the Philippine Islands. But this is not all, Barlaam and Josaphat have actually risen to the rank of saints, both in the Eastern and in the Western churches. In the Eastern church the 26th of August is the saints' day of Barlaam and Josaphat; in the

<sup>1</sup> *Die Quellen des Barlaam und Josaphat, in Jahrbuch für roman. und engl. Litteratur*, vol. ii. p. 314, 1860.

<sup>2</sup> *Travels of Fah-hian and Sung-yun, Buddhist Pilgrims from China to India.* (400 A. D. and 518 A. D.) Translated from the Chinese by Samuel Beal. London, Trübner & Co. 1869.

Roman Martyrologium, the 27th of November is assigned to them.

There have been from time to time misgivings about the historical character of these two saints. Leo Allatius, in his "Prolegomena," ventured to ask the question, whether the story of "Barlaam and Josaphat" was more real than the "Cyropædia" of Xenophon, or the "Utopia" of Thomas More; but, *en bon Catholique*, he replied, that as Barlaam and Josaphat were mentioned, not only in the *Menæa* of the Greek, but also in the Martyrologium of the Roman Church, he could not bring himself to believe that their history was imaginary. Billius thought that to doubt the concluding words of the author, who says that he received the story of "Barlaam and Josaphat" from men incapable of falsehood, would be to trust more in one's own suspicions than in Christian charity, which believeth all things. Belarminus thought he could prove the truth of the story by the fact that, at the end of it, the author himself invokes the two saints Barlaam and Josaphat! Leo Allatius admitted, indeed, that some of the speeches and conversations occurring in the story might be the work of Joannes Damascenus, because Josaphat, having but recently been converted, could not have quoted so many passages from the Bible. But he implies that even this could be explained, because the Holy Ghost might have taught St. Josaphat what to say. At all events, Leo has no mercy for those "quibus omnia sub sanctorum nomine prodita male olent, quemadmodum de sanctis Georgio, Christophoro, Hippolyto, Catarina, aliisque nusquam eos in rerum natura extitisse impudentissime nugantur." The Bishop of Avranches had likewise his doubts

but he calmed them by saying : " Non pas que je veuille soustenir que tout en soit supposé : il y auroit de la témérité à desavouer qu'il y ait jamais eû de Barlaam ni de Josaphat. Le témoignage du Martyrologe, qui les met au nombre des Saints, et leur intercession que Saint Jean Damascene reclame à la fin de cette histoire ne permettent pas d'en douter." <sup>1</sup>

With us the question as to the historical or purely imaginary character of Josaphat has assumed a new and totally different aspect. We willingly accept the statement of Joannes Damascenus that the story of " Barlaam and Josaphat " was told him by men who came from India. We know that in India a story was current of a prince who lived in the sixth century B. C., a prince of whom it was predicted that he would resign the throne, and devote his life to meditation, in order to rise to the rank of a Buddha. The story tells us that his father did everything to prevent this ; that he kept him in a palace secluded from the world, surrounded by all that makes life enjoyable ; and that he tried to keep him in ignorance of sickness, old age, and death. We know from the same story that at last the young prince obtained permission to drive into the country, and that, by meeting an old man, a sick man, and a corpse, his eyes were opened to the unreality of life, and the vanity of this life's pleasures ; that he escaped from his palace, and, after defeating the assaults of all adversaries, became the founder of a new religion. This is the story, it may be the legendary story, but at all events the recognized story of Gautama Sâkyamuni, best known to us under the name of Buddha.

If, then, Joannes Damascenus tells the same story,

<sup>1</sup> Littré, *Journal des Savants* 1865, p. 337.

only putting the name of Joasaph or Josaphat, *i. e.*, Bodhisattva, in the place of Buddha; if all that is human and personal in the life of St. Josaphat is taken from the "Lalita Vistara"—what follows? It follows that, in the same sense in which La Fontaine's Perrette is the Brahman of the Pañkatantra, St. Josaphat is the Buddha of the Buddhist canon. It follows that Buddha has become a saint in the Roman Church; it follows that, though under a different name, the sage of Kapilavastu, the founder of a religion which, whatever we may think of its dogma, is, in the purity of its morals, nearer to Christianity than any other religion, and which counts even now, after an existence of 2,400 years, 455,000,000 of believers, has received the highest honors that the Christian Church can bestow. And whatever we may think of the sanctity of saints, let those who doubt the right of Buddha to a place among them read the story of his life as it is told in the Buddhist canon. If he lived the life which is there described, few saints have a better claim to the title than Buddha; and no one either in the Greek or in the Roman Church need be ashamed of having paid to Buddha's memory the honor that was intended for St. Josaphat, the prince, the hermit, and the saint.

History, here as elsewhere, is stranger than fiction; and a kind fairy, whom men call Chance, has here, as elsewhere, remedied the ingratitude and injustice of the world.

## APPENDIX.

I AM enabled to add here a short account of an important discovery made by Professor Benfey with regard to the Syriac translation of our Collection of Fables. Doubts had been expressed by Sylvestre de Sacy and others, as to the existence of this translation, which was mentioned for the first time in Ebedjesu's catalogue of Syriac writers published by Abraham Ecchellensis, and again later by Assemani ("Biblioth. Orient.," tom. iii. part 1, p. 219). M. Renan, on the contrary, had shown that the title of this translation, as transmitted to us, "Kalilag and Damnag," was a guarantee of its historical authenticity. As a final k in Pehlevi becomes h in modern Persian, a title such as "Kalilag and Damnag," answering to "Kalilak and Damanak" in Pehlevi, in Sanskrit "Karataka and Damanaka," could only have been borrowed from the Persian before the Mohammedan era. Now that the interesting researches of Professor Benfey on this subject have been rewarded by the happy discovery of a Syriac translation, there remains but one point to be cleared up, viz., whether this is really the translation made by Bud Periodeutes, and whether this same translation was made, as Ebedjesu affirms, from the Indian text, or, as M. Renan supposes, from a Pehlevi version. I insert the account which Professor Benfey himself gave of his discovery in the Supplement to the "Allgemeine Zeitung" of July 12, 1871, and I may add that both text and translation are nearly ready for publication (1875).

### *The oldest MS. of the Panchatantra.*

GOTTINGEN, July 6, 1871.

The account I am about to give will recall the novel of our celebrated compatriot Freytag ("Die verlorene Hand-

schrift," or "The Lost MS."), but with this essential difference, that we are not here treating of a creation of the imagination, but of a real fact; not of the MS. of a work of which many other copies exist, but of an unique specimen; in short, of the MS. of a work which, on the faith of one single mention, was believed to have been composed thirteen centuries ago. This mention, however, appeared to many critical scholars so untrustworthy, that they looked upon it as the mere result of confusion. Another most important difference is, that this search, which has lasted three years, has been followed by the happiest results: it has brought to light a MS. which, even in this century, rich in important discoveries, deserves to be ranked as of the highest value. We have acquired in this MS. the oldest specimen preserved to our days of a work, which, as translated into various languages, has been more widely disseminated and has had a greater influence on the development of civilization than any other work, excepting the Bible.

But to the point.

Through the researches, which I have published in my edition of the *Pantschatantra*,<sup>1</sup> it is known that about the sixth century of our era, a work existed in India, which treated of deep political questions under the form of fables, in which the actors were animals. It contained various chapters, but these subdivisions were not, as had been hitherto believed, eleven to thirteen in number, but, as the MS. just found shows most clearly, there were at least twelve, perhaps thirteen or fourteen. This work was afterwards so entirely altered in India, that five of these divisions were separated from the other six or nine, and much enlarged, whilst the remaining ones were entirely set aside. This apparently curtailed, but really enlarged edi-

<sup>1</sup> *Pantschatantra; Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen. Aus dem Sanskrit übersetzt mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen.* 2 Theile, Leipzig, 1859; and particularly in the first part, the introduction, called "Ueber das Indische Grundwerk, und dessen Ausflüsse, so wie über die Quellen und die Verbreitung des Inhalts derselben."

tion of the old work, is the Sanskrit book so well known as the *Pantschatantra*, "The Five Books." It soon took the place, on its native soil, of the old work, causing the irreparable loss of the latter in India.

But before this change of the old work had been effected in its own land, it had, in the first half of the sixth century, been carried to Persia, and translated into Pehlevi under King Chosru Nuschirvan (531-579). According to the researches which I have described in my book already quoted, the results of which are fully confirmed by the newly discovered MS., it cannot be doubted that, if this translation had been preserved, we should have in it a faithful reproduction of the original Indian work, from which, by various modifications, the *Pantschatantra* is derived. But unfortunately this Pehlevi translation, like its Indian original, is irretrievably lost.

But it is known to have been translated into Arabic in the eighth century by a native of Persia, by name Abdallah ibn Almokaffa (d. 760), who had embraced Islamism, and it acquired, partly in this language, partly in translations and retranslations from it (apart from the recensions in India, which penetrated to East, North, and South Asia,) that extensive circulation which has caused it to exercise the greatest influence on civilization in Western Asia, and throughout Europe.

Besides this translation into Pehlevi, there was, according to one account, another, also of the sixth century, in Syriac. This account we owe to a Nestorian writer, who lived in the thirteenth century. He mentions in his catalogue of authors<sup>1</sup> a certain Bud Periodeutes, who probably about 570 had to inspect the Nestorian communities in Persia and India, and who says that, in addition to other books which he names, "he translated the book 'Qalilag and Damnag' from the Indian."

Until three years ago, not the faintest trace of this old

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Assemani, *Biblioth. Orient.* iii: 1, 220, and Renan, in the *Journal Asiatique*, Cinq. Série, t. vii. 1856, p. 251.

Syrian translation was to be found, and the celebrated Orientalist, Silvestre de Sacy, in the historical memoir which he prefixed to his edition of the Arabic translation, "Calila and Dimna" (Paris, 1816), thought himself justified in seeing in this mention a mere confusion between Bar-zûyeh, the Pehlevi translator, and a Nestorian Monk.

The first trace of this Syriac version was found in May, 1868. On the sixth of that month, Professor Bickell of Münster, the diligent promoter of Syrian philology, wrote to tell me that he had heard from a Syrian Archdeacon from Urumia, Jochannân bar Bâbisch, who had visited Münster in the spring to collect alms, and had returned there again in May, that, some time previously, several Chaldæan priests who had been visiting the Christians of St. Thomas in India, had brought back with them some copies of this Syriac translation, and had given them to the Catholic Patriarch in Elkosh (near Mossul). He had received one of these.

Though the news appeared so unbelievable and the character of the Syrian priest little calculated to inspire confidence in his statements, it still seemed to me of sufficient importance for me to ask my friends to make further inquiries in India, where other copies ought still to be in existence. Even were the result but a decided negative, it would be a gain to science. These inquiries had no effect in proving the truth of the archdeacon's assertions; but, at the same time, they did not disprove them. It would of course have been more natural to make inquiries among the Syrians. But from want of friends and from other causes, which I shall mention further on, I could hardly hope for any certain results, and least of all, that if the MS. really existed, I could obtain it, or a copy of it.

The track thus appeared to be lost, and not possible to be followed up, when, after the lapse of nearly two years, Professor Bickell, in a letter of February 22, 1870, drew my attention to the fact that the Chaldæan Patriarch, Jussuf Audo, who, according to Jochannân bar Bâbisch, was ir

possession of that translation, was now in Rome, as member of the Council summoned by the Pope.

Through Dr. Schöll of Weimar, then in Rome, and one Italian savant, Signor Ignazio Guidi, I was put into communication with the Patriarch, and with another Chaldæan priest, Bishop Qajjât, and received communications, the latest of June 11, 1870, which indeed proved the information of Jochannân bar Bâbisch to be entirely untrustworthy; but at the same time pointed to the probable existence of a MS. of the Syriac translation at Mardîn.

I did not wait for the last letters, which might have saved the discoverer much trouble, but might also have frustrated the whole inquiry; but, as soon as I had learnt the place where the MS. might be, I wrote, May 6, 1870, exactly two years after the first trace of the MS. had been brought to light, to my former pupil and friend, Dr. Albert Socin of Basle, who was then in Asia on a scientific expedition, begging him to make the most careful inquiries in Mardîn about this MS., and especially to satisfy himself whether it had been derived from the Arabian translation, or was independent of and older than the latter. We will let Dr. Socin, the discoverer of the MS., tell us himself of his efforts and their results.

“I received your letter of May 6, 1870, a few days ago, by Bagdad and Mossul, at Yacho on the Chabôras. You say that you had heard that the book was in the library at Mardîn. I must own that I doubted seriously the truth of the information, for Oriental Christians always say that they possess every possible book, whilst in reality they have but few. I found this on my journey through the ‘Christian Mountain,’ the Tûr el’ ’Abedîn, where I visited many places and monasteries but little known. I only saw Bibles in Estrangelo character, which were of value, nowhere profane books; but the people are so fanatical, and watch their books so closely, that it is very difficult to get sight of any thing; and one has to keep them in good humor. Unless after a long sojourn, and with the aid of bribery, there can

never be any thought of buying anything from a monastic library. Arrived in Mardin, I set myself to discover the book. I naturally passed by all Moslem libraries, as Syrian books only exist among the Christians. I settled at first that the library in question could only be the Jacobite Cloister, 'Der ez Zâferân,' the most important centre of the Christians of Mardin. I therefore sent to the Patriarch of Diarbekir for most particular introductions, and started for 'Der ez Zâferân,' which lies in the mountains, 5½ hours from Mardin. The recommendations opened the library to me. I looked through four hundred volumes, without finding anything; there was not much of any value. On my return to Mardin, I questioned people right and left; no one knew anything about it. At length I summoned up courage one day, and went to the Chaldaean monastery. The different sects in Mardin are most bitter against each other, and as I unfortunately lodged in the house of an American missionary, it was very difficult for me to gain access to these Catholics, who were unknown to me. Luckily my servant was a Catholic, and could state that I had no proselytizing schemes. After a time I asked about their books; Missals and Gospels were placed before me; I asked if they had any books of Fables. 'Yes, there was one there.' After a long search in the dust, it was found and brought to me. I opened it, and saw at the first glance, in red letters, 'Qalilag and Damnag,' with the old termination g, which proved to me that the work was not translated from the Arabic 'Calila ve Dimnah.' You may be certain that I did not show what I felt. I soon laid the book quietly down. I had indeed before asked the monk specially for 'Kalila and Dimna,' and with some persistency, before I inquired generally for books of fables; but he had not the faintest suspicion that the book before him was the one so eagerly sought after. After about a week or ten days, in order to arouse no suspicion, I sent a trustworthy man to borrow the book; but he was asked at once if it were for the 'Fréngi den Prot' (Protestant), and my

confidant was so good as to deny it, 'No, it was for himself.' I then examined the book more carefully. Having it safely in my possession, I was not alarmed at the idea of a little hubbub. I therefore made inquiries, but in all secret, whether they would sell it. 'No, never,' was the answer I expected and received, and the idea that I had borrowed it for myself was revived. I therefore began to have a copy made. But I was obliged to leave Mardin and even the neighboring Diarbekir, before I received the copy. In Mardin itself the return of the book was loudly demanded, as soon as they knew I was having it copied. I was indeed delighted when, through the kindness of friends, *post tot discrimina rerum* I received the book at Aleppo."

So far writes my friend, the fortunate discoverer, who, as early as the 19th of August, 1870, announced in a letter the happy recovery of the book. On April 20, 1871, he kindly sent it to me from Basle.

This is not the place to descant on the high importance of this discovery. It is only necessary to add that there is not the least doubt that it has put us in possession of the old Syriac translation, of which Ebedjesu speaks. There is only one question still to be settled, whether it is derived direct from the Indian, or through the Pehlevi translation? In either case it is the oldest preserved rendering of the original, now lost in India, and therefore of priceless value.

The fuller treatment of this and other questions, which spring from this discovery, will find a place in the edition of the text, with translation and commentary, which Professor Bickell is preparing in concert with Dr. Hoffman and myself.

THEODOR BENFEY.

## NOTES.

### NOTE A.

IN modern times, too, each poet or fabulist tells the story as seems best to him. I give three recensions of the story of Perrette, copied from English schoolbooks.

#### THE MILKMAID.

A milkmaid who poised a full pail on her head,  
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:—  
Let me see, I should think that this milk will procure  
One hundred good eggs or fourscore, to be sure.

Well then, stop a bit, it must not be forgotten,  
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;  
But if twenty for accident should be detached,  
It will leave me just sixty sounds eggs to be hatched.

Well, sixty sound eggs — no, sound chickens I mean:  
Of these some may die — we 'll suppose seventeen;  
Seventeen, not so many! — say ten at the most,  
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

But then there 's their barley, how much will they need?  
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed,  
So that 's a mere trifle; — now then, let me see,  
At a fair market-price how much money there 'll be.  
Six shillings a pair, five, four, three-and-six,  
To prevent all mistakes that low price I will fix;  
Now what will that make? Fifty chickens I said;  
Fifty times three-and-six? — I'll ask brother Ned.

Oh! but stop, three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell  
them!

Well, a pair is a couple; now then let us tell them.  
A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain),  
Why just a score times, and five pairs will remain.

Twenty-five pairs of fowls, now how tiresome it is  
That I can't reckon up such money as this.  
Well there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess —  
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can be no less.

Twenty pounds I am certain will buy me a cow,  
Thirty geese and two turkeys, eight pigs and a sow;  
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year  
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear.

Forgetting her burden when this she had said,  
The maid superciliously tossed up her head,  
When, alas for her prospects! her milkpail descended,  
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached —  
“Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched!”

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

#### FABLE.

A country maid was walking with a pail of milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of thoughts: “The money for which I shall sell this milk will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs will bring at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bear a good price; so that by May-day I shall have money enough to buy me a new gown. Green? — let me consider — yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall perhaps refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain toss from them.” Charmed with this thought, she could not forbear acting with her head what thus passed in her mind, when down came the pail of milk, and with it all her fancied happiness. — *From Guy's "British Spelling Book."*

#### ALNASKER.

Alnasker was a very idle fellow, that would never set his hand to work during his father's life. When his father died he left him to the value of a hundred pounds in Persian money. In order to make the best of it he laid it out in glasses and bottles, and the finest china. These he piled up in a large open basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall of his shop in the

hope that many people would come in to buy. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into an amusing train of thought, and talked thus to himself: "This basket," says he, "cost me a hundred pounds, which is all I had in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling in retail. These two hundred shall in course of trade rise to ten thousand, when I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn a dealer in pearls and diamonds, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got as much wealth as I can desire, I will purchase the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, and horses. Then I shall set myself on the footing of a prince, and will ask the grand Vizier's daughter to be my wife. As soon as I have married her, I will buy her ten black servants, the youngest and best that can be got for money. When I have brought this princess to my house, I shall take care to breed her in due respect for me. To this end I shall confine her to her own rooms, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated on a sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg me to take her into my favor. Then will I, to impress her with a proper respect for my person, draw up my leg, and spurn her from me with my foot in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa." Alnasker was entirely absorbed with his ideas, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts; so that, striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grand hopes, he kicked his glasses to a great distance into the street, and broke them into a thousand pieces. — "*Spectator*." (From the "*Sixth Book*," published by the Scottish School Book Association, W. Collins & Co., Edinburgh).

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NOTE B.

PERTSCH, in Befney's "Orient und Occident," vol. ii. p. 261. Here the story is told as follows: "Perche si conta che un certo pouer huomo hauea uicino a doue dormiua, un mulino & del buturo, & una notte tra se pensando disse, io uenderò questo mulino, & questo butturo tanto per il meno, che io comprerò diece capre. Le quali mi figliaranno in cinque mesi altre tante, & in cinque anni multiplicheranno fino a quattro cento; Le quali barattero in cento buoi, & con essi seminarò una càpagna, & insieme da figliu-

di loro, & dal frutto della terra in altri cinque anni, sarò oltre modo ricco, & farò un palagio *quadro*, adorato, & comprenderò schiavi una infinità, & prenderò moglie, la quale mi farà un figliuolo, & lo nominerò Pancalo, & lo farò ammaestrare come bisogna. Et se vedrò che non si curi con questa bacchetta così il percooterò. Con che prendendo la bacchetta che gli era uicina, & battendo di essa il vaso doue era il buturo, e lo ruppe, & fuse il buturo. Dopò gli partorì la moglie un figliuolo, e la moglie un dì gli disse, habbi un poco cura di questo fanciullo o marito, fino che io uo e torno da un seruigio. La quale essendo andata fu anco il marito chiamato dal Signore della terra, & tra tanto auenne che una serpe sall sopra il fanciullo. Et vna donzella uicina, corsa là l'uccise. Tornato il marito uide insanguito l' vscio, & pensando che costei l' hauesse ucciso, auanti che il uedesse, le diede sul capo, di un bastone, e l' uccise. Entrato poi, & sano trouando il figliuolo, & la serpe morta, si fu grandemente pentito, & piãse amaramente. Così adunque i frettolosi in molte cose errano." (Page 516.)

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 NOTE C.

THIS and some other extracts, from books not to be found at Oxford, were kindly copied for me by my late friend, E. Deutsch, of the British Museum.

"Georgii Pachymeris Michael Palæologus, sive Historia rerum a M. P. gestarum," ed. Petr. Possinus. Romæ, 1666.

Appendix ad observationes Pachymerianas, Specimen Sapientiæ Indorum veterum liber olim ex lingua Indica in Persicam a Perzoe Medico: ex Persica in Arabicam ab Anonymo: ex Arabica in Græcam a Symeone Seth, a Petro Possino Societ. Iesu, novissime e Græca in Latinam translatus.

"Huic talia serio nuganti haud paulo cordatior mulier. Mihi videris, Sponse, inquit, nostrî eujusdam famuli egentissimi hominis similis ista inani provisione nimis remotarum et incerto eventum dependentium rerum. Is diurnis mercedibus mellis ac butyri non magna copia collectâ duobus ista vasis e terra coctili condiderat. Mox secum ita ratiocinans nocte quadam dicebat: Mel ego istud ac butyrum quindecim minimum vendam denariis. Ex his decem Capras emam. Hæ mihi quinto mense totidem alias parient. Quinque annis gregem Caprarum facile quadringentarum confecero. Has commutare tunc placet cum bobus centum, quibus

exarabo vim terræ magnam et numerum tritici maximum congeram. Ex fructibus hisce quinquennio multiplicatis, pecuniæ scilicet tantus existet modus, ut facile in locupletissimis numerer. Accedit dos uxoris quam istis opibus ditissiman nansciscar. Nasceatur mihi filius quem jam nunc decerno nominare Pancalium. Hunc educabo liberalissime, ut nobilium nulli concedat. Qui si ubi adoleverit, ut juvenus solet, contumacem se mihi præbeat, haud feret impune. Baculo enim hoc illum hoc modo feriam. Arreptum inter hæc dicendum lecto vicinum baculum per tenebras jactavit, casuque incurrens in dolia mellis et butyri juxta posita, confregit utrumque, ita ut in ejus etiam os barbamque stillæ liquoris prosilirent; cætera effusa et mixta pulveri prorsus corrumpentur; ac fundamentum spei tantæ, inopem et multum gementem momento destitueret." (Page 602.)

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NOTE D.

"DIRECTORIUM Humanæ Vitæ alias Parabolæ Antiquorum Sapientum," fol. s. l. e. a. k. 4 (circ. 1480?): "Dicitque olim quidam fuit heremita apud quemdam regem. Cui rex providerat quolibet die pro sua vita. Scilicet provisionem de sua coquina et vasculum de melle. Ille vero comedebat decocta, et reservabat mel in quodam vase suspenso super suum caput donec esset plenum. Erat autem mel percarum in illis diebus. Quadam vero die: dum jaceret in suo lecto elevato capite, respexit vas mellis quod super caput ei pendebat. Et recordatus quoniam mel de die in diem vendebatur pluris solito seu carius, et dixit in corde suo. Quum fuerit hoc vas plenum: vendam ipsum uno talento auri: de quo mihi emam decem oves, et successu temporis he oves facient filios et filias, et erunt viginti. Postea vero ipsis multiplicatis cum filiis et filiabus in quatuor annis erunt quatuor centum. Tunc de quibuslibet quatuor ovibus emam vaccam et bovem et terram. Et vaccæ multiplicabuntur in filiis, quorum masculos accipiam mihi in culturam terre, præter id quod percipiam de eis de lacte et lana, donec non consummatis aliis quinque annis multiplicabuntur in tantum quod habebō mihi magnas substantias et divitias, et ero a cunctis reputatus dives et honestus. Et edificabo mihi tunc grandia et excellentia edificia pre omnibus meis vicinis et consanguinibus, itaque omnes de meis divitiis loquantur, nonne erit mihi illud jocuadum, cum omnes homines mihi reverentiam in omnibus locis exhibeant.

Accipiam postea uxorem de nobilibus terre. Cumque eam cognovero, concipiet et pariet mihi filium nobilem et delectabilem cum bona fortuna et dei beneplacito qui crescet in scientia virtute, et relinquam mihi per ipsum bonam memoriam post mei obitum et castigabo ipsum dietum: si mee recalcitraverit doctrine; ac mihi in omnibus erit obediens, et si non: percutiam eum isto baculo et erecto baculo ad percutiendum percussit vas mellis et fregit ipsum et defluxit mel super caput ejus."

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NOTE E.

"Das Buch der Weisheit der alter Weisen," Ulm, 1415.  
Here the story is given as follows: —

"Man sagt es wohnet eins mals ein brüder der dritten regel der got fast dienet, bei eins künigs hof, den versach der künig alle tag zû auff enthalt seines lebens ein kuchen speiss und ein fleschlein mit honig. diser ass alle tag die speiss von der kuchen und den honig behielt er in ein irden fleschlein das hieng ob seiner petstat so lang biss es voll ward. Nun kam bald eine grosse teür in den honig und eins morgens früe lag er in seinem pett und sach das honig in dem fleschlein ob seinem haubt hangen do fiel ym in sein gedanck die teüre des honigs und fieng an mit ihm selbs ze reden. wann diss fleschlein gantz vol honigs wirt so verkauff ich das umb fünff güldin, daruñ kauff ich mir zehen güter schaff und die machen alle des jahrs lember. und dann werden eins jahrs zweintzig und die und das von yn kummen mag in zehen jaren werden tausent. dann kauff ich umb fier schaff ein ku und kauff dobei oxsen und ertrich die meren sich mit iren früchten und do nimb ich dann die frücht zû arbeit der äcker. von den andern küen und schaffen nimb ich milich und woll ee das andre fünff jar fürkommen so wird es sich also meren das ich ein grosse hab und reichtumb überkumen wird dann will ich mir selbs knecht und kellerin kauffen und hohe und hübsche bäw ton. und darnach so nimm ich mir ein hübsch weib von einem edeln geschlecht die beschlaß ich mit kurtzweiliger lieb. so enpfecht sie und gebirt mir ein schön glückseligten sun und gottföchtigen. und der wirt wachsen in lere und künsten und in weissheit. durch den lass ich mir einen güten leümde nach meinem tod. aber wird er nit fölgig sein und meiner straff nit achten so wolt ich yn mit meinem stecken über sein rucken on erbernde gar hart schlagen. und nam sein stecken da mit man pflag das

pet ze machen ym selbs ze zeigen wie frefelich er sein sun schlagen wölt. und schlüg das irden fass das ob seinem haubt hieng zü stücken dass ym das honig under sein antlit und in das pet troff und ward ym von allen sein gedeenken nit dann das er sein antlit und pet weschen müst."

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NOTE F.

THIS translation has lately been published by Don Pascual de Gayangos in the "Biblioteca de Autores Españoles," Madrid, 1860, vol. li. Here the story runs as follows (p. 57):—

"Del religioso que vertió la miel et la manteca sobre su cabeza.

"Dijo la mujer: 'Dicen que un religioso habia cada día limosna de casa de un mercader rico, pan é manteca é miel e otras cosas, et comia el pan é lo ál condesaba, et ponía la miel é la manteca en un jarra, fasta quel a finchó, et tenia la jarra colgada á la cabecera de su cama. Et vino tiempo que encareció la miel é la manteca, et el religioso fabló un dia consigo mismo, estando asentado en su cama, et dijo así: Venderé cuanto está en esta jarra por tantos maravedís, é comparé con ellos diez cabras, et empreñarse-han, é parirán á cabo de cinco meses; et fizo cuenta de esta guisa, et falló que en cinco años montarian bien cuatrocientas cabras. Desí dijo: Venderlas-he todas, et con el precio dellas compraré cien vacas, por cada cuatro cabezas una vaca, é haberé simiente é sembraré con los bueyes, et aprovecharme-he de los becerros et de las fembras é de la leche é manteca, é de las mieses habré grant haber, et labraré muy nobles casas, é compraré siervos é siervas, et esto fecho casarme-he con una mujer muy rica, é hermosa, é de grant logar, é empreñarla-he de fijo varon, é nacerá cumplido de sus miembros, et criarlo-he como á fijo de rey, é castigarlo-he con esta vara, si non quisiere ser bueno é obediente.' E él diciendo esto, alzó la vara que tenia en la mano, et ferió en la olla que estaba colgada encima dél, é quebróla, é cayóle la miel é la manteca sobre su cabeza," etc.

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NOTE G.

SEE "Poésies inédites du Moyen Âge," par M. Edéstand Du Ménil. Paris, 1854. XVI. De Viro et Vase Olei (p. 239):—

“ Uxor ab antiquo fuit infecunda marito.  
 Mesticiam (l. mæstitiam) cujus cupiens lenire vix (l. vir)  
 hujus,  
 His blandimentis solatur tristi[ti]a mentis:  
 Cur sic tristaris? Dolor est tuus omnis inanis:  
 Pulchræ prolis eris satis amodo munere felix.  
 Pro nihilo ducens conjunx hæc verbula prudens,  
 His verbis plane quod ait vir monstrat inane:  
 Rebus inops quidam . . . (bone vir, tibi dicam)  
*Vas oleo plenum*, longum quod retro per ævum  
 Legerat orando, loca per diversa vagando,  
 Fune ligans ar(c)to, tecto[que] suspendit ab alto.  
 Sic præstolatur tempus quo pluris ematur[at]ur  
 Qua locupletari se sperat et arte beari.  
 Talia dum captat, hæc stultus inania jactat:  
 Ecce potens factus, fuero cum talia nactus,  
 Vinciar uxori quantum queo nobiliori:  
 Tunc sobolem gignam, se meque per omnia dignam,  
 Cujus opus morum genus omne præibit avorum.  
 Cui nisi tot vitæ fuerint insignia rite,  
 Fustis hic absque mora feriet caput ejus et [h]ora.  
 Quod dum narraret, dextramque minando levaret,  
 Ut percussisset puerum quasi præsto fuisset  
 Vas in prædictum manus ejus dirigit ictum  
 Servatumque sibi vas il[l]ico fregit olivi.”

I owe the following extract to the kindness of M. Paul Meyer:—

*Apologi Phædrû ex ludicris I. Regnerii Belnensis doct. Medici, Divione, apud Petrum Palliot, 1643 in 12, 126 pages et de plus un index.*

Le recueil se divise en deux partis, pars I., pars II. La fable en question est à la page 32, pars I. fab. xxv.)

## XXV.

*Pagana et eius mercis emptor.*

Pagana mulier, lac in olla fictili,  
 Ova in canistro, rustici mercem penus,  
 Ad civitatem proximam ibat venditum.  
 In eius aditu factus huic quidam obvius

Quanti rogavit ista quæ fers vis emi ?  
 Et illa tanti. Tantin' ? hoc fuerit nimis.  
 Numerare num me vis quod est æquum ? vide  
 Hac merce quod sit nunc opus mihi plus dabo  
 Quam præstet illam cede, et hos nummos cape,  
 Ea quam superbe fæde rusticitas agit,  
 Hominem reliquit additis conviciis,  
 Quasi æstimasset vilius mercem optimam.  
 Aversa primos inde vix tulerat gradus,  
 Cum lubricato corruiat strato viæ:  
 Lac olla fundit quassa, gallinacæ  
 Testæ vitellos congerunt cæno suos  
 Caput cruorem mittit impingens petræ  
 Luxata nec fert coxa surgentem solo:  
 Ridetur ejus non malum, sed mens procax,  
 Qua merx et ipsa mercis et pretium perit;  
 Seque illa deflens tot pati infortunia  
 Nulli imputare quam sibi hanc sortem potest  
 Dolor sed omnis sæviter recrudit  
 Curationis danda cum merces fuit.

In re minori cum quis et fragili tumet  
 Hunc sortis ingens sternit indignatio.

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 NOTE H.

HULSBACH, "Sylva Sermonum," Basileæ, 1568, p. 28: "In  
 sylva quadam morabatur heremicola jam satis provectæ ætatis,  
 qui quaque die accedebat civitatem, afferens inde mensuram  
 mellis, qua donabatur. Hoc recondebat in vase terreo, quod  
 pependerit supra lectum suum. Uno dierum jacens in lecto, et  
 habens baculum in manu sua, hæc apud se dicebat: Quotidie  
 mihi datur vasculum mellis, quod dum indies recondo, fiet tan-  
 dem summa aliqua. Jam valet mensura staterem unum. Cor-  
 raso autem ita floreno uno aut altero, emam mihi oves, quæ  
 fœnerabunt mihi plures: quibus divenditis coëmam mihi elegan-  
 tem uxoreulam, cum qua transigam vitam meam lætanter: ex  
 ea suscitabo mihi puellam, quam instituam honeste. Si vero  
 mihi noluerit obedire, hoc baculo eam ita comminuam: atque  
 levato baculo confregit suum vasculum, et effusum est mel, quare

cassatum est suum propositum, et manendum adhuc in suo statu.”

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## NOTE I.

“EL CCNDE LUCANOR, compuesto por el excelentissimo Principe don Iuan Manuel, hijo del Infante don Manuel, y nieto del Santo Rey don Fernando,” Madrid, 1642; cap. 29, p. 96. He tells the story as follows: “There was a woman called Dona Truhana (Gertrude), rather poor than rich. One day she went to the market carrying a pot of honey on her head. On her way she began to think that she would sell the pot of honey, and buy a quantity of eggs, that from those eggs she would have chickens, that she would sell them and buy sheep; that the sheep would give her lambs, and thus calculating all her gains, she began to think herself much richer than her neighbors. With the riches which she imagined she possessed, she thought how she would marry her sons and daughters, and how she would walk in the street surrounded by her sons and daughters-in-law; and how people would consider her happy for having amassed so large a fortune, though she had been so poor. While she was thinking over all this, she began to laugh for joy, and struck her head and forehead with her hand. The pot of honey fell down, was broken, and she shed hot tears because she had lost all that she would have possessed if the pot of honey had not been broken.”

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## NOTE K.

BONAVENTURE des Periers, “Les Contes ou les Nouvelles.” Amsterdam, 1735. Nouvelle XIV. (vol. i. p. 141). (First edition, Lyon, 1558): “Et ne les (les Alquemistes) scauroitien mieux comparer qu’à une bonne femme qui portoit une potée de lait au marché, faisant son compte ainsi: qu’elle la vendroit deux liards: de ces deux liards elle en achepteroit une douzaine d’œufs, lesquelz elle mettroit couver, et en auroit une douzaine de poussins: ces poussins deviendroient grands, et les feroit haponner: ces chapons vaudroient cinq solz la piece, ce seroit un escu et plus, dont elle achepteroit deux cochons, masle et femelle: qui deviendroient grands et en feroient une douzaine d’autres, qu’elle vendroit vingt solz la piece; apres les avoir

no irris quelque temps, ce seroient douze francs, dont elle achep-  
teroit une iument, qui porteroit un beau poulain, lequel croistroit  
et deviendroit tant gentil: il sauteroit et feroit *Hin*. Et en  
disant *Hin*, la bonne femme, de l'aise qu'elle avoit en son compte,  
se print à faire la ruade que feroit son poulain: et en ce faisant  
sa potée de laict va tomber, et se respendit toute. Et voila ses  
œufs, ses poussins, ses chapons, ses cochons, sa **jument, et son**  
poulain, tous par terre.”

#### IV.

### ON THE RESULTS OF THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

INAUGURAL LECTURE, DELIVERED IN THE IMPERIAL  
UNIVERSITY OF STRASSBURG, MAY 23, 1872.

YOU will easily understand that, in giving my first lecture in a German University, I feel some difficulty in mastering and repressing the feelings which stir within my heart. I wish to speak to you, as it becomes a teacher, with perfect calmness, thinking of nothing but of the subject which I have to treat. But here where we are gathered together to-day, in this old free imperial town, in this University, full of the brightest recollections of Alsatian history and German literature, even a somewhat gray-headed German professor may be pardoned if, for some moments at least, he gives free vent to the thoughts that are foremost in his mind. You will see, at least, that he feels and thinks as you all feel and think, and that in living away from Germany he has not forgotten his German language, or lost his German heart.

The times in which we live are great, so great, that we can hardly conceive them great enough; so great that we, old and young, cannot be great and good and brave and hardworking enough, if we do not wish to appear quite unworthy of the times in which our lot has been cast.

We older people have lived through darker times, when to a German, learning was the only refuge, the only comfort, the only pride; times when there was no Germany except in our recollection, and perhaps in our secret hopes. And those who have lived through those sadder days feel all the more deeply the blessings of the present. We have a Germany again, a united, great, and strong country; and I call this a blessing, not only in a material sense, as giving, at last, to our homes a real and lasting security against the inroads of our powerful neighbors, but also in a moral sense, as placing every German under a greater responsibility, as reminding us of our higher duties, as inspiring us with courage and energy for the battle of the mind even more than for the battle of the arm.

That blessing has cost us dear, fearfully dear, dearer than the friends of humanity had hoped; for, proud as we may be of our victories and our victors, let us not deceive ourselves in this, that there is in the history of humanity nothing so inhuman, nothing that makes us so entirely despair of the genius of mankind, nothing that bows us so low to the very dust, as war — unless even war becomes ennobled and sanctified, as it was with us, by the sense of duty, duty towards our country, duty towards our town, duty towards our home, towards our fathers and mothers, our wives and children. Thus, and thus only, can even war become the highest and brightest of sacrifices; thus, and thus only, may we look history straight in the face, and ask, “Who would have acted differently?”

I do not speak here of politics in the ordinary sense of the word, — nay, I gladly leave the groping

for the petty causes of the late war to the scrutiny of those foreign statesmen who have eyes only for the infinitesimally small, but cannot, or will not, see the powerful handiwork of Divine justice that reveals itself in the history of nations as in the lives of individuals. I speak of politics in their true and original meaning, as a branch of ethics, as Kant has proved them to be, and from this point of view, politics become a duty from which no one may shrink, be he young or old. Every nation must have a conscience, like every individual; a nation must be able to give to itself an account of the moral justification of a war in which it is to sacrifice everything that is most dear to man. And that is the greatest blessing of the late war, that every German, however deep he may delve in his heart, can say without a qualm or a quiver, "The German people did not wish for war, nor for conquest. We wanted peace and freedom in our internal development. Another nation or rather its rulers, claimed the right to draw for us lines of the Main, if not new frontiers of the Rhine; they wished to prevent the accomplishment of that German union for which our fathers had worked and suffered. The German nation would gladly have waited longer still, if thereby war could have been averted. We knew that the union of Germany was inevitable, and the inevitable is in no hurry. But when the gauntlet was thrown in our face, and, be it remembered, with the acclamation of the whole French nation, then we knew what, under Napoleonic sway, we might expect from our powerful neighbor, and the whole German people rose as one man for defense, not for defiance. The object of our war was peace, and a lasting peace, and therefore now, after peace has been

won, after our often menaced, often violated, western frontier has been made secure forever by bastions, such as nature only can build, it becomes our duty to prove to the world that we Germans are the same after as before the war, that military glory has nothing intoxicating to us, that we want peace with all the world."

You know that the world at large does not prophesy well for us. We are told that the old and simple German manners will go, that the ideal interests of our life will be forgotten, that, as in other countries, so with us, our love for the True and the Beautiful will be replaced by love of pleasure, enjoyment, and vanities. It rests with us with all our might to confound such evil prophecies, and to carry the banner of the German mind higher than ever. Germany can remain great only by what has made her great — by simplicity of manners, contentment, industry, honesty, high ideals, contempt of luxury, of display, and of vain-glory. "*Non propter vitam vivendi perdere causas,*" — "Not for the sake of life to lose the real objects of life," this must be our watchword forever, and the *causæ vitæ*, the highest objects of life, are for us to-day, and will, I trust, remain for coming generations the same as they were in the days of Lessing, of Kant, of Schiller, and of Humboldt.

And nowhere, methinks, can this return to the work of peace be better inaugurated than here in this very place, in Strassburg. It was a bold conception to begin the building of the new temple of learning in the very midst of the old German frontier fortress. We are summoned here, as in the days of Nehemiah, when "the builders every one had his sword girded by his side and so builded." It rests

with us, the young as well as the old, that this bold conception shall not fail. And therefore I could not resist the voice of my heart, or gainsay the wish of my friends who believed that I, too, might bring a stone, however small, to the building of this new temple of German science. And here I am among you to try and do my best. Though I have lived long abroad, and pitched my workshop for nearly twenty-five years on English soil, you know that I have always remained German in heart and mind. And this I must say for my English friends, that they esteem a German who remains German far more than one who wishes to pass himself off as English. An Englishman wishes every man to be what he is. I am, and I always have been, a German living and working in England. The work of my life, the edition of the Rig-Veda, the oldest book of the Indian, aye, of the whole Aryan world, could be carried out satisfactorily nowhere but in England, where the rich collections of Oriental MSS., and the easy communications with India, offer to an Oriental scholar advantages such as no other country can offer. That by living and working in England I have made some sacrifices, that I have lost many advantages which the free intercourse with German scholars in a German university so richly offers, no one knows better than myself. Whatever I have seen of life, I know of no life more perfect than that of a German professor in a German school or university. You know what Niebuhr thought of such a life, even though he was a Prussian minister and ambassador at Rome. I must read you some of his words, they sound so honest and sincere: "There is no more grateful, more serene life than that of a German

teacher or professor, none that, through the nature of its duties and its work, secures so well the peace of our heart and our conscience. How many times have I deplored it with a sad heart, that I should ever have left that path of life to enter upon a life of trouble which, even at the approach of old age, will probably never give me lasting peace. The office of a schoolmaster, in particular, is one of the most honorable, and despite of all the evils which now and then disturb its ideal beauty, it is for a truly noble heart the happiest path of life. It was the path which I had once chosen for myself, and how I wish I had been allowed to follow it!"

I could quote to you the words of another Prussian ambassador, Bunsen. He, too, often complained with sadness that he had missed his true path in life. He too, would gladly have exchanged the noisy hotel of the ambassador for the quiet home of a German professor.

From my earliest youth it has been the goal of my life to act as a professor in a German university, and if this dream of my youth was not to be fulfilled in its entirety, I feel all the more grateful that, through the kindness of my friends and German colleagues, I have been allowed, at least once in my life, to act during the present spring and summer as a real German professor in a German university.

This was in my heart, and I wanted to say it, in order that you might know with what purpose I have come, and with what real joy I begin the work which has brought us together to-day.

I shall lecture during the present term on "The Results of the Science of Language;" but you will easily understand that to sum up in one course of

lectures the results of researches which have been carried on with unflagging industry by three generations of scholars, would be a sheer impossibility. Besides, a mere detailing of results, though it is possible, is hardly calculated to subserve the real objects of academic teaching. You would not be satisfied with mere results: you want to know and to understand the method by which they have been obtained. You want to follow step by step that glorious progress of discovery which has led us to where we stand now. What is the use of knowing the Pythagorean problem, if we cannot prove it? What would be the use of knowing that the French *larme* is the same as the German *Zähre* (tear), if we could not with mathematical exactness trace every step by which these two words have diverged till they became what they are?

The results of the Science of Language are enormous. There is no sphere of intellectual activity which has not felt more or less the influence of this new science. Nor is this to be wondered at. Language is the organ of all knowledge, and though we flatter ourselves that we are the lords of language, that we use it as a useful tool, and no more, believe me there are but few who can maintain their complete independence with respect to language, few who can say of her, Ἐχω Λαίδα, οὐκ ἔχομαι. To know language historically and genetically, to be able more particularly to follow up the growth of our technical terms to their very roots, this is in every science the best means to keep up a living connection between the past and the present, the only way to make us feel the ground on which we stand.

Let us begin with what is nearest to us, *Philology*.

Its whole character has been changed as if by magic. The two classical languages, Greek and Latin, which looked as if they had fallen from the sky or been found behind the hedge, have now recovered their title-deeds, and have taken their legitimate place in that old and noble family which we call the Indo-European, the Indo-Germanic, or by a shorter, if not a better name, the Aryan. In this way not only have their antecedents been cleared up, but their mutual relationship, too, has for the first time been placed in its proper light. The idea that Latin was derived from Greek, an idea excusable in scholars of the Scipionic period, or that Latin was a language made up of Italic, Greek, and Pelasgic elements, a view that had maintained itself to the time of Niebuhr, all this has now been shown to be a physical impossibility. Greek and Latin stand together on terms of perfect equality ; they are sisters, like French and Italian :—

“ *Facies non omnibus una,*

*Nec diversa tamen qualem decet esse sororum.*”

If it could be a scientific question which of the two is the elder sister, Greek or Latin, Latin, I believe, could produce better claims of seniority than Greek. Now, as in the modern history of language we are able to explain many things that are obscure in French and Italian by calling in the Provençal, the Spanish, the Portuguese, nay, even the Wallachian and the Churwälsch, we can do the same in the ancient history of language, and get light for many things which are difficult and unintelligible in Greek and Latin, by consulting Sanskrit, Zend, Gothic, Irish, and even Old Bulgarian. We can hardly form an idea of the surprise which was occasioned

among the scholars of Europe by the discovery of the Aryan family of languages, reaching with its branches from the Himalayan mountains to the Pyrenees. Not that scholars of any eminence believed at the end of the last century that Greek and Latin were derived from Hebrew: that prejudice had been disposed of once for all, in Germany at least, by Leibniz. But after that theory had been given up, no new truly scientific theory had taken its place. The languages of the world, with the exception of the Semitic, the family type of which was not to be mistaken, lay scattered about as *disjecta membra poëtae*, and no one thought of uniting them again into one organic whole. It was the discovery of Sanskrit which led to the reunion of the Aryan languages, and if Sanskrit had taught us nothing else, this alone would establish its claim to a place among the academic sciences of our century.

When Greek and Latin had once been restored to their true place in the natural system of the Aryan languages, their special treatment, too, became necessarily a different one. In grammar, for instance, scholars were no longer satisfied to give forms and rules, and to place what was irregular by the side of what was regular. They wished to know the reasons of the rules as well as of the exceptions; they asked why the forms were such as they were, and not otherwise; they required not only a logical, but also an historical foundation of grammar. People asked themselves for the first time, why so small a change as *mensa* and *mensæ* could express the difference between one and many tables; why a single letter, like *r*, could possess the charm of changing I love, *amo*, into I am loved, *amor*. Instead of indulging

in general speculations on the logic of grammar, the riddles of grammar received their solution from a study of the historical development of language. For every language there was to be a historical grammar, and in this way a revolution was produced in philological studies to be compared only to the revolution produced in chemistry by the discoveries of Lavoisier, or in geology by the theories of Lyell. For instance, instead of attempting an explanation why the genitive singular and the ablative plural of the first and second declensions could express rest in a place — *Romæ*, at Rome; *Tarenti*, at Tarentum; *Athenis*, at Athens; *Gabiis*, at Gabii — one glance at the past history of these languages showed that these so-called genitives were not and never had been genitives, but corresponded to the old locatives in *i* and *su* in Sanskrit. No doubt, a pupil can be made to learn anything that stands in a grammar; but I do not believe that it can conduce to a sound development of his intellectual powers if he first learns at school the real meaning of the genitive and ablative, and then has to accept on trust that, somehow or other, the same cases may express rest in a place. A well-known English divine opposed to reform in spelling, as in everything else, once declared that the fearful orthography of English formed the best psychological foundation of English orthodoxy, because a child that had once been brought to believe that t-h-r-o-u-g-h sounded like “through,” t-h-o-u-g-h like “though,” r-o-u-g-h like “rough,” would afterwards believe anything. Be that as it may, I do not consider that grammatical rules like those just quoted on the genitive and ablative, assuming the power of the locative, are likely to strengthen the reasoning powers of any schoolboy.

Even more pernicious to the growth of sound ideas was the study of etymology, as formerly carried on in schools and universities. Everything here was left to chance or to authority, and it was not unusual that two or three etymologies of the same word had to be learnt, as if the same word might have had more than one parent. Yet it is many years since Otfried Müller told classical scholars that they must either surrender the whole subject of the historical growth of language, etymology, and grammatical morphology, or trust in these matters entirely to the guidance of Comparative Philology. As a student at Leipzig, I lived to see old Gottfried Hermann quoting the paradigms of Sanskrit grammar in one of his last *Programs*; and Boeckh declared in 1850, at the eleventh meeting of German philologists, that, in the present state of the science of language, the grammar of the classical languages cannot dispense with the coöperation of comparative grammar. And yet there are scholars even now who would exclude the Science of Language from schools and universities. What gigantic steps truly scientific etymology has made in Greek and Latin, every scholar may see in the excellent works of Curtius and Corssen. The essential difference between the old and the new systems consists here, too, in this, that while formerly people were satisfied if they knew, or imagined they knew, from what source a certain word was derived, little value is now attached to the mere etymology of a word, unless at the same time it is possible to account, according to fixed phonetic laws, for all the changes which a word has undergone in its passage through Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit. How far this conscientiousness may be carried is shown by the fact

that the best comparative philologists decline to admit, on phonetic grounds, the identity of such words as the Latin *Deus*, and the Greek θεός, although the strongest internal arguments may be urged in favor of the identity of these words.<sup>1</sup>

Let us go on to *Mythology*. If mythology is an old dialect, outliving itself, and, on the strength of its sacred character, carried on to a new period of language, it is easy to perceive that the historical method of the Science of Language would naturally lead here to most important results. Take only the one fact, which no one at present would dare to question, that the name of the highest deity among the Greeks and Romans, Ζεύς, and *Jupiter*, is the same as the Vedic Dyaus, the sky, and the old German *Zio*, Old Norse *Tyr*, whose name survives in the modern names of *Dienstag* or *Tuesday*. Does not this one word prove the union of those ancient races? Does it not show us, at the earliest dawn of history, the fathers of the Aryan race, the fathers of our own race, gathered together in the great temple of nature, like brothers of the same house, and looking up in adoration to the sky as the emblem of what they yearned for, a father and a God. Nay, can we not hear in that old name of *Jupiter*, *i. e.*, Heaven-Father, the true key-note which still sounds on in our own prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven," and which imparts to these words their deepest tone, and their fullest import? By an accurate study of these words we are able to draw the bonds of language and belief even more closely together. You know that the nom. sing. of Ζεύς has the acute, and so has the nom. sing. of Dyaus; but the vocative of Ζεύς

<sup>1</sup> Note A, p. 227.

has the circumflex, and so has likewise the vocative of *Dyaus* in the *Veda*.<sup>1</sup> Formerly the accent might have been considered as something late, artificial, and purely grammatical: the Science of Language has shown that it is as old as language itself, and it has rightly called it the very soul of words. Thus even in these faint pulsations of language, in the changes of accent in Greek and Sanskrit, may we feel the common blood that runs in the veins of the old Aryan dialects.

History, too, particularly the most ancient history, has received new light and life from a comparative study of languages. Nations and languages were in ancient times almost synonymous, and what constitutes the ideal unity of a nation lies far more in the intellectual factors, in religion and language, than in common descent and common blood. But for that very reason we must here be most cautious. It is but too easily forgotten that if we speak of Aryan and Semitic families, the ground of classification is language, and language only. There are Aryan and Semitic languages, but it is against all rules of logic to speak, without an expressed or implied qualification, of an Aryan race, of Aryan blood, of Aryan skulls, and to attempt ethnological classification on purely linguistic grounds. These two sciences, the Science of Language and the Science of Man, cannot, at least for the present, be kept too much asunder; and many misunderstandings, many controversies, would have been avoided, if scholars had not attempted to draw conclusions from language to blood, or from blood to language. When each of these sciences shall have carried out independently its own

<sup>1</sup> Note B, p. 230.

classification of men and of languages, then, and then only, will it be time to compare their results; but even then, I must repeat, what I have said many times before, it would be as wrong to speak of Aryan blood as of dolichocephalic grammar.<sup>1</sup>

We have all accustomed ourselves to look for the cradle of the Aryan languages in Asia, and to imagine these dialects flowing like streams from the centre of Asia to the South, the West, and the North. I must confess that Professor Benfey's protest against this theory seems to me very opportune, and his arguments in favor of a more northern, if not European, origin of the whole Aryan family of speech, deserve, at all events, far more attention than they have hitherto received.

For the same reasons it seems to me at least a premature undertaking to use the greater or smaller number of coincidences between two or more of the Aryan languages as arguments in support of an earlier or later separation of the people who spoke them. First of all, there are few points on which the opinions of competent judges differ more decidedly than when the exact degrees of relationship between the single Aryan languages have to be settled. There is agreement on one point only, viz., that Sanskrit and Zend are more closely united than any other languages. But though on this point there can hardly be any doubt, no satisfactory explanation of this extraordinary agreement has as yet been given. In fact, it has been doubted whether what I called the "Southern Division" of the Aryan family could properly be called a division at all, as

<sup>1</sup> See M. M.'s *Letter to Chevalier Bunsen, on the Turanian Languages* 1854, second chapter, second section, "Ethnology versus Phonology."

it consisted only of varieties of one and the same type of Aryan speech. As soon as we go beyond Sanskrit and Zend, the best authorities are found to be in open conflict. Bopp maintained that the Slavonic languages were most closely allied to Sanskrit, an opinion shared by Pott. Grimm, on the contrary, maintained a closer relationship between Slavonic and German. In this view he was supported by Lottner, Schleicher, and others, while Bopp to the last opposed it. After this, Schleicher (as, before him, Newman in England) endeavored to prove a closer contact between Celtic and Latin, and, accepting Greek as most closely united with Latin, he proceeded to establish a Southwestern European division, consisting of Celtic, Latin, and Greek, and running parallel with the Northwestern division, consisting of Teutonic and Slavonic; or, according to Ebel, of Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic.

But while these scholars classed Greek with Latin, others, such as Grassmann and Sonne, pointed out striking peculiarities which Greek shares with Sanskrit, and with Sanskrit only, as, for instance, the augment, the voiceless aspirates, the *alpha privativum* (a, not an), the *mâ* and *μη* *prohibitivum*, the *tara* and *τερο* as the suffix of the comparative, and some others. A most decided divergence of opinion manifested itself as touching the real relation of Greek and Latin. While some regarded these languages not only as sisters, but as twins, others were not inclined to concede to them any closer relationship than that which unites all the members of the Aryan family. While this conflict of opinions lasts (and they are not mere assertions, but opinions supported by arguments), it is clear that it would be

premature to establish any historical conclusions such, for instance, as that the Slaves remained longer united with the Indians and Persians than the Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Celts; or, if we follow Professor Sonne, that the Greeks remained longer united with the Indians than the other Aryan nations. I must confess that I doubt whether the whole problem admits of a scientific solution. If in a large family of languages we discover closer coincidences between some languages than between others, this is no more than we should expect, according to the working of what I call the Dialectic Process. All these languages sprang up and grew and diverged, before they were finally separated; some retained one form, others another, so that even the apparently most distant members of the same family might, on certain points, preserve relics in common which were lost in all the other dialects, and *vice versâ*. No two languages, not even Lithuanian and Old Slavonic, are so closely united as Sanskrit and Zend, which share together even technical terms, connected with a complicated sacrificial ceremonial. Yet there are words occurring in Zend, and absent in Sanskrit, which crop up again sometimes in Greek, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in German.<sup>1</sup> As soon as we attempt to draw from such coincidences and divergences historical conclusions as to the earlier or later separation of the nations who developed these languages, we fall into contradictions like those which I pointed out just now between Bopp, Grimm, Schleicher, Ebel, Grassmann, Sonne, and others. Much depends, in all scientific researches, on seeing that the question is properly put. To me the question,

<sup>1</sup> Note C, p. 235.

whether the closer relations between certain independent dialects furnish evidence as to the successive times of their separation, seems, by its very nature, fruitless. Nor have the answers been at all satisfactory. After a number of coincidences between the various members of the Aryan family have been carefully collected, we know no more in the end than what we knew at first, viz., that all the Aryan dialects are closely connected with each other. We know —

1. That Slavonic is most closely united with German (Grimm, Schleicher);
2. That German is most closely united with Celtic (Ebel, Lottner);
3. That Celtic is most closely united with Latin (Newman, Schleicher);
4. That Latin is most closely united with Greek (Mommsen, Curtius);
5. That Greek is most closely united with Sanskrit (Grassmann, Sonne, Kern);
6. That Sanskrit is most closely united with Zend (Burnouf).

Let a mathematician draw out the result, and it will be seen that we know in the end no more than we knew at the beginning. Far be it for me to use a mere trick in arguing, and to say that none of these conclusions can be right, because each is contradicted by others. Quite the contrary. I admit that there is some truth in every one of these conclusions, and I maintain, for that very reason, that the only way to reconcile them all is to admit that the single dialects of the Aryan family did not break off in regular succession, but that, after a long-continued community, they separated slowly, and, in some cases, contempo-

raneously, from their family-circle, till they established at last, under varying circumstances, their complete national independence. This seems to me all that at present one may say with a good conscience, and what is in keeping with the law of development in all dialects.

If now we turn away from the purely philological results of the Science of Language, in order to glance at the advantages which other sciences have derived from it, we shall find that they consist mostly in the light that has been shed on obscure words and old customs. This advantage is greater than, at first sight, it might seem to be. Every word has its history, and the beginning of this history, which is brought to light by etymology, leads us back far beyond its first historical appearance. Every word, as we know, had originally a predicative meaning, and that predicative meaning differs often very considerably from the later traditional or technical meaning. This predicative meaning, however, being the most original meaning of the word, allows us an insight into the most primitive ideas of a nation.

Let us take an instance from jurisprudence. *Pæna*, in classical Latin, means simply punishment, particularly what is either paid or suffered in order to atone for an injury. (*Si injuriam faxit alteri, viginti quinque aris pænæ sunt, fragm. xii. tab.*) The word agrees so remarkably, both in form and meaning, with the Greek *ποινή*, that Mommsen assigned to it a place in what he calls Græco-Italic ideas.<sup>1</sup> We might suppose, therefore, that the ancient Italians took *pæna*

<sup>1</sup> "Judgment (*crimen*, κρίνειν), penance (*pæna*, ποινή), retribution (*italio*, ταγάω, τλήναι), are Græco-Italic conceptions" Mommsen, *Röm. Geschichte*, vol. i. p. 25.

originally in the sense of ransom, simply as a civil act, by which he who had inflicted injury on another was, as far as he and the injured person were concerned, restored *in integrum*. The etymology of the word, however, leads us back into a far more distant past, and shows us that when the word *pœna* was first framed, punishment was conceived from a higher moral and religious point of view, as a purification from sin; for *pœna*, as first shown by Professor Pott (and what has he not been the first to show?) is closely connected with the root *pu*, to purify. Thus we read in the "Atharva-veda," xix. 33, 3:—

“Tvám bhūmim átyeshi ógasâ  
 Tvám védyâm sídasi kárur adhvaré  
 Tvám pavítram ríshayo bhárantas  
 Tvám puníhi duritáni asmát.”

“Thou, O God of Fire, goest mightily across the earth; thou sittest brilliantly on the altar at the sacrifice. The prophets carry Thee as the Purifier; purify us from all misdeeds.”

From this root *pu* we have, in Latin, *pūrus*, and *pūtus*, as in *argentum purum putum*, fine silver, or in *purus putus est ipse*, Plaut. Ps. 4, 2, 31. From it we also have the verb *purgare*, for *purigare*, to purge, used particularly with reference to purification from crime by means of religious observances. If this transition from the idea of purging to that of punishing should seem strange, we have only to think of *castigare*, meaning originally to purify, but afterwards in such expressions as *verbis et verberibus castigare*, to chide and to chasten.

I cannot convince myself that the Latin *crimen* has anything in common with *κρίνειν*. The Greek *κρίνειν* is no doubt connected with Latin *cer-no*, from which *cribrum*, sieve. It means to separate, to sift, so that

κρίμα may well signify a judgment, but not a crime or misdeed. *Crīmen*, as every scholar knows or ought to know, meant originally an accusation, not a crime, and, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, has nothing whatever in common with *discrīmen*, which means what separates two things, a difference, a critical point. *In crimen venire* means to get into bad repute, to be calumniated; *in discrimine esse* means to be in a critical and dangerous position.

It is one of the fundamental laws of etymology that in tracing words back to their roots, we have to show that their primary, not their secondary meanings agree with the meaning of the root. Therefore, even if *crīmen* had assumed in later times the meaning of judgment, yet its derivation from the Greek κρίνειν would have to be rejected, because it would explain the secondary only, but not the primary meaning of *crīmen*. Nothing is clearer than the historical development of the meanings of *crīmen*, beginning with accusation, and ending with guilt.

I believe I have proved that *crīmen* is really and truly the same word as the German *Verleumdung*, calumny.<sup>1</sup> *Verleumdung* comes from *Leumund*, the Old High-German *hliumunt*, and this *hliumunt* is the exact representative of the Vedic *sromata*, derived from the root *sru*, to hear, *cluere*, and signifying good report, glory, the Greek κλέος, the Old High-German *hruom*. The German word *Leumund* can be used in a good and a bad sense, as good or evil report, while the Latin *crīmen*, for *croe-men* (like *liber* for *ioeber*), is used only *in malam partem*. It meant originally what is heard, report, *on dit*, gossip, accusation; lastly, the object of an accusation, a crime, but never judgment, in the technical sense of the word.

<sup>1</sup> See my article in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xix. p. 46.

The only important objection that could be raised against tracing *crīmen* back to the root *sru*, is that this root has in the Northwestern branch of the Aryan family assumed the form *clu*, instead of *cru*, as in κλέος, *cliens*, *gloria*, O. Sl. *slovo*, A. S. *hlūd*, loud, *inclutus*. I myself hesitated for a long time on account of this phonetic difficulty, nor do I think it is quite removed by the fact that Bopp ("Comp. Gr." § 20) identified the German *scrir-u-mês*, we cry (instead of *scriw-u-mês*), with Sk. *s r â v-a y â-m a s*, we make hear; nor by the *r* in *in-cre-p-are*, in κράζω, as compared with κλάζω, nor even by the *r* in ἀκρο-ά-ομαι, which Curtius seems inclined to derive from *sru*. The question is whether this phonetic difficulty is such as to force us to surrender the common origin of *sromata*, *hliumunt*, and *crīmen*; but even if this should be the case, the derivation of *crīmen* from *cerno* or κρίνειν would remain as impossible as ever.

This will give you an idea in what manner the Science of Language can open before our eyes a period in the history of law, customs, and manners, which hitherto was either entirely closed, or reached only by devious paths. Formerly, for instance, it was supposed that the Latin word *lex*, law, was connected with the Greek λόγος. This is wrong, for λόγος never means law in the sense in which *lex* does. Δόγος, from λέγειν, to collect, to gather, signifies, like κατάλογος, a gathering, a collection, an ordering, be it of words or thoughts. The idea that there is a λόγος, an order or law, for instance, in nature, is not classical, but purely modern. It is not improbable that *lex* is connected with the English word *law*, only not by way of the Norman *loi*. English *law* is A. S. *lagu* (as *saw* corresponds both to the German *Sage*

and *Süge*), and it meant originally what was laid down or settled, with exactly the same conception as the German *Gesetz*. It has been attempted to derive the Latin *lex*, too, from the same root, though there is this difficulty, that the root of *liegen* and *legen* does not elsewhere occur in Latin. The mere disappearance of the aspiration would be no serious obstacle. If, however, the Latin *lex* cannot be derived from that root, we must, with Corssen, refer it to the same cluster of words to which *ligare*, to bind, *obligatio*, binding, and the Oscan ablative *lig-ud* belong, and assign to it the original meaning of *bond*. On no account can it be derived from *legere*, to read, as if it meant a bill first read before the people, and afterwards receiving legal sanction by their approval.

From these considerations we gain at least this negative result, that, before their separation, the Aryan languages had no settled word for law; and even such negative results have their importance. The Sanskrit word for law is *dharma*, derived from *dhar*, to hold fast. The Greek word is *νόμος*, derived from *νέμειν*, to dispense, from which *Nemesis*, the dispensing deity, and perhaps even *Numa*, the name of the fabulous king and lawgiver of Rome.

Other words might easily be added which, by the disclosure of their original meaning, give us interesting hints as to the development of legal conceptions and customs, such as marriage, inheritance, ordeals, and the like. But it is time to cast a glance at theology, which, more even than jurisprudence, has experienced the influence of the Science of Language. What was said with regard to mythology, applies with equal force to theology. Here, too, words harden, and remain unchanged longer even than in

other spheres of intellectual life ; nay, their influence often becomes greater the more they harden, and the more their original meaning is forgotten. Here it is most important that an intelligent theologian should be able to follow up the historical development of the *termini technici* and *sacrosancti* of his science. Not only words like *priest*, *bishop*, *sacrament*, or *testament*, have to be correctly apprehended in that meaning which they had in the first century, but expressions like *λόγος*, *πνεῦμα ἅγιον*, *δικαιοσύνη* have to be traced historically to the beginnings of Christianity, and beyond, if we wish to gain a conception of their full purport.

In addition to this, the Philosophy of Religion, which must always form the true foundation of theological science, owes it to the Science of Language that the deepest germs of the consciousness of God among the different nations of the world have for the first time been laid open. We know now with perfect certainty that the names, that is, the most original conceptions, of the Deity among the Aryan nations, are as widely removed from coarse fetichism as from abstract idealism. The Aryans, as far as the annals of their language allow us to see, recognized the presence of the Divine in the bright and sunny aspects of nature, and they, therefore, called the blue sky, the fertile earth, the genial fire, the bright day, the golden dawn their *Devas*, that is, their bright ones. The same word, *Deva* in Sanskrit, *Deus* in Latin, remained unchanged in all their prayers, their rites, their superstitions, their philosophies, and even to-day it rises up to heaven from thousands of churches and cathedrals, — a word which, before there were Brahmans or Germans, had been framed in the dark workshop of the Aryan mind.

That the natural sciences, too, should have felt the electric shock of our new science is not surprising, considering that man is the crown of nature, the apex to which all other forces of nature point and tend. But that which makes man man, is language. *Homo animal rationale, quia orationale*, as Hobbes said. Buffon called the plant a sleeping animal; living philosophers speak of the animal as a dumb man. Both, however, forget that the plant would cease to be a plant if it awoke, and that the brute would cease to be a brute the moment it began to speak. There is, no doubt, in language a transition from the material to the spiritual: the raw material of language belongs to nature, but the form of language, that which really makes language, belongs to the spirit. Were it possible to trace human language *directly* back to natural sounds, to interjections or imitations, the question whether the Science of Language belongs to the sphere of the natural or the historical sciences would at once be solved. But I doubt whether this crude view of the origin of language counts one single supporter in Germany. With one foot language stands, no doubt, in the realm of nature, but with the other in the realm of the spirit. Some years ago, when I thought it necessary to bring out as clearly as possible the much neglected natural element in language, I tried to explain in what sense the Science of Language had a right to be called the last and the highest of the natural sciences. But I need hardly say that I did not lose sight, therefore, of the intellectual and historical character of language; and I may here express my conviction that the Science of Language will yet enable us to withstand the extreme theories of the evolutionists, and

to draw a hard and fast line between spirit and matter, between man and brute.

This short survey must suffice to show you how omnipresent the Science of Language has become in all spheres of human knowledge, and how far its limits have been extended, so that it often seems impossible for one man to embrace the whole of its vast domain. From this I wish, in conclusion, to draw some necessary advice.

Whoever devotes himself to the study of so comprehensive a science must try never to lose sight of two virtues : conscientiousness and modesty. The older we grow, the more we feel the limits of human knowledge. " Good care is taken," as Goethe said, " that trees should not grow into the sky." Every one of us can make himself real master of a small field of knowledge only, and what we gain in extent, we inevitably lose in depth. It was impossible that Bopp should know Sanskrit like Colebrooke, Zend like Burnouf, Greek like Hermann, Latin like Lachmann, German like Grimm, Slavonic like Miklosich, Celtic like Zeuss. That drawback lies in the nature of all comparative studies. But it follows by no means that, as the French proverb says, *qui trop embrasse, mal étreint*. Bopp's " Comparative Grammar " will always mark an epoch in linguistic studies, and no one has accused the old master of superficiality. There are, in fact, two kinds of knowledge ; the one which we take in as real nourishment, which we convert *in succum et sanguinem*, which is always present, which we can never lose ; the other which, if I may say so, we put into our pockets, in order to find it there whenever it is wanted. For comparative studies the second kind of knowledge is as im-

portant as the first, but in order to use it properly, the greatest conscientiousness is required. Not only ought we, whenever we have to use it, to go back to the original sources, to accept nothing on trust, to quote nothing at second-hand, and to verify every single point before we rely on it for comparative purposes, but, even after we have done everything to guard against error, we ought to proceed with the greatest caution and modesty. I consider, for instance, that an accurate knowledge of Sanskrit is a *conditio sine qua non* in the study of Comparative Philology. According to my conviction, though I know it is not shared by others, Sanskrit must forever remain the central point of our studies. But it is clearly impossible for us, while engaged in a scholarlike study of Sanskrit, to follow at the same time the gigantic strides of Latin, Greek, German, Slavonic, and Celtic philology. Here we must learn to be satisfied with what is possible, and apply for advice whenever we want it, to those who are masters in these different departments of philology. Much has of late been said of the antagonism between comparative and classical philology. To me it seems that these two depend so much on each other for help and advice that their representatives ought to be united by the closest ties of fellowship. We must work on side by side, and accept counsel as readily as we give it. Without the help of Comparative Philology, for instance, Greek scholars would never have arrived at a correct understanding of the Digamma — nay, a freer intercourse with his colleague, Bopp, would have preserved Bekker from several mistakes in his restoration of the Digamma in Homer. Latin scholars would have felt far more

hesitation in introducing the old *d* of the ablative in Plautus, if the analogy of Sanskrit had not so clearly proved its legitimacy.

On the other hand, we, comparative philologists, should readily ask and gladly accept the advice and help of our classical colleagues. Without their guidance, we can never advance securely; their warnings are to us of the greatest advantage, their approval our best reward. We are often too bold, we do not see all the difficulties that stand in the way of our speculations, we are too apt to forget that, in addition to its general Aryan character, every language has its peculiar genius. Let us all be on our guard against omniscience and infallibility. Only through a frank, honest, and truly brotherly coöperation can we hope for a true advancement of knowledge. We all want the same thing; we all are *etymologists* — that is, lovers of truth. For this, before all things, the spirit of truth, which is the living spirit of all science, must dwell within us. Whoever cannot yield to the voice of truth, whoever cannot say, “I was wrong,” knows little as yet of the true spirit of science.

Allow me, in conclusion, to recall to your remembrance another passage from Niebuhr. He belongs to the good old race of German scholars. “Above all things,” he writes, “we must in all scientific pursuits preserve our truthfulness so pure that we thoroughly eschew every false appearance; that we represent not even the smallest thing as certain of which we are not completely convinced; that if we have to propose a conjecture, we spare no effort in representing the exact degree of its probability. If we do not ourselves, when it is possible, indicate our errors, even such as no one else is likely to discover;

if, in laying down our pen, we cannot say in the sight of God, 'Upon strict examination, I have knowingly written nothing that is not true;' and if, without deceiving either ourselves or others, we have not presented even our most odious opponents in such a light only that we could justify it upon our death-beds — if we cannot do this, study and literature serve only to make us unrighteous and sinful."

Few, I fear, could add, with Niebuhr: "In this I am convinced that I do not require from others anything of which a higher spirit, if He could read my soul, could convict me of having done the contrary." But all of us, young as well as old, should keep these words before our eyes and in our hearts. Thus, and thus only, will our studies not miss their highest goal: thus, and thus only, may we hope to become true etymologists — *i. e.*, true lovers, seekers, and, I trust finders of truth.

## NOTES.



### NOTE A.

#### θεός AND *Deus*.

THAT Greek  $\theta$  does not legitimately represent a Sanskrit, Latin, Slavonic, and Celtic  $d$  is a fact that ought never to have been overlooked by comparative philologists, and nothing could be more useful than the strong protest entered by Windischmann, Schleicher, Curtius, and others, against the favorite identification of Sk. *dēva*, *deus*, and  $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$ . Considering it as one of the first duties, in all etymological researches, that we should pay implicit obedience to phonetic laws, I have never, so far as I remember, quoted  $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$  as identical with *deus*, together with the other derivatives of the root *dīv*, such as *Dyaus*, *Zeús*, *Jupiter*, *dēva*, Lith. *deva-s*, Irish *día*.

But with all due respect for phonetic laws, I have never in my own heart doubted that  $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$  belonged to the same cluster of words which the early Aryans employed to express the brightness of the sky and of the day, and which helped them to utter their first conception of a god of the bright sky (*Dyaus*), of bright beings in heaven, as opposed to the powers of night and darkness and winter (*dēva*), and, lastly, of deity in the abstract.<sup>1</sup> I have never become an atheist; and though I did not undervalue the powerful arguments advanced against the identity of *deus* and  $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$ , I thought that other arguments also possessed their value, and could not be ignored with impunity. If, with our eyes shut, we submit to the dictates of phonetic laws, we are forced to believe that while the Greeks shared with the Hindus, the Italians, and Germans the name for the bright god of the sky *Zeús*, *Dyaus*, *Jovis*, *Zio*, and while they again shared with them such derivatives as  $\delta\acute{\iota}os$ , heavenly, Sk. *dīvyas*, they threw away the intermediate old Aryan word for god, *dēva*, *deus*, and formed

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 467.

a new one from a different root, but agreeing with the word which they had rejected in all letters but one. I suppose that even the strongest supporters of the atheistic theory would have accepted  $\delta\epsilon\acute{o}s$ , if it existed in Greek, as a correlative of  $d\epsilon v a$  and *deus*; and I ask, would it not be an almost incredible coincidence, if the Greeks, after giving up the common Aryan word, which would have been  $\delta\omicron i f\acute{o}s$  or  $\delta\epsilon i f\acute{o}s$  or  $\delta\epsilon f\acute{o}s$ , had coined a new word for god from a different root, yet coming so near to  $\delta\epsilon f\acute{o}s$  as  $\theta\epsilon f\acute{o}s$ ? These internal difficulties seem to me nearly as great as the external: at all events it would not be right to attempt to extenuate either.

Now I think that, though much has been said against  $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$  for  $\delta\epsilon f\acute{o}s$ , something may also be said in support of  $\delta\epsilon f\acute{o}s$  assuming the form of  $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$ . Curtius is quite right in repelling all arguments derived from Sk.  $d u h i t a r = \theta u \gamma \acute{\alpha} t \eta \rho$ , or Sk.  $d v \acute{a} r = \theta \acute{o} r - a$ ; but I think he does not do full justice to the argument derived from  $\phi i \acute{\alpha} \lambda \eta$  and  $\phi i a r\acute{o}s$ . The Greek  $\phi i \acute{\alpha} \lambda \eta$  has been explained as originally  $\pi i f \acute{\alpha} \lambda \eta$ , the lost digamma causing the aspiration of the initial  $\pi$ . Curtius says: "This etymology of  $\phi i \acute{\alpha} \lambda \eta$  is wrecked on the fact that in Homer the word does not mean a vessel for drinking, but a kind of kettle." That is true, but the fact remains that in later Greek  $\phi i \acute{\alpha} \lambda \eta$  means a drinking cup. Thus Pindar ("Isthm.," v. 58) says:—

*Ἄνδρακε δ' αὐτῷ φέρτατος  
οἶνοδόκον φιάλαν χρυσῷ πεφρικυῖαν Τελαμών,*

which refers clearly to a golden goblet, and not a kettle. Besides, we have an exactly analogous case in the Sk.  $p \acute{a} t r a m$ . This, too, is clearly derived from  $p \acute{a}$ , to drink, but it is used far more frequently in the sense of vessel in general, and its etymological meaning vanishes altogether when it comes to mean a vessel for something, a fit person. I see no etymology for  $\phi i \acute{\alpha} \lambda \eta$ , except  $\pi i f \acute{\alpha} \lambda \eta$ , a drinking vessel.

Secondly, as to  $\phi i a r\acute{o}s$ , which is supposed to be the same as  $\pi i a r\acute{o}s$ , and to represent the Sanskrit  $p i v a r a s$ , fat, Curtius says that it occurs in Alexandrian poets only, that it there means bright, resplendent, and is used as an adjective of the dawn, while  $\pi i a r\acute{o}s$  means fat, and fat only. Against this I venture to remark, first, that there are passages where  $\phi i a r\acute{o}s$  means sleek, as in Theocr. ii. 21,  $\phi i a r \omega \tau \acute{\epsilon} r a \delta \mu \phi a \kappa o s \acute{\omega} m \acute{\alpha} s$ , said of a young plump girl, who in Sanskrit would be called  $p i v a r i$ ; secondly, that

while *πῆαρ* is used for cream, *φιαρός* is used as an adjective of cream; and, thirdly, that the application of *φιαρός* to the dawn is hardly surprising, if we remember the change of meaning in *λιπαρός* in Greek, and the application in the Veda of such words as *ghrita pratika*, to the dawn. Lastly, as in *φιάλη*, I see no etymology for *φιαρός*, except *πιφαρός*.

I think it is but fair therefore to admit that *θεός* for *δεφός* would find some support by the analogy of *φιάλη* for *πιφάλη*, and of *φιαρός* for *πιφαρός*. There still remain difficulties enough to make us cautious in asserting the identity of *θεός* and *deus*; but in forming our own opinion these difficulties should be weighed impartially against the internal difficulties involved in placing *θεός*, as a totally independent word, by the side of *deva* and *deus*. And, as in *φιάλη* and *φιαρός*, may we not say of *θεός* also that there is no etymology for it, if we separate it from *Ζεύς*; and *δῖος*, from *Dyaus* and *divyas*? Curtius himself rejects Plato's and Schleicher's derivation of *θεός* from *θέω*, to run: likewise C. Hoffmann's from *dha va*, man; likewise Bühler's from a root *dhi*, to think or to shine; likewise that of Herodotus and A. Göbel from *thes*, a secondary form of *θε*, to settle. Ascoli's analysis is highly sagacious, but it is too artificial. Ascoli<sup>1</sup> identifies *θεός*, not with *deva*, but with *divyás*. *Divyás* becoming *διφεός* (like *satyá*, *έτεός*), the accent on the last syllable would produce the change to *δφεός*, *F* would cause aspiration in the preceding consonant and then disappear, leaving *θεός* = *divyás*. All these changes are just possible phonetically, but, as Curtius observes, the point for which the theists contend is not gained, for we should still have to admit that the Greeks lost the common word for god, *deva* and *deus*, and that they alone replaced it by a derivative *divya*, meaning heavenly, not bright.

Curtius himself seems in favor of deriving *θεός* from *thes*, to implore, which we have in *θεοσάμενοι*, *θέσσαντο*, *πολύθεστος*, etc. *Θεός*, taken as a passive derivative, might, he thinks, have the meaning of *ἀρητός* in *πολύαρητος*, and mean the implored being. I cannot think that this is a satisfactory derivation. It might be defended phonetically and etymologically, though I cannot think of any analogous passive derivatives of a root ending in *s*. Where it fails to carry conviction is in leaving unexplained the loss of the common Aryan word for deity, and in putting in its place a name that savors of very modern thought.

<sup>1</sup> *Rendiconti del Reale Istituto Lombardo, classe de lettere, iv. fasc. 6.*

I think the strongest argument against the supposed aspirating power of medial *v*, and its subsequent disappearance, lies in the fact that there are so many words having medial *v*, which show no traces of this phonetic process (Curtius, p. 507). On the other hand, it should be borne in mind, that the Greeks might have felt a natural objection to the forms which would have rendered *d e v a* with real exactness, I mean *δοῖός* or *δέος*, the former conveying the meaning of double, the latter of fear. A mere wish to keep the name for god distinct from these words might have produced the phonetic anomaly of which we complain; and, after all, though I do not like to use that excuse, there are exceptions to phonetic laws. No one can explain how *ὑγδοος* was derived from *ἄκτῶ*, or *ἔβδομος* from *ἔπτῶ*, yet the internal evidence is too strong to be shaken by phonetic objections. In the case of *θεός* and *deus* the internal evidence seems to me nearly as strong as in *ὑγδοος* and *ἔβδομος*, and though unwilling to give a final verdict, I think the question of the loss in Greek of the Aryan word for god and its replacement by another word nearly identical in form, but totally distinct in origin, should be left for the present an open question in Comparative Philology.

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NOTE B.

THE VOCATIVE OF *Dyaús* AND *Zeús*.

THE vocative of *Dyaús*, having the circumflex, is one of those linguistic gems which one finds now and then in the Rig-Veda, and which by right ought to have a place of honor in a Museum of Antiquities. It is a unique form. It occurs but once in the Rig-Veda, never again, as far as we know at present, in the whole of Vedic literature, and yet it is exactly that form which a student of language would expect who is familiar with the working of the laws of accent in Sanskrit and in Greek. Without a thorough knowledge of these laws, the circumflexed vocative in Sanskrit, *Dyaũs*, corresponding to Greek *Zeũ*, would seem a mere anomaly, possibly an accidental coincidence, whereas in reality it affords the most striking proof of the organic working of the laws of accent, and at the same time an unanswerable testimony in favor of the genuineness of the ancient text of the Rig-Veda.

The laws of accent bearing on this circumflexed vocative are so simple that I thought they would have been understood by everybody. As this does not seem to have been the case, I add a few explanatory remarks.

It was Benfey who, as on so many other points, so on the accent of vocatives, was the first to point out (in 1845) that it was a fundamental law of the Aryan language to place the acute on the first syllable of all vocatives, both in the singular, and in the dual and plural.<sup>1</sup> In Sanskrit this law admits of no exception; in Greek and Latin the rhythmic accent has prevailed to that extent that we only find a few traces left of the original Aryan accentuation. It is well known that in vocatives of nouns ending in *ius*, the ancient Romans preserved the accent on the first syllable, that they said *Virgili*, *Váleri*, from *Virgilius* and *Valérius*. This statement of Nigidius Figulus, preserved by Gellius, though with the remark that in his time no one would say so, is the only evidence of the former existence of the Aryan law of accentuation in Latin. In Greek the evidence is more considerable, but the vocatives with the accent on the first syllable are, by the supreme law of the rhythmic accent in Greek, reduced to vocatives, drawing back their accent as far as they can, consistently with the law which restricts the accent to the last three syllables. Thus while in Sanskrit a word like Ἀγαμέμνων would in the vocative retract the accent on the first syllable Ἀγαμέμνον, the Greek could do no more than say Ἀγάμεμνον with the accent on the antepenultimate. In the same manner the vocative of Ἀριστοτέλης, can only be Ἀριστότελες, whereas in Sanskrit it would have been Ἀριστοτελες.

Here, however, the question arises, whether in words like Ἀγαμέμνων<sup>2</sup> and Ἀριστοτέλης<sup>3</sup> the accent was not originally on the antepenultimate, but drawn on the penultimate by the rhythmic law. This is certainly the case in ἡδίον, as the vocative of ἡδίω, for we know that both in Sanskrit and Greek, comparatives in *ων* retract their accent as far as possible, and have it always on the first syllable in Sanskrit, always on the penulti-

<sup>1</sup> See Benfey, *Über die Entstehung des Indo-germanischen Vocativs*, Göttingen, 1872, p. 35.

<sup>2</sup> The rule is that vocatives in *ων* from proper names in *ων* retract the accent, except Λακεδαίμων, and those in *φρον*, as Δυκόφρον from Δυκόφρων.

<sup>3</sup> Vocatives in *ες* from proper names in *ης* retract the accent, as Σώκρατες, except those in *ωδες*, *ωλες*, *ωρες*, *ηρες*, as Δειώδες.

mate in Greek, if the last syllable is long. But, *cessante causâ cessat effectus*, and therefore the accent goes back on the antepenultimate, not only in the vocative, but likewise in the nom. neuter ἡδίων.

It is possible that the same process may explain the vocative δέσποτα from δεσπότης, if we compare Sanskrit compounds with p a t i, such as d â s á p a t i, g â s p a t i, d á m p a t i, which leave the accent on the first member of the compound. In Δημήτηρ also all becomes regular, if we admit the original accentuation to have been Δήμητηρ, changed ' in Δημήτηρ, but preserved in the genitive Δήμητρος, and the vocative Δήμητερ.<sup>1</sup>

But there are other words in which this cannot be the case, for instance, ἀδελφε, πόνηρε, μόχθερε from ἀδελφός, πονηρός, μοχθηρός. Here the accent is the old Aryan vocative accent. Again, in πατήρ, πατέρα, Sk. p i t ā, p i t ā r a m, in μήτηρ, μητέρα, Sk. m â t ā, m â t ā r a m, in θυγάτηρ, θυγατέρα, Sk. d u h i t ā, d u h i t ā r a m, the radical accent was throughout on the suffix t ā r, nor would the rules of the rhythmic accent in Greek prevent it from being on the antepenultimate in the accusative. The fact therefore that it is retracted on the penultimate and antepenultimate in the vocative, shows clearly that we have here, too, the last working of the original Aryan accentuation. The irregular accent in the nom. sing. of μήτηρ, instead of μητήρ, is probably due to the frequent use of the vocative (an explanation which I had adopted before I had seen Benfey's essay), and the same cause may explain the apparently irregular accentuation in θύγατρα, by the side of θυγατέρα, in θύγατρος, and θύγατρας. Similar vocatives with retracted accent are δᾶερ, nom. δαήρ, εἵνατερ, nom. εἰνάτηρ, γύναι, nom. γυνή, σῶτερ, nom. σωτήρ, ἄνερ, nom. ἀνήρ, Ἀπολλον, nom. Ἀπόλλων, Πόσειδον, nom. Ποσειδῶν, Ἑρακλες, nom. Ἑρακλῆς.

We have thus established the fact that one feature of the primitive Aryan accentuation, which consisted in the very natural process of placing the high accent on the first syllable of vocatives, was strictly preserved in Sanskrit, while in Greek and Latin it only left some scattered traces of its former existence. Without the light derived from Sanskrit, the changes in the accent of vocatives in Greek and Latin would be inexplicable, they would be, what they are in Greek grammar, mere anomalies, while, if placed by the side of Sanskrit, they are readily recog-

<sup>1</sup> Benfey, l. c. p. 40.

nized as what they really are, remnants of a former age, preserved by frequent usage or by an agent whom we do not like to recognize, though we cannot altogether ignore him, — viz. chance.

'Taking our position on the fact that change of accent in the vocative in Greek is due to the continued influence of an older system of Aryan accentuation, we now see how the change of nom. *Zéús* into voc. *Zēū*, and of nom. *Dy a ús*, into voc. *Dy a ũs*, rests on the same principle. In Sanskrit the change, though at first sight irregular, admits of explanation. What we call the circumflex in Sanskrit, is the combination of a rising and falling of the voice, or, as we should say in Greek, of an acute and grave accent. As *Dy a ús* was originally *Di a ús*, and is frequently used as two syllables in the Veda, the vocative would have been *Di a ùs*, and this contracted would become *Dy a ús*. Thus we have *paribhṛē* from *paribhṛs*. In Greek the facts are the same, but the explanation is more difficult. The general rule in Greek is that vocatives in *ου, οι, and ευ*, from oxytone or perispome nominatives, are perispome; as *πλακοῦ, βοῦ, Λητοῖ, Πηλεῦ, βασιλεῦ*, from *πλακοῦς, οὔντος, placenta, βοῦς, Λητώ, Πηλεός, βασιλεύς*. The rationale of that rule has never been explained, as far as Greek is concerned. Under this rule the vocative of *Zéús* becomes *Zēō*; but no Greek grammarian has attempted to explain the process by which *Zéús* becomes *Zēū*, and nothing remains for the present but to admit that we have in it an ancient Aryan relic preserved in Greek long after the causes which had produced it had ceased to act. It would fall into the same category as *εἶμι* and *ἴμεν*. Here, too, the efficient cause of the length and shortness of the radical vowel *i*, viz., the change of accent, Sk. *ém i*, but *im ás*, has disappeared in Greek, while its effect has been preserved. But whatever explanation may hereafter be adopted, the simple fact which I had pointed out remains, the motive power which changed the nom. *dy a ús* into the vocative *dy a ũs*, is the same which changed *Zéús* into *Zēū*. Those who do not understand, or do not admit this, are bound to produce, from the resources of Greek itself, another motive power to account for the change of *Zéús* into *Zēū*; but they must not imagine that a mere reference to a Greek elementary grammar suffices for explaining that process.

The passage in the Rig-Veda (VI. 51, 5) to which I referred is unique, and I therefore give it here, though it has in the mean-

time been most ably discussed by Benfey in his "Essay on the Vocative" (1872).

"Dyaũh pítah prithivi mātah ádhruk  
 Zeũ páter plateía mh̄ter átrek(és)  
 A'gne bh̄rātah vasavah mrílata nah<sup>1</sup>  
 Ignis φράτερ FēΣηFes μέλδετε nos."

This passage is clearly one of great antiquity, for it still recognizes Dyaũs, the father, as the supreme god, Earth, the mother, by his side, and Agni, fire, as the brother, not of Heaven and Earth, but of man, because living with men on the hearth of their houses. Vasu, as a general name of the bright gods, like deva in other hymns, corresponds, I believe, to the Greek adjective *έϋς*. The genitive plural *έδων* is likewise derived from *έϋς* or *vásus*, by Benfey (l. c. p. 57), and *dâtá vásúnám* (Rv. VIII. 51, 5) comes certainly very near to *δοτηρ έδων*. The only difficulty would be the *ā* instead of the *η*, as in *έηος*, the gen. sing. of *έϋς*, in Homer, a difficulty which might be removed by tracing the gen. plur. *έδων* back to a fem. *έά*, corresponding to a Sk. *vasavi* or *vasavyā*. As to *μέλδετε*, it is phonetically the nearest approach to *mrílata*, i. e., \**mardata*, though in Greek it means "make mild" rather than "be mild." Mild and *mollis* come from the same root.

What gives to this passage its special value is, that in all other passages when *dyaus* occurs as a vocative and as bisyllabic, it appears simply with the *udatta*, thus showing at how early a time even the Hindus forgot the meaning of the circumflex on *dyaũs*, and its legitimate appearance in that place. Thus in Rv. VIII. 100, 12, we read, —

"Sákhe Vishno vitarám ví kramasva,  
 Dyaũh dehí lokám vágrāya viskábhe  
 Hánava vrítám rinákāva síndhūn  
 Indrasya yantu prasavé vísrishāt."

"Friend Vishnu, stride further,  
 Dyaus give room for the lightning to leap,  
 Let us both kill Vritra and free the rivers,  
 Let them go, sent forth at the command of Indra."

Here, I have little doubt, the ancient Rishis pronounced *Dyaũs*, but the later poets, and the still later *Ākāryas* were satisfied with the acute, and with the acute the word is written here in all the MSS. I know.

<sup>1</sup> See, also, M. M.'s *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 472

## NOTE C.

## ARYAN WORDS OCCURRING IN ZEND, BUT NOT IN SANSKRIT.

It has been objected that the three instances which I had quoted of Zend words, not occurring in Sanskrit, but preserved in one or the other of the Indo-European languages, were not sufficient to establish the fact which I wished to establish, particularly as one of them, *kehrp*, existed in Sanskrit, or, at least, in Vedic Sanskrit, as *krip*. I admit that I ought to have mentioned the Vedic *krip*, rather than the later *kālpa*; but I doubt whether the conclusions which I wished to draw would have been at all affected by this. For what I remarked with regard to *kālpa*, applies with equal force to *krip*; it does not in Sanskrit mean body or flesh, like *kehrp*, and *corpus*, but simply form. But even if *kehrp* were not a case in point, nothing would have been easier than to replace it by other words, if at the time of printing my lecture I had had my collectanea at hand. I now subjoin a more complete list of words, present in Zend, absent in Sanskrit, but preserved in Greek, Latin, or German.

Zend *ana*, prep., upon; Greek *ἀνά*; Goth. *ana*, upon.

Zend *erezataêna*, adj., made of silver; Lat. *argentinus*.

In Sk. we have *ragatam*, silver, but no corresponding adjective.

Zend *içi*, ice; O. N. *iss*; A. S. *is*; O. H. S. *is*.

Grimm compares the Irish *eirr*, snow, and he remarks that the other Aryan languages have each framed their own words for ice, Lith. *ledas*, O. S. *led*, and distantly connected with these, through the Russian *choldnyi*, the Latin *glacies*, for *gelacies*, Greek *κρύος*, *κρυμός*, *κρύσταλλος*.

The root from which these Greek words for ice are derived has left several derivatives in other languages, such as Lat. *crus-ta*, and O. N. *hrî-m*, rime, hoar-frost, and in Zend *kh rûta*, used as an adjective of *zim*, winter, originally the hard winter. In Zend *kh rûma*, and *kh rûra*, Sk. *krûra*, as in Greek *κρύεις*, the meaning has changed to *crudus*, *crudelis*. In the English *raw*, O. H. G. *hrâo*, a similar change of meaning may be observed.

Another name connected with ice and winter is the Zend *zyâo*, frost, from the root *hi*, which has given us *χιών*, Sk.

hi-ma, Lat. *hiem-s*, O. S. *zima*, but which in the simplest form has been preserved in Zend only and in the O. N. *gē*. Fick quotes *gē* with the doubtful meanings of cold and snow, Curtius with that of storm, identifying it with Norw. *gjö*, *nix autumn-recens*.

There is still another name for snow, absent in Sanskrit, but fully represented in Zend and the other Aryan languages, viz., Zend *çnižh*, to snow, Lat. *nix*, Goth. *snaiv-s*, Lith. *snig-ti*, to snow, Ir. *snechta*, snow, Gr. *νίψ-α* (acc).<sup>1</sup>

Zend *a ê va*, one; Gr. *οἶος*.

Zend *ka mara*, girdle, vault; Gr. *καμάρα*, vault, covered carriage; A. S. *hîmil*. Connected with this we find the Zend *ka meredhe*, skull, vault of head, very nearly connected with *κμέλεθρον*, *μέλαθρον*.

Zend *ka reta*, knife; Lith. *kalta-s*, knife; cf. *culter*, Sk. *kart-ari*, etc. The Slav. *korda*, O. N. *kordi*, Hung. *kard*, are treated by Justi as words borrowed from Persian.

Zend *cvant*, Lat. *quantus*. Sk. has *tâvat*, *tantus*, and *yâvat*, but not *kâvat*.

Zend *gara n h*, reverence; Gr. *γέρας*.

Zend *thrâfan h*, food; Gr. *τρέφες*.

Zend *da*, *e. g. va ê ç men-da*, towards the house; Gr. *οἶκόν-δε*; cf. Goth. *du*, to, O. S. *do*.

Zend *daiti*, gift; Gr. *δότης*; Lat. *dôs*, *dôti-s*, Lith. *dûti-s*.

Zend *dâmi*, creation; Gr. *θέμις*, law.

Zend *na çu*, corpse; Gr. *νέκυσ*; Goth. *nau-s*.

Zend *napo*, nom. sing.; A. S. *nefa*; O. H. G. *nefo*.

Zend *paithya in qa ê paithya*, own; Lat. *sua-pte*, *ipse*, Lith. *patis*, self.

Zend *peretu*, bridge; Lat. *portus*.

Zend *fra ê sta*, most, best; Gr. *πλειστός*.

Zend *brvat*, brow; Gr. *ἄβροῦτες* (Macedon.); Lat. *frons*.

Zend *madh*, to cure; Lat. *mederi*.

Zend *man*, in *upa-man*, to wait; Lat. *manere*.

Zend *mîzhda*; Gr. *μισθός*; Goth. *mîzd-ô*; O. S. *mîzda*.

Zend *yâre*, year; Goth. *jer*; O. S. *jarŭ*, spring.

Zend *yâon h*, *yâh*, to gird; *yâon ha*, dress; Gr. *ζώνη* in *ζώννυμι*; O. S. *po-yasu*, girdle.

Zend *râçta*, straight; Lat. *rectus*; Goth. *raiht-s*.

<sup>1</sup> See M. M.'s *Introduction to the Science of Religions*, p. 372, note.

Zend rap, to go; Lat. *repere*.

Zend varez, to work, vareza, work, varstva, work;

Goth. *vaurkjan*, to work; Gr. *ἔργα, ῥέζω*; Goth. *vaurstv*.

Zend vaêti, willow; Lith. *vỹti-s*, withy; Lat. *vitis*.

Zend çtaman, mouth; Gr *στόμα*.

# WESTMINSTER LECTURE.

## ON MISSIONS.<sup>1</sup>

DELIVERED IN THE NAVE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY,  
ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 3, 1873.

THE number of religions which have attained stability and permanence in the history of the world is very small. If we leave out of consideration those vague and varying forms of faith and worship which

### <sup>1</sup> "NOTICE.

"Westminster Abbey. Day of Intercession for Missions, Wednesday, December 3d, 1873. Lecture in the Nave, at eight o'clock, p. m.

HYMN 25 (*Bp. Heber*). . . . . *Wittenberg* (p. 50).

"From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strands,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains,  
Roll down their golden sands;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

"What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile!  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

"Can we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?

we find among uncivilized and unsettled races, among races ignorant of reading and writing, who have neither a literature nor laws, nor even hymns and prayers handed down by oral teaching from father to son, from mother to daughter, we see that the number of the real historical religions of mankind amounts to no more than eight. The Semitic races have produced three — the Jewish, the Christian, the Moham-  
medan; the Aryan, or Indo-European races an equal

Salvation, O Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

“Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;  
And you, ye waters, roll;  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

“There will be a Lecture delivered in the Nave, on Missions, by Professor Max Müller, M. A.

Ps. 100 (*New Version*) . . . . . *Old Hundredth* (p. 21).

“With one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before Him songs of praise.

“Convinced that He is God alone,  
From Whom both we and all proceed;  
We whom He chooses for His own,  
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

“O enter then His temple gate,  
Thence to His courts devoutly press;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still His Name with praises bless.

“For He's the Lord supremely good,  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth, which all times firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure. Amen.”

number — the Brahman, the Buddhist, and the Parsi. Add to these the two religious systems of China, that of Confucius and Lao-tse, and you have before you what may be called the eight distinct languages or utterances of the faith of mankind from the beginning of the world to the present day; you have before you in broad outlines the religious map of the whole world.

All these religions, however, have a history, a history more deeply interesting than the history of language, or literature, or art, or politics. Religions are not unchangeable; on the contrary, they are always growing and changing; and if they cease to grow and cease to change, they cease to live. Some of these religions stand by themselves, totally independent of all the rest; others are closely united, or have influenced each other during various stages of their growth and decay. They must therefore be studied together, if we wish to understand their real character, their growth, their decay, and their resuscitations. Thus, Mohammedanism would be unintelligible without Christianity; Christianity without Judaism: and there are similar bonds that hold together the great religions of India and Persia — the faith of the Brahman, the Buddhist, and the Parsi. After a careful study of the origin and growth of these religions, and after a critical examination of the sacred books on which all of them profess to be founded, it has become possible to subject them all to a scientific classification, in the same manner as languages, apparently unconnected and mutually unintelligible, have been scientifically arranged and classified; and by a comparison of those points which all or some of them share in common, as well as by a determination of

those which are peculiar to each, a new science has been called into life, a science which concerns us all, and in which all who truly care for religion must sooner or later take their part — *the Science of Religion*.

Among the various classifications<sup>1</sup> which have been applied to the religions of the world, there is one that interests us more immediately to-night, I mean the division into Non-Missionary and Missionary religions. This is by no means, as might be supposed, a classification based on an unimportant or merely accidental characteristic; on the contrary, it rests on what is the very heart-blood in every system of human faith. Among the six religions of the Aryan and Semitic world, there are three that are opposed to all missionary enterprise — Judaism, Brahmanism, and Zoroastrianism; and three that have a missionary character from their very beginning — Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity.

The Jews, particularly in ancient times, never thought of spreading their religion. Their religion was to them a treasure, a privilege, a blessing, something to distinguish them, as the chosen people of God, from all the rest of the world. A Jew must be of the seed of Abraham: and when in later times, owing chiefly to political circumstances, the Jews had to admit strangers to some of the privileges of their theocracy, they looked upon them, not as souls that had been gained, saved, born again into a new brotherhood, but as strangers (גֵּרִים), as Proselytes (προσηλύτοι); which means men who have come to

<sup>1</sup> Different systems of classification applied to the religions of the world are discussed in my *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, pp. 122-143.

them as aliens, not to be trusted, as their saying was, until the twenty-fourth generation.<sup>1</sup>

A very similar feeling prevented the Brahmans from ever attempting to proselytize those who did not by birth belong to the spiritual aristocracy of their country. Their wish was rather to keep the light to themselves, to repel intruders; they went so far as to punish those who happened to be near enough to hear even the sound of their prayers, or to witness their sacrifices.<sup>2</sup>

The Parsi, too, does not wish for converts to his religion; he is proud of his faith, as of his blood; and though he believes in the final victory of truth and light, though he says to every man, "Be bright as the sun, pure as the moon," he himself does very little to drive away spiritual darkness from the face of the earth, by letting the light that is within him shine before the world.

But now let us look at the other cluster of religions, at Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity. However they may differ from each other in some of their most essential doctrines, this they share in common — they all have faith in themselves, they all have life and vigor, they want to convince, they mean to conquer. From the very earliest dawn of their existence these three religions were missionary; their very founders, or their first apostles, recognized

<sup>1</sup> "Proselyto ne fidus usque ad vigesimam quartam generationem," Jalkut Ruth, f. 163, d; Danz, in Meuschen, *Nov. Test. ex Talm. illustr.*, p. 651.

<sup>2</sup> *India, Progress and Condition*, Blue Book presented to Parliament, 1873, p. 99. "It is asserted (but the assertion must be taken with reserve) that it is a mistake to suppose that the Hindu religion is not proselytizing. Any number of outsiders, so long as they do not interfere with established castes, can form a new caste, and call themselves Hindus, and the Brahmans are always ready to receive all who submit to and pay them." Can this be called proselytizing?

the new duty of spreading the truth, of refuting error, of bringing the whole world to acknowledge the paramount, if not the divine, authority of their doctrines. This is what gives to them all a common expression, and lifts them high above the level of the other religions of the world.

Let us begin with Buddhism. We know, indeed, very little of its origin and earliest growth, for the earliest beginnings of all religions withdraw themselves by necessity from the eye of the historian. But we have something like contemporary evidence of the Great Council, held at Pâtaliputra, 246 B. C., in which the sacred canon of the Buddhist scriptures was settled, and at the end of which missionaries were chosen and sent forth to preach the new doctrine, not only in India, but far beyond the frontiers of that vast country.<sup>1</sup> We possess inscriptions containing the edicts of the king who was to Buddhism what Constantine was to Christianity, who broke with the traditions of the old religion of the Brahmans, and recognized the doctrines of Buddha as the state religion of India. We possess the description of the Council of Pâtaliputra, which was to India what the Council of Nicæa, 570 years later, was to Europe; and we can still read there<sup>2</sup> the simple story, how the chief elder who had presided over the Council, an old man, too weak to travel by land, and carried from his hermitage to the Council in a boat — how that man, when the Council was over, began to reflect on the future, and found that the time had come to establish the religion of Buddha in foreign countries. He therefore dispatched some of the most eminent priests to Cashmere, Cabul, and farther west,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Mahavanso*, cap. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Mahavanso*, cap. 12.

to the colonies founded by the Greeks in Bactria, to Alexandria on the Caucasus, and other cities. He sent others northward to Nepal, and to the inhabited portions of the Himalayan mountains. Another mission proceeded to the Dekhan, to the people of Mysore, to the Mahrattas, perhaps to Goa; nay, even Birma and Ceylon are mentioned as among the earliest missionary stations of Buddhist priests. We still possess accounts of their manner of preaching. When threatened by infuriated crowds, one of those Buddhist missionaries said calmly, "If the whole world, including the Deva heavens, were to come and terrify me, they would not be able to create in me fear and terror." And when he had brought the people to listen, he dismissed them with the simple prayer, "Do not hereafter give way to anger, as before; do not destroy the crops, for all men love happiness. Show mercy to all living beings, and let men dwell in peace."

No doubt, the accounts of the successes achieved by those early missionaries are exaggerated, and their fights with snakes and dragons and evil spirits remind us sometimes of the legendary accounts of the achievements of such men as St. Patrick in Ireland, or St. Boniface in Germany. But the fact that missionaries were sent out to convert the world seems beyond the reach of reasonable doubt;<sup>1</sup> and this fact represents to us at that time a new thought, new, not only in the history of India, but in the history of the whole world. The recognition of a duty to preach the truth to every man, woman, and child, was an

<sup>1</sup> In some of the places mentioned by the *Chronicle* as among the earliest stations of Buddhist missions, relics have been discovered containing the names of the very missionaries mentioned by the *Chronicle*. See Koeppen, *Die Religion des Buddha*, p. 188.

idea opposed to the deepest instincts of Brahmanism ; and when, at the end of the chapter on the first missions, we read the simple words of the old chronicler, " who would demur, if the salvation of the world is at stake ? " we feel at once that we move in a new world, we see the dawn of a new day, the opening of vaster horizons — we feel, for the first time in the history of the world, the beating of the great heart of humanity.<sup>1</sup>

The Koran breathes a different spirit ; it does not invite, it rather compels the world to come in. Yet there are passages, particularly in the earlier portions, which show that Mohammed, too, had realized the idea of humanity, and of a religion of humanity ; nay, that at first he wished to unite his own religion with that of the Jews and Christians, comprehending all under the common name of Islâm. Islâm meant originally humility or devotion ; and all who humbled themselves before God, and were filled with real reverence, were called Moslim. " The Islâm," says Mohammed, " is the true worship of God. When men dispute with you, say, ' I am a Moslim.' Ask those who have sacred books, and ask the heathen ; ' Are you Moslim ? ' If they are, they are on the right path ; but if they turn away, then you have no other task but to deliver the message, to preach to them the Islâm." <sup>2</sup>

As to our own religion, its very soul is missionary, progressive, world-embracing ; it would cease to exist, if it ceased to be missionary — if it disregarded

<sup>1</sup> Note A, p. 266.

<sup>2</sup> *Islâm* is the verbal noun, and *Moslim* the participle of the same root, which also yields *Salâm*, peace, and *salim* and *salym*, whole, honest. *Islâm* means, therefore, to satisfy or pacify by forbearance ; it also means simply subjecti on." Sprenger, *Mohammad*, i. p. 69, iii. 486.

the parting words of its Founder : " Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost · teaching them to observe all things I have commanded ; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

It is this missionary character, peculiar to these three religions, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, which binds them together, and lifts them to a higher sphere. Their differences, no doubt, are great ; on some points they are opposed to each other like day and night. But they could not be what they are, they could not have achieved what they have achieved, unless the spirit of truth and the spirit of love had been alive in the hearts of their founders, their first messengers, and missionaries.

The spirit of truth is the life-spring of all religion, and where it exists it must manifest itself, it must plead, it must persuade, it must convince and convert. Missionary work, however, in the usual sense of the word, is only one manifestation of that spirit ; for the same spirit which fills the heart of the missionary with daring abroad, gives courage also to the preacher at home, bearing witness to the truth that is within him. The religions which can boast of missionaries who left the old home of their childhood, and parted with parents and friends — never to meet again in this life — who went into the wilderness, willing to spend a life of toil among strangers, ready, if need be, to lay down their life as witnesses to the truth, as martyrs for the glory of God — the same religions are rich also in those honest and intrepid inquirers who, at the bidding of the same spirit of truth,

were ready to leave behind them the cherished creed of their childhood, to separate from the friends they loved best, to stand alone among men that shrug their shoulders, and ask, "What is truth?" and to bear in silence a martyrdom more galling often than death itself. There are men who say that, if they held the whole truth in their hand, they would not open one finger. Such men know little of the working of the spirit of truth, of the true missionary spirit. As long as there are doubt and darkness and anxiety in the soul of an inquirer, reticence may be his natural attitude. But when once doubt has yielded to certainty, darkness to light, anxiety to joy, the rays of truth will burst forth; and to close our hand or to shut our lips would be as impossible as for the petals of a flower to shut themselves against the summons of the sun of spring.

What is there in this short life that should seal our lips? What should we wait for, if we are not to speak *here* and *now*? There is missionary work at home as much as abroad; there are thousands waiting to listen if *one* man will but speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; there are thousands starving, because they cannot find that food which is convenient for them.

And even if the spirit of truth might be chained down by fear or prudence, the spirit of love would never yield. Once recognize the common brotherhood of mankind, not as a name or a theory, but as a real bond, as a bond more binding, more lasting than the bonds of family, caste, and race, and the questions, Why should I open my hand? why should I open my heart? why should I speak to my brother? will never be asked again. Is it not

far better to speak than to walk through life silent, unknown, unknowing? Has any one of us ever spoken to his friend, and opened to him his inmost soul, and been answered with harshness or repelled with scorn? Has any one of us, be he priest or layman, ever listened to the honest questionings of a truth-loving soul, without feeling his own soul filled with love? aye, without feeling humbled by the very honesty of a brother's confession?

If we would but confess, friend to friend, if we would be but honest, man to man, we should not want confessors or confessionals.

If our doubts and difficulties are self-made, if they can be removed by wiser and better men, why not give to our brother the opportunity of helping us? But if our difficulties are not self-made, if they are not due either to ignorance or presumption, is it not even then better for us to know that we are all carrying the same burden, the common burden of humanity, if haply we may find, that for the heavy laden there is but one who can give them rest?

There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver: but there are times also when silence is death, and speech is life — the very life of Pentecost.

How can man be afraid of man? How can we be afraid of those whom we love?

Are the young afraid of the old? But nothing delights the older man more than to see that he is trusted by the young, and that they believe he will tell them the truth.

Are the old afraid of the young? But nothing sustains the young more than to know that they do not stand alone in their troubles, and that in many trials of the soul the father is as helpless as the child.

Are the women afraid of men? But men are not wiser in the things appertaining to God than women, and real love of God is theirs far more than ours.

Are men afraid of women? But though women may hide their troubles more carefully, their heart aches as much as ours, when they whisper to themselves, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

Are the laity afraid of the clergy? But where is the clergyman who would not respect honest doubt more than unquestioning faith?

Are the clergy afraid of the laity? But surely we know, in this place at least, that the clear voice of honesty and humility draws more hearts than the harsh accents of dogmatic assurance or ecclesiastic exclusiveness.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

A missionary must know no fear; his heart must overflow with love — love of man, love of truth, love of God; and in this, the highest and truest sense of the word, every Christian is, or ought to be, a missionary.

And now, let us look again at the religions in which the missionary spirit has been at work, and compare them with those in which any attempt to convince others by argument, to save souls, to bear witness to the truth, is treated with pity or scorn. *The former are alive, the latter are dying or dead.*

The religion of Zoroaster — the religion of Cyrus, of Darius and Xerxes — which, but for the battles of Marathon and Salamis, might have become the religion of the civilized world, is now professed by only 100,000 souls — that is, by about a ten-thousandth part of the inhabitants of the world. During the

last two centuries their number has steadily decreased from four to one hundred thousand, and another century will probably exhaust what is still left of the worshippers of the Wise Spirit, Ahuramazda.

The Jews are about thirty times the number of the Parsis, and they therefore represent a more appreciable portion of mankind. Though it is not likely that they will ever increase in number, yet such is their physical vigor and their intellectual tenacity, such also their pride of race and their faith in Jehovah, that we can hardly imagine that their patriarchal religion and their ancient customs will soon vanish from the face of the earth.

But though the religions of the Parsis and Jews might justly seem to have paid the penalty of their anti-missionary spirit, how, it will be said, can the same be maintained with regard to the religion of the Brahmans? That religion is still professed by at least 110,000,000 of human souls, and, to judge from the last census, even that enormous number falls much short of the real truth. And yet I do not shrink from saying that their religion is dying or dead. And why? Because it cannot stand the light of day. The worship of *Siva*, of *Vishnu*, and the other popular deities, is of the same, nay, in many cases of a more degraded and savage character than the worship of Jupiter, Apollo, and Minerva; it belongs to a stratum of thought which is long buried beneath our feet: it may live on, like the lion and the tiger, but the mere air of free thought and civilized life will extinguish it. A religion may linger on for a long time, it may be accepted by the large masses of the people, because it is there, and there is

nothing better. But when a religion has ceased to produce defenders of the faith, prophets, champions, martyrs, it has ceased to live, in the true sense of the word ; and in that sense the old, orthodox Brahmanism has ceased to live for more than a thousand years.

It is true there are millions of children, women, and men in India who fall down before the stone image of Vishnu, with his four arms, riding on a creature half bird, half man, or sleeping on the serpent ; who worship Siva, a monster with three eyes, riding naked on a bull, with a necklace of skulls for his ornament. There are human beings who still believe in a god of war, Kârtikêya, with six faces, riding on a peacock, and holding bow and arrow in his hands ; and who invoke a god of success, Ganesa, with four hands and an elephant's head, sitting on a rat. Nay, it is true that, in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century, the figure of the goddess Kali is carried through the streets of her own city, Calcutta,<sup>1</sup> her wild disheveled hair reaching to her feet, with a necklace of human heads, her tongue protruded from her mouth, her girdle stained with blood. All this is true ; but ask any Hindu who can read and write and think, whether these are the gods he believes in, and he will smile at your credulity. How long this living death of national religion in India may last, no one can tell : for our purposes, however, for gaining an idea of the issue of the great religious struggle of the future, that religion too is dead and gone.

The three religions which are alive, and between

<sup>1</sup> Lassen *Indische Alterthumskunde*, vol. iv. p. 635. Cf. *Indian Antiquary*, 1873, p. 370. *Academy*, 1874, p. 61.

which the decisive battle for the dominion of the world will have to be fought, are the three missionary religions, *Buddhism*, *Mohammedanism*, and *Christianity*. Though religious statistics are perhaps the most uncertain of all, yet it is well to have a general conception of the forces of our enemies; and it is well to know that, though the number of Christians is double the number of Mohammedans, the Buddhist religion still occupies the first place in the religious census of mankind.<sup>1</sup>

Buddhism rules supreme in Central, Northern, Eastern, and Southern Asia, and it gradually absorbs whatever there is left of aboriginal heathenism in that vast and populous area.

Mohammedanism claims as its own Arabia, Persia, great parts of India, Asia Minor, Turkey, and Egypt; and its greatest conquests by missionary efforts are made among the heathen population of Africa.

Christianity reigns in Europe and America, and it is conquering the native races of Polynesia and Melanesia, while its missionary outposts are scattered all over the world.

Between these three powers, then, the religious battle of the future, the Holy War of mankind, will have to be fought, and is being fought at the present moment, though apparently with little effect. To convert a Mohammedan is difficult; to convert a Buddhist, more difficult still; to convert a Christian, let us hope, well nigh impossible.

What then, it may be asked, is the use of missionaries? Why should we spend millions on foreign missions, when there are children in our cities who

<sup>1</sup> *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. i.; *Essays on the Science of Religion*, pp. 161, 216.

are allowed to grow up in ignorance? Why should we deprive ourselves of some of the noblest, boldest, most ardent and devoted spirits and send them into the wilderness, while so many laborers are wanted in the vineyard at home.

It is right to ask these questions; and we ought not to blame those political economists who tell us that every convert costs us £200, and that at the present rate of progress it would take more than 200,000 years to evangelize the world. There is nothing at all startling in these figures. Every child born in Europe is as much a heathen as the child of a Melanesian cannibal; and it costs us more than £200 to turn a child into a Christian man. The other calculation is totally erroneous; for an intellectual harvest must not be calculated by adding simply grain to grain, but by counting each grain as a living seed, that will bring forth fruit a hundred and a thousand fold.

If we want to know what work there is for the missionary to do, what results we may expect from it, we must distinguish between two kinds of work: the one is *parental*, the other *controversial*. Among uncivilized races the work of the missionary is the work of a parent; whether his pupils are young in years or old, he has to treat them with a parent's love, to teach them with a parent's authority; he has to win them, not to argue with them. I know this kind of missionary work is often despised; it is called mere religious kidnapping; and it is said that missionary success obtained by such means proves nothing for the truth of Christianity; that the child handed over to a Mohammedan would grow up a Mohammedan, as much as a child taken by a Christian

missionary becomes a Christian. All this is true missionary success obtained by such means proves nothing for the truth of our creeds: but it proves, what is far more important, it proves Christian love. Read only the "Life of Patteson," the bishop of Melanesia; follow him in his vessel, sailing from island to island, begging for children, carrying them off as a mother her new-born child, nursing them, washing and combing them, clothing them, feeding them, teaching them in his Episcopal Palace, in which he himself is everything, nurse, and housemaid, and cook, schoolmaster, physician, and bishop — read there, how that man who tore himself away from his aged father, from his friends, from his favorite studies and pursuits, had the most loving of hearts for these children, how indignantly he repelled for them the name of savages, how he trusted them, respected them, honored them, and when they were formed and stablished, took them back to their island home, there to be a leaven for future ages. Yes, read the life, the work, the death of that man, a death in very truth, a ransom for the sins of others — and then say whether you would like to suppress a profession that can call forth such self-denial, such heroism, such sanctity, such love. It has been my privilege to have known some of the finest and noblest spirits which England has produced during this century, but there is none to whose memory I look up with greater reverence, none by whose friendship I feel more deeply humbled than by that of that true saint, that true martyr, that truly parental missionary.

The work of the parental missionary is clear, and its success undeniable, not only in Polynesia and

Melanesia, but in many parts of India — (think only of the bright light of Tinnevely) — in Africa, in China, in America, in Syria, in Turkey, aye, in the very heart of London.

The case is different with the controversial missionary, who has to attack the faith of men brought up in other religions, in religions which contain much truth, though mixed up with much error. Here the difficulties are immense, the results very discouraging. Nor need we wonder at this. We know, each of us, but too well, how little argument avails in theological discussion; how often it produces the very opposite result of what we expected; confirming rather than shaking opinions no less erroneous, no less indefensible, than many articles of the Mohammedan or Buddhist faith.

And even when argument proves successful, when it forces a verdict from an unwilling judge, how often has the result been disappointing; because in tearing up the rotten stem on which the tree rested, its tenderest fibres have been injured, its roots unsettled, its life destroyed.

We have little ground to expect that these controversial weapons will carry the day in the struggle between the three great religions of the world.

But there is a third kind of missionary activity, which has produced the most important results, and through which alone, I believe, the final victory will be gained. Whenever two religions are brought into contact, when members of each live together in peace, abstaining from all direct attempts at conversion, whether by force or by argument, though conscious all the time of the fact that they and their religion are on their trial, that they are being watched, that

they are responsible for all they say and do — the effect has always been the greatest blessing to both. It calls out all the best elements in each, and at the same time keeps under all that is felt to be of doubtful value, of uncertain truth. Whenever this has happened in the history of the world, it has generally led either to the reform of both systems, or to the foundation of a new religion.

When after the conquest of India the violent measures for the conversion of the Hindus to Mohammedanism had ceased, and Mohammedans and Brahmans lived together in the enjoyment of perfect equality, the result was a purified Mohammedanism, and a purified Brahmanism.<sup>1</sup> The worshippers of Vishnu, Siva, and other deities became ashamed of these mythological gods, and were led to admit that there was, either over and above these individual deities, or instead of them, a higher divine power (the Para-Brahma), the true source of all being, the only and almighty ruler of the world. That religious movement assumed its most important development at the beginning of the twelfth century, when Râmânuga founded the reformed sect of the worshippers of Vishnu; and again, in the fourteenth century, when his fifth successor, Râmânanda, imparted a still more liberal character to that powerful sect. Not only did he abolish many of the restrictions of caste, many of the minute ceremonial observances in eating, drinking, and bathing, but he replaced the classical Sanskrit — which was unintelligible to the large masses of the people — by the living vernaculars, in which he preached a purer worship of God.

<sup>1</sup> Lassen, *Indische Alterthumskunde*, vol. iv. p. 606; Wilson, *Asiatic Researches*, xvi. p. 21.

The most remarkable man of that time was a weaver, the pupil of Râmânanda, known by the name of Kabir. He indeed deserved the name which the members of the reformed sect claimed for themselves, Avadhûta, which means one who has shaken off the dust of superstition. He broke entirely with the popular mythology and the customs of the ceremonial law, and addressed himself alike to Hindu and Mohammedan. According to him, there is but one God, the creator of the world, without beginning and end, of inconceivable purity, and irresistible strength. The pure man is the image of God, and after death attains community with God. The commandments of Kabir are few: Not to injure anything that has life, for life is of God; to speak the truth; to keep aloof from the world; to obey the teacher. His poetry is most beautiful, hardly surpassed in any other language.

Still more important in the history of India was the reform of Nânak, the founder of the Sikh religion. He, too, worked entirely in the spirit of Kabir. Both labored to persuade the Hindus and Mohammedans that the truly essential parts of their creeds were the same, that they ought to discard the varieties of practical detail, and the corruptions of their teachers, for the worship of the *One Only Supreme*, whether he was termed Allah or Vishnu.

The effect of these religious reforms has been highly beneficial; it has cut into the very roots of idolatry, and has spread throughout India an intelligent and spiritual worship, which may at any time develop into a higher national creed.

The same effect which Monammedanism produced on Hinduism is now being produced, in a much

higher degree, on the religious mind of India by the mere presence of Christianity. That silent influence began to tell many years ago, even at a time when no missionaries were allowed within the territory of the old East India Company. Its first representative was Ram Mohun Roy, born just one hundred years ago, in 1772, who died at Bristol in 1833, the founder of the Brahma-Samâj. A man so highly cultivated and so highly religious as he was, could not but feel humiliated at the spectacle which the popular religion of his country presented to his English friends. He drew their attention to the fact that there was a purer religion to be found in the old sacred writings of his people, the Vedas. He went so far as to claim for the Vedas a divine origin, and to attempt the foundation of a reformed faith on their authority. In this attempt he failed.

No doubt the Vedas and other works of the ancient poets and prophets of India, contain treasures of truth, which ought never to be forgotten, least of all by the sons of India. The late good Bishop Cotton, in his address to the students of a missionary institution at Calcutta, advised them to use a certain hymn of the Rig-Veda in their daily prayers.<sup>1</sup> Nowhere do we find stronger arguments against idolatry, nowhere has the unity of the Deity been upheld more strenuously against the errors of polytheism than by some of the ancient sages of India. Even in the oldest of their sacred books, the Rig-Veda, composed three or four thousand years ago — where we find hymns addressed to the different deities of the sky, the air, the earth, the rivers — the protest of the human heart against many gods, breaks forth from time to

<sup>1</sup> See *Brahmic Questions of the Day*, 1869, p. 16.

time with no uncertain sound. One poet, after he has asked to whom sacrifice is due, answers, "to Him who is God above all gods."<sup>1</sup> Another poet, after enumerating the names of many deities, affirms, without hesitation, that "these are all but names of Him who is One." And even when single deities are invoked, it is not difficult to see that, in the mind of the poet, each one of the names is meant to express the highest conception of deity of which the human mind was *then* capable. The god of the sky is called Father and Mother and Friend; he is the Creator, the Upholder of the Universe; he rewards virtue and punishes sin; he listens to the prayers of those who love him.

But granting all this, we may well understand why an attempt to claim for these books a divine origin, and thus to make them an artificial foundation for a new religion, failed. The successor of Ram Mohun Roy, the present head of the Brahma-Samâj, the wise and excellent Debendranâth Tagore, was for a time even more decided in holding to the Vedas as the sole foundation of the new faith. But this could not last. As soon as the true character of the Vedas,<sup>2</sup> which but few people in India can understand, became known, partly through the efforts of native, partly of European scholars, the Indian reformers relinquished the claim of divine inspiration in favor of their Vedas, and were satisfied with a selection of passages from the works of the ancient sages of India, to express and embody the creed which the members of the Brahma-Samâj hold in common.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, by M. M. (2d ed.) p. 569.

<sup>2</sup> *The Adi Brahma-Samaj, Its views and Principles*, Calcutta, 1870, p. 10

<sup>3</sup> *A Brief History of the Calcutta Brahma-Samâj*, 1868, p. 15.

The work which these religious reformers have been doing in India is excellent, and those only who know what it is, in religious matters, to break with the past, to forsake the established custom of a nation, to oppose the rush of public opinion, to brave adverse criticism, to submit to social persecution, can form any idea of what those men have suffered, in bearing witness to the truth that was within them.

They could not reckon on any sympathy on the part of Christian missionaries; nor did their work attract much attention in Europe till very lately, when a schism broke out in the Brahma-Samâj between the old conservative party and a new party, led by Keshub Chunder Sen. The former, though willing to surrender all that was clearly idolatrous in the ancient religion and customs of India, wished to retain all that might safely be retained: it did not wish to see the religion of India denationalized. The other party, inspired and led by Keshub Chunder Sen, went further in their zeal for religious purity. All that smacked of the old leaven was to be surrendered; not only caste, but even that sacred cord — the religious riband which makes and marks the Brahman, which is to remind him at every moment of his life, and whatever work he may be engaged in, of his God, of his ancestors, and of his children — even that was to be abandoned; and instead of founding their creed exclusively on the utterances of the ancient sages of their own country, all that was best in the sacred books of the whole world was selected and formed into a new sacred code.<sup>1</sup>

The schism between these two parties is deeply to be deplored; but it is a sign of life. It augurs success

<sup>1</sup> See Note B, p. 269.

rather than failure for the future. It is the same schism which St. Paul had to heal in the Church of Corinth, and he healed it with the words, so often misunderstood, "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth."

In the eyes of our missionaries this religious reform in India has not found much favor: nor need we wonder at this. Their object is to transplant, if possible, Christianity in its full integrity from England to India, as we might wish to transplant a full-grown tree. They do not deny the moral worth, the noble aspirations, the self-sacrificing zeal of these native reformers; but they fear that all this will but increase their dangerous influence, and retard the progress of Christianity, by drawing some of the best minds of India, that might have been gained over to our religion, into a different current. They feel towards Keshub Chunder Sen<sup>1</sup> as Athanasius might have felt towards Ulfilas, the Arian Bishop of the Goths: and yet, what would have become of Christianity in Europe but for those Gothic races, but for those Arian heretics, who were considered more dangerous than downright pagans?

If we think of the future of India, and of the influence which that country has always exercised on the East, the movement of religious reform which is now going on appears to my mind the most momentous in this momentous century. If our missionaries feel constrained to repudiate it as their own work, history will be more just to them than they themselves.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Note C, p. 272.

<sup>2</sup> The *Indian Mirror* (Sept. 10, 1869) constantly treats of missionary efforts of various kinds in a spirit which is not only friendly, but even desirous of reciprocal sympathy; and hopeful that whatever differences may exist between them (the missionaries) and the Brahmos, the two parties

And if not as the work of Christian missionaries, it will be recognized hereafter as the work of those missionary Christians who have lived in India, as examples of a true Christian life, who have approached the natives in a truly missionary spirit, in the spirit of truth and in the spirit of love; whose bright presence has thawed the ice, and brought out beneath it the old soil, ready to blossom into new life. These Indian puritans are not against us; for all the highest purposes of life they are with us, and we, I trust, with them. What would the early Christians have said to men, outside the pale of Christianity, who spoke of Christ and his doctrine as some of these Indian reformers? Would they have said to them, "Unless you speak our language and think our thoughts, unless you accept our Creed and sign our Articles, we can have nothing in common with you."

O that Christians, and particularly missionaries, would lay to heart the words of a missionary Bishop! <sup>1</sup> "I have for years thought," writes Bishop Patteson, "that we seek in our missions a great deal too much to make *English* Christians. . . . Evidently the heathen man is not treated fairly, if we encumber our message with unnecessary requirements. The ancient Church had its 'selection of fundamentals.' . . . Any one can see what mistakes we have made in India. . . . Few men think themselves into the state of the Eastern mind. . . . We seek to denationalize

will heartily combine as brethren to exterminate idolatry, and promote true morality in India.

Many of our ministers and leading men, says the *Indian Mirror*, are recruited from missionary schools, which, by affording religious education, prove more favorable to the growth and spread of Brahmism than government schools with Comte and Secularism (*Indian Theism*, by S. D. Collet, 1870, p. 22).

<sup>1</sup> *Life of John Coleridge Patteson*, by C. M. Yonge, ii. p. 167.

these races, as far as I can see ; whereas we ought surely to change as little as possible — only what is clearly incompatible with the simplest form of Christian teaching and practice. I do not mean that we are to compromise truth . . . but do we not overlay it a good deal with human traditions ! ”

If we had many such missionaries as Bishop Patten and Bishop Cotton, if Christianity were not only preached, but lived in that spirit, it would then prove itself what it is — the religion of humanity at large, large enough itself to take in all shades and diversities of character and race.

And more than that — if this true missionary spirit, this spirit of truth and love, of forbearance, of trust, of toleration, of humility, were once to kindle the hearts of all those chivalrous ambassadors of Christ, the message of the Gospel which they have to deliver would then become as great a blessing to the giver as to the receiver. Even now, missionary work unites, both at home and abroad, those who are widely separated by the barriers of theological sects.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “ The large body of European and American missionaries settled in India bring their various moral influences to bear upon the country with the greater force, because they act together with a compactness which is but little understood. Though belonging to various denominations of Christians, yet from the nature of their work, their isolated position, and their long experience, they have been led to think rather of the numerous questions on which they agree, than of those on which they differ, and they coöperate heartily together. Localities are divided among them by friendly arrangements, and, with a few exceptions, it is a fixed rule among them that they will not interfere with each other's converts and each other's spheres of duty. School books, translations of the Scriptures and religious works, prepared by various missions, are used in common ; and help and improvements secured by one mission are freely placed at the command of all. The large body of missionaries resident in each of the presidency towns form missionary conferences, hold periodic meetings, and act together on public matters. They have frequently addressed the Indian

It might do so far more still. When we stand before a common enemy, we soon forget our own small feuds. But why? Often, I fear, from motives of prudence only and selfishness. Can we not, then, if we stand in spirit before a common friend — can we not, before the face of God, forget our small feuds, for very shame? If missionaries admit to their fold converts who can hardly understand the equivocal abstractions of our creeds and formulas, is it necessary to exclude those who understand them but too well to submit the wings of their free spirit to such galling chains! When we try to think of the majesty of God, what are all those formulas but the stammerings of children, which only a loving father can interpret and understand! The fundamentals of our religion are not in these poor creeds; true Christianity lives, not in our belief, but in our love — *in our love of God, and in our love of man, founded on our love of God.*

That is the whole Law and the Prophets, that is the religion to be preached to the whole world, that is the Gospel which will conquer all other religions — even Buddhism and Mohammedanism — which will win the hearts of all men.

There can never be too much love, though there may be too much faith — particularly when it leads to the requirement of exactly the same measure of faith in others. Let those who wish for the true

government on important social questions involving the welfare of the native community, and have suggested valuable improvements in existing laws. During the past twenty years, on five occasions, general conferences have been held for mutual consultation respecting their missionary work; and in January last, at the latest of these gatherings, at Allahabad, 121 missionaries met together, belonging to twenty different societies, and including several men of long experience who have been twenty years in India." *India, Progress and Condition, 1873, p. 134.*

success of missionary work learn to throw in of the abundance of their faith; let them learn to demand less from others than from themselves. That is the best offering, the most valuable contribution which they can make to-day to the missionary cause.

Let missionaries preach the Gospel again as it was preached when it began the conquest of the Roman Empire and the Gothic nations; when it had to struggle with powers and principalities, with time-honored religions and triumphant philosophies, with pride of civilization and savagery of life — and yet came out victorious. At that time conversion was not a question to be settled by the acceptance or rejection of certain formulas or articles; a simple prayer was often enough: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

There is one kind of faith that revels in words, there is another that can hardly find utterance: the former is like riches that come to us by inheritance; the latter is like the daily bread, which each of us has to win in the sweat of his brow. We cannot expect the former from new converts; we ought not to expect it or to exact it, for fear that it might lead to hypocrisy or superstition. The mere believing of miracles, the mere repeating of formulas requires no effort in converts, brought up to believe in the *Purânas* of the Brahmans or the Buddhist *Gâtakas*. They find it much easier to accept a legend than to love God, to repeat a creed than to forgive their enemies. In this respect they are exactly like ourselves. Let missionaries remember that the Christian faith at home is no longer what it was, and that it is impossible to have one Creed to preach abroad, another to preach at home. Much that was formerly

considered as essential is now neglected ; much that was formerly neglected is now considered as essential. I think of the laity more than of the clergy ; but what would the clergy be without the laity ? There are many of our best men, men of the greatest power and influence in literature, science, art, politics, aye even in the Church itself, who are no longer Christian in the old sense of the word. Some imagine they have ceased to be Christians altogether, because they feel that they cannot believe as much as others profess to believe. We cannot afford to lose these men, nor shall we lose them if we learn to be satisfied with what satisfied Christ and the Apostles, with what satisfies many a hard-working missionary. If Christianity is to retain its hold on Europe and America, if it is to conquer in the Holy War of the future, it must throw off its heavy armor, the helmet of brass and the coat of mail, and face the world like David, with his staff, his stones, and his sling. We want less of creeds, but more of trust ; less of ceremony, but more of work ; less of solemnity, but more of genial honesty ; less of doctrine, but more of love. There is a faith, as small as a grain of mustard-seed, but that grain alone can move mountains, and more than that, it can move hearts. Whatever the world may say of us, of us of little faith, let us remember that there was one who accepted the offering of the poor widow. She threw in but two mites, but that was all she had, even all her living.

## NOTES.

### NOTE A.

Mahādayassāpi ginassa kaddhanam,  
Vihāya pattam amatam sukham pi te  
Karimsu lokassa hitam tahim tahim,  
Bhaveyya ko lokahite pamādavā?

The first line is elliptical.

(Imitating) the resignation of the all-merciful Conqueror,  
They also, resigning the deathless bliss within their reach,  
Worked the welfare of mankind in various lands.

What man is there who would be remiss in doing good to mankind?

Hardy, in his "Manual of Buddhism" (p. 187), relates how fifty-four princes and a thousand fire-worshippers became the disciples of Buddha. "Whilst Buddha remained at Isipatana, Yasa, the son of Sujatā, who had been brought up in all delicacy, one night went secretly to him, was received with affection, became a priest, and entered the first path. The father, on discovering that he had fled, was disconsolate: but Buddha delivered to him a discourse, by which he became a rahat. The fifty-four companions of Yasa went to the monastery to induce him to return, and play with them as usual; but when they saw him, they were so struck with his manner and appearance, that they also resolved on becoming priests. When they went to Buddha, they were admitted, by the power of irdhi received the pirikara requisites of the priesthood, and became rahats. Buddha had now sixty disciples who were rahats, and he commanded them to go by different ways, and proclaim to all that a supreme Buddha had appeared in the world."

Mr. Childers has kindly sent me the following extract from Fausböll's "Dhammapada" (p. 119), where the same story is told:—

. . . Yasakulaputtassa upanissayasampattim divvā tam ratibhāge nibbiggitvā gēham pahāya nikkhantam "chi Yasāti"

pakkositvā, tasmiñ ñeva rattibhāge sotāpattiṭṭhalam punadivase arahattam pāpesi. Apare pi tassa saḥāyake katupannāsagane ehibhikkhupabbaggāya pabbāgetvā arahattam pāpesi. *Evam* loke ekasatthiyā arahantesu gātesu vutthavasso pavāretvā “*kara-tha bhikkhave kārīkan*” ti *satthim* bhikkhū disāsu pesetvā. . . . “Seeing that the young nobleman Yasa was ripe for conversion, in the night, when weary with the vanities of the world he had left his home and embraced the ascetic life, — he called him, saying, ‘Follow me, Yasa,’ and that very night he caused him to obtain the fruition of the first path, and on the following day arhatship. And fifty-four other persons, who were friends of Yasa’s, he ordained with the formula, ‘Follow me, priest,’ and caused them to attain arhatship. Thus when there were sixty-one arhats in the world, having passed the period of seclusion during the rains and resumed active duties, he sent forth the sixty priests in all directions, saying, ‘Go forth, priests, on your rounds (or travels).’”

Another passage, too, showing Buddha’s desire to see his doctrine preached in the whole world, was pointed out to me by Mr. Childers from the “Mahāparinibbāna Sutta,” which has since been published by this indefatigable scholar in the “Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,” vol. vii., p. 77: —

“Three months before his death, when Gautama’s health and strength is fast failing, he is tempted by Māra, who comes to him and urges him to bring his life and mission at once to a close by attaining Nirvāna (dying). Buddha replies that he will not die until his disciples are perfect on all points, and able to maintain the Truth with power against all unbelievers. Māra replies that this is already the case, whereupon Buddha uses these striking words: *Na tāvāham pāpima parinibbāyissāmi yāva me imam brahmaṅkariyam na iddhañ k’eva bhavissati phī-tañ ka vitthārikam bāhujaññam puthubhūtam, yāvad eva manus-sehi suppakāsitan ti.* ‘O wicked one, I will not die until this my holy religion thrives and prospers, until it is widely spread, known to many peoples, and grown great, until it is completely published among men.’ Māra again asserts that this is already the case, and Buddha replies, ‘Strive no more, wicked one, the death of the Tathāgata is at hand, at the end of three months from this time, the Tathāgata will attain Nirvāna.’”

## NOTE B.

THE SCHISM IN THE BRAHMA-SAMĀJ.<sup>1</sup>

The present position of the two parties in the Brahma-Samāj is well described by Rajnarain Bose (the "Adi Brahma Samaj," Calcutta, 1873, p. 11). "The particular opinions above referred to can be divided into two comprehensive classes — conservative and progressive. The conservative Brahmos are those who are unwilling to push religious and social reformation to any great extreme. They are of opinion that reformation should be gradual, the law of gradual progress being universally prevalent in nature. They also say that the principle of Brahmic harmony requires a harmonious discharge of all our duties, and that, as it is a duty to take a part in reformation, so there are other duties to perform, namely, those towards parents and society, and that we should harmonize all these duties as much as we can. However unsatisfactory such arguments may appear to a progressive Brahma, they are such as could not be slighted at first sight. They are certainly such as to make the conservative Brahma think sincerely that he is justified in not pushing religious and social reformation to any great extreme. The progressive Brahma cannot therefore call him a hypocrite. A union of both the conservative and the progressive elements in the Brahma church is necessary for its stability. The conservative element will prevent the progressive from spoiling the cause of reformation by taking premature and abortive measures for advancing that cause; the progressive element will prevent the conservative from proving a stolid obstruction to it. The conservative element will serve as a link between the progressive element and the orthodox community, and prevent the progressive Brahma from being completely estranged from that community, as the native Christians are; while the progressive element will prevent the conservative from remaining inert and being absorbed by the orthodox community. The common interests of Brahma Dhar-

<sup>1</sup> Brahma-Samāj, the Church of Brahma, is the general title. When the schism took place, the original Samāj was called *Adi Brahma-Samāj*, i. e., the First Church of Brahma, while the progressive party, under Keshub Chunder Sen was distinguished by the name of the Brahma-Samāj of India. The vowels *u* and *o* are often the same in Bengali, and are sometimes used for *a*.

ma should lead both classes to respect, and be on amicable terms with each other. It is true the progressive of the present half century will prove the conservative of the next; but there could never come a time when the two classes would cease to exist in the bosom of the church. She should, like a wise mother, make them live in peace with each other, and work harmoniously together for her benefit.

“As idolatry is intimately interwoven with our social fabric, conservative Brahmos, though discarding it in other respects, find it very difficult to do so on the occasion of such very important domestic ceremonies as marriage, s h r a d h (ancestral sacrifices), and u p a n a y a n a (spiritual apprenticing); but they should consider that Brahmoism is not so imperative on any other point as on the renunciation of idolatry. It can allow conservatism in other respects, but not on the point of idolatry. It can consider a man a Brahmo if he be conservative in other respects than idolatry; but it can never consider an idolater to be a Brahmo. The conservative Brahmo can do one thing, that is, observe the old ritual, leaving out only the idolatrous portion of it, if he do not choose to follow the positive Brahmo ritual laid down in the ‘Anushthána Paddhati.’ Liberty should be given by the progressive Brahmo to the conservative Brahmo in judging of the idolatrous character of the portions of the old ritual rejected by him. If a progressive Brahmo requires a conservative one to reject those portions which the former considers to be idolatrous, but the latter does not, he denies liberty of conscience to a fellow-Brahmo.

“The Adi Brahmo-Samaj is the national Hindu Theistic Church, whose principles of church reformation we have been describing above. Its demeanor towards the old religion of the country is friendly, but corrective and reformative. It is this circumstance which preëminently distinguishes it from the Brahmo-Samaj of India, whose attitude to that religion is antagonistic and offensive. The mission of the Adi Samaj is to fulfill the old religion, and not to destroy it. The attitude of the Adi Samaj to the old religion is friendly, but it is not at the same time opposed to progress. It is a mistake to call it a conservative church. It is rather a conservative-progressive church, or, more correctly, simply a church or religious body, leaving matters of social reformation to the judgments of individual members or bodies of such members. It contains both progressive and con-

servative members. As the ultra-progressive Brahmos, who wanted to eliminate the conservative element from it, were obliged to secede from it, so if a high conservative party arise in its bosom which would attempt to do violence to the progressive element and convert the church into a partly conservative one, that party also would be obliged to secede from it. Only men who can be tolerant of each other's opinions, and can respect each other's earnest convictions, progressive and conservative, can remain its members."

The strong national feeling of the Indian reformers finds expression in the following passage from "Brahmic Questions," p. 9:—

"A Samaj is accessible to all. The minds of the majority of our countrymen are not deeply saturated with Christian sentiments. What would they think of a Brahmo minister who would quote on the Vedi (altar) sayings from the Bible? Would they not from that time conceive an intolerable hatred towards Brahmoism and everything Brahmo? If quoting a sentence from the Bible or Koran offend our countrymen, we shall not do so. Truth is as catholic when taken from the Sâstras as from the Koran or the Bible. True liberality consists, not in quoting texts from the religious Scriptures of other nations, but in bringing up, as we advance, the rear who are groveling in ignorance and superstition. We certainly do not act against the dictates of conscience, if we quote texts from the Hindu Sâstras only, and not from all the religious Scriptures of all the countries on the face of the globe. Moreover, there is not a single saying in the Scriptures of other nations, which has not its counterpart in the Sâstras."

And again in "The Adi Brahma-Samaj, its Views and Principles," p. 1:—

"The members of the Adi Samaj, aiming to diffuse the truths of Theism among their own nation, the Hindus, have naturally adopted a Hindu mode of propagation, just as an Arab Theist would adopt an Arabian mode of propagation, and a Chinese Theist a Chinese one. Such differences in the aspect of Theism in different countries must naturally arise from the usual course of things, but they are adventitious, not essential, national, not sectarian. Although Brahmoism is universal religion, it is impossible to communicate a universal form to it. It must wear a particular form in a particular country. A so-called universal

form would make it appear grotesque and ridiculous to the nation or religious denomination among whom it is intended to be propagated, and would not command their veneration. In conformity with such views, the Adi Samaj has adopted a Hindu form to propagate Theism among Hindus. It has therefore retained many innocent Hindu usages and customs, and has adopted a form of divine service containing passages extracted from the Hindu Sâstras only, a book of Theistic texts containing selections from those sacred books only, and a ritual containing as much of the ancient form as could be kept consistently with the dictates of conscience.”

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NOTE C.

EXTRACTS FROM KESHUB CHUNDER SEN'S LECTURE ON CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY, 1870.

“Why have I cherished respect and reverence for Christ? . . . Why is it that, though I do not take the name of ‘Christian,’ I still persevere in offering my hearty thanksgivings to Jesus Christ? There must be something in the life and death of Christ, — there must be something in his great gospel which tends to bring comfort and light and strength to a heart heavy-laden with iniquity and wickedness. . . . I studied Christ ethically, nay spiritually, — and I studied the Bible also in the same spirit, and I must acknowledge candidly and sincerely that I owe a great deal to Christ and to the gospel of Christ. . . .

“My first inquiry was, What is the creed taught in the Bible? . . . Must I go through all the dogmas and doctrines which constitute Christianity in the eye of the various sects, or is there something simple which I can at once grasp and turn to account?

“I found Christ spoke one language, and Christianity another. I went to him prepared to hear what he had to say, and was immensely gratified when he told me: ‘Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and love thy neighbor as thyself;’ and then he added, ‘This is the whole law and the prophets,’ in other words, the whole philosophy, theology, and ethics of the law and the prophets are concentrated in these two great doctrines of love to God and love to man; and then elsewhere he said, ‘This do and

ye shall inherit everlasting life.' . . . If we love God and love man we become Christ-like, and so attain everlasting life.

"Christ never demanded from me worship or adoration that is due to God, the Creator of the Universe. . . . He places himself before me as the spirit I must imbibe in order to approach the Divine Father, as the great Teacher and guide who will lead me to God.

"There are some persons who believe that if we pass through the ceremony of baptism and sacrament, we shall be accepted by God, but if you accept baptism as an outward rite, you cannot thereby render your life acceptable to God, for Christ wants something internal, a complete conversion of the heart, a giving up the yoke of mammon and accepting the yoke of religion, and truth, and God. He wants us to baptize our hearts not with cold water, but with the fire of religious and spiritual enthusiasm; he calls upon us not to go through any outward rite, but to make baptism a ceremony of the heart, a spiritual enkindling of all our energies, of all our loftiest and most heavenly aspirations and activities. That is true baptism. So with regard to the doctrine of the sacrament. There are many who eat the bread and drink the wine at the sacramental table, and go through the ceremony in the most pious and fervent spirit; but, after all, what does the sacrament mean? If men simply adopt it as a tribute of respect and honor to Christ, shall he be satisfied? Shall they themselves be satisfied? Can we look upon them as Christians simply because they have gone through this rite regularly for twenty or fifty years of their lives? I think not. Christ demands of us absolute sanctification and purification of the heart. In this matter, also, I see Christ on one side, and Christian sects on the other.

"What is that bread which Christ asked his disciples to eat? what that wine which he asked them to taste? Any man who has simple intelligence in him, would at once come to the conclusion that all this was metaphorical, and highly and eminently spiritual. Now, are you prepared to accept Christ simply as an outward Christ, an outward teacher, an external atonement and propitiation, or will you prove true to Christ by accepting his solemn injunctions in their spiritual importance and weight? He distinctly says, every follower of his must eat his flesh and drink his blood. If we eat, bread is converted into strength and health, and becomes the means of prolonging our life; so, spirit-

ually, if we take truth into our heart, if we put Christ into the soul, we assimilate the spirit of Christ to our spiritual being, and then we find Christ incorporated into our existence and converted into spiritual strength, and health, and joy, and blessedness. Christ wants something that will amount to self-sacrifice, a casting away of the old man, and a new growth in the heart. I thus draw a line of demarcation between the visible and outward Christ, and the invisible and inward Christ, between bodily Christ and spiritual Christ, between the Christ of images and pictures, and the Christ that grows in the heart, between dead Christ and living Christ, between Christ that lived and that was, and Christ that does live and that is. . . .

“To be a Christian then is to be Christ-like. Christianity means becoming like Christ, not acceptance of Christ as a proposition or as an outward representation, but spiritual conformity with the life and character of Christ. And what is Christ? By Christ I understand one who said, ‘Thy will be done;’ and when I talk of Christ, I talk of that spirit of loyalty to God, that spirit of absolute determinedness and preparedness to say at all times and in all circumstances, ‘Thy will be done, not mine.’ . . .

“This prayer about forgiving an enemy and loving an enemy, this transcendental doctrine of love of man, is really sweet to me, and when I think of that blessed Man of God, crucified on the cross, and uttering those blessed words, ‘Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;’ oh! I feel that I must love that being, I feel that there is something within me which is touched by these sweet and heavenly utterances, I feel that I must love Christ, let Christians say what they like against me; that Christ I must love, for he preached love for an enemy. . . .

“When every individual man becomes Christian in spirit—repudiate the name, if you like—when every individual man becomes as prayerful as Christ was, as loving and forgiving towards enemies as Christ was, as self-sacrificing as Christ was, then these little units, these little individualities, will coalesce and combine together by the natural affinity of their hearts; and these new creatures, reformed, regenerated, in the child-like and Christ-like spirit of devotion and faith, will feel drawn towards each other, and they shall constitute a real Christian church, a real Christian nation. Allow me, friends, to say, England is not yet a Christian nation.”

EXTRACTS FROM A CATECHISM ISSUED BY A MEMBER OF  
THE ADI BRAHMO-SAMAJ.

Q. Who is the deity of the Brahmos?

A. The One True God, one only without a second, whom all Hindu Sâstras proclaim.

Q. What is the divine worship of the Brahmos?

A. Loving God, and doing the works He loveth.

Q. What is the temple of the Brahmos?

A. The pure heart.

Q. What are the ceremonial observances of the Brahmos?

A. Good works.

Q. What is the sacrifice of the Brahmos?

A. Renunciation of selfishness.

Q. What are the austerities of the Brahmos?

A. Not committing sin. The Mahâbhârata says, He who does not commit sin in mind, speech, action, or understanding, performs austerities; not he who drieth up his body.

Q. What is the place of pilgrimage of the Brahmos?

A. The company of the good.

Q. What is the Veda of the Brahmos?

A. Divine knowledge. It is superior to all Vedas. The Veda itself says: The inferior knowledge is the Rig Veda, the Yajur Veda, the Sama Veda, the Atharva Veda, etc.; the superior knowledge is that which treats of God.

Q. What is the most sacred formula of the Brahmos?

A. Be good and do good.

Q. Who is the true Brahman?

A. He who knows Brahma. The *Bṛihadâraṇyaka-Upanishad* says: He who departs from this world knowing God, is a Brahman. (See "Brahmic Questions of the Day," 1869.)

THE END AND THE MEANS  
OF  
CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

A SERMON<sup>1</sup> PREACHED BY ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, ON THE DAY OF INTERCESSION FOR MISSIONS, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

*Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.*

Ὁ δὲ Ἀγρίππας πρὸς τὸν Παῦλον ἔφη· Ἐν ὀλίγῳ με πείθεις Χριστιανὸν γενέσθαι. Ὁ δὲ Παῦλος εἶπεν· Εὐξαίμην ἂν τῷ Θεῷ, καὶ ἐν ὀλίγῳ καὶ ἐν πολλῷ οὐ μόνον σε, ἀλλὰ καὶ πάντας τοὺς ἀκούοντάς μου σήμερον γενέσθαι τοιοῦτους, ὅποῖος καὶ γὰρ εἶμι παρεκτός τῶν δεσμῶν τούτων.  
ACTS xxvi. 28, 29.

WHEN I preached on a like occasion last year, I spoke at some length of the prospects of Christian missions,<sup>2</sup> and I ventured to give seven grounds which the peculiar circumstances of our time afforded for

<sup>1</sup> This sermon, which was preached by the Dean of Westminster in the forenoon of Wednesday, December 3d, 1873, and in which his reasons are stated for inviting a layman to speak on the subject of missions in the evening of the same day, and within the same sacred precincts, is here reprinted with his kind permission.

<sup>2</sup> *Prospects of Christian Missions*, a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on December 20, 1872. Strahan & Co., London.

greater confidence in the future. First, the better knowledge of the Divine nature acquired by the extinction of the once universal belief that all heathens were everlastingly lost; secondly, the increased acquaintance with the heathen religions themselves; thirdly, the instruction which Christian missionaries have gained or may gain from their actual experience in foreign parts; fourthly, the recognition of the fact that the main hindrance to the success of Christian missions arises from the vices and sins of Christendom; fifthly, an acknowledgment of the indirect influences of Christianity through legislation and civilization; sixthly, the newly awakened perception of the duty of making exact, unvarnished, impartial statements on this subject; seventhly, the testimony borne by missionary experience to the common elements and essential principles of the Christian religion.

On these — the peculiar grounds for hope and for exertion in this our generation — I content myself with referring to the observations which I then made, and which I will not now repeat.

I propose on this occasion to make a few remarks on the End and on the Means of Christian Missions; remarks which must of necessity be general in their import, but which for that reason are the more suitable to be offered by one who cannot speak from personal and special experience.

The text is taken from a striking incident in the life of the greatest of apostolic missionaries. It was in the presence of Festus and Agrippa that Paul had poured forth those few burning utterances which to Festus seemed like madness, but which Paul himself declared to be words of truth and soberness. Then it

was that the Jewish prince, Agrippa — far better instructed and seeing deeper into Paul's mind than the heathen Festus, yet still unconvinced — broke in upon the conversation with the words which in the English translation have well nigh passed into a proverb, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." The sense which they thus give would be in itself perfectly suitable to the halting, fickle character of the Herodian family, and would accurately describe the numerous half-converts throughout the world — "Almost," but not quite, "thou persuadest me to join the good cause." But the sense which, by the nearly universal consent of modern scholars, they really bear in the original is something still more instructive. The only meaning of which the Greek words are capable is an exclamation, half in jest and half in earnest, "It is but a very brief and simple argument that you offer to work so great a change;" or, if we may venture to bring out the sense more forcibly, "So few words, and such a vast conclusion!" "So slight a foundation, and so gigantic a superstructure!" "So scanty an outfit, and so perilous an enterprise!" The speech breathes something of the spirit of Naaman, when he was told to wash in the Jordan — "Are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?" It is like the complaint of the popular prophets in the time of Hezekiah, whose taste demanded stronger flavor than the noble simplicity of Isaiah, "Thou givest us only line upon line, precept upon precept." It breathes the spirit of the Ephesian Christians who, when they heard St. John's repeated maxim of "Little children, love one another," said, "Is this all that he has to tell us?" It expresses the spirit of many an one since, who has stumbled at the threshold

of the genuine Gospel — “So vague, so simple, so universal. Is this worth the sacrifice that you demand? Give us a demonstrative argument, a vast ceremonial, a complex system, a uniform government. Nothing else will satisfy us.”

As Agrippa's objection, so is Paul's answer. It would have indeed borne a good sense had he meant what in our English version he is made to say, “I would that thou wert converted both ‘almost and altogether.’ Halfness or wholeness — I admire them both. Half a soul is better than none at all. To have come half way is better than never to have started at all ; but half is only good, because it leads towards the whole.” Nevertheless, following the real meaning of Agrippa's remark, St. Paul's retort, in fact, bears a yet deeper significance — “I would to God, that whether by little or by much, whether by brief arguments or by long arguments, somehow and somewhere, the change were wrought. The means to me are comparatively nothing, so long as the end is accomplished.” It is the same spirit as that which dictated the noble expression in the Epistle to the Philippians : “Some preach Christ of envy and strife, some also of good will. The one preach Christ of contention, the other of love. What then ? notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached.”<sup>1</sup>

And then he proceeds to vindicate the end which makes him indifferent as to the means. Agrippa, in his brief taunt, had said, “Such are the arguments by which you would fain make me a *Christian*.” It is one of the few, one of the only three occasions on which that glorious name is used in the New Testa-

<sup>1</sup> Phil. i. 13-16.

ment. It is here charged not with the venerable meaning which we now attach to it, but with the novel and degrading associations which it bore in the mouth of every Jew and every Roman at that time — of Tacitus or Josephus, no less than of Festus or Agrippa. “Is it,” so the king meant to say, “is it that you think to make me a *Christian*, a member of that despised, heretical, innovating sect, of which the very name is a sufficient condemnation?”

It is only by bearing this in mind that we see the force of St. Paul’s answer. He does not insist on the word; he does not fight even for this sacred title; he does not take it up as a pugnacious champion might take up the glove which his adversary had thrown down; he does not say, “I would that thou wast a Christian.” In his answer he bears his testimony to one of the gravest, the most fruitful, of all theological truths — that it is not the name but the thing, not the form but the reality, on which stress must be laid; and he gives the most lucid, heart-stirring illustration of what the reality is. “I would that not only thou, but all those who hear me were (I ask for no ambiguous catchword or byword, but) what you see before you; I would that you all were such as I am — such as I am, upheld by the hopes, filled with the affections, that sustain my charmed existence;” and then, with that exquisite courtesy which characterizes so many traits of the Apostle’s history, glancing at the chains which bound him to the Roman guard — “‘except these bonds.’ This, whether you call it Christian or not, is what I desire to see you and all the world.” “You see it before you in the life, the character, the spirit, of one who knows what Christianity is, and who wishes that all

his fellow-creatures should partake of the happiness that he has gained, repose on the same principles that give him strength." This, then, is the statement of the greatest of missionaries, both as to the end which he sought to attain, and the means by which he and we should seek to attain it.

I. Let us first take the End: "Such as I am, except these bonds." That is the state to which St. Paul desired to bring all those who heard him. That, according to him, was the description of a Christian. No doubt if he had been pressed yet further, he would have said that he meant, "Such as Jesus Christ, my Lord." But he was satisfied with taking such a living, human, imperfect exemplification as he whom Festus and Agrippa saw in their presence. "Such as Paul was." Here is no ambiguous definition, no obsolete form. What manner of man he was we know even better than Festus or Agrippa knew. Look at him with all his characteristic peculiarities; a man passionately devoted to his own faithful friends, and clinging to the reminiscences of his race and country, yet with a heart open to embrace all mankind; a man combining the strongest convictions with an unbounded toleration of differences, and an unbounded confidence in truth; a man penetrated with the freedom of the Spirit, but with a profound appreciation of the value of great existing institutions, whether civil or religious—a thorough Roman citizen and a thorough Eastern gentleman; embarked on a career of daring fortitude and endurance, undertaken in the strength of the persuasion that in Jesus Christ of Nazareth he had seen the highest perfection of Divine and human goodness—a Master worth living for and worth dying for, whose Spirit was to be the

regenerating power of the whole world. This character, this condition it was to which St. Paul desired that his hearers should be brought. One only reservation he makes; "except these bonds," except those limitations, those circumscriptions, those vexations, those irritations, which belonged to the suffering, toil-worn circumstances in which he was at that moment placed.

Such is the aim which, following the example of their most illustrious predecessor, all missionaries ought to have before their eyes. To create, to preach, to exhibit those elements of character, those apostolical graces, those Divine intuitions, which even the hard Roman magistrate and the superficial Jewish prince recognized in Paul of Tarsus. Where these are, there is Christianity. In proportion as any of these are attained, in that proportion has a human being become a Christian. Wherever and in proportion as these are not, there the missionary's labor has failed — there the seed has been sown to no purpose — there the name of Christian may be, but the reality is not.

This preëminence of the object of Christian missions — namely, the formation of heroic, apostolic, and therefore Christian characters — has a wide practical importance. In these days — when there is so much temptation to dwell on the scaffolding, the apparatus, the organization of religion, as though it were religion itself — it is doubly necessary to bear in mind what true Religion is, wherein lies the essential superiority of Christianity to all the other forms of religion on the surface of the earth. It is not merely the baptism of thousands of infants, such as filled a large part of the aspirations even of so great a missionary as Francis Xavier nor the adoption of the

name of Christ, as was done on so vast a scale by the ferocious rebels of China; nor the repetition, with ever so much accuracy, of the Christian creed, as was done by the pretended converts from Mahomedanism or Judaism, under the terrible compulsion of the Catholic sovereigns of Spain. Nor is it the assurance ever so frequently repeated, that we are saved; nor is it the absolution, ever so solemnly pronounced by a priest; nor is it the shedding of floods of tears; nor is it the adoption of voluntary self-degradation or solitary seclusion. All these may be found in other religions in even greater force than in Christianity. That which alone, if anything, stamps Christianity as the supreme religion, is that its essence, its object, is in none of these things, valuable as some of them may be as signs and symptoms of the change which every mission is intended to effect. The change itself, the end itself, Christianity itself, is at once greater and simpler. It is to be such as Paul was; it is to produce characters, which in truthfulness, in independence, in mercy, in purity, in charity, may recall something of the great Apostle, even as he recalled something of the mind which was in Christ Jesus. It was this clear vision of what he desired to see as the fruits of his teaching that made St. Paul so ready to admire whatsoever things were lovely and of good report wherever he found them. In Gentile or in Jew, in heathen or in Christian, he recognized at once the spirits kindred to his own, and welcomed them accordingly. He felt that he could raise them yet higher; but he was eager to claim them as his brethren even from the first.<sup>1</sup> Even in

<sup>1</sup> Acts xiv. 16, 17; xvii. 23, 28; xix. 37; xxi. 26; xxii. 28; xxv. 11. Rom. ii. 6-15; xiii. 1-7; xiv. 9; 1 Cor. ix. 20-22; xx. 33. Phil. iv. 8.

the legends which surround his history there has been preserved something of this genuine apostolic sympathy. It was a fine touch in the ancient Latin hymn which described how, when he landed at Puteoli, he turned aside to the hill of Pausilipo to shed a tear over the tomb of Virgil, and thought how much he might have made of that noble soul if he had found him still on earth : —

“ Ad Maronis mausoleum  
 Ductus, fudit super eum  
 Piæ rorem lacrymæ —  
 ‘ Quantum,’ dixit, ‘ te fecissem  
 Si te vivum invenissem,  
 Poetarum maxime.”

It was this which made him cling with such affectionate interest to his converts, to his friends, to his sons, as he calls them, in Christ Jesus. All that he sought, all that he looked for in them, was that they should show in their characters the seal of the spirit that animated himself. Whether they derived this character from himself or from Apollos or Cephas he cared not to ask. He was their pupil as much as their master. He disclaimed all dominion over their independent faith ; he claimed only to be a helper in their joy.

This reproduction of Paul — this reproduction of all that is best in ourselves or better than ourselves — in the minds and hearts of mankind, is the true work of the Christian missionary ; and, in order to do this, he must be himself that which he wishes to impress upon them in humility, goodness, courtesy, and holiness, except only the straitening bonds which cramp or confine each separate character, nation, and church. No disparager of Christian missions can dispute this

— no champion of Christian missions need go beyond this. When, in the last century, the Danish missionary, Schwarz, was pursuing his labors at Tanjore, and the Rajah Hyder Ali desired to treat with the English government, he said: “Do not send to me any of your agents, for I trust neither their words nor their treaties. But send to me the missionary of whose character I hear so much from every one; him will I receive and trust.” That was the electrifying, vivifying effect of the apparition of such an one as Paul — “a man who had indeed done nothing worthy of bonds or of death” — a man in whose entire disinterestedness and in whose transparent honor the image and superscription of his Master was written so that no one could mistake it. “In every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness” is the noblest work of God our Creator — the most precious result of human endeavor. If any such — by missionary efforts, either of convert or teacher, either direct or indirect — have been produced, then the prayers uttered, the labors inspired, the hopes expressed in these and like services have not been altogether in vain. One of the most striking facts to which our attention has been called as demanding our thankfulness on this day is the solemn testimony borne by the Government of India to the fruits of “the blameless lives and self-denying labors of its six hundred Protestant missionaries.” And what are those fruits? Not merely the adoption of this or that outward form of Christianity by this or that section of the Indian community. It is something which is in appearance less, but in reality far greater than this. It is something less like the question of Agrippa, but more like the answer of Paul. It is that they have “infused

new vigor into the stereotyped life of the vast populations placed under English rule ;” it is that they are “preparing those populations to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great Empire under which they dwell.” That is a verdict on which we can rest with the assurance that it is not likely to be reversed. Individual conversions may relapse—may be accounted for by special motives ; but long-sustained, wide-reaching changes of the whole tenor and bent of a man or of a nation are beyond suspicion. When we see the immovable, and, as the official document says, “the stereotyped” forms of Indian life re-animated with a vigor unknown to the Oriental races in earlier days, this is a regeneration as surprising as that which, to a famous missionary of the past generation, seemed as impossible as the restoration of a mummy to life—namely, the conversion of a single Brahmin.

This, then, is the End of Christian missions, whether to heathens or to Christians, namely, to make better men and better citizens—to raise the whole of society by inspiring it with a higher view of duty, with a stronger sense of truth ; with a more powerful conviction that only by goodness and truth can God be approached or Christ be served—that God is goodness and truth, and that Christ is the Image of God, because He is goodness and truth. If this be the legitimate result of Christianity, no further arguments are needed to prove that it contains a light which is worth imparting, and which, wherever it is imparted, vindicates its heavenly origin and its heavenly tendency.

II. This is the End ; and now what are the Means ? They are what we might expect in the view of so

great an end. Anything (so the Apostle tells us), be it small or great, short or long, scanty or ample,—the manners of a Jew for Jews, the manners of a Gentile for Gentiles, “all things for all men,”<sup>1</sup>—are worth considering if “by any of these means he might save,” that is, elevate, sanctify, purify any of those to whom he spoke. When we reflect upon the many various efforts to do good in this manifold world—the multitude of sermons, societies, agencies, excitements, which to some seem as futile and fruitless as to others they seem precious and important—it is a true consolation to bear in mind the Apostle’s wise and generous maxim, “Whether by little or by much, whether in pretence or in truth, whether of strife or of good will, Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.” It may be by a short, sudden, electric shock, or it may be by a long course of civilizing, humanizing tendencies. It may be by a single text, such as that which awoke the conscience of Augustine; or a single interview like Justin’s with the unknown philosopher; or it may be by a long systematic treatise—Butler’s “Analogy,” or Lardner’s “Credibilia,” or the “Institutes” of Calvin, or the “Summa Theologiæ” of Aquinas. It may be by the sudden flush of victory in battle, such as convinced Clovis on the field of Tolbiac; or the argument of a peaceful conference, such as convinced our own Ethelbert. It may be by teachers steeped in what was by half the Christian world regarded as deadly heresy, such as the Arian Bishop Ulphilas, by whom were converted to the faith those mighty Gothic tribes which formed the first elements of European Christendom, and whose deeds Augustine regarded, notwithstanding

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. ix. 20-22.

their errors, as the glory of the Christian name.<sup>1</sup> It may be by teachers immersed in superstitions as barbarous, as completely repudiated by the civilized world, as were those of the famous Roman Pontiff who sent the first missionaries to these shores. Sometimes the change has been effected by the sight of a single picture, as when Vladimir of Russia was shown the representation of the Last Judgment; sometimes by a dream or a sign, known only to those who were affected by it — such as the vision of the Cross which arrested Constantine on his way to Rome, or changed Colonel Gardiner's dissolute youth to a manhood of strict and sober piety. Sometimes it has been by the earnest preaching of missionaries, confessedly ill-educated and ill-prepared for the work which they had to accomplish; sometimes by the slow infiltration of Christian literature and Christian civilization; the grandeur, in old days, of Rome and Constantinople; in our days, the superiority of European genius, the spread of English commerce, the establishment of just laws, pure homes, merciful institutions.

We do not say that all these means are equally good or equally efficacious. St. Paul, in his argument with Agrippa, did not mean to say that "almost and altogether," that "much and little," were the same; he did not mean that it was equally good that Christ should be preached in strife or in good-will; he did not mean that a good end justified bad means, or that we may do evil that good may come; he did not

<sup>1</sup> In the well-known passage where, speaking of the moderation and humanity of these heretical Arians in the capture of Rome, he concludes "Hoc Christi nomini, hoc Christiano tempori tribuendum quisquis non videt, cæcus; quisquis non laudat, ingratus; quisquis laudanti reluctatur, ingratus est." *De Civitate Dei*, i. c. 7. Compare *Ibid.* c. 1, and *Sermon cv., De. Ev. S. Luc.*

mean to justify the falsehoods which are profanely called pious frauds, nor the persecutions which have been set on foot by those who thought to do God service, or the attempt to stimulate artificial excitement by undermining the moral strength and manly independence of the human spirit. God forbid! But what he meant, and what we mean with him, is this: In true Christian missions, in the conversion of human souls from dead works, from sin, from folly, from barbarism, from hardness, from selfishness, to goodness and purity, justice and truth, the field is so vast, the diversity of character in men and nations is so infinite, the enterprise so arduous, the aspects of Divine truth so various, that it is on the one hand a duty for each one to follow out that particular means of conversion which seems to him most efficacious, and on the other hand to acquiesce in the converging use of many means which cannot, by the nature of the case, appear equally efficacious to every one. Such a toleration, such an adoption of the different modes of carrying on what John Bunyan called "the Holy War," "the Siege of Man's Soul," must indeed be always controlled by the determination to keep the high, paramount, universal end always in view; by the vigilant endeavor to repress the exaggeration, to denounce the follies and the falsehoods which infect even the best attempts of narrow and fallible, though good and faithful, servants of their Lord. But, if once we have this principle fixed in our minds, it surely becomes a solace to remember that the soul of man is won by a thousand different approaches — that thus the instruments which often seem most unworthy may yet serve to produce a result far above themselves — that when "we have toiled all

night and taken nothing" by keeping close to the shore, or by throwing out our nets always on one side, yet if we have courage "to launch out into the deep, and cast out our nets on the other side of the ship," we shall "enclose a great multitude of fishes, so that the net shall break."

He is a traitor to the cause who exalts the means above the end, or who seeks an end altogether different from that to which his allegiance binds him ; but he is not a traitor, but a faithful soldier, who makes the best use of all the means that are placed in his hands. Long after the imperfect instruments have perished the results will endure, and in forms wholly unlike the insufficiency or the meagreness of the first propelling cause. The preaching of Henry Martyn may have been tinged by a zeal often not according to knowledge ; but the savor of his holy and self-denying life has passed like a sweet-smelling incense through the whole framework of Indian society. "Even," so he said himself, "if I should never see a native converted, God may design by my patience and continuance in the work to encourage future missionaries."

The more profoundly we are impressed with the degradation of the heathen nations, with the corruption of the Christian churches, the more thankful should we be for any attempts, however slight and however various, to quicken the sluggish mass, and enlighten the blackness of the night, provided only that the mass is permanently quickened, and the darkness is in any measure dispelled. "I have lived too long," said Lord Macaulay on his return from India to England, "I have lived too long in a country where people worship cows, to think much of the

differences which part Christians from Christians.” And, in fact, as the official report to which I have referred testifies in strong terms, the presence of the great evils which Indian missionaries have to confront, has often produced in them a noble and truly Christian indifference to the trivial divergences between themselves. “Even a one-eyed man,” says the proverb, “is a king amongst the blind.” Even the shepherd’s sling may perchance smite down the Goliath of Gath. The rough sledge-hammer of a rustic preacher may strike home, where the most polished scholar would plead in vain. The calm judgment of the wise and good, or the silent example, or the understanding sympathy, or the wide survey of the whole field of the religions of mankind, may awaken convictions which all the declamations of all the churches would fail to arouse.

The misery of the war on the coast of Africa, the terrible prospect of the Indian famine, may furnish the very opening which we most desire. They may be the very touchstones by which these suffering heathens will test the practical efficiency of a Christian government and a Christian nation, of Christian missionaries and Christian people, and, having so tested it, will judge.

When the first Napoleon suddenly found himself among the quicksands of the Red Sea he ordered his generals to ride out in so many opposite directions, and the first who arrived on firm ground to call on the rest to follow. This is what we may ask of all the various schemes and agencies—all the various inquiries after truth now at work in all the different branches and classes of Christendom—“Ride out amongst those quicksands! Ride out in the most

opposite directions, and let him that first finds solid ground call out to us! It may perchance be the very ground in the midst of this quaking morass where we shall be able to stand firm and move the world."

There is one special variety of means which I would venture to name in conclusion. Ever since the close of the Apostolic age there have been two separate agencies in the Christian Church by which the work of conversion has been carried on. The chief, the recognized, the ordinary agency has been that of the clergy. Every presbyter, every bishop in the Church of the first ages, and again in the beginning of Christian Europe, was, in the strict sense of the word, a missionary; and although their functions have in these latter days been for the most part best fulfilled by following their stationary, fixed, pastoral charges, yet it is still from their ranks in all the different churches that the noble army of missionaries and martyrs in foreign lands has been, and is and must be recruited. Most unwise and unworthy would be any word which should underrate the importance of this mighty element in the work of renewing the face of the earth. But there has always been recognized, more or less distinctly, the agency of Christian laymen in this same work of evangelization. Not only in that more general sense in which I have already indicated the effect of the laws, and literature, and influence of Christian Europe—not only in that unquestionable sense in which the best of all missionaries is a high-minded governor, or an upright magistrate, or a devout and pure-minded soldier, who is always "trusting in God and doing his duty;" not only in these senses do we look for the coöperation of laymen, but also in the more direct forms of instruc

tion, of intelligent and far-seeing interest in labors, which, though carried on mainly by the clergy, must, if they are to be good for anything, concern all mankind alike. In the early centuries of Christianity the aid of laymen was freely invoked and freely given in this great cause. Such was Origen, the most learned and the most gifted of the Fathers, who preached as a layman in the presence of presbyters and bishops. Such was one of the first evangelizers of India, Pantænus; such was the hermit Telemachus, whose earnest protest, aided by his heroic death, extinguished at Rome the horrors of the gladiatorial games; such was Antony, the mighty preacher in the wilds of the Thebaid and the streets of Alexandria; such, in later days, was Francis of Assisi, when first he began his career as the most famous preacher of the Middle Ages; such, just before the Reformation, was our own Sir Thomas More.<sup>1</sup> In these instances, as in many others, the influence, the learning, the zeal of laymen, was directly imported into the work of Christianizing the nations of Europe. It is for this reason that we in our age also, so far as the law and order of our churches permit, have frequently received the assistance of laymen; who, by the weight of their character or their knowledge, can render a fresh testimony, or throw a fresh light on subjects where we, the clergy, should perhaps be heard less willingly. As their voices have been raised on this sacred subject of missions in many a humble parish church; as also on other sacred topics, such as Christian art and

<sup>1</sup> "Sir Thomas More, after he was called to the Bar in Lincoln's Inn, did, for a considerable time, read a public lecture out of S. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, in the Church of S. Lawrence in the Old Jewry to which the learned sort of the City of London did resort." Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, fol. ed. 1721, pp. 182, 183.

history, their words have often been heard within the consecrated walls of this and other great abbeys and cathedrals; — so, in the hope that a more systematic form may thus be given to our knowledge, and a more concentrated direction to our zeal, we shall have the privilege of listening this evening in the nave of this church to a scholar renowned throughout the world, whose knowledge of all heathen religions, ancient and modern, in their relation to the experience of Christian missions, probably exceeds that of any other single person in Europe.

I conclude by once more applying the Apostle's words to the Means and the End of Christian missions. We would to God that whether by little or by much, whether by sudden stroke or by elaborate reasoning, whether in a brief moment or by long process of years, whether by the fervor of active clergy, or by the learning of impartial laymen, whether by illiterate simplicity or by wide philosophy — not only those who hear me, but all on whom the services of this day, far and near, have any influence, may become, at least in some degree, such as was Paul the Apostle, such as have been the wisest and best of Christian missionaries, except only those bonds which belong to time and place, not to the Eternal Spirit and the Everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ. We cannot wish a better wish, or pray a better prayer to God on this day than that amongst the missionaries who teach, amongst the heathens who hear, there should be raised up men who should exhibit that type of Christian truth and of Christian life which was seen by Festus and Agrippa in Paul of Tarsus. May the Giver of all good gifts give to **us** some portion of his cheerful and manly faith, of

his fearless energy, of his horror of narrowness and superstition, of his love for God and for mankind, of his absolute faith in the triumph of his Redeemer's cause. May God our Father waken in us the sense that we are all his children ; may the whole earth become more and more one fold under one Good Shepherd, Jesus Christ his Son ; may the Holy Spirit of Heaven

" Our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire."

## ON THE VITALITY OF BRAHM- ANISM.

THE delivery of a lecture on Missions in Westminster Abbey by a layman, and that layman a German, caused great excitement at the time. While some persons of great experience and authority in Church and State expressed their full approval of the bold step which the Dean of Westminster had taken, and while some of the most devoted missionaries conveyed to me their hearty thanks for what I had said in my lecture, others could not find terms sufficiently violent to vent their displeasure against the Dean, and to proclaim their horror at the heretical opinions embodied in my address. I was publicly threatened with legal proceedings, and an eminent lawyer informed me in the "Times" of the exact length of imprisonment I should have to undergo.

I did not reply. I had lived long enough in England to know that no good cause can ever be served by a breach of the law, and neither the Dean nor I myself would have acted as we did unless it had been ascertained beforehand from the highest authorities that, with the sanction of the Dean, there was nothing illegal in a layman delivering such a lecture within the precincts of his Abbey. As to the opinions which I expressed on that occasion, I had expressed them before in my published "Lectures on the Science of Religion." Whether they are orthodox or heretical, others are more competent to deter-

mine than I am. I simply hold them to be true, and at my time of life, mere contradictions, abuse, or even threats are not likely to keep me from expressing opinions which, whether rightly or wrongly, seem to me founded in truth.

But while I refrained from replying to mere outbursts of anger, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity offered by an article published in the "Fortnightly Review" (July, 1874), by Mr. Lyall, a highly distinguished Indian civilian, in order to explain more fully some of the views expressed in my lecture which seemed liable to misapprehension. Unfortunately the writer of the article "On Missionary Religions" had not the whole of my lecture before him when writing his criticisms, but had to form his opinion of it from a condensed report which appeared in the "Times" of December 5th, 1873. The limits of a lecture are in themselves very narrow, and when so large a subject as that of which I had to treat in Westminster Abbey had to be condensed within sixty minutes, not only those who wish to misunderstand, but those also who try to judge fairly, may discover in what has been said, or what has not been said, a very different meaning from that which the lecturer wished to convey. And if a closely-packed lecture is compressed once more into one column of the "Times," it is hardly possible to avoid what has happened in this case. Mr. Lyall has blamed me for not quoting facts or statements which, as he will have seen by this time, I had quoted in my lecture. I am reminded by him, for instance, of the remarks made by Sir George Campbell in his report upon the government of Bengal in 1871-72, when he wrote, "It is a great mistake to

suppose that the Hindu religion is not proselytizing ; the system of castes gives room for the introduction of any number of outsiders ; so long as people do not interfere with existing castes, they may form a new caste and call themselves Hindus ; and the Brahmans are always ready to receive all who will submit to them and pay them. The process of manufacturing Rajputs from ambitious aborigines goes on before our eyes." "This," Mr. Lyall observes, "is one recently recorded observation out of many that might be quoted."

It is this very passage which I had quoted in my third note, only that in quoting it from the "Report on the Progress and Condition of India," laid before Parliament in 1873, I had added the caution of the reporter, that "this assertion must be taken with reserve."

With such small exceptions, however, I have really nothing to complain of in the line of argument adopted by Mr. Lyall. I believe that, after having read my paper, he would have modified some portions of what he has written, but I feel equally certain that it is well that what he has written should have been written, and should be carefully pondered both by those who have the interests of the natives, and by those who have the interests of Christian missions at heart. The few remarks which I take the liberty of making are made by way of explanation only ; on all truly essential points I believe there is not much difference of opinion between Mr. Lyall and myself.

As my lecture in Westminster Abbey was delivered shortly after the publication of my "Introduction to the Science of Religion," I ventured to take

certain points which I had fully treated there as generally known. One of them is the exact value to be ascribed to canonical books in a scientific treatment of religion. When Mr. Lyall observes *in limine*, that inferences as to the nature and tendency of various existing religions which are drawn from study and exegetic comparison of their scriptures, must be qualified by actual observation of these religions and their popular form and working effects, he expresses an opinion which I hold as strongly as he holds it himself. After enumerating the books which are recognized as sacred or authoritative by large religious communities in India, books of such bulk and such difficulty that it seems almost impossible for any single scholar to master them in their entirety, I added (p. 111), "And even then our eyes would not have reached many of the sacred recesses in which the Hindu mind has taken refuge, either to meditate on the great problems of life, or to free itself from the temptations and fetters of worldly existence by penances and mortifications of the most exquisite cruelty. India has always been teeming with religious sects, and its religious life has been broken up into countless local centres which it required all the ingenuity and perseverance of a priestly caste to hold together with a semblance of dogmatic uniformity."

We must take care, however, in all scientific studies, not to render a task impossible by attaching to it conditions which, humanly speaking, cannot be fulfilled. It is desirable, no doubt, to study some of the local varieties of faith and worship in every religion, but it is impossible to do this with anything like completeness. Were we to wait till we had examined every Christian sect before trusting ourselves

to form a general judgment of Christianity, not one of us could honestly say that he knew his own religion. It seems to me that in studying religions we must expect to meet with the same difficulties which we have to encounter in the comparative study of languages. It may, no doubt, be argued with great force that no one knows English who is ignorant of the spoken dialects, of the jargon of sailors and miners, or of the slang of public-houses and prisons. It is perfectly true that what we call the literary and classical language is never the really living language of a people, and that a foreigner may know Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron, and yet fail to understand, if not the debates in Parliament, at all events the wrangling of sellers and buyers in the markets of the city. Nevertheless, when we learn English, or German, or French, or any of the dead languages, such as Latin and Greek, we must depend on grammars, which grammars are founded on a few classical writers; and when we speak of these languages in general, when we subject them to a scientific treatment, analyze them, and attempt to classify them, we avail ourselves for all such purposes almost exclusively of classical works, of literary productions of recognized authority. It is the same, and it can hardly be otherwise, when we approach the study of religions, whether for practical or for scientific purposes. Suppose a Hindu wished to know what the Christian religion really was, should we tell him to go first to Rome, then to Paris, then to St. Petersburg, then to Athens, then to Oxford, then to Berlin, that he might hear the sermons of Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Protestants, or read their so-called religious papers, in order to form out of these scattered

impressions an idea of the real nature of the working effects of Christianity? Or should we not rather tell him to take the Bible, and the hymns of Christian Churches, and from them to form his ideal of true Christianity? A religion is much more likely to become "a mysterious thing," when it is sought for in the heart of each individual believer, where alone, no doubt, it truly lives, or in the endless shibboleths of parties, or in the often contradictory tenets of sects, than when it is studied in those sacred books which are recognized as authoritative by all believers, however much they may vary in their interpretations of certain passages, and still more in the practical application of the doctrines contained in their sacred codes to the ordering of their daily life. Let the dialects of languages or religions be studied by all means, let even the peculiarities in the utterances of each town, village, or family, be carefully noted; but let it be recognized at the same time that, for practical purposes, the immense variety of individual expression has to be merged in one general type, and that this alone supplies the chance of a truly scientific treatment.

So much in justification of the principle which I have followed throughout in my treatment of the so-called Book-religions, holding that they must be judged, first of all, out of their own mouths, *i. e.*, out of their sacred writings. Although each individual believer is responsible for his religion, no religion can be made responsible for each individual believer. Even if we adopt the theory of development in religion, and grant to every thinking man his right of private interpretation, there remains, and there must always remain, to the historian of religion, an ap-

peal to the statutes of the original code with which each religion stands and falls, and by which alone it can justly be judged.

It may be, as Mr. Lyall says, an inveterate modern habit to assume all great historic names to represent something definite, symmetrical, and organized. It may be that Asiatic institutions, as he asserts, are incapable of being circumscribed by rules and formal definitions. But Mr. Lyall, if he directed his attention to European institutions, would meet with much the same difficulties there. Christianity, in the largest sense of the word, is as difficult to define as Brahmanism, the English constitution is as unsymmetrical as the system of caste. Yet, if we mean to speak and argue about them, we must attempt to define them, and with regard to any religion, whether Asiatic or European, no definition, it seems to me, can be fairer than that which we gain from its canonical books.

I now come to a more important point. I had divided the six great religions of the world into *Missionary* and *non-Missionary*, including Judaism, Brahmanism, and Zoroastrianism, under the latter; Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, under the former category. If I had followed the good old rule of always giving a definition of technical terms, the objections raised by Mr. Lyall and others would probably never have been urged. I thought, however, that from the whole tenor of my lecture it would have been clear that by missionary religions I meant *those in which the spreading of the truth and the conversion of unbelievers are raised to the rank of a sacred duty by the founder or his immediate successors.* In explaining the meaning of the word proselyte, or

προσήλυτος, I had shown that literally it means those who come to us, not those to whom we go, so that even a religion so exclusive as Judaism might admit proselytes, might possibly, if we insisted only on the etymological meaning of the word, be called proselytizing, without having any right to the name of a missionary religion. But I imagined that I had said enough to make such a misunderstanding impossible. We may say that the English nobility grows, but we should never say that it proselytizes, and it would be a mere playing with words if, because Brahmanism admits new-comers, we were to claim for it the title of a proselytizing religion. The Brahmanic Scriptures have not a word of welcome for converts, quite the contrary; and as long as these Scriptures are recognized as the highest authority by the Hindus themselves, we have no right to ascribe to Brahmanism what is in direct contradiction with their teaching. The burning of widows was not enjoined in the Vedas, and hence, in order to gain a sanction for it, a passage in the Veda was falsified. No such necessity was ever felt with regard to gaining converts for the Brahmanic faith, and this shows that, though admission to certain Brahmanic privileges may be easier at present than it was in the days of Visvâmitra, conversion by persuasion has never become an integral portion of the Brahmanic law,

However, as Mr. Lyall does not stand alone in his opinions, and as others have claimed for Judaism and Zoroastrianism the same missionary character which we claim in the name of Brahmanism, a few explanations may not be out of place.

Till very lately, an orthodox Jew was rather proud of the fact that he and his people had never conde-

scended to spread their religion among Christians by such means as Christians use for the conversion of Jews. The Parsi community, too, seemed to share with the Quakers a prudent reluctance in admitting outsiders to the advantages conferred by membership of so respectable and influential a community, while the Brahmans certainly were the very last to compass heaven and earth for the conversion of *Mlekkhas* or outcasts. Suddenly, however, all this is changed. The Chief Rabbi in London, stung to the quick by the reproach of the absence of the missionary spirit in Judaism, has delivered a sermon to show that I had maligned his people, and that, though they never had missionaries, they had been the most proselytizing people in the world. Some strong arguments in support of the same view have been brought forward by the Rev. Charles Voysey, whose conception of Judaism, however, is founded rather on what the great prophets wished it should have been than on what history teaches us it was. As the facts and arguments advanced by the Jewish advocates did not modify my judgment of the historical character of Judaism, I did not think it necessary to reply, particularly as another eminent Rabbi, the editor of the "Jewish World," fully endorsed my views of Judaism, and expressed his surprise at the unorthodox theories advanced by so high an authority as Dr. Adler. I am informed, however, that the discussion thus originated will not remain without practical results, and that something like a Jewish Missionary Society is actually forming in London, to prove that, if missionary zeal is a test of life, the Jewish religion will not shrink from such a test. "We have done something," the Rev. Charles Voysey remarks, "to

stir them up ; but let us not forget that our reminder was answered, not by a repulse or expression of surprise, but by an assurance that many earnest Jews had already been thinking of this very work, and planning among themselves how they could revive some kind of missionary enterprise. Before long, I feel sure they will give practical evidence that the missionary spirit is still alive and striving in their religion." And again : "The Jews will soon show whether their religion is alive or dead, will soon meet the rival religions of the world on more than equal terms, and will once more take the lead in these days of enlightened belief, and in search after conceptions worthy of a God, just as of old Judaism stood on a lofty height, far above all the religions of mankind."

What has happened in London seems to have happened in Bombay also. The Zoroastrians, too, did not like to be told that their religion was dying, and that their gradual decay was due to the absence of the missionary spirit among them. We read in the "Oriental" of April, 1874, "There is a discussion as to whether it is contrary to the creed of Zoroaster to seek converts to the faith. While conceding that Zoroaster was himself opposed to proselytizing heathens, most of the Parsis hold that the great decrease in the number of his followers renders it absolutely necessary to attempt to augment the sect."

Lastly, Mr. Lyall stands up for Brahmanism, and maintains that in India Brahmanism had spread out during the last hundred years, while Islam and Christianity have contracted. "More persons in India," he says, "become every year Brahmanists, than all the converts to all the other religions in India put together." "The number of converts," he main-

tains, "added to Brahmanism in the last few generations, especially in this country, must be immense; and *if the word proselyte may be used in the sense of one that has come, not necessarily being one that has been invited or persuaded to come*, then Brahmanism may lay claim to be by far the most successful proselytizing religion of modern times in India."

The words which I have ventured to put in italics, will show at once how little difference of opinion there is between Mr. Lyall and myself, as long as we use the same words in the same sense. If proselytizing could be used in the etymological sense, here assigned to it by Mr. Lyall, then, no doubt, Brahmanism would be a proselytizing or missionary religion. But this is mere playing with words. In English, proselytizing is never used in that sense. If I meant by missionary religions nothing more than religions which are capable of increase by admitting those that wish to be admitted, religions which say to the world at large, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," but no more, then, no doubt, Brahmanism, or at least some phases of it, might be called by that name. But what, according to my explanation, constitutes a missionary religion is something totally different. It is the spirit of truth in the hearts of believers which cannot rest unless it manifests itself in thought, word, and deed, which is not satisfied till it has carried its message to every human soul, till what it believes to be the truth is accepted as the truth by all members of the human family.

That spirit imparts to certain religions a character of their own, a character which, if I am not mistaken, constitutes the vital principle of our own religion, and of the other two which, in that respect, stand

nearest to Christianity — Buddhism and Mohammedanism. This is not a mere outward difference, depending on the willingness of others to join or not to join; it is an inward difference which stamped Christianity as a missionary religion, when as yet it counted no more than twelve apostles, and which lays on every one that calls himself a Christian the duty of avowing his convictions, whatever they may be, and gaining others to embrace the truth. In that sense every true Christian is a missionary. Mr. Lyall is evidently aware of all this, if we may judge by the expressions which he uses when speaking of the increase of Brahmanism. He speaks of the clans and races which inhabit the hill-tracts, the out-lying uplands, and the uncleared jungle districts of India, as *melting* into Hinduism. He represents the ethnical frontier, described by Mr. Hunter in the “Annals of Rural Bengal,” as an ever-breaking shore of primitive beliefs, which *tumble* constantly into the ocean of Brahmanism. And even when he dwells on the fact that non-Aryans are invited by the Brahmans to enter in, he adds that this is done for the sake of profit and repute, not from a wish to eradicate error, to save souls, or to spread the truth. Such instances occurred even in the ancient history of India; and I had myself, in my “History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature,” pointed out the case of the Rathakaras or carpenters who were admitted to the Vedic sacrifices, and who, probably from a mere similarity of name — their leader being called Bribu, — had the old Vedic Ribhus assigned to them as their peculiar deities. But these were exceptions, they were *concessions aux nègres*, deviations from traditional rules, entirely owing to the pressure of circumstances; not

manifestations springing from religious impulses. If Mr. Lyall remarks himself, that a religion which thus, half involuntarily, enlarges its borders, is not, in the strict sense of the word, a missionary religion, he shows that he is fully aware of the profound difference between a religion that grows by mere agglomeration and a religion that grows by its own strength, by its irrepressible missionary zeal. In answer to his concluding remark, that this ground was *not* taken in my lecture, I can only say that it was, nay, that it formed the very foundation on which the whole argument of my lecture was meant to rest.

There is more force in the objections which Mr. Lyall raises against my calling Brahmanism already dead. The word was too strong; at all events, it was liable to be misunderstood. What I meant to say was that the popular worship of *Siva* and *Vishnu* belongs to the same intellectual stratum as the worship of *Jupiter* and *Apollo*, that it is an anachronism in the nineteenth century, and that, for our purposes, for prognosticating the issues of the religious struggles of the future, it may simply be set aside. For settling any of the questions that may be said to be pending between Christianity, Mohammedanism, and Buddhism, Brahmanism is dead. For converting any number of Christians, Mohammedans, and Buddhists back to idolworship, Brahmanism is dead. It may absorb *Sonthals*, and *Gonds*, and *Bhils*, and other half savage races, with their rough-hewn jungle deities, it may even raise them to a higher stage of civilization, and imbue them with the first principles of a truer faith and a purer worship, but for carrying any of the strong positions of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, Brahmanism is power-

less and dead. In India itself, where it clings to the soil with a thousand roots, it was beaten by Buddhism, and, if it afterwards recovered its position, that was due to physical force, not to persuasion and conversion. The struggle between Mohammedanism and Brahmanism in India was on both sides a political rather than a religious struggle: still when a change of religion arose from conviction, we see Brahmanism yielding to the purer light of Islam, not Islam to Brahmanism.

I did not undervalue the actual power of Brahmanism, particularly its power of resistance; nor did I prophesy its speedy extinction. I said on the contrary that "a religion may linger on for a long time, and be accepted by the large masses of the people, because it is there, and there is nothing better." "It is true," I added, "there are millions of children, women, and men in India who fall down before the stone image of Vishnu, with his four arms, riding on a creature, half-bird, half-man, or sleeping on the serpent; who worship Siva, a monster with three eyes, riding naked on a bull, with a necklace of skulls for his ornament. There are human beings who still believe in a god of war, Kârtikeya, with six faces, riding on a peacock, and holding bow and arrow in his hands; and who invoke a god of success, Ganesa, with four hands and an elephant's head, sitting on a rat. Nay, it is true that, in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century, the figure of the goddess Kali is carried through the streets of her own city, Calcutta, her wild disheveled hair reaching to her feet, with a necklace of human heads, her tongue protruded from her mouth, her girdle stained with blood. All this is true; but ask any Hindu who can read

and write and think, whether these are the gods he believes in, and he will smile at your credulity. How long this living death of national religion in India may last, no one can tell : for our purposes, however, for gaining an idea of the issue of the great religious struggle of the future, that religion is dead and gone."

I ask Mr. Lyall, is this true or is it not? He says himself, "that Brahmanism may possibly melt away of a heap and break up, I would not absolutely deny." Would Mr. Lyall say the same of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, or Christianity? He points himself to the description which Gibbon gives of the ancient Roman religion in the second century of the Christian era, and shows how closely applicable it is to the present state of Brahmanism in India. "The tolerant superstition of the people, 'not confined by the claims of any speculative system,' the 'devout polytheist, whom fear, gratitude, and curiosity, a dream, or an omen, a singular disorder, or a distant journey, perpetually disposed to multiply the articles of his belief, and to enlarge the list of his protectors;' the 'ingenious youth alike instructed in every school to reject and despise the religion of the multitude;' the philosophic class who 'look with indulgence on the errors of the vulgar, diligently practice the ceremonies of their fathers, and devoutly frequent the temples of their gods;' the 'magistrates who know and value the advantages of religion as it is connected with civil government;' — all these scenes and feelings are represented in India at this moment, though by no means in all parts of India." If, then, in the second century a student of religious pathology had expressed his conviction that in spite of the number of its professors, in spite of its antiquity, in spite of its

indigenous character, in spite of its political, civil, and social influences, in spite of its temples and priests, in spite of its schools and philosophers, the ancient religion of Jupiter had lost its vitality; was sick unto death, nay, for all real purposes was dead, would he have been far wrong? It may be replied, no doubt, that similar corruptions have crept into other religions also, that gaudy dolls are carried about in Christian cathedrals, that people are invited to see tears rolling down from the eyes of images, or to worship wine changed into blood, to say nothing of even more terrible hallucinations on the Eucharist propounded from so-called Protestant pulpits, and that, in spite of all this, we should not call the Christian religion dying or dead. This is true, and I thought that by my remarks on the different revivals of Hinduism from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, I had sufficiently indicated that new life may spring even from such apparently hopeless corruption. If it is Brahmanism that lives in the sects of Râmânuga and Râmânanda, in the poetry of Kabir and the wisdom of Nânak, in the honest purposes of Ram Mohun Roy and in the high aspirations of Keshub Chunder Sen, then I quite agree with Mr. Lyall that Brahmanism is not dead, but lives more intensely than ever.

But here, for some reason or other, Mr. Lyall seems to demur to my hopeful estimate of Brahmoism. He had expressed his own conviction that Brahmanism, though it might suddenly collapse and vanish, was more likely gradually to spiritualize and centralize its Pantheon, reduce its theology to a compact system, soften down its morals by symbolisms and interpretations, discard 'dogmatic extremes,' and gen-

erally to bring itself into accordance with improved standards of science and intelligence. He had also quoted with implied approval the remark of qualified observers, "that we might at any time witness a great Brahmanic reforming revival in India, if some really gifted and singularly powerful prophet were to arise among the Hindus." But when I hinted that this prophet had actually arisen, and that in Brahmoism, as preached by Ram Mohun Roy, Debendranath Tagore, and Keshub Chunder Sen, we ought to recognize a transition from Brahmanism to a purer faith; when I pointed out that, though Christian missionaries might not wish to recognize Brahmoism as their work, it was the work of those missionary Christians who have lived in India as examples of a true Christian life, who have approached the natives in a truly missionary spirit, in the spirit of truth and in the spirit of love, Mr. Lyall replies that "Brahmoism, as propagated by Keshub Chunder Sen, seems to be Unitarianism of an European type, and, so far as one can understand its argument, appears to have no logical stability or *locus standi* between revelation and pure rationalism; that it propounds either too much or too little to its hearers." "A faith," he continues, "which contains mere fervent sentiments, and high conceptions of morality, does not partake of the complexion or nature of those religions which have encompassed the heart of great nations, nor is it generally supposed in India that Brahmoism is perceptibly on the increase."

*Mutatis mutandis*, this is very much what an orthodox Rabbi might have said of Christianity. Let us wait. I am not given to prophecy, but though I am no longer young, I still hold to a belief that a

cause upheld with such honesty of purpose, purity, and unselfishness as Brahmoism has been, must and will meet with ultimate success. Does Mr. Lyall think that Unitarian Christianity is no Christianity? Does he find logical stability in Trinitarianism? Does he consider pure rationalism incompatible with revelation? Does he know of any teacher who might not be accused of saying either too little or too much? In A. D. 890 the Double Procession was as much a burning question as the Homocousia in 324,—are, therefore, both Channing and Dr. Döllinger to be anathematized now? Brahmoism may not be like the religions of old, but must the religions of the future be like the religions of the past? However, I do not wish to draw Mr. Lyall into a theological argument. His estimate of the real value and vitality of Brahmoism may be right, mine may be wrong. His presence in India, and his personal intercourse with the Brahmos, may have given him opportunities of judging which I have not. Only let us not forget that for watching the movements of a great struggle, and for judging of its successful issue, a certain distance from the field of battle has its advantages, and that judges in India have not always proved the best judges of India.

One point, however, I am quite willing to concede. If Brahmoism and similar movements may be considered as reforms and resuscitations of Brahmanism, then I withdraw my expression that Brahmanism is dead. Only let us remember that we are thus using Brahmanism in two very different senses, that we are again playing with words. In the one sense it is stark idolatry, in the other the loftiest spiritual worship. The former asserts the existence of many personal

gods, the latter shrinks even from the attribute of personality as too human a conception of the Highest Spirit. The former makes the priest a kind of god on earth, the latter proclaims the priesthood of all men; the former is guided by scriptures which man calls sacred, the latter knows of no sacred oracles but the still small voice in the heart of every man. The two are like two opposite poles. What is negative on one side is positive on the other; what is regarded by the one as the most sacred truth is anathematized by the other as deadly error.

Mr. Lyall tells us of Ghási Dás, an inspired prophet, who sojourned in the wilderness for six months, and then issued forth preaching to the poor and ignorant the creed of the True Name (Satnám). He gathered about half a million people together before he died in 1850. He borrowed his doctrines from the well-known Hindu sect of the Satnâmis, and though he denounced Brahmanic abuses, he instituted caste rules of his own, and his successor was murdered, not for heresy, but because he aped Brahmanic insignia and privileges. Mr. Lyall thinks that this community, if left alone, will relapse into a modified Brahmanism. This may be so, but it can hardly be said, that a reform, the followers of which are murdered for aping Brahmanic insignia and privileges, represents Brahmanism which Mr. Lyall defines as "the broad denomination of what is recognized by all Hindus as the supreme theological faculty and the comprehensive scheme of authoritative tradition to which all minor beliefs are referred for sanction.'

When I spoke of Brahmanism as dead, I meant the popular orthodox Brahmanism, which is openly patronized by the Brahmans, though scorned by them in

secret ; I did not, and could not, mean the worship of Bramah as the Supreme Spirit, which has existed in India from the time of the Upanishads to the present day, and has lately assumed the name of Brahmoism, — a worship so pure, so exalted, so deeply human, so truly divine, that every man can join in it without apostasy, whether he be born a Jew, a Gentile, or a Christian.

That many antagonistic forms of religious faith, some the most degraded, others the most exalted, should live on the same soil, among the same people, is indeed a disheartening truth, enough almost to shake one's belief in the common origin and the common destinies of the human race. And yet we must not shut our eyes to the fact that amongst ourselves, too, men who call themselves Christians are almost as widely separated from each other in their conceptions of the Divine and the Human, in their grounds of belief and in their sense of duty, as, in India, the worshippers of Ganesa, the god of success, with four hands and an elephant's head, sitting on a rat, on one side, and the believers in the true Brahma on the other. There is a Christianity that is dead, though it may be professed by millions of people, but there is also, let us trust, a Christianity that is alive, though it may count but twelve apostles. As in India, so in Europe, many would call death what we call life, many would call life what we call death. Here, as elsewhere, it is high time that men should define the exact meaning of their words, trusting that definiteness, frankness, and honesty may offer a better chance of mutual understanding, and serve as a stronger bond of union between man and man, than vague formulas, faint-hearted reticence, and what is at the root of it

all, want of true love of Man, and of true faith in God.

If Mr. Lyall imagined that the object of my Lecture was to discourage missionary efforts, he must have found out his mistake, when he came to read it, as I delivered it in Westminster Abbey. I know of no nobler life than that of a true missionary. I tried to defend the labors of the paternal missionary against disparaging criticisms. I tried to account for the small success of controversial missions, by showing how little is gained by mere argument and casuistry at home. And I pointed to the indirect missionary influence, exercised by every man who leads a Christian life in India or elsewhere, as the most encouraging sign of the final triumph of a pure and living Christianity. It is very possible, as Mr. Lyall says somewhat sarcastically, that "missionaries will even yet hardly agree that the essentials of their religion are not in the creeds, but in love; because they are sent forth to propound scriptures which say clearly that what we believe or disbelieve is literally a *burning* question." But those who, with Mr. Lyall, consider love of man founded on love of God, nothing but "flat morality," must have forgotten that a Higher One than they declared, that on these two hang all the law and the commandments. By placing abstruse tenets, the handiwork of Popes and Councils, in the place of Christ's teaching, and by making a belief in these positive articles a *burning* question, weak mortals have driven weak mortals to ask, "Are we Christians still?" Let them for once "by observation and experience" try the oldest and simplest and most positive article of Christianity, real love of man founded on real love of God, and I believe they will soon ask themselves, "When shall we be Christians at last?"

## VII.

### OPENING ADDRESS.

DELIVERED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE ARYAN SECTION AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS, HELD IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER 14-21, 1874.

NO one likes to be asked, what business he has to exist, and yet, whatever we do, whether singly or in concert with others, the first question which the world never fails to address to us, is *Dic cur hic?* Why are you here? or to put it into French, What is your *raison d'être?* We have had to submit to this examination even before we existed, and many a time have I been asked the question, both by friend and foe, What is the good of an International Congress of Orientalists?

I shall endeavor, as shortly as possible, to answer that question, and show that our Congress is not a mere fortuitous congeries of barren atoms or molecules, but that we are at least Leibnizian monads, each with his own self, and force and will, and each determined, within the limits of some preëstablished harmony, to help in working out some common purpose, and to achieve some real and lasting good.

It is generally thought that the chief object of a scientific Congress is social, and I am not one of those who are incapable of appreciating the delights and

benefits of social intercourse with hard-working and honest-thinking men. Much as I detest what is commonly called society, I willingly give up glaciers and waterfalls, cathedrals and picture galleries, for one half hour of real society, of free, frank, fresh, and friendly intercourse, face to face, and mind to mind, with a great, and noble, and loving soul, such as was Bunsen; with a man intrepid in his thoughts, his words, and his deeds, such as was John Stuart Mill; or with a scholar who, whether he had been quarrying heavy blocks, or chiseling the most brittle filigree work, poured out all his treasures before you with the pride and pleasure of a child, such as was Eugène Burnouf. A Congress therefore, and particularly an International Congress, would certainly seem to answer some worthy purpose, were it only by bringing together fellow workers of all countries and ages, by changing what were to us merely great names into pleasant companions, and by satisfying that very right and rational curiosity which we all feel, after having read a really good book, of seeing what the man looks like who could achieve such triumphs.

All this is perfectly true; yet, however pleasant to ourselves this social intercourse may appear, in the eyes of the world at large it will hardly be considered a sufficient excuse for our existence. In order therefore to satisfy that outer world that we are really doing something, we point of course to the papers which are read at our public meetings, and to the discussions which they elicit. Much as I value that feature also in a scientific congress, I confess I doubt, and I know that many share that doubt, whether the same result might not be obtained with much less trouble. A paper that contains something really new

and valuable, the result, it may be, of years of toil and thought, requires to be read with care in a quiet corner of our own study, before the expression of our assent or dissent can be of any weight or value. There is too much hollow praise, and occasionally too much wrangling and ill-natured abuse at our scientific tournaments, and the world at large, which is never without a tinge of malice and a vein of quiet humor, has frequently expressed its concern at the waste of "oil and vinegar" which is occasioned by the frequent meetings of our British and Foreign Associations.

What then is the real use of a Congress, such as that which has brought us together this week from all parts of the world? What is the real excuse for our existence? Why are we here, and not in our workshops?

It seems to me that the real and permanent use of these scientific gatherings is twofold.

(1) They enable us to take stock, to compare notes, to see where we are, and to find out where we ought to be going.

(2) They give us an opportunity, from time to time, to tell the world where we are, what we have been doing for the world, and what, in return, we expect the world to do for us.

The danger of all scientific work at present, not only among Oriental scholars, but, as far as I can see, everywhere, is the tendency to extreme specialization. Our age shows in that respect a decided reaction against the spirit of a former age, which those with gray heads among us can still remember, an age represented in Germany by such names as Humboldt, Ritter, Böckh, Johannes, Müller, Bopp, Bunsen, and others; men who look to us like giants, carrying a

weight of knowledge far too heavy for the shoulders of such mortals as now be ; aye, men who *were* giants, but whose chief strength consisted in this, that they were never entirely absorbed or bewildered by special researches, but kept their eye steadily on the highest objects of all human knowledge ; who could trace the vast outlines of the kosmos of nature or the kosmos of the mind with an unwavering hand, and to whose maps and guide books we must still recur, whenever we are in danger of losing our way in the mazes of minute research. At the present moment such works as Humboldt's " Kosmos," or Bopp's " Comparative Grammar," or Bunsen's " Christianity and Mankind," would be impossible. No one would dare to write them, for fear of not knowing the exact depth at which the *Protogenes Haeckelii* has lately been discovered or the lengthening of a vowel in the *Samhitapâtha* of the Rig-Veda. It is quite right that this should be so, at least, for a time ; but all rivers, all brooks, all rills, are meant to flow into the ocean, and all special knowledge, to keep it from stagnation, must have an outlet into the general knowledge of the world. Knowledge for its own sake, as it is sometimes called, is the most dangerous idol that a student can worship. We despise the miser who amasses money for the sake of money, but still more contemptible is the intellectual miser who hoards up knowledge instead of spending it, though, with regard to most of our knowledge, we may be well assured and satisfied that, as we brought nothing into the world so we may carry nothing out.

Against this danger of mistaking the means for the end, of making bricks without making mortar, of working for ourselves instead of working for others,

meetings such as our own, bringing together so large a number of the first Oriental scholars of Europe, seem to me a most excellent safeguard. They draw us out of our shell, away from our common routine, away from that small orbit of thought in which each of us moves day after day, and make us realize more fully, that there are other stars moving all around us in our little universe, that we all belong to one celestial system, or to one terrestrial commonwealth, and that, if we want to see real progress in that work with which we are more especially entrusted, the re-conquest of the Eastern world, we must work with one another, for one another, like members of one body, like soldiers of one army, guided by common principles, striving after common purposes, and sustained by common sympathies. Oriental literature is of such enormous dimensions that our small army of scholars can occupy certain prominent positions only; but those points, like the stations of a trigonometrical survey, ought to be carefully chosen, so as to be able to work in harmony together. I hope that in that respect our Congress may prove of special benefit. We shall hear, each of us, from others, what they wish us to do. "Why don't you finish this?" "Why don't you publish that?" are questions which we have already heard asked by many of our friends. We shall be able to avoid what happens so often, that two men collect materials for exactly the same work, and we may possibly hear of some combined effort to carry out great works, which can only be carried out *viribus unitis*, and of which I may at least mention one, a translation of the "Sacred Books of Mankind." Important progress has already been made for setting on foot this great undertaking, an undertaking which

I think the world has a right to demand from Oriental scholars, but which can only be carried out by joint action. This Congress has helped us to lay the foundation-stone, and I trust that at our next Congress we shall be able to produce some tangible results.

I now come to the second point. A Congress enables us to tell the world what we have been doing. This, it seems to me, is particularly needful with regard to Oriental studies which, with the exception of Hebrew, still stand outside the pale of our schools and universities, and are cultivated by the very smallest number of students. And yet, I make bold to say, that during the last hundred, and still more during the last fifty years, Oriental studies have contributed more than any other branch of scientific research to change, to purify, to clear, and intensify the intellectual atmosphere of Europe, and to widen our horizon in all that pertains to the Science of Man, in history, philology, theology, and philosophy. We have not only conquered and annexed new worlds to the ancient empire of learning, but we have leavened the old world with ideas that are already fermenting even in the daily bread of our schools and universities. Most of those here present know that I am not exaggerating; but as the world is skeptical while listening to orations *pro domo*, I shall attempt to make good my assertions.

At first, the study of Oriental literature was a matter of curiosity only, and it is so still to a great extent, particularly in England. Sir William Jones, whose name is the only one among Oriental scholars that has ever obtained a real popularity in England, represents most worthily that phase of Oriental stud-

ies. Read only the two volumes of his life, and they will certainly leave on your mind the distinct impression that Sir William Jones was not only a man of extensive learning and refined taste, but undoubtedly a very great man—one in a million. He was a good classical scholar of the old school, a well-read historian, a thoughtful lawyer, a clear-headed politician, and a true gentleman, in the old sense of the word. He moved in the best, I mean the most cultivated society, the great writers and thinkers of the day listened to him with respect, and say what you like, we still live by his grace, we still draw on that stock of general interest which he excited in the English mind for Eastern subjects.

Yet the interest which Sir William Jones took in Oriental literature was purely æsthetic. He chose what was beautiful in Persian and translated it, as he would translate an ode of Horace. He was charmed with Kâlidâsa's play of "Sakuntala"—and who is not?—and he left us his classical reproduction of one of the finest of Eastern gems. Being a judge in India, he thought it his duty to acquaint himself with the native law-books in their original language, and he gave us his masterly translation of the "Laws of Manu." Sir William Jones was fully aware of the startling similarity between Sanskrit, Latin, and Greek. More than a hundred years ago, in a letter written to Prince Adam Czartoryski, in the year 1770, he says: "Many learned investigators of antiquity are fully persuaded, that a very old and almost primeval language was in use among the northern nations, from which not only the Celtic dialect, but even Greek and Latin are derived; in fact, we find *πατήρ* and *μήτηρ* in Persian, nor is *θυγάτηρ* so far removed

from *dockter*, or even *ὄνομα* and *nomen* from Persian *nām*, as to make it ridiculous to suppose that they sprang from the same root. We must confess," he adds, "that these researches are very obscure and uncertain, and you will allow, not so agreeable as an ode of Hafez, or an elegy of Amr'alkeis." In a letter, dated 1787, he says: "You will be surprised at the resemblance between Sanskrit and both Greek and Latin."

Colebrooke also, the great successor of Sir William Jones, was fully aware of the relationship between Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, German, and even Slavonic. I possess some curious MS. notes of his, of the year 1801 or 1802, containing long lists of words, expressive of the most essential ideas of primitive life, and which he proved to be identical in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, German, and Slavonic.<sup>1</sup>

Yet neither Colebrooke nor Sir William Jones perceived the full import of these facts. Sir William Jones died young; Colebrooke's energies, marvelous as they were, were partly absorbed by official work, so that it was left to German and French scholars to bring to light the full wealth of the mine which those great English scholars had been the first to open. We know now that in language, and in all that is implied by language, India and Europe are one; but to prove this, against the incredulity of all the greatest scholars of the day, was no easy matter. It could be done effectually in one way only, viz., by giving to Oriental studies a strictly scientific character, by requiring from Oriental students not only the devo-

<sup>1</sup> These lists of common Aryan words were published in the *Academy*, October 10, 1874, and are reprinted at the end of the next article "On the Life of Colebrooke."

tion of an *amateur*, but the same thoroughness, minuteness, and critical accuracy which were long considered the exclusive property of Greek and Latin scholars. I could not think of giving here a history of the work done during the last fifty years. It has been admirably described in Benfey's "History of the Science of Language."<sup>1</sup> Even if I attempted to give merely the names of those who have been most distinguished by really original discoveries — the names of Bopp, Pott, Grimm, Burnouf, Rawlinson, Miklosich, Benfey, Kuhn, Zeuss, Whitley, Stokes — I am afraid my list would be considered very incomplete.

But let us look at what has been achieved by these men, and many others who followed their banners! The East, formerly a land of dreams, of fables, and fairies, has become to us a land of unmistakable reality; the curtain between the West and the East has been lifted, and our old forgotten home stands before us again in bright colors and definite outlines. Two worlds, separated for thousands of years, have been reunited as by a magic spell, and we feel rich in a past that may well be the pride of our noble Aryan family. We say no longer vaguely and poetically *Ex Oriente Lux*, but we know that all the most vital elements of our knowledge and civilization, — our languages, our alphabets, our figures, our weights and measures, our art, our religion, our traditions, our very nursery stories, come to us from the East; and we must confess that but for the rays of Eastern light, whether Aryan or Semitic or Hamitic, that called forth the hidden germs of the dark and dreary West, Europe, now the very light of the world, might

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte der Sprachwissenschaft und Orientalischen Philologie in Deutschland*, von Theodor Benfey. München, 1869.

have remained forever a barren and forgotten promontory of the primeval Asiatic continent. We live indeed in a new world ; the barrier between the West and the East, that seemed insurmountable, has vanished. The East is ours, we are its heirs, and claim by right our share in its inheritance.

We know what it was for the Northern nations, the old barbarians of Europe, to be brought into spiritual contact with Rome and Greece, and to learn that beyond the small, poor world in which they had moved, there was an older, richer, brighter world, the ancient world of Rome and Athens, with its arts and laws, its poetry and philosophy, all of which they might call their own and make their own by claiming the heritage of the past. We know how, from that time, the Classical and Teutonic spirits mingled together and formed that stream of modern thought on whose shores we ourselves live and move. A new stream is now being brought into the same bed, the stream of Oriental thought, and already the colors of the old stream show very clearly the influence of that new tributary. Look at any of the important works published during the last twenty years, not only on language, but on literature, mythology, law, religion, and philosophy, and you will see on every page the working of a new spirit. I do not say that the East can ever teach us new things, but it can place before us old things, and leave us to draw from them lessons more strange and startling than anything dreamt of in our philosophy.

Before all, a study of the East has taught us the same lesson which the Northern nations once learnt in Rome and Athens, that there are other worlds beside our own, that there are other religions, other

mythologies, other laws, and that the history of philosophy from Thales to Hegel is not the whole history of human thought. In all these subjects the East has supplied us with parallels, and with all that is implied in parallels, viz., the possibility of comparing, measuring, and understanding. The *comparative spirit* is the truly scientific spirit of our age, nay of all ages. An empirical acquaintance with single facts does not constitute knowledge in the true sense of the word. All human knowledge begins with the Two or the Dyad, the comprehension of two single things as one. If in these days we may still quote Aristotle, we may boldly say that "there is no science of that which is unique." A single event may be purely accidental, it comes and goes, it is inexplicable, it does not call for an explanation. But as soon as the same fact is repeated, the work of comparison begins, and the first step is made in that wonderful process which we call generalization, and which is at the root of all intellectual knowledge and of all intellectual language. This primitive process of comparison is repeated again and again, and when we now give the title of *Comparative* to the highest kind of knowledge in every branch of science, we have only replaced the old word *intelligent* (*i. e.*, interligent) or inter-twining, by a new and more expressive term, *comparative*. I shall say nothing about the complete revolution of the study of languages by means of the comparative method, for here I can appeal to such names as Mommsen and Curtius, to show that the best among classical scholars are themselves the most ready to acknowledge the importance of the results obtained by the intertwining of Eastern and Western philology.

But take mythology. As long as we had only the mythology of the classical nations to deal with, we looked upon it simply as strange, anomalous, and irrational. When, however, the same strange stories, the same hallucinations, turned up in the most ancient mythology of India, when not only the character and achievements, but the very names of some of the gods and heroes were found to be the same, then every thoughtful observer saw that there must be a system in that ancient madness, that there must be some order in that strange mob of gods and heroes, and that it must be the task of comparative mythology to find out, what reason there is in all that mass of unreason.

The same comparative method has been applied to the study of religion also. All religions are Oriental, and with the exception of the Christian, their sacred books are all written in Oriental languages. The materials, therefore, for a comparative study of the religious systems of the world had all to be supplied by Oriental scholars. But far more important than those materials, is the spirit in which they have been treated. The sacred books of the principal religions of mankind had to be placed side by side with perfect impartiality, in order to discern the points which they share in common as well as those that are peculiar to each. The results already obtained by this simple juxtaposition are full of important lessons, and the fact that the truths on which all religions agree far exceed those on which they differ, has hardly been sufficiently appreciated. I feel convinced, however, that the time will come when those who at present profess to be most disquieted by our studies, will be the most grateful for our support, — for having

shown by evidence which cannot be controverted, that all religions spring from the same sacred soil, the human heart; that all are quickened by the same divine spirit, the still small voice; and that, though the outward forms of religion may change, may wither and decay, yet, as long as man is what he is and what he has been, he will postulate again and again the Infinite as the very condition of the Finite, he will yearn for something which the world cannot give, he will feel his weakness and dependence, and in that weakness and dependence discover the deepest sources of his hope, and trust, and strength.

A patient study of the sacred scriptures of the world is what is wanted at present more than anything else, in order to clear our own ideas of the origin, the nature, the purposes of religion. There can be no science of one religion, but there can be a science of many. We have learnt already one lesson, that behind the helpless expressions which language has devised, whether in the East or in the West, for uttering the unutterable, be it *Dyaushpitá* or *Ahuramazda*, be it *Jehovah* or *Allah*, be it the All or the Nothing, be it the First Cause or Our Father in heaven, there is the same intention, the same striving, the same stammering, the same faith. Other lessons will follow, till in the end we shall be able to restore that ancient bond which unites not only the East with the West, but all the members of the human family, and may learn to understand what a Persian poet meant when he wrote many centuries ago (I quote from Mr. Conway's "Sacred Anthology"), "Diversity of worship has divided the human race into seventy-two nations. From among all their dogmas I have selected one — the Love of God."

Nor is this comparative spirit restricted to the treatment of language, mythology, and religion. While hitherto we knew the origin and spreading of most of the ancient arts and sciences in one channel only, and had to be satisfied with tracing their sources to Greece and Rome, and thence down the main stream of European civilization, we have now for many of them one or two parallel histories in India and in China. The history of geometry, for instance,—the first formation of geometrical conceptions or technical terms—was hitherto known to us from Greece only: now we can compare the gradual elaboration of geometrical principles both in Greece and India, and thus arrive at some idea of what is natural or inevitable, and what is accidental or purely personal in each. It was known, for instance, that in Greece the calculation of solid figures began with the building of altars, and you will hear to-day from Dr. Thibaut, that in India also the first impulse to geometric science was given, not by the measuring of fields, as the name implies, but by the minute observances in building altars.

Similar coincidences and divergences have been brought to light by a comparative study of the history of astronomy, of music, of grammar, but, most of all, by a comparative study of philosophic thought. There are indeed few problems in philosophy which have not occupied the Indian mind, and nothing can exceed the interest of watching the Hindu and the Greek, working on the same problems, each in his own way, yet both in the end arriving at much the same results. Such are the coincidences between the two, that but lately an eminent German professor,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Aristoteles' Metaphysik, eine Tochter der Sāṅkhya-Lehre des Kapila*, v n Dr. C. B. Schlüter. 1874.

published a treatise to show that the Greeks had borrowed their philosophy from India, while others lean to the opinion that in philosophy the Hindus are the pupils of the Greeks. This is the same feeling which impelled Dugald Stewart, when he saw the striking similarity between Greek and Sanskrit, to maintain that Sanskrit must have been put together after the model of Greek and Latin by those arch-forgers and liars, the Brahmans, and that the whole of Sanskrit literature was an imposition. The comparative method has put an end to such violent theories. It teaches us that what is possible in one country is possible also in another ; it shows us that, as there are antecedents for Plato and Aristotle in Greece, there are antecedents for the Vedânta and Sâmkhya philosophies in India, and that each had its own independent growth. It is true, that when we first meet in Indian philosophy with our old friends, the four or five elements, the atoms, our metaphysics, our logic, our syllogism, we are startled ; but we soon discover that, given the human mind and human language, and the world by which we are surrounded, the different systems of philosophy of Thales and Hegel, of Vyâsa and Kapila, are inevitable solutions. They all come and go, they are maintained and refuted, till at last all philosophy ends where it ought to begin, with an inquiry into the necessary conditions and the inevitable forms of knowledge, represented by a criticism of Pure Reason and, what is more important still, by a criticism of Language.

Much has been done of late for Indian philosophy, particularly by Ballantyne and Hall, by Cowell and Gough, by the editors of the "Bibliotheca Indica," and the "Pandit." Yet it is much to be desired, that

some young scholars, well versed in the history of European philosophy, should devote themselves more ardently to this promising branch of Indian literature. No doubt they would find it a great help, if they were able to spend some years in India, in order to learn from the last and fast disappearing representatives of some of the old schools of Indian philosophy what they alone can teach. What can be done by such a combination of Eastern and Western knowledge, has lately been shown by the excellent work done by Dr. Kielhorn, the Professor of Sanskrit at the Deccan College in Punah. But there is now so much of published materials, and Sanskrit MSS. also are so easily obtained from India, that much might be done in England, or in France, or in Germany — much that would be of interest not only to Oriental scholars, but to all philosophers whose powers of independent appreciation are not entirely blunted by their study of Plato and Aristotle, of Berkeley, Hume, and Kant.

I have so far dwelt chiefly on the powerful influence which the East, and more particularly India, has exercised on the intellectual life and work of the West. But the progress of Oriental scholarship in Europe, and the discovery of that spiritual relationship which binds India and England together, have likewise produced practical effects of the greatest moment in the East. The Hindus, in their first intercourse with English scholars, placed before them the treasures of their native literature with all the natural pride of a nation that considered itself the oldest, the wisest, the most enlightened nation in the world. For a time, but for a short time only, the claims of their literature to a fabulous antiquity were admitted, and dazzled by the unexpected discovery of a new classical literature,

people raved about the beauty of Sanskrit poetry in truly Oriental strains. Then followed a sudden reaction, and the natives themselves, on becoming more and more acquainted with European history and literature, began to feel the childishness of their claims, and to be almost ashamed of their own classics. This was a national misfortune. A people that can feel no pride in the past, in its history and literature, loses the mainstay of its national character. When Germany was in the very depth of its political degradation, it turned to its ancient literature, and drew hope for the future from the study of the past. Something of the same kind is now passing in India. A new taste, not without some political ingredients, has sprung up for the ancient literature of the country; a more intelligent appreciation of their real merits has taken the place of the extravagant admiration for the masterworks of their old poets; there is a revival in the study of Sanskrit, a surprising activity in the republication of Sanskrit texts, and there are traces among the Hindus of a growing feeling, not very different from that which Tacitus described, when he said of the Germans: "Who would go to Germany, a country without natural beauty, with a wretched climate, miserable to cultivate or to look at — *unless it be his fatherland?*"

Even the discovery that Sanskrit, English, Greek, and Latin are cognate languages, has not been without its influence on the scholars and thinkers, or the leaders of public opinion, in India. They, more than others, had felt for a time most keenly the intellectual superiority of the West, and they rose again in their own estimation by learning that, physically, or at all events, intellectually, they had been and might be

again, the peers of Greeks and Romans and Saxons. These silent influences often escape the eye of the politician and the historian, but at critical moments they decide the fate of whole nations and empires.<sup>1</sup>

The intellectual life of India at the present moment is full of interesting problems. It is too much the fashion to look only at its darker sides, and to forget that such intellectual regenerations as we are witnessing in India, are impossible without convulsions and failures. A new race of men is growing up in India, who have stepped, as it were, over a thousand years, and have entered at once on the intellectual inheritance of Europe. They carry off prizes at English schools, take their degrees in English universities, and are in every respect our equals. They have temptations which we have not, and now and then they succumb; but we, too, have temptations of our own, and we do not always resist. One can hardly trust one's eyes in reading their writings, whether in English or Bengali, many of which would reflect credit on our own *Quarterlies*. With regard to what is of the greatest interest to us, their scholarship, it is true that the old school of Sanskrit scholars is dying out, and much will die with it which we shall never recover; but a new and most promising school of Sanskrit students, educated by European professors, is springing up, and they will, nay, to judge from recent controversies, they have already become most formidable rivals to our own scholars. The essays of Dr. Bhao Daji, whom, I regret to say, we have lately lost by death, on disputed points in Indian archæology and literature, are most valuable. The indefatigable Rajendra Lal Mitra is rendering most excellent service in the publications of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta

<sup>1</sup> See Note A, p. 355.

and he discusses the theories of European Orientalists with all the ease and grace of an English reviewer. The Râjah of Besmah, Giriprasâda-sinha, has just finished his magnificent edition of the "White Yajurveda." The Sanskrit books published at Calcutta by Târânâtha, and others, form a complete library, and Târânâtha's new "Dictionary of the Sanskrit Language" will prove most useful and valuable. The editions of Sanskrit texts published at Bombay by Professor Bhândârkar, Shankar Pandurang Pandit, and others, need not fear comparison with the best work of European scholars. There is a school of native students at Benares whose publications, under the auspices of Mr. Griffith, have made their journal, the "Pandit," indispensable to every Sanskrit scholar. Râjârâmasâstrî's and Bâlasâstrî's edition of the "Mahâbhâshya" has received the highest praise from European students. In the "Antiquary," a paper very ably conducted by Mr. Burgess, we meet with contributions from several learned natives, among them from his Highness the Prince of Travancore, from Ram Dass Sen, the Zemindar of Berhampore, from Kâshinâth Trimbak Telang, from Sashagirisâstrî, and others, which are read with the greatest interest and advantage by European scholars. The collected essays of Ram Dass Sen well deserve a translation into English, and Rajanîkânta's "Life of the Poet Jajadeva," just published, bears witness to the same revival of literary tastes and patriotic feelings.

Besides this purely literary movement, there is a religious movement going on in India, the Brahmo-Samâj, which, both in its origin and its later development, is mainly the result of European influences. It began with an attempt to bring the modern corrupt

forms of worship back to the purity and simplicity of the Vedas; and by ascribing to the Veda the authority of a Divine Revelation, it was hoped to secure that infallible authority without which no religion was supposed to be possible. How was that movement stopped, and turned into a new channel? Simply by the publication of the Veda, and by the works of European scholars, such as Stevenson, Mill, Rosen, Wilson, and others, who showed to the natives what the Veda really was, and made them see the folly of their way.<sup>1</sup> Thus the religion, the literature, the whole character of the people of India are becoming more and more Indo-European. They work for us, as we work for them. Many a letter have I received from native scholars in which they express their admiration for the wonderful achievements of European ingenuity, for railways, and telegraphs, and all the rest; and yet what, according to their own confession, has startled them and delighted them most, is the interest we have taken in their literature, and the new life which we have imparted to their ancient history. I know these matters seem small, when we are near to them, when we are in the very midst of them. Like the tangled threads hanging on a loom, they look worthless, purposeless. But history weaves her woof out of all of them, and after a time, when we see the full and finished design, we perceive that no color, however quiet, could have been dropped, no shade, however slight, could have been missed, without spoiling the whole.

And now, after having given this account of our stewardship, let me say in conclusion a few words on the claims which Oriental studies have on public sympathy and support.

<sup>1</sup> See Note B, p. 356.

Let me begin with the Universities—I mean, of course the English Universities—and more particularly that University which has been to me for many years an *Alma Mater*, Oxford. While we have there, or are founding there, professorships for every branch of Theology, Jurisprudence, and Physical Science, we have hardly any provision for the study of Oriental languages. We have a chair of Hebrew, rendered illustrious by the greatest living theologian of England, and we have a chair of Sanskrit, which has left its mark in the history of Sanskrit literature; but for the modern languages of India, whether Aryan or Dravidian, for the language and literature of Persia, both ancient and modern, for the language and antiquities of Egypt and Babylon, for Chinese, for Turkish, nay even for Arabic, there is nothing deserving the name of a chair. When in a Report on University Reform, I ventured to point out these gaps, and to remark that in the smallest of German Universities most of these subjects were represented by professors, I was asked whether I was in earnest in maintaining that Oxford, the first University in what has rightly been called the greatest Oriental Empire, ought really to support the study of Oriental languages.

The second claim we prefer is on the Missionary Societies. I have lately incurred very severe obloquy for my supposed hostility to missionary enterprise. All I can say is, I wish that there were ten missionaries for every one we have now. I have always counted missionaries among my best friends; I have again and again acknowledged how much Oriental studies and linguistic studies in general, owe to them, and I am proud to say that, even now,

while missionaries at home have abused me in unmeasured language, missionaries abroad, devoted, hard-working missionaries, have thanked me for what I said of them and their work in my lay-sermon in Westminster Abbey last December.

Now it seems to me that, first of all, our Universities, and I think again chiefly of Oxford, might do much more for missions than they do at present. If we had a sufficient staff of professors for Eastern languages, we could prepare young missionaries for their work, and should be able to send out from time to time such men as Patteson, the Bishop of Melanesia, who was every inch an Oxford man. And in these missionaries we might have not only apostles of religion and civilization, but at the same time, the most valuable pioneers of scientific research. I know there are some authorities at home who declare that such a combination is impossible, or at least undesirable; that a man cannot serve two masters, and that a missionary must do his own work and nothing else. Nothing, I believe, can be more mistaken. First of all, some of our most efficient missionaries have been those who have done also the most excellent work as scholars, and whenever I have conversed on this subject with missionaries who have seen active service, they all agree that they cannot be converting all day long, and that nothing is more refreshing and invigorating to them than some literary or scientific work. Now what I should like to see is this: I should like to see ten or twenty of our non-resident fellowships, which at present are doing more harm than good, assigned to missionary work, to be given to young men who have taken their degree, and who, whether

laymen or clergymen, are willing to work as assistant missionaries on distant stations, with the distinct understanding that they should devote some of their time to scientific work, whether the study of languages, or flowers, or stars, and that they should send home every year some account of their labors. These men would be like scientific consuls, to whom students at home might apply for information and help. They would have opportunities of distinguishing themselves by really useful work, far more than in London, and after ten years, they might either return to Europe with a well-established reputation, or if they find that they have a real call for missionary work, devote all their life to it. Though to my own mind there is no nobler work than that of a missionary, yet I believe that some such connection with the Universities and men of science would raise their position, and would call out more general interest, and secure to the missionary cause the good-will of those whose will is apt to become law.

Thirdly, I think that Oriental studies have a claim on the colonies and the colonial governments. The English colonies are scattered all over the globe, and many of them in localities where an immense deal of useful scientific work might be done, and would be done with the slightest encouragement from the local authorities, and something like a systematic supervision on the part of the Colonial Office at home. Some years ago I ventured to address the Colonial Secretary of State on this subject, and a letter was sent out in consequence to all the English colonies, inviting information on the languages, monuments, customs, and traditions of the native

racés. Some most valuable reports have been sent home during the last five or six years, but when it was suggested that these reports should be published in a permanent form, the expense that would have been required for printing every year a volume of Colonial Reports, and which would not have amounted to more than a few hundred pounds for all the colonies of the British Empire, part of it to be recovered by the sale of the book, was considered too large.

Now we should bear in mind that at the present moment some of the tribes living in or near the English colonies in Australia, Polynesia, Africa, and America, are actually dying out, their languages are disappearing, their customs, traditions, and religions will soon be completely swept away. To the student of language, the dialect of a savage tribe is as valuable as Sanskrit or Hebrew, nay, for the solution of certain problems, more so; every one of these languages is the growth of thousands and thousands of years, the workmanship of millions and millions of human beings. If they were now preserved, they might hereafter fill the most critical gaps in the history of the human race. At Rome at the time of the Scipios, hundreds of people might have written down a grammar and dictionary of the Etruscan language, of Oscan, or Umbrian; but there were men then, as there are now, who shrugged their shoulders and said, What can be the use of preserving these barbarous, uncouth idioms? — What would we not give now for some such records?

And this is not all. The study of savage tribes has assumed a new interest of late, when the question of the exact relation of man to the rest of the animal

kingdom has again roused the passions not only of scientific inquirers, but also of the public at large. Now what is wanted for the solution of this question, are more facts and fewer theories, and these facts can only be gained by a patient study of the lowest races of mankind. When religion was held to be the specific character of man, it was asserted by many travellers that they had seen races without any religious ideas; when language was seen to be the real frontier line between man and beast, it was maintained that there were human beings without language. Now all we want to know are facts, let the conclusions be whatever they may. It is by no means easy to decide whether savage tribes have a religion or not; at all events it requires the same discernment, and the same honesty of purpose as to find out whether men of the highest intellect among us have a religion or not. I call the Introduction to Spencer's "First Principles" deeply religious, but I can well understand that a missionary, reporting on a tribe of Spencerian savages, might declare that they had no idea whatsoever of religion. Looking at a report sent home lately by the indefatigable Governor of New South Wales, Sir Hercules Robinson, I find the following description of the religious ideas of the Kamilarois, one of the most degraded tribes in the Northwestern district of the colony:—

“Bhaiami is regarded by them as the maker of all things. The name signifies ‘maker,’ or ‘cutter-out,’ from the verb *bhai*, *baialli*, *baia*. He is regarded as the rewarder and punisher of men according to their conduct. He sees all, and knows all, if not directly, through the subordinate deity *Turramûlan*, who presides at the *Bora*. Bhaiami is said to have

been once on the earth. Turramûlan is mediator in all the operations of Bhaiami upon man, and in all man's transactions with Bhaiami. Turramûlan means 'leg on one side only,' 'one-legged.'"

This description is given by the Rev. C. Greenway, and if there is any theological bias in it, let us make allowance for it. But there remains the fact that Bhaiami, their name for deity, comes from a root *b h a i*, to "make," to "cut out," and if we remember that hardly any of the names for deity, either among the Aryan or Semitic nations, comes from a root with so abstract a meaning, we shall admit, I think, that such reports as these should not be allowed to lie forgotten in the pigeon-holes of the Colonial Office, or in the pages of a monthly journal.

What applies to religion, applies to language. We have been told again and again that the Veddahs in Ceylon have no language. Sir Emerson Tennant wrote "that they mutually make themselves understood by signs, grimaces, and guttural sounds, which have little resemblance to definite words or language in general." When these statements were repeated, I tried to induce the Government of Ceylon to send a competent man to settle the question. I did not receive all I wanted, and therefore postponed the publication of what was sent me. But I may say so much, that more than half of the words used by the Veddahs, are, like Singhalese itself, mere corruption of Sanskrit; their very name is the Sanskrit word for hunter, *v e d d h â*, or, as Mr. Childers supposes, *v y â d h a*. There is a remnant of words in their language of which I can make nothing as yet. But so much is certain; either the Veddahs started with the common inheritance of Aryan words and ideas,

or, at all events, they lived for a long time in contact with Aryan people, and adopted from them such words as were wanting in their language. If they now stand low in the scale of humanity, they once stood higher, nay they may possibly prove, in language, if not in blood, the distant cousins of Plato, and Newton, and Goethe.

It is most essential to keep *la carrière ouverte* for facts, even more than for theories, and for the supply of such facts the Colonial Government might render most useful service.

It is but right to state that whenever I have applied to the Governors of any of the Colonies, I have invariably met with the greatest kindness and readiness to help. Some of them take the warmest interest in these researches. Sir George Grey's services to the science of language have hardly been sufficiently appreciated as yet, and the Linguistic Library which he founded at the Cape, places him of right by the side of Sir Thomas Bodley. Sir Hercules Robinson, Mr. Musgrave in South Australia, Sir Henry Barkley at the Cape, and several others, are quite aware of the importance of linguistic and ethnological researches. What is wanted is encouragement from home, and some systematic guidance. Dr. Bleek, the excellent librarian of Sir George Grey's Library at the Cape, who has devoted the whole of his life to the study of savage dialects, and whose Comparative Grammar of the South African languages will hold its place by the side of Bopp's, Diez's, and Caldwell's Comparative Grammars, is most anxious that there should be a permanent linguistic and ethnological station established at the Cape; in fact, that there should be a linguist at-

tached to every zoölogical station. At the Cape there are not only the Zulu dialects to be studied, but two most important languages, that of the Hottentots and that of the Bushmen. Dr. Bleek has lately been enabled to write down several volumes of traditional literature from the mouths of some Bushman prisoners, but he says, "my powers and my life are drawing to an end, and unless I have some young men to assist me, and carry on my work, much of what I have done will be lost." There is no time to be lost, and I trust therefore that my appeal will not be considered importunate by the present Colonial Minister.

Last of all, we turn to India, the very cradle of Oriental scholarship, and here, instead of being importunate and urging new claims for assistance, I think I am expressing the feelings of all Oriental scholars in publicly acknowledging the readiness with which the Indian Government, whether at home or in India, whether during the days of the old East India Company, or now under the auspices of the Secretary of State, has always assisted every enterprise tending to throw light on the literature, the religion, the laws and customs, the arts and manufactures of that ancient Oriental Empire.

Only last night I received the first volume of a work which will mark a new era in the history of Oriental typography. Three valuable MSS. of the Mahâbhâshya have been photolithographed at the expense of the Indian Government, and under the supervision of one whom many of us will miss here to-day, the late Professor Goldstücker. It is a magnificent publication, and as there are only fifty copies printed, it will soon become more valuable than a real MS.

There are two surveys carried on at the present moment in India, a literary and an archæological survey. Many years ago, when Lord Elgin went to India as Governor-general, I suggested to him the necessity of taking measures in order to rescue from destruction whatever could still be rescued of the ancient literature of the country. Lord Elgin died before any active measures could be taken, but the plan found a more powerful advocate in Mr. Whitley Stokes, who urged the Government to appoint some Sanskrit scholars to visit all places containing collections of Sanskrit MSS., and to publish lists of their titles, so that we might know, at all events, how much of a literature, that had been preserved for thousands of years, was still in existence at the present moment. This work was confided to Dr. Bühler, Dr. Kielhorn, Mr. Burnell, Rajendralal Mitra, and others. Several of their catalogues have been published, and there is but one feeling among all Sanskrit scholars as to the value of their work. But they also feel that the time has come for doing more. The mere titles of the MSS. whet our appetite, but do not satisfy it. There are, of course, hundreds of books where the title, the name of the author, the *locus et annus* are all we care to know. But of books which are scarce, and hitherto not known out of India, we want to know more. We want some information of the subject and its treatment, and if possible, of the date, of the author, and of the writers quoted by him. We want extracts, intelligently chosen, in fact, we want something like the excellent catalogue which Dr. Aufrecht has made for the Bodleian Library. In Mr. Burnell, Dr. Bühler, Dr. Kielhorn, the Government possesses scholars who

could do that work admirably; what they want is more leisure, more funds, more assistance.

Contemporaneously with the Literary Survey, there is the Archæological Survey, carried on by that gallant and indefatigable scholar, General Cunningham. His published reports show the systematic progress of his work, and his occasional communications in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal tell us of his newest discoveries. The very last number of that journal brought us the news of the discovery of the wonderful ruins of the Buddhist temple of Bharahut,<sup>1</sup> which, with their representations of scenes from the early Buddhist literature, with their inscriptions and architectural style, may enable us to find a *terminus a quo* for the literary and religious history of India. We should not forget the services which Mr. Fergusson has rendered to the history of Indian architecture, both by awakening an interest in the subject, and by the magnificent publication of the drawings of the sculptures of Sanchi and Amravati, carried on under the authority of the Secretary of State for India. Let us hope that these new discoveries may supply him with materials for another volume, worthy of its companion.

It was supposed for a time that there was a third survey carried on in India, ethnological and linguistic, and the volume, published by Colonel Dalton, "Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal," with portraits from photographs, was a most excellent beginning. But the other India Governments have not hitherto followed the example of the Bengal Government, and nothing has of late come to my knowledge in this important line of research. Would not Dr.

<sup>1</sup> *Academy*, August 1, 1874.

Hunter, who has done so much for a scientific study of the non-Aryan languages and races of India, take up this important branch of research, and give us, not only photographs and graphic description, but also, what is most wanted, scholarlike grammars of the principal races of India? Lists of words, if carefully chosen, like those in Colonel Dalton's work and in Sir George Campbell's "Specimens," are, no doubt, most valuable for preliminary researches, but without grammars, none of the great questions which are still pending in Indian Ethnology will ever be satisfactorily and definitely settled. No real advance has been made in the classification of Indian dialects since the time when I endeavored, some twenty years ago, to sum up what was then known on that subject, in my letter to Bunsen "On the Turanian Languages." What I then for the first time ventured to maintain against the highest authorities in Indian linguistic ethnology, viz., that the dialects of the Mundas or the Koles constituted a third and totally independent class of languages in India, related neither to the Aryan nor to the Dravidian families, has since been fully confirmed by later researches, and is now, I believe, generally accepted. The fact also, on which I then strongly insisted, that the Uraon Koles, and Rajmahal Koles, might be Koles in blood, but certainly not in language, their language being, like that of the Gonds, Dravidian, is now no longer disputed. But beyond this, all is still as hypothetical as it was twenty years ago, simply because we can get no grammars of the Munda dialects. Why do not the German missionaries at Ranchi, who have done such excellent work among the Koles, publish a grammatical analysis of that

interesting cluster of dialects? Only a week ago, one of them, Mr. Jellinghaus, gave me a grammatical sketch of the Mundári language, and even this, short as it is, was quite sufficient to show that the supposed relationship between the Munda dialects and the Khasia language, of which we have a grammar, is untenable. The similarities pointed out by Mason between the Munda dialects and the Talaing of Pegu, are certainly startling, but equally startling are the divergences; and here again no real result will be obtained without a comparison of the grammatical structure of the two languages. The other classes of Indian languages, the Taic, the Gangetic, subdivided into Trans-Himalayan and Sub-Himalayan, the Lohitic, and Tamulic, are still retained, though some of their names have been changed. Without wishing to defend the names which I had chosen for these classes, I must say that I look upon the constant introduction of new technical terms as an unmixed evil. Every classificatory term is imperfect. Aryan, Semitic, Hamitic, Turanian, all are imperfect, but, if they are but rightly defined, they can do no harm, whereas a new term, however superior at first sight, always makes confusion worse confounded. The chemists do not hesitate to call sugar an acid rather than part with an old established term; why should not we in the science of language follow their good example?

Dr. Leitner's labors in Dardistan should here be mentioned. They date from the year 1866. Considering the shortness of the time allotted to him for exploring that country, he has been most successful in collecting his linguistic materials. We owe him a vocabulary of two Shinâ dialects (the Ghilghiti and

Astori), and of the Arnyia, the Khayuna, and the Kalâsha-Mânder. These vocabularies are so arranged as to give us a fair idea of the systems of conjugation and declension. Other vocabularies, arranged according to subjects, allow us an insight into the intellectual life of the Shinas, and we also receive most interesting information on the customs, legends, superstitions, and religion of the Dardus. Some of the important results, obtained by the same enterprising scholar in his excavations on the Takht-i-bahai hills will be laid before the Archæological Section of this Congress. It is impossible to look at the Buddhist sculptures which he has brought home without perceiving that there is in them a foreign element. They are Buddhist sculptures, but they differ both in treatment and expression from what was hitherto known of Buddhist art in various parts of the world. Dr. Leitner thinks that the foreign element came from Greece, from Greek or Macedonian workmen, the descendants of Alexander's companions; others think that local and individual influences are sufficient to account for apparent deviations from the common Buddhist type. On this point I feel totally incompetent to express an opinion, but whatever the judgment of our archæological colleagues may be, neither they nor we ourselves can have any doubt that Dr. Leitner deserves our sincere gratitude as an indefatigable explorer and successful discoverer.

Many of the most valuable treasures of every kind and sort, collected during these official surveys, and by private enterprise, are now deposited in the Indian Museum in London, a real mine of literary and archæological wealth, opened with the greatest liberality to all who are willing to work in it.

It is unfortunate, no doubt, that this meeting of Oriental scholars should have taken place at a time when the treasures of the Indian Museum are still in their temporary exile; yet, if they share in the regret felt by every friend of India, at the delay in the building of a new museum, worthy both of England and of India, they will also carry away the conviction, that such delay is simply due to a desire to do the best that can be done, in order to carry out in the end something little short of that magnificent scheme of an Indian Institute, drawn by the experienced hand of Mr. Forbes Watson.

And now, in conclusion, I have to express my own gratitude for the liberality both of the Directors of the old East India Company and of the present Secretary of State for India in Council, for having enabled me to publish that work the last sheet of which I am able to present to this Meeting to-day, the "Rig-Veda, with the Commentary of Sâyanâkârya." It is the oldest book of the Aryan world, but it is also one of the largest, and its publication would have been simply impossible without the enlightened liberality of the Indian Government. For twenty-five years I find, that taking the large and small editions of the Rig-Veda together, I have printed every year what would make a volume of about six hundred pages octavo. Such a publication would have ruined any bookseller, for it must be confessed, that there is little that is attractive in the Veda, nothing that could excite general interest. From an æsthetic point of view, no one would care for the hymns of the Rig-Veda, and I can well understand how, in the beginning of our century, even so discriminating a scholar as Colebrooke could express his opinion that,

“The Vedas are too voluminous for a complete translation, and what they contain would hardly reward the labor of the reader, much less that of the translator. The ancient dialect in which they are composed, and specially that of the three first Vedas, is extremely difficult and obscure ; and, though curious, as the parent of a more polished and refined language, its difficulties must long continue to prevent such an examination of the whole Vedas, as would be requisite for extracting all that is remarkable and important in those voluminous works. But they well deserve to be occasionally consulted by the Oriental scholar.” Nothing shows the change from the purely æsthetic to the purely scientific interest in the language and literature of India more clearly than the fact that for the last twenty-five years the work of nearly all Sanskrit scholars has been concentrated on the Veda. When some thirty years ago I received my first lessons in Sanskrit from Professor Brockhaus, whom I am happy and proud to see to-day among us, there were but few students who ventured to dive into the depths of Vedic literature. To-day among the Sanskrit scholars whom Germany has sent to us — Professors Stenzler, Spiegel, Weber, Haug, Pertsch, Windisch — there is not one who has not won his laurels on the field of Vedic scholarship. In France also a new school of Sanskrit students has sprung up who have done most excellent work for the interpretation of the Veda, and who bid fair to rival the glorious school of French Orientalists at the beginning of this century, both by their persevering industry and by that “sweetness and light” which seems to be the birthright of their nation. But, I say again, there is little that is beautiful, in our sense of the

word, to be found in the hymns of the Rig-Veda, and what little there is, has been so often dwelt on, that quite an erroneous impression as to the real nature of Vedic poetry has been produced in the mind of the public. My old friend, the Dean of St. Paul's, for instance, in some thoughtful lectures which he delivered this year on the "Sacred Poetry of Early Religions," has instituted a comparison between the Psalms and the hymns of the Veda, and he arrives at the conclusion that the Psalms are superior to the Vedic hymns. No doubt they are, from the point of view which he has chosen, but the chief value of these hymns lies in the fact that they are so different from the Psalms, or, if you like, that they are so inferior to the Psalms. They are Aryan, the Psalms Semitic; they belong to a primitive and rude state of society, the Psalms, at least most of them, are contemporaneous with or even later than the heydays of the Jewish monarchy. This strange misconception of the true character of the Vedic hymns seemed to me to become so general, that when some years ago I had to publish the first volume of my translation, I intentionally selected a class of hymns which should in no way encourage such erroneous opinions. It was interesting to watch the disappointment. What, it was said, are these strange, savage, grotesque invocations of the Storm-gods, the inspired strains of the ancient sages of India? Is this the wisdom of the East? Is this the primeval revelation? Even scholars of high reputation joined in the outcry, and my friends hinted to me that they would not have wasted their life on such a book.

Now, suppose a geologist had brought to light the bones of a fossil animal, dating from a period anterior

to any in which traces of animal life had been discovered before, would any young lady venture to say by way of criticism, "Yes, these bones are very curious, but they are not pretty!" Or suppose a new Egyptian statue had been discovered, belonging to a dynasty hitherto unrepresented by any statues, would even a school-boy dare to say, "Yes, it is very nice, but the Venus of Milo is nicer?" Or suppose an old MS. is brought to Europe, do we find fault with it, because it is not neatly printed? If a chemist discovers a new element, is he pitied because it is not gold? If a botanist writes on germs, has he to defend himself, because he does not write on flowers? Why, it is simply because the Veda is so different from what it was expected to be, because it is not like the Psalms, not like Pindar, not like the Bhagavadgîtâ, it is because it stands alone by itself, and reveals to us the earliest germs of religious thought, such as they really were; it is because it places before us a language, more primitive than any we knew before; it is because its poetry is what you may call savage, uncouth, rude, horrible, it is for that very reason that it was worth while to dig and dig till the old buried city was recovered, showing us what man was, what we were, before we had reached the level of David, the level of Homer, the level of Zoroaster, showing us the very cradle of our thoughts, our words, and our deeds. *I* am not disappointed with the Veda, and I shall conclude my address with the last verses of the last hymn, which you have now in your hands, — verses which thousands of years ago may have been addressed to a similar meeting of Aryan fellow-men, and which are not inappropriate to our own: —

Sám *galkhadhvam* sám *vadadhvam* sám *vah* *mánâmsi* *gânatâm*,  
 Devâh *bhâgâm* *yâthâ pûrve*<sup>1</sup> *samgânânâh* *upâsate*,  
 Samânâh *mântrâh* *sâmitih* *samânî* *samânâm* *mânâh* *sahâ kittâm* *eshâm*,  
 Samnâm *mântram* *abhî* *mantraye* *vah* *samânéna* *vah* *havishâ* *guhomi*.  
 Samânî *vah* *âkûtih* *samânâ* *hridayâni* *vah*,  
 Samânâm *astu* *vah* *mânâh* *yâthâ* *vah* *sûsaha* *ûsati*.

“Come together! Speak together! Let your minds be concordant — the gods by being concordant receive their share, one after the other. Their word is the same, their counsel is the same, their mind is the same, their thoughts are at one; I address to you the same word, I worship you with the same sacrifice. Let your endeavor be the same! Let your hearts be the same! Let your mind be the same, that it may go well with you.”

<sup>1</sup> I read *yathâpûrve* as one word.

## NOTES.



### NOTE A.

IN the "Indian Mirror," published at Calcutta, 20 September, 1874, a native writer gave utterance almost at the same time to the same feelings:—

"When the dominion passed from the Mogul to the hands of Englishmen, the latter regarded the natives as little better than niggers, having a civilization perhaps a shade better than that of the barbarians. . . . The gulf was wide between the conquerors and the conquered. . . . There was no affection to lessen the distance between the two races. . . . The discovery of Sanskrit entirely revolutionized the course of thought and speculations. It served as the 'open sesame' to many hidden treasures. It was then that the position of India in the scale of civilization was distinctly apprehended. It was then that our relations with the advanced nations of the world were fully realized. We were niggers at one time. We now become brethren. . . . The advent of the English found us a nation low sunk in the mire of superstitions, ignorance, and political servitude. The advent of scholars like Sir William Jones found us fully established in a rank above that of every nation as that from which modern civilization could be distinctly traced. It would be interesting to contemplate what would have been our position if the science of philology had not been discovered. . . . It was only when the labor of scholars brought to light the treasures of our antiquity that they perceived how near we were to their races in almost all things that they held dear in their life. It was then that our claims on their affection and regard were first established. As Hindus we ought never to forget the labor of scholars. We owe them our life as a nation, our freedom as a recognized society, and our position in the scale of races. It is the fashion with many to decry the labors of those men as dry, unprofitable, and

dreamy. We should know that it is to the study of the roots and inflections of the Sanskrit language that we owe our national salvation. . . . Within a very few years after the discovery of Sanskrit, a revolution took place in the history of comparative science. Never were so many discoveries made at once, and from the speculations of learned scholars like —, the dawnings of many truths are even now visible to the world. . . . Comparative mythology and comparative religion are new terms altogether in the world. . . . We say again that India has no reason to forget the services of scholars.”

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#### NOTE B.

THE following letter addressed by me to the “Academy,” October 17, 1874, p. 433, gives the reasons for this statement:—

“I was aware of the mission of the four young Brahmans sent to Benares in 1845, to copy out and study the four Vedas respectively. I had read of it last in the ‘Historical Sketch of the Brahmo Samaj,’ which Miss Collet had the kindness to send me. But what I said in my address before the Oriental Congress referred to earlier times. That mission in 1845 was, in fact, the last result of much previous discussion, which gradually weakened and destroyed in the mind of Ram Mohun Roy and his followers their traditional faith in the Divine origin of the Vedas. At first Ram Mohun Roy met the arguments of his English friends by simply saying, ‘If you claim a Divine origin for your sacred books, so do we;’ and when he was pressed by the argument derived from internal evidence, he appealed to a few hymns, such as the Gâyatri, and to the Upanishads, as by no means inferior to passages in the Bible, and not unworthy of a divine author. The Veda with him was chiefly in the Upanishads, and he had hardly any knowledge of the hymns of the Rig-Veda. I state this on the authority of a conversation that passed between him and young Rosen, who was then working at the MSS. of the Rig-Veda-Sanhitâ in the British Museum, and to whom Ram Mohun Roy expressed his regret at not being able to read his own sacred books.

“There were other channels, too, through which, after Ram Mohun Roy’s death in 1833, a knowledge of the studies of European scholars may have reached the still hesitating reformers

of the Brahma Sabhá. Dvarka Náth Tagore paid a visit to Europe in the year 1845. I write from memory. Though not a man of deep religious feelings, he was an enlightened and shrewd observer of all that passed before his eyes. He was not a Sanskrit scholar; and I well recollect, when we paid a visit together to Eugène Burnouf, Dvarka Náth Tagore putting his dark delicate hand on one side of Burnouf's edition of the 'Bhagavat Purána,' containing the French translation, and saying he could understand that, but not the Sanskrit original on the opposite page. I saw him frequently at Paris, where I was then engaged in collecting materials for a complete edition of the Vedas and the commentary of Sāyanākārya. Many a morning did I pass in his rooms, smoking, accompanying him on the pianoforte, and discussing questions in which we took a common interest. I remember one morning, after he had been singing some Italian, French, and German music, I asked him to sing an Indian song. He declined at first, saying that he knew I should not like it; but at last he yielded, and sang, not one of the modern Persian songs, which commonly go by the name of Indian, but a genuine native piece of music. I listened quietly, but when it was over, I told him that it seemed strange to me, how one who could appreciate Italian and German music could find any pleasure in what sounded to me like mere noise, without melody, rhythm, or harmony. 'Oh,' he said, 'that is exactly like you Europeans! When I first heard your Italian and German music I disliked it; it was no music to me at all. But I persevered, I became accustomed to it, I found out what was good in it, and now I am able to enjoy it. But you despise whatever is strange to you, whether in music, or philosophy, or religion; you will not listen and learn, and we shall understand you much sooner than you will understand us.'

"In our conversations on the Vedas he never, as far as I recollect, defended the divine origin of his own sacred writings in the abstract, but he displayed great casuistic cleverness in maintaining that every argument that had ever been adduced in support of a supernatural origin of the Bible could be used with equal force in favor of a divine authorship of the Veda. His own ideas of the Veda were chiefly derived from the Upanishads, and he frequently assured me that there was much more of Vedic literature in India than we imagined. This Dvarka Náth Tagore was the father of Debendra Náth Tagore, the true founder of

the Brahma Samáj, who, in 1845, sent the four young Brahmans to Benares to copy out and study the four Vedas. Though Dvarka Náth Tagore was so far orthodox that he maintained a number of Brahmans, yet it was he also who continued the grant for the support of the Church, founded at Calcutta by Ram Mohun Roy. One letter written by Dvarka Náth Tagore from Paris to Calcutta in 1845, would supply the missing link between what was passing at that time in a room of a hotel on the Place Vendôme, and the resolution taken at Calcutta to find out, once for all, what the Vedas really are.

“In India itself the idea of a critical and historical study of the Veda originated certainly with English scholars. Dr. Mill once showed me the first attempt at printing the sacred Gâyatri in Calcutta; and, if I am not mistaken, he added that unfortunately the gentleman who had printed it died soon after, thus confirming the prophecies of the Brahmans that such a sacrilege would not remain unavenged by the gods. Dr. Mill, Stevenson, Wilson, and others were the first to show to the educated natives in India that the Upanishads belonged to a later age than the hymns of the Rig-Veda, and likewise the first to exhibit to Ram Mohun Roy and his friends the real character of these ancient hymns. On a mind like Ram Mohun Roy's the effect was probably much more immediate than on his followers, so that it took several years before they decided on sending their commissioners to Benares to report on the Veda and its real character. Yet that mission was, I believe, the result of a slow process of attrition produced by the contact between native and European minds, and as such I wished to present it in my address at the Oriental Congress.”

## VIII.

### LIFE OF COLEBROOKE.<sup>1</sup>

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THE name and fame of Henry Thomas Colebrooke are better known in India, France, Germany, Italy — nay, even in Russia — than in his own country. He was born in London on the 15th of June, 1765; he died in London on the 10th of March, 1837; and if now, after waiting for thirty-six years, his only surviving son, Sir Edward Colebrooke, has at last given us a more complete account of his father's life, the impulse has come chiefly from Colebrooke's admirers abroad, who wished to know what the man had been whose works they know so well. If Colebrooke had simply been a distinguished, even a highly distinguished, servant of the East India Company, we could well understand that, where the historian has so many eminent services to record, those of Henry Thomas Colebrooke should have been allowed to pass almost unnoticed. The history of British India has still to be written, and it will be no easy task to write it. Macaulay's "Lives" of Clive and Warren Hastings are but two specimens to show how it ought to be, and yet how it cannot be, written. There is in the annals of the conquest and administrative tenure of India so much of the bold generalship of raw recruits, the statesmanship of com-

<sup>1</sup> *Miscellaneous Essays.* By Henry Thomas Colebrooke. With a Life of the author by his son. In three volumes. London: 1872.

mon clerks, and the heroic devotion of mere adventurers, that even the largest canvas of the historian must dwarf the stature of heroes; and characters which, in the history of Greece or England, would stand out in bold relief, must vanish unnoticed in the crowd. The substance of the present memoir appeared in the "Journal" of the Royal Asiatic Society soon after Mr. Colebrooke's death. It consisted originally of a brief notice of his public and literary career, interspersed with extracts from his letters to his family during the first twenty years of residence in India. Being asked a few years since to allow this notice to appear in a new edition of his "Miscellaneous Essays," which Mr. Fitz-Edward Hall desired to republish, Sir Edward thought it incumbent on him to render it more worthy of his father's reputation. The letters in the present volume are, for the most part, given in full; and some additional correspondence is included in it, besides a few papers of literary interest, and a journal kept by him during his residence at Nagpur, which was left incomplete. Two addresses delivered to the Royal Asiatic and Astronomical Societies, and the narrative of a journey to and from the capital of Berar, are given in an appendix and complete the volume, which is now on the eve of publication.

Although, as we shall see, the career of Mr. Colebrooke, as a servant of the East India Company, was highly distinguished, and in its vicissitudes, as here told by his son, both interesting and instructive, yet his most lasting fame will not be that of the able administrator, the learned lawyer, the thoughtful financier and politician, but that of the founder and father of true Sanskrit scholarship in Europe. In

that character Colebrooke has secured his place in the history of the world, a place which neither envy nor ignorance can ever take from him. Had he lived in Germany, we should long ago have seen his statue in his native place, his name written in letters of gold on the walls of academies; we should have heard of Colebrooke jubilees and Colebrooke scholarships. In England, if any notice is taken of the discovery of Sanskrit — a discovery in many respects equally important, in some even more important, than the revival of Greek scholarship in the fifteenth century — we may possibly hear the popular name of Sir William Jones and his classical translation of *Sakuntala*; but of the infinitely more important achievements of Colebrooke, not one word. The fact is, the time has not yet come when the full importance of the Sanskrit philology can be appreciated by the public at large. It was the same with Greek philology. When Greek began to be studied by some of the leading spirits in Europe, the subject seemed at first one of purely literary curiosity. When its claims were pressed on the public, they were met by opposition, and even ridicule; and those who knew least of Greek were most eloquent in their denunciations. Even when its study had become more general, and been introduced at universities and schools, it remained in the eyes of many a mere accomplishment — its true value for higher than scholastic purposes being scarcely suspected. At present we know that the revival of Greek scholarship affected the deepest interests of humanity, that it was in reality a revival of that consciousness which links large portions of mankind together, connects the living with the dead, and thus secures to each

generation the full intellectual inheritance of our race. Without that historical consciousness the life of man would be ephemeral and vain. The more we can see backward, and place ourselves in real sympathy with the past, the more truly do we make the life of former generations our own, and are able to fulfill our own appointed duty in carrying on the work which was begun centuries ago in Athens and at Rome. But while the unbroken traditions of the Roman world, and the revival of Greek culture among us, restored to us the intellectual patrimony of Greece and Rome only, and made the Teutonic race in a certain sense Greek and Roman, the discovery of Sanskrit will have a much larger influence. Like a new intellectual spring, it is meant to revive the broken fibres that once united the Southeastern with the Northwestern branches of the Aryan family; and thus to reestablish the spiritual brotherhood, not only of the Teutonic, Greek, and Roman, but likewise of the Slavonic, Celtic, Indian, and Persian branches. It is to make the mind of man wider, his heart larger, his sympathies world-embracing; it is to make us truly *humaniores*, richer and prouder in the full perception of what humanity has been, and what it is meant to be. This is the real object of the more comprehensive studies of the nineteenth century, and though the full appreciation of this their true import may be reserved to the future, no one who follows the intellectual progress of mankind attentively can fail to see that, even now, the comparative study of languages, mythologies, and religions has widened our horizon; that much which was lost has been regained; and that a new world, if it has not yet been occupied, is certainly in sight. It

is curious to observe that those to whom we chiefly owe the discovery of Sanskrit were as little conscious of the real importance of their discovery as Columbus was when he landed at St. Salvador. What Mr. Colebrooke did, was done from a sense of duty, rather than from literary curiosity; but there was also a tinge of enthusiasm in his character, like that which carries a traveller to the wastes of Africa or the ice-bound regions of the Pole. Whenever there was work ready for him, he was ready for the work. But he had no theories to substantiate, no pre-conceived objects to attain. Sobriety and thoroughness are the distinguishing features of all his works. There is in them no trace of haste or carelessness; but neither is there evidence of any extraordinary effort, or minute professional scholarship. In the same business-like spirit in which he collected the revenue of his province he collected his knowledge of Sanskrit literature; with the same judicial impartiality with which he delivered his judgments he delivered the results at which he had arrived after his extensive and careful reading; and with the same sense of confidence with which he quietly waited for the effects of his political and financial measures, in spite of the apathy or the opposition with which they met at first, he left his written works to the judgment of posterity, never wasting his time in the repeated assertion of his opinions, or in useless controversy, though he was by no means insensible to his own literary reputation. The biography of such a man deserves a careful study; and we think that Sir Edward Colebrooke has fulfilled more than a purely filial duty in giving to the world a full account of the private, public, and literary life of his great father.

Colebrooke was the son of a wealthy London banker, Sir George Colebrooke, a Member of Parliament, and a man in his time of some political importance. Having proved himself a successful advocate of the old privileges of the East India Company, he was invited to join the Court of Directors, and became in 1769 chairman of the Company. His chairmanship was distinguished in history by the appointment of Warren Hastings to the highest office in India, and there are in existence letters from that illustrious man to Sir George, written in the crisis of his Indian Administration, which show the intimate and confidential relations subsisting between them. But when, in later years, Sir George Colebrooke became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and Indian appointments were successively obtained for his two sons, James Edward and Henry Thomas, it does not appear that Warren Hastings took any active steps to advance them, beyond appointing the elder brother to an office of some importance on his secretariat. Henry, the younger brother, had been educated at home, and at the age of fifteen he had laid a solid foundation in Latin, Greek, French, and particularly in mathematics. As he never seems to have been urged on, he learned what he learned quietly and thoroughly, trying from the first to satisfy himself rather than others. Thus a love of knowledge for its own sake remained firmly engrained in his mind through life, and explains much of what would otherwise remain inexplicable in his literary career.

At the age of eighteen he started for India, and arrived at Madras in 1783, having narrowly escaped capture by French cruisers. The times were anxious times for India, and full of interest to an observer of

political events. In his very first letter from India Colebrooke thus sketches the political situation : —

“ The state of affairs in India seems to bear a far more favorable aspect than for a long time past. The peace with the Mahrattas and the death of Hyder Ally, the intended invasion of Tippoo’s country by the Mahrattas, sufficiently removed all alarm from the country powers ; but there are likewise accounts arrived, and which seem to be credited, of the defeat of Tippoo by Colonel Matthews, who commands on the other coast.”

From Madras Colebrooke proceeded, in 1783, to Calcutta, where he met his elder brother, already established in the service. His own start in official life was delayed, and took place under circumstances by no means auspicious. The tone, both in political and private life, was at that time at its lowest ebb in India. Drinking, gambling, and extravagance of all kinds were tolerated even in the best society, and Colebrooke could not entirely escape the evil effects of the moral atmosphere in which he had to live. It is all the more remarkable that his taste for work never deserted him, and “ that he would retire to his midnight Sanskrit studies unaffected by the excitement of the gambling-table.” It was not till 1786 — a year after Warren Hastings had left India — that he received his first official appointment, as Assistant Collector of Revenue in Tirhut. His father seems to have advised him from the first to be assiduous in acquiring the vernacular languages, and we find him at an early period of his Indian career thus writing on this subject : “ The one, and that the most necessary, Moors (now called Hindustani), by not being written, bars all close application ; the other, Persian, is too dry to entice, and is so seldom of any use, that I seek its acquisition very leisurely.” He asked his father

in turn to send him the Greek and Latin classics, evidently intending to carry on his old favorite studies, rather than begin a new career as an Oriental scholar. For a time he seemed, indeed, deeply disappointed with his life in India, and his prospects were anything but encouraging. But although he seriously thought of throwing up his position and returning to England, he was busy nevertheless in elaborating a scheme for the better regulation of the Indian service. His chief idea was, that the three functions of the civil service — the commercial, the revenue, and the diplomatic — should be separated; that each branch should be presided over by an independent board, and that those who had qualified themselves for one branch should not be transferred to another. Curiously enough, he lived to prove by his own example the applicability of the old system, being himself transferred from the revenue department to a judgeship, then employed on an important diplomatic mission, and lastly raised to a seat in Council, and acquitting himself well in each of these different employments. After a time his discontent seems to have vanished. He quietly settled down to his work in collecting the revenue of Tirhut; and his official duties soon became so absorbing, that he found little time for projecting reforms of the Indian Civil Service.

Soon also his Oriental studies gave him a new interest in the country and the people. The first allusions to Oriental literature occur in a letter dated Patna, December 10, 1786. It is addressed to his father, who had desired some information concerning the religion of the Hindus. Colebrooke's own interest in Sanskrit literature was from the first scientific rather than literary. His love of mathematics and

astronomy made him anxious to find out what the Brahmans had achieved in these branches of knowledge. It is surprising to see how correct is the first communication which he sends to his father on the four modes of reckoning time adopted by Hindu astronomers, and which he seems chiefly to have drawn from Persian sources. The passage (pp. 23-26) is too long to be given here, but we recommend it to the careful attention of Sanskrit scholars, who will find it more accurate than what has but lately been written on the same subject. Colebrooke treated, again, of the different measures of time in his essay "On Indian Weights and Measures," published in the "Asiatic Researches," 1798; and in stating the rule for finding the planets which preside over the day, called *Horâ*, he was the first to point out the coincidence between that expression and our name for the twenty-fourth part of the day. In one of the notes to his Dissertation on the Algebra of the Hindus he showed that this and other astrological terms were evidently borrowed by the Hindus from the Greeks, or other external sources; and in a manuscript note published for the first time by Sir E. Colebrooke, we find him following up the same subject, and calling attention to the fact that the word *Horâ* occurs in the Sanskrit vocabulary — the *Medinî-Kosha*, and bears there, among other significations, that of the rising of a sign of the zodiac, or half a sign. This, as he remarks, is in diurnal motion one *hour*, thus confirming the connection between the Indian and European significations of the word.

While he thus felt attracted towards the study of Oriental literature by his own scientific interests, it seems that Sanskrit literature and poetry by them-

seives had no charms for him. On the contrary, he declares himself repelled by the false taste of Oriental writers ; and he speaks very slightly of “ the *amateurs* who do not seek the acquisition of useful knowledge, but would only wish to attract notice, without the labor of deserving it, which is readily accomplished by an ode from the Persian, an apologue from the Sanskrit, or a song from some unheard-of dialect of Hinduee, of which *amateur* favors the public with a *free* translation, without understanding the original, as you will immediately be convinced, if you peruse that repository of nonsense, the ‘ Asiatic Miscellany.’ ” He makes one exception, however, in favor of Wilkins. “ I have never yet seen any book,” he writes, “ which can be depended on for information concerning the real opinions of the Hindus, except Wilkins’s ‘ Bhagvat Geeta.’ That gentleman was Sanskrit mad, and has more materials and more general knowledge respecting the Hindus than any other foreigner ever acquired since the days of Pythagoras.” Arabic, too, did not then find much more favor in his eyes than Sanskrit. “ Thus much,” he writes, “ I am induced to believe, that the Arabic language is of more difficult acquisition than Latin, or even than Greek ; and, although it may be concise and nervous, it will not reward the labor of the student, since, in the works of science, he can find nothing new, and, in those of literature, he could not avoid feeling his judgment offended by the false taste in which they are written, and his imagination being heated by the glow of their imagery. A few dry facts might, however, reward the literary drudge. . . .”

It may be doubted, indeed, whether Colebrooke would ever have overcome these prejudices, had it

not been for his father's exhortations. In 1789, Colebrooke was transferred from Tirhut to Purneah; and such was his interest in his new and more responsible office, that, according to his own expression, he felt for it all the solicitude of a young author. Engrossed in his work, a ten years' settlement of some of the districts of his new collectorship, he writes to his father in July, 1790:—

“The religion, manners, natural history, traditions, and arts of this country may, certainly, furnish subjects on which my communications might, perhaps, be not uninteresting; but to offer anything deserving of attention would require a season of leisure to collect and digest information. Engaged in public and busy scenes, my mind is wholly engrossed by the cares and duties of my station; in vain I seek, for relaxation's sake, to direct my thoughts to other subjects; matters of business constantly recur. It is for this cause that I have occasionally apologized for a dearth of subjects, having no occurrences to relate, and the matters which occupy my attention being uninteresting as a subject of correspondence.”

When, after a time, the hope of distinguishing himself impelled Colebrooke to new exertions, and he determined to become an author, the subject which he chose was not antiquarian or philosophical, but purely practical.

“Translations,” he writes, in 1790, “are for those who rather need to fill their purses than gratify their ambition. For original compositions on Oriental history and sciences is required more reading in the literature of the East than I possess, or am likely to attain. My subject should be connected with those matters to which my attention is professionally led. One subject is, I believe, yet untouched—the agriculture of Bengal. On this I have been curious of information; and, having obtained some, I am now pursuing inquiries with some degree of regularity. I wish for your opinion, whether it would be worth while to reduce into form the information which may be ob-

tained on a subject necessarily dry, and which (curious, perhaps) is, certainly, useless to English readers."

Among the subjects of which he wishes to treat in this work we find some of antiquarian interest, *e. g.*, what castes of Hindus are altogether forbid cultivating, and what castes have religious prejudices against the culture of particular articles. Others are purely technical; for instance, the question of the succession and mixture of crops. He states that the Hindus have some traditional maxims on the succession of crops to which they rigidly adhere; and with regard to mixture, he observes that two, three, or even four different articles are sown in the same field, and gathered successively, as they ripen; that they are sometimes all sown on the same day, sometimes at different periods, etc.

His letters now became more and more interesting, and they generally contain some fragments which show us how the sphere of his inquiries became more and more extended. We find (p. 39) observations on the Psylli of Egypt and the snake-charmers of India, on the Sikhs (p. 45), on human sacrifices in India (p. 46). The spirit of inquiry which had been kindled by Sir W. Jones, more particularly since the foundation of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1784, had evidently reached Colebrooke. It is difficult to fix the exact date when he began the study of Sanskrit. He seems to have taken it up and left it again in despair several times. In 1793 he was removed from Purneah to Nattore. From that place he sent to his father the first volumes of the "Asiatic Researches," published by the members of the Asiatic Society. He drew his father's attention to some articles in them, which would seem to prove that the

ancient Hindus possessed a knowledge of Egypt and of the Jews, but he adds: "No historical light can be expected from Sanskrit literature; but it may, nevertheless, be curious, if not useful, to publish such of their legends as seem to resemble others known to European mythology." The first glimmering of comparative mythology in 1793!

Again he writes in 1793, "In my Sanskrit studies, I do not confine myself now to particular subjects, but skim the surface of all their sciences. I will sub-join, for your amusement, some remarks on subjects treated in the 'Researches.'"

What the results of that skimming were, and how far more philosophical his appreciation of Hindu literature had then become, may be seen from the end of the same letter, written from Rajshahi, December, 6, 1793:—

"Upon the whole, whatever may be the true antiquity of this nation, whether their mythology be a corruption of the pure deism we find in their books, or their deism a refinement from gross idolatry; whether their religious and moral precepts have been engrafted on the elegant philosophy of the Nyâya and Mimânsâ, or this philosophy been refined on the plainer text of the Veda; the Hindu is the most ancient nation of which we have valuable remains, and has been surpassed by none in refinement and civilization; though the utmost pitch of refinement to which it ever arrived preceded, in time, the dawn of civilization in any other nation of which we have even the name in history. The further our literary inquiries are extended here, the more vast and stupendous is the scene which opens to us; at the same time that the true and false, the sublime and the puerile, wisdom and absurdity, are so intermixed, that, at every step, we have to smile at folly, while we admire and acknowledge the philosophical truth, though couched in obscure allegory and puerile fable.

In 1794, Colebrooke presented to the Asiatic So-

ciety his first paper, "On the Duties of a Faithful Hindu Widow," and he told his father at the same time, that he meant to pursue his Sanskrit inquiries diligently, and in a spirit which seems to have guided all his work through life: "The only caution," he says, "which occurs to me is, not to hazard in publication anything crude or imperfect, which would injure my reputation as a man of letters; to avoid this, the precaution may be taken of submitting my manuscripts to private perusal."

Colebrooke might indeed from that time have become altogether devoted to the study of Sanskrit, had not his political feelings been strongly roused by the new Charter of the East India Company, which, instead of sanctioning reforms long demanded by political economists, confirmed nearly all the old privileges of their trade. Colebrooke was a free-trader by conviction, and because he had at heart the interests both of India and of England. It is quite gratifying to find a man, generally so cold and prudent as Colebrooke, warm with indignation at the folly and injustice of the policy carried out by England with regard to her Indian subjects. He knew very well that it was personally dangerous for a covenanted servant to discuss and attack the privileges of the Company, but he felt that he ought to think and act, not merely as the servant of a commercial company, but as the servant of the British Government. He wished, even at that early time, that India should become an integral portion of the British Empire, and cease to be, as soon as possible, a mere appendage, yielding a large commercial revenue. He was encouraged in these views by Mr. Anthony Lambert, and the two friends at last decided to embody their

views in a work, which they privately printed, under the title of "Remarks on the Present State of the Husbandry and Commerce of Bengal." Colebrooke, as we know, had paid considerable attention to the subject of husbandry, and he now contributed much of the material which he had collected for a purely didactic work, to this controversial and political treatise. He is likewise responsible, and he never tried to shirk that responsibility, for most of the advanced financial theories which it contains. The volume was sent to England, and submitted to the Prime Minister of the day and several other persons of influence. It seems to have produced an impression in the quarters most concerned, but it was considered prudent to stop its further circulation on account of the dangerous free-trade principles, which it supported with powerful arguments. Colebrooke had left the discretion of publishing the work in England to his friends, and he cheerfully submitted to their decision. He himself, however, never ceased to advocate the most liberal financial opinions, and being considered by those in power in Leadenhall Street as a dangerous young man, his advancement in India became slower than it would otherwise have been.

A man of Colebrooke's power, however, was too useful to the Indian Government to be passed over altogether, and though his career was neither rapid nor brilliant, it was nevertheless most successful. Just at the time when Sir W. Jones had died suddenly, Colebrooke was removed from the revenue to the judicial branch of the Indian service, and there was no man in India, except Colebrooke, who could carry on the work which Sir W. Jones had left unfinished, viz. : "The Digest of Hindu and Moham-

medan Laws." At the instance of Warren Hastings, a clause had been inserted in the Act of 1772, providing that "Maulavies and Pundits should attend the Courts, to expound the law and assist in passing the decrees." In all suits regarding inheritance, marriage, caste, and religious usages and institutions, the ancient laws of the Hindus were to be followed, and for that purpose a body of laws from their own books had to be compiled. Under the direction of Warren Hastings, nine Brahmans had been commissioned to draw up a code, which appeared in 1776, under the title of "Code of Gentoo Laws."<sup>1</sup> It had been originally compiled in Sanskrit, then translated into Persian, and from that into English. As that code, however, was very imperfect, Sir W. Jones had urged on the Government the necessity of a more complete and authentic compilation. Texts were to be collected, after the model of Justinian's Pandects, from law-books of approved authority, and to be digested according to a scientific analysis, with references to original authors. The task of arranging the text-books and compiling the new code fell chiefly to a learned Pandit, Jagannâtha, and the task of translating it was now, after the death of Sir W. Jones, undertaken by Colebrooke. This task was no easy one, and could hardly be carried out without the help of really learned pandits. Fortunately Colebrooke was removed at the time when he undertook this work, to Mirzapur, close to Benares, the seat of Brahmanical learning, in the north of India, and the seat of a Hindu College. Here Colebrooke found not

<sup>1</sup> The word *Gentoo*, which was commonly applied in the last century to the Hindus, is, according to Wilson, derived from the Portuguese word *gentio*, gentile or heathen. The word *caste*, too, comes from the same source.

only rich collections of Sanskrit MSS, but likewise a number of law pandits, who could solve many of the difficulties which he had to encounter in the translation of Jagannâtha's Digest. After two years of incessant labor, we find Colebrooke on January 3, 1797, announcing the completion of his task, which at once established his position as the best Sanskrit scholar of the day. Oriental studies were at that time in the ascendant in India. A dictionary was being compiled, and several grammars were in preparation. Types also had been cut, and for the first time Sanskrit texts issued from the press in Devanâgarî letters. Native scholars, too, began to feel a pride in the revival of their ancient literature. The Brahmans, as Colebrooke writes, were by no means averse to instruct strangers; they did not even conceal from him the most sacred texts of the Veda. Colebrooke's "Essays on the Religious Ceremonies of the Hindus," which appeared in the fifth volume of the "Asiatic Researches" in the same year as his translation of the "Digest," show very clearly that he had found excellent instructors, and had been initiated in the most sacred literature of the Brahmans. An important paper on the Hindu schools of law seems to date from the same period, and shows a familiarity, not only with the legal authorities of India, but with the whole structure of the traditional and sacred literature of the Brahmans, which but few Sanskrit scholars could lay claim to even at the present day. In the fifth volume of the "Asiatic Researches" appeared also his essay "On Indian Weights and Measures," and his "Enumeration of Indian Classes." A short, but thoughtful memorandum on the origin of caste, written during that period, and

printed for the first time in his "Life," will be read with interest by all who are acquainted with the different views of living scholars on this important subject.

Colebrooke's idea was that the institution of caste was not artificial or conventional, but that it began with the simple division of freemen and slaves, which we find among all ancient nations. This division, as he supposes, existed among the Hindus before they settled in India. It became positive law after their emigration from the northern mountains into India, and was there adapted to the new state of the Hindus, settled among the aborigines. The class of slaves or *Sûdras* consisted of those who came into India in that degraded state, and those of the aborigines who submitted and were spared. Menial offices and mechanical labor were deemed unworthy of freemen in other countries besides India, and it cannot therefore appear strange that the class of the *Sûdras* comprehended in India both servants and mechanics, both Hindus and emancipated aborigines. The class of freemen included originally the priest, the soldier, the merchant, and the husbandman. It was divided into three orders, the *Brâhmanas*, *Kshatriyas*, and *Vaisyas*, the last comprehending merchants and husbandmen indiscriminately, being the yeomen of the country and the citizens of the town. According to Colebrooke's opinion, the *Kshatriyas* consisted originally of kings and their descendants. It was the order of princes, rather than of mere soldiers. The *Brâhmanas* comprehended no more than the descendants of a few religious men who, by superior knowledge and the austerity of their lives, had gained an ascendancy over the

people. Neither of these orders was originally very numerous, and their prominence gave no offense to the far more powerful body of the citizens and yeomen.

When legislators began to give their sanction to this social system, their chief object seems to have been to guard against too great a confusion of the four orders—the two orders of nobility, the sacerdotal and the princely, and the two orders of the people, the citizens and the slaves, by either prohibiting intermarriage, or by degrading the offspring of alliances between members of different orders. If men of superior married women of inferior, but next adjoining, rank, the offspring of their marriage sank to the rank of their mothers, or obtained a position intermediate between the two. The children of such marriages were distinguished by separate titles. Thus, the son of a *Brâhmana* by a *Kshatriya* woman was called *Mûrdhâbhishikta*, which implies royalty. They formed a distinct tribe of princes or military nobility, and were by some reckoned superior to the *Kshatriya*. The son of a *Brâhmana* by a *Vaisya* woman was a *Vaidya* or *Ambashta*, the offspring of a *Kshatriya* by a *Vaisya* was a *Mahishya*, forming two tribes of respectable citizens. But if a greater disproportion of rank existed between the parents—if, for instance, a *Brâhmana* married a *Sûdra*, the offspring of their marriage, the *Nishâda*, suffered greater social penalties; he became impure, notwithstanding the nobility of his father. Marriages, again, between women of superior with men of inferior rank were considered more objectionable than marriages of men of superior with women of inferior rank, a sentiment which continues to the present day.

What is peculiar to the social system, as sanctioned by Hindu legislators, and gives it its artificial character, is their attempt to provide by minute regulations for the rank to be assigned to new tribes, and to point out professions suitable to that rank. The tribes had each an internal government, and professions naturally formed themselves into companies. From this source, while the corporations imitated the regulations of tribes, a multitude of new and arbitrary tribes sprang up, the origin of which, as assigned by Manu and other legislators, was probably, as Colebrooke admits, more or less fanciful.

In his "Remarks on the Husbandry and Internal Commerce of Bengal," the subject of caste in its bearing on the social improvement of the Indian nation was likewise treated by Colebrooke. In reply to the erroneous views then prevalent as to the supposed barriers which caste placed against the free development of the Hindus, he writes:—

"An erroneous doctrine has been started, as if the great population of these provinces could not avail to effect improvements, notwithstanding opportunities afforded by an increased demand for particular manufactures or for raw produce: because, 'professions are hereditary among the Hindus; the offspring of men of one calling do not intrude into any other; professions are confined to hereditary descent; and the produce of any particular manufacture cannot be extended according to the increase of the demand, but must depend upon the population of the caste, or tribe, which works on that manufacture; or, in other words, if the demand for any article should exceed the ability of the number of workmen who produce it, the deficiency cannot be supplied by calling in assistance from other tribes.'

"In opposition to this unfounded opinion, it is necessary that we not only show, as has been already done, that the population is actually sufficient for great improvement, but we must also prove, that professions are not separated by an impassable line, and that the population affords a sufficient number whose

religious prejudices permit, and whose inclination leads them to engage in, those occupations through which the desired improvement may be effected.

“The Muselmans, to whom the argument above quoted cannot in any manner be applied, bear no inconsiderable proportion to the whole population. Other descriptions of people, not governed by Hindu institutions, are found among the inhabitants of these provinces; in regard to these, also, the objection is irrelevant. The Hindus themselves, to whom the doctrine which we combat is meant to be applied, cannot exceed nine tenths of the population; probably, they do not bear so great a proportion to the other tribes. They are, as is well known, divided into four grand classes; but the three first of them are much less numerous than the *Sûdra*. The aggregate of *Brâhmana*, *Kshatriya*, and *Vaisya* may amount, at the most, to a fifth of the population; and even these are not absolutely restricted to their own appointed occupations. Commerce and agriculture are universally permitted; and, under the designation of servants of the other three tribes, the *Sûdras* seem to be allowed to prosecute any manufacture.

“In this tribe are included not only the true *Sûdras*, but also the several castes whose origin is ascribed to the promiscuous intercourse of the four classes. To these, also, their several occupations were assigned; but neither are they restricted, by rigorous injunctions, to their own appointed occupations. For any person unable to procure a subsistence by the exercise of his own profession may earn a livelihood in the calling of a subordinate caste, within certain limits in the scale of relative precedence assigned to each; and no forfeiture is now incurred by his intruding into a superior profession. It was, indeed, the duty of the Hindu magistrate to restrain the encroachments of inferior tribes on the occupations of superior castes; but, under a foreign government, this restraint has no existence.

“In practice, little attention is paid to the limitations to which we have here alluded: daily observation shows even *Brâhmanas* exercising the menial profession of a *Sûdra*. We are aware that every caste forms itself into clubs, or lodges, consisting of the several individuals of that caste residing within a small distance; and that these clubs, or lodges, govern themselves by particular rules and customs, or by laws. But, though some restrictions and limitations, not founded on religious prejudices,

are found among their by-laws, it may be received, as a general maxim, that the occupation appointed for each tribe is entitled merely to a preference. Every profession, with few exceptions, is open to every description of persons; and the discouragement arising from religious prejudices is not greater than what exists in Great Britain from the effects of municipal and corporation laws. In Bengal, the numbers of people actually willing to apply to any particular occupation are sufficient for the unlimited extension of any manufacture.

“ If these facts and observations be not considered as a conclusive refutation of the unfounded assertion made on this subject, we must appeal to the experience of every gentleman who may have resided in the provinces of Bengal, whether a change of occupation and profession does not frequently and indefinitely occur? Whether Brāhmanas are not employed in the most servile offices? And whether the Sūdra is not seen elevated to situations of respectability and importance? In short, whether the assertion above quoted be not altogether destitute of foundation? ”

It is much to be regretted that studies so auspiciously begun were suddenly interrupted by a diplomatic mission, which called Colebrooke away from Mirzapur, and retained him from 1798 to 1801 at Nagpur, the capital of Berar. Colebrooke himself had by this time discovered that, however distinguished his public career might be, his lasting fame must depend on his Sanskrit studies. We find him even at Nagpur continuing his literary work, particularly the compilation and translation of a Supplementary Digest. He also prepared, as far as this was possible in the midst of diplomatic avocations, some of his most important contributions to the “ Asiatic Researches,” one on Sanskrit prosody, which did not appear till 1808, and was then styled an essay on Sanskrit and Prakrit poetry; one on the Vedas, another on Indian Theogories (not published), and a critical treatise on Indian plants. At last, in May, 1801, he left Nagpur to

return to his post at Mirzapur. Shortly afterwards he was summoned to Calcutta, and appointed a member of the newly constituted Court of Appeal. He at the same time accepted the honorary post of Professor of Sanskrit at the college recently established at Fort William, without, however, taking an active part in the teaching of pupils. He seems to have been a director of studies rather than an actual professor, but he rendered valuable service as examiner in Sanskrit, Bengali, Hindustani, and Persian. In 1801 appeared his essay on the Sanskrit and Prakrit languages, which shows how well he had qualified himself to act as professor of Sanskrit, and how well, in addition to the legal and sacred literature of the Brahmans, he had mastered the *belles lettres* of India also, which at first, as we saw, had rather repelled him by their extravagance and want of taste.

And here we have to take note of a fact which has never been mentioned in the history of the science of language, viz., that Colebrooke at that early time devoted considerable attention to the study of Comparative Philology. To judge from his papers, which have never been published, but which are still in the possession of Sir E. Colebrooke, the range of his comparisons was very wide, and embraced not only Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, with their derivatives, but also the Germanic and Slavonic languages.<sup>1</sup>

The principal work, however, of this period of his life was his Sanskrit Grammar. Though it was never finished, it will always keep its place, like a classical *torso*, more admired in its unfinished state than other works which stand by its side, finished, yet less perfect. Sir E. Colebrooke has endeavored to convey to

<sup>1</sup> See the list of words given at the end of this article, p. 400.

the general reader some idea of the difficulties which had to be overcome by those who, for the first time, approached the study of the native grammarians, particularly of Pânini. But this grammatical literature, the 3,996 grammatical *sûtras* or rules, which determine every possible form of the Sanskrit language in a manner unthought of by the grammarians of any other country, the glosses and commentaries, one piled upon the other, which are indispensable for a successful unraveling of Pânini's artful web, which start every objection, reasonable or unreasonable, that can be imagined, either against Pânini himself or against his interpreters, which establish general principles, register every exception, and defend all forms apparently anomalous of the ancient Vedic language; all this together is so completely *sui generis*, that those only who have themselves followed Colebrooke's footsteps can appreciate the boldness of the first adventurer, and the perseverance of the first explorer of that grammatical labyrinth. Colebrooke's own Grammar of the Sanskrit language, founded on works of native grammarians, has sometimes been accused of obscurity, nor can it be denied that for those who wish to acquire the elements of the language, it is almost useless. But those who know the materials which Colebrooke worked up in his grammar, will readily give him credit for what he has done in bringing the *indigesta moles* which he found before him into something like order. He made the first step, and a very considerable step it was, in translating the strange phraseology of Sanskrit grammarians into something at least intelligible to European scholars. How it could have been imagined that their extraordinary grammatical phraseology was borrowed by the Hin-

thus from the Greeks, or that its formation was influenced by the grammatical schools established among the Greeks in Bactria, is difficult to understand, if one possesses but the slightest acquaintance with the character of either system, or with their respective historical developments. It would be far more accurate to say that the Indian and Greek systems of grammar represent two opposite poles, exhibiting the two starting-points from which alone the grammar of a language can be attacked, viz., the theoretical and the empirical. Greek grammar begins with philosophy, and forces language into the categories established by logic. Indian grammar begins with a mere collection of facts, systematizes them mechanically, and thus leads in the end to a system which, though marvelous for its completeness and perfection, is nevertheless, from a higher point of view, a mere triumph of scholastic pedantry.

Colebrooke's grammar, even in its unfinished state, will always be the best introduction to a study of the native grammarians — a study indispensable to every sound Sanskrit scholar. In accuracy of statement it still holds the first place among European grammars, and it is only to be regretted that the references to Pânini and other grammatical authorities, which existed in Colebrooke's manuscript, should have been left out when it came to be printed. The modern school of Sanskrit students has entirely reverted to Colebrooke's views on the importance of a study of the native grammarians. It is no longer considered sufficient to know the correct forms of Sanskrit declension or conjugation: if challenged, we must be prepared to substantiate their correctness by giving chapter and verse from Pânini, the fountain-head of

Indian grammar. If Sir E. Colebrooke says that "Bopp also drew deeply from the fountain-head of Indian grammar in his subsequent labors," he has been misinformed. Bopp may have changed his opinion that "the student might arrive at a critical knowledge of Sanskrit by an attentive study of Foster and Wilkins, without referring to native authorities;" but he himself never went beyond, nor is there any evidence in his published works that he himself tried to work his way through the intricacies of Pânini.

In addition to his grammatical studies, Colebrooke was engaged in several other subjects. He worked at the Supplement to the "Digest of Laws," which assumed very large proportions; he devoted some of his time to the deciphering of ancient inscriptions, in the hope of finding some fixed points in the history of India; he undertook to supply the Oriental synonyms for Roxburgh's "Flora Indica" — a most laborious task, requiring a knowledge of botany as well as an intimate acquaintance with Oriental languages. In 1804 and 1805, while preparing his classical essay on the Vedas for the press, we find him approaching the study of the religion of Buddha. In all these varied researches, it is most interesting to observe the difference between him and all the other contributors to the "Asiatic Researches" at that time. They were all carried away by theories or enthusiasm; they were all betrayed into assertions or conjectures which proved unfounded. Colebrooke alone, the most hard-working and most comprehensive student, never allows one word to escape his pen for which he has not his authority; and when he speaks of the treatises of Sir W. Jones, Wilford, and others, he

readily admits that they contain curious matter, but as he expresses himself, "very little conviction." When speaking of his own work, as for instance, what he had written on the Vedas, he says: "I imagine my treatise on the Vedas will be thought curious; but, like the rest of my publications, little interesting to the general reader."

In 1805, Colebrooke became President of the Court of Appeal — a high and, as it would seem, lucrative post, which made him unwilling to aspire to any other appointment. His leisure, though more limited than before, was devoted, as formerly, to his favorite studies; and in 1807 he accepted the presidency of the Asiatic Society — a post never before or after filled so worthily. He not only contributed himself several articles to the "Asiatic Researches," published by the Society, viz., "On the Sect of Jina," "On the Indian and Arabic Divisions of the Zodiac," and "On the Frankincense of the Ancients;" but he encouraged also many useful literary undertakings, and threw out, among other things, an idea which has but lately been carried out, viz., a *Catalogue raisonné* of all that is extant in Asiatic literature. His own studies became more and more concentrated on the most ancient literature of India, the Vedas, and the question of their real antiquity led him again to a more exhaustive examination of the astronomical literature of the Brahmans. In all these researches, which were necessarily of a somewhat conjectural character, Colebrooke was guided by his usual caution. Instead of attempting, for instance, a free and more or less divinatory translation of the hymns of the Rig-Veda, he began with the tedious but inevitable work of exploring the native

commentaries. No one who has not seen his MSS., now preserved at the India Office, and the marginal notes with which the folios of Sâyana's commentary are covered, can form any idea of the conscientiousness with which he collected the materials for his essay. He was by no means a blind follower of Sâyana, or a believer in the infallibility of traditional interpretation. The question on which so much useless ingenuity has since been expended, whether in translating the Veda we should be guided by native authorities or by the rules of critical scholarship, must have seemed to him, as to every sensible person, answered as soon as it was asked. He answered it by setting to work patiently, in order to find out, first, all that could be learnt from native scholars, and afterwards to form his own opinion. His experience as a practical man, his judicial frame of mind, his freedom from literary vanity, kept him, here as elsewhere, from falling into the pits of learned pedantry. It will seem almost incredible to later generations that German and English scholars should have wasted so much of their time in trying to prove, either that we should take no notice whatever of the traditional interpretation of the Veda, or that, in following it, we should entirely surrender our right of private judgment. Yet that is the controversy which has occupied of late years some of our best Sanskrit scholars, which has filled our journals with articles as full of learning as of acrimony, and has actually divided the students of the history of ancient religion into two hostile camps. Colebrooke knew that he had more useful work before him than to discuss the infallibility of fallible interpreters — a question handled with greater ingenuity by the Maimânsaka

philosophers than by any living casuists. He wished to leave substantial work behind him ; and though he claimed no freedom from error for himself, yet he felt conscious of having done all his work carefully and honestly, and was willing to leave it, such as it was, to the judgment of his contemporaries and of posterity. Once only during the whole of his life did he allow himself to be drawn into a literary controversy ; and here, too, he must have felt what most men feel in the end — that it would have been better if he had not engaged in it. The subject of the controversy was the antiquity and originality of Hindu astronomy. Much had been written for and against it by various writers, but by most of them without a full command of the necessary evidence. Colebrooke himself maintained a doubtful attitude. He began, as usual, with a careful study of the sources at that time available, with translations of Sanskrit treatises, with astronomical calculations and verifications ; but, being unable to satisfy himself, he abstained from giving a definite opinion. Bentley, who had published a paper in which the antiquity and originality of Hindu astronomy were totally denied, was probably aware that Colebrooke was not convinced by his arguments. When, therefore, an adverse criticism of his views appeared in the first number of our Review, Bentley jumped at the conclusion that it was written or inspired by Colebrooke. Hence arose his animosity, which lasted for many years, and vented itself from time to time in virulent abuse of Colebrooke, whom Bentley accused not only of unintentional error, but of willful misrepresentation and unfair suppression of the truth. Colebrooke ought to have known that in the republic of letters scholars are

sometimes brought into strange society. Being what he was, he need not — nay, he ought not — to have noticed such literary rowdyism. But as the point at issue was of deep interest to him, and as he himself had a much higher opinion of Bentley's real merits than his reviewer, he at last vouchsafed an answer in the "Asiatic Journal" of March, 1826. With regard to Bentley's personalities, he says: "I never spoke nor wrote of Mr. Bentley with disrespect, and I gave no provocation for the tone of his attack on me." As to the question itself, he sums up his position with simplicity and dignity. "I have been no favorer," he writes, "no advocate of Indian astronomy. I have endeavored to lay before the public, in an intelligible form, the fruits of my researches concerning it. I have repeatedly noticed its imperfections, and have been ready to admit that it has been no scanty borrower as to theory."

Colebrooke's stay in India was a long one. He arrived there in 1782, when only seventeen years of age, and he left it in 1815, at the age of fifty. During all this time we see him uninterruptedly engaged in his official work, and devoting all his leisure to literary labor. The results which we have noticed so far, were already astonishing, and quite sufficient to form a solid basis of his literary fame. But we have by no means exhausted the roll of his works. We saw that a supplement to the "Digest of Laws" occupied him for several years. In it he proposed to recast the whole title of inheritance, so imperfectly treated in the "Digest" which he translated, and supplement it with a series of compilations on the several heads of Criminal Law, Pleading, and Evidence, as treated by Indian jurists. In a letter to Sir T.

Strange he speaks of the Sanskrit text as complete, and of the translation as considerably advanced ; but it was not till 1810 that he published, as a first installment, his translation of two important treatises on inheritance, representing the views of different schools on this subject. Much of the material which he collected with a view of improving the administration of law in India, and bringing it into harmony with the legal traditions of the country, remained unpublished, partly because his labors were anticipated by timely reforms, partly because his official duties became too onerous to allow him to finish his work in a manner satisfactory to himself.

But although the bent of Colebrooke's mind was originally scientific, and the philological researches which have conferred the greatest lustre on his name grew insensibly beneath his pen, the services he rendered to Indian jurisprudence would deserve the highest praise and gratitude if he had no other title to fame. Among his earlier studies he had applied himself to the Roman law with a zeal uncommon among Englishmen of his standing, and he has left behind him a treatise on the Roman Law of Contracts. When he directed the same powers of investigation to the sources of Indian law he found everything in confusion. The texts and glosses were various and confused. The local customs which abound in India had not been discriminated. Printing was of course unknown to these texts ; and as no supreme judicial intelligence and authority existed to give unity to the whole system, nothing could be more perplexing than the state of the law. From this chaos Colebrooke brought forth order and light. The publication of the " Dhaya-bhâga," as the cardi-

nal exposition of the law of inheritance, which is the basis of Hindu society, laid the foundation of no less a work than the revival of Hindu jurisprudence, which had been overlaid by the Mohammedan conquest. On this foundation a superstructure has now been raised by the combined efforts of Indian and English lawyers: but the authority which is to this day most frequently invoked as one of conclusive weight and learning is that of Colebrooke. By the collection and revision of the ancient texts which would probably have been lost without his intervention, he became in some degree the legislator of India.

In 1807 he had been promoted to a seat in Council — the highest honor to which a civilian, at the end of his career, could aspire. The five years' tenure of his office coincided very nearly with Lord Minto's Governor-generalship of India. During these five years the scholar became more and more merged in the statesman. His marriage also took place at the same time, which was destined to be happy, but short. Two months after his wife's death he sailed for England, determined to devote the rest of his life to the studies which had become dear to him, and which, as he now felt himself, were to secure to him the honorable place of the father and founder of true Sanskrit scholarship in Europe. Though his earliest tastes still attracted him strongly towards physical science, and though, after his return to England, he devoted more time than in India to astronomical, botanical, chemical, and geological researches, yet, as an author, he remained true to his vocation as a Sanskrit scholar, and he added some of the most important works to the long list of his Oriental publications. How high an estimate he enjoyed among

the students of physical science is best shown by his election as President of the Astronomical Society, after the death of Sir John Herschel in 1822. Some of his published contributions to the scientific journals, chiefly on geological subjects, are said to be highly speculative, which is certainly not the character of his Oriental works. Nay, judging from the tenor of the works which he devoted to scholarship, we should think that everything he wrote on other subjects would deserve the most careful and unprejudiced attention, before it was allowed to be forgotten; and we should be glad to see a complete edition of all his writings, which have a character at once so varied and so profound.

We have still to mention some of his more important Oriental publications, which he either began or finished after his return to England. The first is his "Algebra, with Arithmetic and Mensuration, from the Sanskrit of Brahmagupta and Bhâskara, preceded by a Dissertation on the State of the Sciences as known to the Hindus," London, 1817. It is still the standard work on the subject, and likely to remain so, as an intimate knowledge of mathematics is but seldom combined with so complete a mastery of Sanskrit as Colebrooke possessed. He had been preceded by the labors of Burrow and E. Strachey; but it is entirely due to him that mathematicians are now enabled to form a clear idea of the progress which the Indians had made in this branch of knowledge, especially as regards indeterminate analysis. It became henceforth firmly established that the "Arabian Algebra had real points of resemblance to that of the Indians, and not to that of the Greeks that the Diophantine analysis was only slightly cul-

tivated by the Arabs; and that, finally, the Indian was more scientific and profound than either." Some of the links in his argument, which Colebrooke himself designated as weak, have since been subjected to renewed criticism; but it is interesting to observe how here, too, hardly anything really new has been added by subsequent scholars. The questions of the antiquity of Hindu mathematics — of its indigenous or foreign origin, as well as the dates to be assigned to the principal Sanskrit writers, such as Bhâskara, Brahmagupta, Aryabhata, etc., — are very much in the same state as he left them. And although some living scholars have tried to follow in his footsteps, as far as learning is concerned, they have never approached him in those qualities which are more essential to the discovery of truth than mere reading, viz., caution, fairness, and modesty.

Two events remain still to be noticed before we close the narrative of the quiet and useful years which Colebrooke spent in England. In 1818 he presented his extremely valuable collection of Sanskrit MSS. to the East India Company, and thus founded a treasury from which every student of Sanskrit has since drawn his best supplies. It may be truly said, that without the free access to this collection — granted to every scholar, English or foreign — few of the really important publications of Sanskrit texts, which have appeared during the last fifty years, would have been possible; so that in this sense also, Colebrooke deserves the title of the founder of Sanskrit scholarship in Europe.

The last service which he rendered to Oriental literature was the foundation of the Royal Asiatic Society. He had spent a year at the Cape of Good

Hope, in order to superintend some landed property which he had acquired there ; and after his return to London, in 1822, he succeeded in creating a society which should do in England the work which the Asiatic Society of Bengal, founded in 1784 at Calcutta, by Sir W. Jones, had done in India. Though he declined to become the first president, he became the director of the new society. His object was not only to stimulate Oriental scholars living in England to greater exertions, but likewise to excite in the English public a more general interest in Oriental studies. There was at that time far more interest shown in France and Germany for the literature of the East than in England, though England alone possessed an Eastern Empire. Thus we find Colebrooke writing in one of his letters to Professor Wilson : —

“ Schlegel, in what he said of some of us (English Orientalists) and of our labors, did not purpose to be uncandid, nor to undervalue what has been done. In your summary of what he said you set it to the right account. I am not personally acquainted with him, though in correspondence. I do think, with him, that as much has not been done by the English as might have been expected from us. Excepting you and me, and two or three more, who is there that has done anything! In England nobody cares about Oriental literature, or is likely to give the least attention to it.”

And again : —

“ I rejoice to learn that your great work on the Indian drama may be soon expected by us. I anticipate much gratification from a perusal. Careless and indifferent as our countrymen are, I think, nevertheless, you and I may derive some complacent feelings from the reflection that, following the footsteps of Sir W. Jones, we have, with so little aid of collaborators, and so little encouragement, opened nearly every avenue, and left it to foreigners, who are taking up the clue we have furnished, to complete the outline of what we have sketched. It is some

gratification to national pride that the opportunity which the English have enjoyed has not been wholly unemployed.”

Colebrooke's last contributions to Oriental learning, which appeared in the "Transactions" of the newly-founded Royal Asiatic Society, consist chiefly in his masterly treatises on Hindu philosophy. In 1823 he read his paper on the Sâṅkhya system; in 1824 his paper on the Nyâya and Vaisesika systems; in 1826 his papers on the Mîmâṅsâ; and, in 1827, his two papers on Indian Sectaries and on the Vedânta. These papers, too, still retain their value, unimpaired by later researches. They are dry, and to those not acquainted with the subject they may fail to give a living picture of the philosophical struggles of the Indian mind. But the statements which they contain can, with very few exceptions, still be quoted as authoritative, while those who have worked their way through the same materials which he used for the compilation of his essays, feel most struck by the conciseness with which he was able to give the results of his extensive reading in this, the most abstruse domain of Sanskrit literature. The publication of these papers on the schools of Indian metaphysics, which anticipated with entire fidelity the materialism and idealism of Greece and of modern thought, enabled Victor Cousin to introduce a brilliant survey of the philosophy of India into his Lectures on the History of Philosophy, first delivered, we think, in 1828. Cousin knew and thought of Colebrooke exclusively as a metaphysician. He probably cared nothing for his other labors. But as a metaphysician he placed him in the first rank, and never spoke of him without an expression of veneration, very unusual on the eloquent but somewhat imperious lips of the French philosopher.

The last years of Colebrooke's life were full of suffering, both bodily and mental. He died, after a lingering illness, on March 10, 1837.

To many even among those who follow the progress of Oriental scholarship with interest and attention, the estimate which we have given of Colebrooke's merits may seem too high; but we doubt whether from the inner circle of Sanskrit scholars, any dissentient voice will be raised against our awarding to him the first place among Sanskritists, both dead and living. The number of Sanskrit scholars has by this time become considerable, and there is hardly a country in Europe which may not be proud of some distinguished names. In India, too, a new and most useful school of Sanskrit students is rising, who are doing excellent work in bringing to light the forgotten treasures of their country's literature. But here we must, first of all, distinguish between two classes of scholars. There are those who have learnt enough of Sanskrit to be able to read texts that have been published and translated, who can discuss their merits and defects, correct some mistakes, and even produce new and more correct editions. There are others who venture on new ground, who devote themselves to the study of MSS., and who by editions of new texts, by translations of works hitherto untranslated, or by essays on branches of literature not yet explored, really add to the store of our knowledge. If we speak of Colebrooke as *facile princeps* among Sanskrit scholars, we are thinking of real scholars only, and we thus reduce the number of those who could compete with him to a much smaller compass.

Secondly, we must distinguish between those whc

came before Colebrooke and those who came after him, and who built on his foundations. That among the latter class there are some scholars who have carried on the work begun by Colebrooke beyond the point where he left it, is no more than natural. It would be disgraceful if it were otherwise, if we had not penetrated further into the intricacies of Pânini, if we had not a more complete knowledge of the Indian systems of philosophy, if we had not discovered in the literature of the Vedic period treasures of which Colebrooke had no idea, if we had not improved the standards of criticism which are to guide in the critical restoration of Sanskrit texts. But in all these branches of Sanskrit scholarship those who have done the best work are exactly those who speak most highly of Colebrooke's labors. They are proud to call themselves his disciples. They would decline to be considered his rivals.

There remains, therefore, in reality, only one who could be considered a rival of Colebrooke, and whose name is certainly more widely known than his, viz., Sir William Jones. It is by no means necessary to be unjust to him in order to be just to Colebrooke. First of all, he came before Colebrooke, and had to scale some of the most forbidding outworks of Sanskrit scholarship. Secondly, Sir William Jones died young, Colebrooke lived to a good old age. Were we speaking only of the two men, and their personal qualities, we should readily admit that in some respects Sir W. Jones stood higher than Colebrooke. He was evidently a man possessed of great originality, of a highly cultivated taste, and of an exceptional power of assimilating the exotic beauty of Eastern poetry. We may go even further, and

frankly admit that, possibly, without the impulse given to Oriental scholarship through Sir William Jones's influence and example, we should never have counted Colebrooke's name among the professors of Sanskrit. But we are here speaking not of the men, but of the works which they left behind; and here the difference between the two is enormous. The fact is, that Colebrooke was gifted with the critical conscience of a scholar — Sir W. Jones was not. Sir W. Jones could not wish for higher testimony in his favor than that of Colebrooke himself. Immediately after his death, Colebrooke wrote to his father, June, 1794:—

“ Since I wrote to you the world has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Sir W. Jones. As a judge, as a constitutional lawyer, and for his amiable qualities in private life, he must have been lost with heartfelt regret. But his loss as a literary character will be felt in a wider circle. It was his intention shortly to have returned to Europe, where the most valuable works might have been expected from his pen. His premature death leaves the results of his researches unarranged, and must lose to the world much that was only committed to memory, and much of which the notes must be unintelligible to those into whose hands his papers fall. It must be long before he is replaced in the same career of literature, if he is ever so. None of those who are now engaged in Oriental researches are so fully informed in the classical languages of the East; and I fear that, in the progress of their inquiries, none will be found to have such comprehensive views.”

And again:—

“ You ask how we are to supply his place? Indeed, but ill. Our present and future presidents may preside with dignity and propriety; but who can supply his place in diligent and ingenious researches? Not even the combined efforts of the whole Society; and the field is large, and few the cultivators.”

Still later in life, when a reaction had set in, and

the indiscriminate admiration of Sir W. Jones had given way to an equally indiscriminate depreciation of his merits, Colebrooke, who was then the most competent judge, writes to his father: —

“As for the other point you mention, the use of a translation by Wilkins, without acknowledgment, I can bear testimony that Sir W. Jones’s own labors in *Manu* sufficed without the aid of a translation. He had carried an interlineary Latin version through all the difficult chapters; he had read the original three times through, and he had carefully studied the commentaries. This I know, because it appears clearly so from the copies of *Manu* and his commentators which Sir William used, and which I have seen. I must think that he paid a sufficient compliment to Wilkins, when he said, that without his aid he should never have learned Sanskrit. I observe with regret a growing disposition, here and in England, to depreciate Sir W. Jones’s merits. It has not hitherto shown itself beyond private circles and conversation. Should the same disposition be manifested in print, I shall think myself bound to bear public testimony to his attainments in Sanskrit.”

Such candid appreciation of the merits of Sir W. Jones, conveyed in a private letter, and coming from the pen of the only person then competent to judge both of the strong and the weak points in the scholarship of Sir William Jones, ought to caution us against any inconsiderate judgment. Yet we do not hesitate to declare that, as Sanskrit scholars, Sir William Jones and Colebrooke cannot be compared. Sir William had explored a few fields only, Colebrooke had surveyed almost the whole domain of Sanskrit literature. Sir William was able to read fragments of epic poetry, a play, and the laws of *Manu*. But the really difficult works, the grammatical treatises and commentaries, the philosophical systems, and, before all, the immense literature of the Vedic period were never seriously approached by him. Sir Wil-

liam Jones reminds us sometimes of the dashing and impatient general who tries to take every fortress by bombardment or by storm, while Colebrooke never trusts to anything but a regular siege. They will both retain places of honor in our literary Walhallas. But ask any librarian, and he will say that at the present day the collected works of Sir W. Jones are hardly ever consulted by Sanskrit scholars, while Colebrooke's essays are even now passing through a new edition, and we hope Sir Edward Colebrooke will one day give the world a complete edition of **his father's works.**

## APPENDIX.

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### COMPARATIVE VIEW OF SANSKRIT AND OTHER LANGUAGES,

BY T. H. COLEBROOKE.

Oxford, September, 1874.

I MENTIONED in my Address before the Aryan section of the Oriental Congress that I possessed some MS. notes of Colebrooke's on Comparative Philology. They were sent to me some time ago by his son, Sir E. Colebrooke, who gave me leave to publish them, if I thought them of sufficient importance. They were written down, as far as we know, about the years 1801 or 1802, and contain long lists of words expressive of some of the most important elements of early civilization, in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic. Like everything that Colebrooke wrote, these lists are prepared with great care. They exist in rough notes, in a first, and in a second copy. I give them from the second copy, in which many words from less important languages are omitted, and several doubtful comparisons suppressed. I have purposely altered nothing, for the interest of these lists is chiefly historical, showing how, long before the days of Bopp and Grimm, Colebrooke had clearly perceived the relationship of all the principal branches of the Aryan family, and, what is more important, how he had anticipated the historical conclusions which a comparison of the principal words of the great dialects of the Aryan family enables us to draw with regard to the state of civilization anterior to the first separation of

the Aryan race. No one acquainted with the progress which Comparative Philology has made during the last seventy years would think of quoting some of the comparisons here suggested by Colebrooke as authoritative. The restraints which phonetic laws have since imposed on the comparison of words were unknown in his days. But with all that, it is most surprising to see how careful Colebrooke was, even when he had to guess, and how well he succeeded in collecting those words which form the earliest common dictionary of our ancestors, and supply the only trustworthy materials for a history of the very beginnings of the Aryan race.

MAX MULLER.

#### Father.

*Sans.* Pitṛī (-tá). *Beng. Hind.* Pitá. *Pers.* Pider.

*Sans.* Janayitrī (-tá). *Gr.* Geneter, Gennetor. *Lat.* Genitor.

*Sans.* Tāta. *Beng.* Tát. *Arm.* Tat. *Wal. Corn.* Tad.  
*Ang.* Dad.

*Sans.* Vapṛī (-tá). *Beng.* Bápá. *Hind.* Bábá, Báp.  
*Germ.* Vater. *Belg.* Vader. *Isl.* Bader. *Gr. Lat.* Pater.

#### Mother.

*Sans.* Janayitrī, Jananī. *Gr.* Gennêteira. *Lat.* Genitrix.

*Sans.* Mātrī (-tá). *Beng.* Mátá. *Lat.* Mater. *Gr.* Meter.

*Slav.* Mati. *Ir.* Mat'hair. *Germ.* Mutter. *Sax.* Moder.  
*Belg. Isl.* Mooder.

N. B. The roots *jan* and *jani* (the past tense of which last is *jajnyé*, pronounced *jagyé* in Bengal, Tirhut, etc.) are evidently analogous to the Latin *gigno*, and Greek *gennaō*.

#### Son.

*Sans.* Patra. *Hind.* Putr, Pút. *Támil.* Putren. *Ori.* Púá.

*Sans.* Sūnu. *Hind.* Sún, Suän. *Goth.* Sunus. *Sax.*

Suna. *Belg.* Soen, Sone. *Sue.* Son. *Dalm.* Szun.

*Pol. Boh.* Syn. *Sl.* Sin, Syn.

**Grandson.**

*Sans.* Naptrī (-tá). *Lat.* Nepos. *Hind.* Nátí. *Mahr.* Nátú.

**Granddaughter.**

*Sans.* Naptrí. *Lat.* Neptis. *Hind.* Natní. *Beng.* Nátní.  
*Ori.* Nátuni.

**Daughter's Son.**

*Sans.* Dauhitra. *Beng.* Dauhitro. *Hind.* Dóhtá. *Gr.*  
Thugatridous.

**Son's Son.**

*Sans.* Pautra. *Hind.* Pótá. *Beng.* Pautro.

**Daughter.**

*Sans.* Duhitrī (-tá). *Beng.* Duhitá. *Hind.* Dóhitá. *Goth.*  
Dauhter. *Sax.* Dohter. *Pers.* Dokhter. *Belg.* Doch-  
tere. *Germ.* Tochter. *Gr.* Thygater. *Sue.* Dotter.  
*Isl.* Dooter. *Dan.* Daater.

*Sans.* Tó cá. *Russ.* Doke. *Hind.* Dhíya, Dhí. *Or.* Jhíá.  
*Sl.* Hzhi. *Dalm.* Hchii. *Boh.* Dey, Deera. *Ir.* Dear.

**Brother.**

*Sans.* Bhrátrī (-tá). *Hind.* Bhrátá, Bhai, Bhayá, Bír, Bíran.  
*Pers.* Birádar. *Corn.* Bredar. *Wal.* Braud. *Ir.* Bra-  
thair. *Arm.* Breur. *Mona.* Breyr. *Sl.* Brat. *Russ.*  
Brate. *Dalm.* Brath. *Boh.* Bradr. *Germ.* Bruder  
*Ang.-Sax.* Brother. *Sax.* Brother. *Lat.* Frater. *Gall.*  
Frère.

**Sister.**

*Sans.* Bhagíní. *Hind.* Bhagní, Bahin, Bhainá. *Beng.*  
Bhogíní, Boín. *Mahr.* Bahin. *Or.* Bhauní.

*Sans.* Swasrī (-sá). *Ir.* Shiur. *Gall.* Soeur. *Mona.* Sywr.  
*Sicil.* Suora. *Lat.* Soror. *Germ.* Schwester. *Sax.*  
Sweoster. *Goth.* Swister. *Holl.* Zuster. *Wal.* C'huaer.

**Father-in-law.**

*Sans.* S'waśura. *Beng.* Sósur. *Mahr.* Sasará. *Hind*  
Susar, Súsará, Sasúr. *Lat.* Sócer, Socerus. *Gr.* Hecyros.

**Mother-in-law.**

*Sans.* S'waśrú. *Beng.* Sosru, Sásuri. *Hind.* Sás. *Mahr.* Sású. *Lat.* Socrus. *Gr.* Hecyra.

**Wife's Brother.**

*Sans.* Syála. *Beng.* Syáloc. *Hind.* Sálá. *Or.* Salá.

**Husband's Brother.**

*Sans.* Dévri (-vá), Dévara. *Hind.* Déwar. *Guj.* Díyar. *Mahr.* Dir. *Gr.* Daêr. *Lat.* Levir (*olim* Devir).

**Son-in-law.**

*Sans.* Jámátrī (-tá). *Hind.* Jamáí, Jawáí. *Pers.* Dámád.

**Widow.**

*Sans.* Vidhavá. *Lat.* Vidua. *Sax.* Widwa. *Holl.* Weduwe.

**Daughter-in-law.**

*Sans.* Badhú. *Hind.* Bahú. *Beng.* Báu. *Gall.* Bru.  
*Sans.* Snushá. *Cashm.* Nus. *Penj.* Nuh. *Gr.* Nyos.  
*Lat.* Nurus.

**Sun.**

*Sans.* Heli (-lis). *Gr.* Helios. *Arm.* Heol. *Wal.* Hayl, Heyluen.

*Sans.* Mitra. *Pehl.* Mithra.

*Sans.* Mihara, Mahira. *Pers.* Mihr.

*Sans.* Súra, Súrya. *Hind.* Súrej. *Mahr.* Súrj, Súrya. *Ori.* Surúy.

**Moon.**

*Sans.* Chandra. *Hind.* Chánd, Chandr, Chandramá.

*Sans.* Más (máh). *Pers.* Máh. *Boh.* Mesyc. *Pol.* Miesyac.  
*Dalm.* Miszecz.

**Star.**

*Sans.* Tára. *Hind.* Tára. *Pers.* Sitareh. *Gr.* Aster. *Belg.* Sterre. *Sax.* Steorra. *Germ.* Stern. *Corn Arm.* Steren.

## Month.

*Sans.* Mása (-sas). *Hind.* Mahiná, Más. *Pers.* Máh. *ScL*  
Messcz. *Dalm.* Miszcz. *Wal.* Misguait. *Gr.* Mene.  
*Lat.* Mensis. *Gall.* Mois.

## Day.

*Sans.* Diva. *Mahr.* Diwas. *Lat.* Dies. *Sax.* Dæg.  
*Sans.* Dina. *Hind.* Din. *Boh.* Den. *ScL.* Dan. *Dalm.*  
Daan. *Pol.* Dzien. *Ang.* (Ant.) Den.

## Night.

*Sans.* Rátri. *Hind.* Rát. *Penj.* Rátter.  
*Sans.* Nís, Nísá. *Wal.* Arm. Nos.  
*Sans.* Nactá. *Lat.* Nox. *Gr.* Nyx. *Goth.* Nahts, Nauts.  
*Sax.* Niht. *Isl.* Natt. *Boh.* Noc. *Gall.* Nuit.

## By Night.

*Sans.* (adv.) Nactam. *Lat.* Noctu. *Gr.* Nyctor.

## Sky, Heaven.

*Sans.* Div, Diva. *Beng.* Dibi. *Liv.* Debbes.  
*Sans.* Swar, Swarga. *Hind.* Swarag. *Guz.* Sarag. *Cant.*  
Cerua.  
*Sans.* Nabhas. *Beng.* Nebho. *Russ.* Nebo. *ScL.* Nebu.  
*Boh.* Nebe. *Pol.* Niebo.

## God.

*Sans.* Déva (-vas), Dévatá. *Hind.* Déwatá. *Penj.* Déú.  
*Tamil.* Taivam. *Lat.* Deus. *Gr.* Theos. *Wal.* Diju.  
*Ir.* Diu.  
*Sans.* Bhagaván. *Dalm.* Bogh. *Croat.* Bog.

## Fire.

*Sans.* Agni. *Casm.* Agin. *Beng.* Águn. *Hind.* Ag. *ScL.*  
Ogein. *Croat.* Ogayn. *Pol.* Ogien. *Dalm.* Ogany.  
*Lat.* Ignis.  
*Sans.* Vahni. *Boh.* Ohen.

*Sans.* Anala. *Beng.* Onol. *Mona.* Aul.  
*Sans.* S'ushman (má). *Cant.* Sua.  
*Sans.* Tanúnápát. *Wal.* Tân. *Ir.* Teene.  
*Sans.* Varhis. *Sax.* Vür. *Belg.* Vier.

## Water.

*Sans.* Áp. *Pers.* Áb.  
*Sans.* Pániya. *Hind.* Páni.  
*Sans.* Udaca. *Russ.* Ouode. *Scl.* Voda. *Boh.* Woda.  
*Sans.* Níra, Nára. *Beng.* Nír. *Carn.* Níra. *Tel.* Níllu.  
*Vulg. Gr.* Nero.  
*Sans.* Jala. *Hind.* Jal. *Ir.* Gil.  
*Sans.* Arná. *Ir.* An.  
*Sans.* Vár, Vári. *Beng.* Bár. *Ir.* Bir. *Cant.* Vra.

## Cloud.

*Sans.* Abhra. *Penj.* Abhar. *Casm.* Abar. *Pers.* Abr.  
*Gr.* Ombros. *Lat.* Imber.

## Man.

*Sans.* Nara. *Pers.* Nar. *Gr.* Aner.  
*Sans.* Mánava, Mánusha. *Guz.* Mánas. *Beng.* Mánus.  
*Dan.* Mand. *Sax.* Man, Men.

## Mind.

*Sans.* Manas. *Gr.* Menos. *Lat.* Mens.

## Bone.

*Sans.* Had'd'a. *Hind.* Hadí.  
*Sans.* Asthi. *Lat.* Os. *Gr.* Osteon.

## Hand.

*Sans.* Hasta. *Hind.* Hát'h. *Penj.* Hatt'h. *Beng.* Hát.  
*Pers.* Dest.  
*Sans.* Cara. *Gr.* Cheir. *Vulg. Gr.* Chere.  
*Sans.* Páni. *Wal.* Pawen. *Ang.* Paw.

**Knee.**

*Sans.* Jánu. *Penj.* Jáhnu. *Pers.* Zánu. *Hind.* Gutaná.  
*Gr.* Gonu. *Lat.* Genu. *Gall.* Genou. *Sax.* Cneow.

**Foot.**

*Sans.* Páda, Pad. *Or.* Pád. *Beng.* Pod, Pá. *Hind.* Páú,  
 Payar. *Lat.* Pes (pedis). *Gr.* Pous (podos). *Vulg.*  
*Gr.* Podare. *Gall.* Pied. *Goth.* Fotus. *Sax.* Fot, Vot.  
*Sue.* Foot.

*Sans.* Anghri. *Beng.* Onghri. *Scl.* Noga. *Pol.* Nogi.

**Breast.**

*Sans.* Stana. *Beng.* Stan. (*Ang. Pap.*) *Gr.* Sternon.  
*Lat.* Sternum. (*Ang. Chest.*)

**Navel.**

*Sans.* Nábhi. *Hind.* Nábh. *Beng.* Nái. *Or.* Nahi. *Pers.*  
 Náf. *Gr.* Omphalos. *Sax.* Nafela, Navela.

**Ear.**

*Sans.* Caríá. *Hind.* Cán. *Arm.* Skuarn. *Corn.* Skevam.

**Nose.**

*Sans.* Nasicá, Násá, Nasya. *Hind.* Nác. *Penj.* Nacca.  
*Casm.* Nast. *Lat.* Nasus. *Germ.* Nase. *Belg.* Nuese.  
*Sax.* Noese, Nosa. *Sue.* Nasa. *Boh.* Nos. *Scl.* Nus.  
*Dalm.* Nooss.

**Tooth.**

*Sans.* Danta. *Hind.* Dánt. *Penj.* Dand. *Pers.* Dendan.  
*Wal.* Dant. *Lat.* Dens. *Gall.* Dent. *Gr.* Odous (-ontos).  
*Belg.* Tant, Tand. *Sax.* Toth.

**Mouth.**

*Sans.* Muc'ha. *Hind.* Muc'h, Muh, Munh, Múnh. *Penj.*  
 Múh. *Guz.* Móh. *Sax.* Muth.

**Elbow.**

*Sans.* Anka, flank ; Anga, membrum. *Gr.* Agkōn.

**Voice.**

*Sans.* Vách (vác). *Lat.* Vox. *Gr.* Ossa.

**Name.**

*Sans.* Náman (-ma). *Hind.* Nám, Náon. *Pers.* Nám. *Gr.* Onoma. *Lat.* Nomen. *Gall.* Nom. *Sax.* Nama.

**King.**

*Sans.* Ráj (-t', -d'), Rájan (-já). *Hind.* Rájá. *Lat.* Rex. *Gall.* Roy. *Wal.* Rhuy, Rhiydh. *Ir.* Righ, Rak.

**Kingdom.**

*Sans.* Rájnya (-am). *Lat.* Regnum.

**Town.**

*Sans.* C'héta. *Hind.* C'hérá. *Wal.* Kaer. *Arm.* Koer.

**House.**

*Sans.* Ócas. *Gr.* Oicos.

*Sans.* Gríha. *Hind.* Ghar. *Casm.* Gar.

**Ship or Boat.**

*Sans.* Nau (naus). *Gr.* Naus. *Lat.* Navis. *Pers.* Nau. *Hind.* Nau, Náú. *Or.* Ná. *Carn.* Náviya.

**A Small Boat.**

*Sans.* Plava. *Mah.* Plav. *Gr.* Ploion.

**Thing, Wealth.**

*Sans.* Rai (rás). *Lat.* Res.

**Mountain.**

*Sans.* Parvata. *Hind.* Parbat, Pahár. *Penj.* Parabat. *Carn.* Parbatavu.

*Sans.* Adri. *Penj.* Adari. *Ir.* Ard.  
*Sans.* Naga, Aga. *Ir.* Aigh.  
*Sans.* Grávan (-vá), Giri. *Lus.* Grib. *Scl.* Hrib.

#### Rock or Stone.

*Sans.* Prastara. *Hind.* Patt'har. *Guz.* Pat'har. *Beng*  
 Pat'har. *Gr.* Petra. *Lat.* Petra.  
*Sans.* Grávan (-vá). *Penj.* Garáv.

#### Tree.

*Sans.* Dru (drus), Druma (-mas). *Gr.* Drys (Drymos, a  
 wood). *Epir.* Drun. *Russ.* Dreous. *Scl.* Drevu.  
*Sans.* Taru. *Goth.* Triu, Trie. *Sax.* Treo, Treow. *Dan.*  
 Tree.

#### Pomegranate.

*Sans.* Róhita. *Gr.* Rhoa, Rhoia.

#### Horse.

*Sans.* Ghófaca. *Hind.* Ghórá. *Guz.* Ghóró. *Casm.* Guru.  
*Wal.* Goruydh, Govar.  
*Sans.* Haya (-yas). *Ant. Sans.* Arusha. *Isl.* Hors, Hestur;  
*Dan.* Hest. *Sue.* Hast. *Sax.* Hors.  
*Sans.* Aśva. *Penj.* Aswa. *Pers.* Asp.

#### Ass.

*Sans.* C'hara. *Penj.* C'har. *Pers.* Khar.  
*Sans.* Gardabha. *Hind.* Gadhá. *Tirh.* Gadahá.

#### Mule.

*Sans.* Aśwatara. *Pers.* Astar.

#### Camel.

*Sans.* Ushtra. *Hind.* Unt. *Guz.* Ut. *Penj.* Ustar. *Pers.*  
 Ushtur, Shuttur.

#### Ox, Cow, Bull.

*Sans.* Gó (gaus). *Hind.* Gau, Gái. *Beng.* Goru. *Pers.*  
 Gau. *Sax.* Cu. *Sue.* Koo. *Belg.* Koe. *Germ.* Kue.

*Sans.* Ueshan (-shá). *Sax.* Oxa. *Dan.* Oxe. *Isl.* Uxe.  
*Boh.* Ochse. *Germ.* Ochs. *Wal.* Ychs.  
*Sans.* Vrīsha, Vrīshan (-shá). *Tirk.* Brikh. *Boh.* Byk.  
*Pol.* Beik. *Dalm.* Bak. *Lus.* Bik. *Hung.* Bika. *Wal.*  
 Byuch. *Arm.* Biych. *Corn.* Byuh.

## Goat.

*Sans.* Bucca, Barcara. *Hind.* Bacrá. *Mahr.* Bócar. *Guz.*  
 Bócaró. *Beng.* Bó cá. *Arm.* Buch. *Corn.* Byk. *Sax.*  
 Bucca. *Gall.* Bouc. *Sue.* Bock. *Belg.* Bocke. *Ital.*  
 Becco.

## Ewe.

*Sans.* Avi (-vis). *Gr.* Ois. *Lat.* Ovis. *Sax.* Eowe.

## Wool.

*Sans.* Urná. *Hind.* Un. *Scl.* Volna. *Pol.* Welna. *Boh.*  
 Wlna. *Dalm.* Vuna. *Sue.* Ull. *Isl.* Ull. *Belg.* Wul.  
*Germ.* Wolle. *A.-Sax.* Wulle. *Wal.* Gulan. *Corn.*  
 Gluan. *Arm.* Gloan. *Ir.* Olann.

## Hair of the Body.

*Sans.* Lava. *Ir.* Lo.  
*Sans.* Lóman (-ma), Róman (-ma). *Hind.* Róán. *Beng.*  
 Lóm, Róm. *Casm.* Rúm. *Mah.* Rómé.

## Hair of the Head.

*Sans.* Césa. *Hind.* Cés. *Casm.* Cís. *Lat.* Crinis.  
*Sans.* Bála. *Hind.* Bál.

## Hog.

*Sans.* Súcara (fem -rí). *Penj.* Súr. *Hind.* Súär, Súwar,  
 Sú, Suén. *Beng.* Shúcar, Shúór. *Mahr.* Dúcar. *Tirk.*  
 Súgar. *Nepal.* Surún. *Dan.* Suin. *Sue.* Swiin. *Lus.*  
 Swina. *Carn.* Swynia, Swine. *Ang.* Swine. *Sax.* Sugn.  
*Holl.* Soeg, Sauwe. *Germ.* Sauw. *Ang.* Sow. *Belg.*  
 Soch. *Lat.* Sus. *Gr.* Hys Sys. *Lacon.* Sika. *Pers.*  
 Khuc. *Wal.* Húkh. *Corn.* Hoch, Hoh.

**Boar.**

*Sans.* Varáha. *Hind.* Baráh. *Oris.* Barahá. *Beng.* Boráhó, Borá. *Corn.* Bora, Baedh. *Belg.* Beer. *Sax.* Bar. *Ang.* Boar. *Span.* Berraco. *Gall.* Verrat. *Ital.* Verro.

**Mouse.**

*Sans.* Múshaca, Múshá. *Hind.* Mus, Musá, Musí, Músri, Músná. *Penj.* Múshá. *Tirh.* Mús. *Lat.* Mus. *Gr.* Mús. *Sax.* Mus.

**Bear.**

*Sans.* Ricsha. *Hind.* Rích'h. *Penj.* Richh. *Guz.* Rénchh. *Tirh.* Rikh.

*Sans.* Bhalla, Bhallaca, Bhállúca. *Hind.* Bhál, Bhálú.

*Sans.* Ach'ha, Acsha. *Gr.* Arctos. *Wal.* Arth.

**Wolf.**

*Sans.* Vríca. *Dalm.* Vuuk. *Sl.* Vulk. *Pol.* Wulk.

**Insect.**

*Sans.* Crími. *Pers.* Cirm. *Beng.* Crimi. *Tamil.* Crimi.

**Serpent.**

*Sans.* Ahi (ahis). *Gr.* Ophis.

*Sans.* Sarpa. *Pers.* Serp. *Lat.* Serpens. *Hind.* Sárp.

**Cuckoo.**

*Sans.* Cocila. *Hind.* Coil. *Lat.* Cuculus. *Gr.* Kokkyx.

*Sans.* Pica. *Lat.* Picus.

**Crab.**

*Sans.* Carcata. *Beng.* Cáncrá, Céncrá. *Hind.* Céncrá, Cécrá. *Gr.* Carcinos. *Lat.* Cancer. *Wal.* Krank.

*Corn.* Arm. Kankr. *Gall.* Cancre. *Ir.* Kruban. *Sax.*

Crabbe. *Anç.* Crab.

**Cucumber.**

*Sans.* Carcatí. *Beng.* Cáncur. *Hind.* Cácrí. *Lat.* Cucumer, Cucumis. *Gall.* Concombre. *Ang.* Cucumber.

**Sound.**

*Sans.* Swana, Swána. *Lat.* Sonus. *Wal.* Sûn, Sôn, Sain.  
*Sax.* Sund.

**Sleep.**

*Sans.* Swapna, Śaya, Swápa. *Beng.* Shóön. *Hind.* (Supna)  
Sona [to sleep]. *Gr.* Hypnos. *Wal.* Heppian [to sleep].  
*Sax.* Sleepan. *Ang.* Sleep.

**New.**

*Sans.* Nava (m. Navas, f. Navá, n. Navam), Navína. *Lat.*  
Novus. *Gr.* Neos, Nearos. *Pers.* Nô. *Hind.* Nayá,  
Nawén. *Beng.* Niara. *Wal.* Corn. Neuydh. *Ir.* Núadh.  
*Arm.* Nevedh, Noadh. *Gall.* Neuf. *Ang.* New. *Sax.*  
Neow.

**Young.**

*Sans.* Yuvan (Yuvá). *Lat.* Juvenis.

**Thin.**

*Sans.* Tanus. *Lat.* Tenuis.

**Great.**

*Sans.* Mahâ. *Gr.* Megas. *Lat.* Magnus.

**Broad.**

*Sans.* Urus. *Gr.* Eurus.

**Old.**

*Sans.* Jírñas. *Gr.* Geron.

**Other.**

*Sans.* Itaras. *Gr.* Heteros.

*Sans.* Anyas. *Lat.* Alius.

**Fool.**

*Sans.* Múd'has, Múrchas. *Gr.* Moros.

**Dry.**

*Sans.* Csháras. *Gr.* Xeros.

## Fin.

*Sans.* Agha. *Gr.* Hagos (veneratio, scelus).

## One.

*Sans.* Eca. *Hind. Beng. etc.* Ec. *Pers.* Yéc.

## Two.

*Sans.* Dwi (nom. du. Dwau). *Hind.* Do. *Pers.* Do. *Gr*  
Dyo. *Lat.* Duo. *Gall.* Deux. *Corn.* Deau. *Arm.*  
Dou. *Ir.* Do. *Goth.* Twai. *Sax.* Twu. *Ang.* Two

## Three.

*Sans.* Tri (nom. pl. Trayas). *Lat.* Tres. *Gr.* Treis. *Gall.*  
*Trois.* *Germ.* Drei. *Holl.* Dry. *Sax.* Threo. *Ang.*  
Three. *Wal.* Arm. *Ir.* Tri. *Corn.* Tre.

## Four.

*Sans.* Chatur (nom. pl. Chatwáras, fem. Chatasras). *Lat.*  
Quatuor. *Gall.* Quatre. *Gr.* Tessares. *Pers.* Chehár.  
*Hind.* Chehár.

## And.

*Sans.* Cha. *Lat.* Que.

## Five.

*Sans.* Pancha. *Hind.* Páñch. *Pers.* Penj. *Gr.* Pente.  
*Arm.* *Corn.* Pemp. *Wal.* Pymp.

## Six.

*Sans.* Shash. *Pers.* Shesh. *Lat.* Sex. *Gr.* Hex. *Gall.*  
*Ang.* Six. *Wal.* Khuêkh. *Corn.* Huih. *Arm.* Huekh.  
*Ir.* She, Seishear.

## Seven.

*Sans.* Sapta. *Lat.* Septem. *Gall.* Sept. *Germ.* Sieben.  
*Ang.* Seven. *Sax.* Seofon. *Gr.* Hepta. *Pers.* Heft.  
*Hind.* Sát. *Wal.* Saith. *Arm.* *Corn.* Seith. *Ir.* Sheakhd.

## Eight.

*Sans.* Asht'a. *Pers.* Hasht. *Hind.* Áth. *Gall.* Huit.  
*Sax.* Eahta. *Ang.* Eight. *Ir.* Okht. *Lat.* Octo.

## Nine.

*Sans.* Nava. *Hind.* Nó. *Lat.* Novem. *Wal. Corn.* Nau.  
*Arm.* Nâo. *Ir.* Nyi. *Pers.* Noh. *Gall.* Neuf. *Sax.*  
 Nigon. *Ang.* Nine.

## Ten.

*Sans.* Daśa. *Hind.* Das. *Pers.* Dah. *Lat.* Decem. *Ir.*  
 Deikh. *Arm.* Dêk. *Corn.* Dêg.

## PRONOUNS.

## I.

*Sans.* Aham (acc. Má; poss. and dat. Mé; du. Nau; pl.  
 Nas). *Lat. Gr.* Ego, etc. *Pers.* Men. *Hind.* Mai. *Ir.*  
 Me. *Wal. Corn.* Mi. *Arm.* Ma.

## Thou.

*Sans.* Twam (acc. Twá; poss. and dat. Té; du. Vám; pl.  
 Vas). *Lat.* Tu, etc. *Gr.* Su, etc. *Hind.* Tú, Tain.  
*Beng.* Tumi, Tuī. *Ir.* Tu. *Pers.* To. *Arm.* Te. *Corn.*  
 Ta. *Wal.* Ti.

## PREPOSITIONS, ETC.

*Sans.* Antar. *Lat.* Inter. *Sans.* Upari. *Gr.* Hyper. *Lat.*  
 Super. *Sans.* Upa. *Gr.* Hypo. *Lat.* Sub. *Sans.* Apa.  
*Gr.* Apo. *Sans.* Pari. *Gr.* Peri. *Sans.* Pra. *Gr.*  
*Lat.* Pro. *Sans.* Pará. *Gr.* Pera. *Sans.* Abhi. *Gr.*  
 Amphi. *Sans.* Ati. *Gr.* Anti. *Sans.* Ama. *Gr.* Amá.  
*Sans.* Anu. *Gr.* Ana.

## TERMINATIONS.

*Sans.* (terminations of comparatives and superlatives) Taras,  
 tamas. *Gr.* Teros, tatos. *Lat.* Terus, timus. *Sans.*  
 Ishthas. *Gr.* Istos.

*Sans.* (termin. of nouns of agency) Trī. *Gr.* Tor, ter. *Lat.*  
 Tor.

*Sans.* (termin. of participle) Tas. *Gr.* Tos. *Lat.* Tus.

*Sans.* (termin. of supine) Tum. *Lat.* Tum.

## VERBS.

**To Be, Root AS.**

*Sans.* Asti, Asi, Asmi, Santi, Stha, Smas.

*Gr.* Esti, Eîs (Essi), Eimi (D. Emmi), Eisi (D. Enti)  
Este, Esmen (D. Eimes).

*Lat.* Est, Es, Sum, Sunt, Estis, Sumus.

**To Go, Root I.**

*Sans.* Éti, Ési. Émi, Yanti, Itha, Imas.

*Lat.* It, Is, Eo, Eunt, Itis, Imus.

*Gr.* Eisi, Eis, Eimi, Eîsi, Ite, Imen (D. Imes).

**To Eat, Root AD.**

*Sans.* Atti, Atsi, Admi, Adanti, Attha, Admas. *Lat.* Edit, Edis, Edo, Edunt, Editis, Edimus. *Gr.* Esthieî. *Sax.* Etan.

**To Give, Root DA.**

*Sans.* Dadáti, Dadási, Dadámi. *Lat.* Dat, Das, Do. *Gr.* Didōsi, Didōs, Didōmi.

Hence, *Sans.* Dánam, *Lat.* Donum.

**To Join, Root YUJ.**

*Sans.* Yunacti, Yunjanti. *Lat.* Jungit, Jungunt. *Sans.* Yunajmi. *Gr.* Zeugnumi.

Hence, *Sans.* Yugam. *Lat.* Jugum. *Gr.* Zugos, Zugon.

*Hind.* Juä. *Sax.* Geoc. *Ang.* Yoke. *Dutch.* Joek.

**To Sit, Root SAD.**

*Sans.* Sídati, Sídanti. *Lat.* Sedet, Sedent.

Hence, *Sans.* Sadas. *Lat.* Sedes.

**To Subdue, Root DAM.**

*Sans.* Dámayati. *Gr.* Damaei. *Lat.* Domat.

Hence, Damanam. Damnum.

**To Drink, Root PA or PĪ.**

*Sans.* Pibati, Pibanti; Piyaté. *Lat.* Bibit, Bibunt. *Gr.* Pinei, Pinousi.

**To Die, Root MRĪ.**

*Sans.* Mrīyaté, Mrīyanté. *Lat.* Moritur, Moriuntur.  
Hence, Mrītis, Mors, Mrītas, Mortuus.

**To Know, Root JNYA.**

*Sans.* Jánátí, Jánanti. *Gr.* Ginosco or Gignosco. *Lat.* Nosco.

Hence, Jnyátas. *Lat.* Nótus. *Gr.* Gnostos.

**To Beget, Root JAN.**

*Sans.* Jáyaté. *Pret.* Jajnyé (pronounced jagyé). *Gr.* Ginomai vel Gignomai. *Lat.* Gigno.

**To Go, Root SRĪP.**

*Sans.* Sarpati. *Lat.* Serpit. *Gr.* Herpei.

**To See, Root DRĪS.**

*Gr.* Derco. *Sans.* Drīś. *Hind.* Dék'h, to see.

**To Procreate, Root SU.**

*Sans.* Sūyaté (rad. Sú).

Hence, *Sans.* Sūta, son. *Hind.* Suāñ. *Gr.* Huios, Huicus.

**To Know, Root VID.**

*Sans.* Vid, to know. *Lat.* Video, to see.

**To Delight, Root TRĪP.**

*Sans.* Trip. *Gr.* Terpo.

**To Strew, Root STRĪ.**

*Sans.* Strī. *Lat.* Sterno. *Ang.* To strew. *Gr.* Stornumi, Stronnumi.

**ADVERBS, ETC.**

*Sans.* A. *Gr.* A priv. (before vowels An).

*Sans.* Su. *Gr.* Eū.

*Sans.* Dus. *Gr.* Dys.

*Sans.* Cha. *Gr.* Te. *Lat.* Que.

*Sans.* Na, No. *Lat.* Ne, Non. *Ang.* No.

*Sans.* Chit (in comp.). *Lat.* Quid. *Gr.* **Ti.**

*Sans.* Nanu. *Lat.* Nonne.

*Sans.* Prabháte. *Gr.* Proï.

*Sans.* Pura, Puratas. *Gr.* Pro, Proteros, **etc.**

*Sans.* Punar. *Gr.* Palin.

*Sans.* Pura. *Gr.* Palai.

*Sans.* Alam. *Gr.* Halis.

*Sans.* Hyas. *Gr.* Chthes.

*Sans.* Adya. *Hind.* Aj. *Lat.* **Hodie.**

## IX.

### MY REPLY TO MR. DARWIN.

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DURING the whole of the year that has just passed away, all my spare time has been required for the completion of my edition of the Rig-Veda and its Sanskrit commentary. I had to shut my eyes to everything else. Many a book which I felt tempted to read was put aside, and hardly a single Review could draw me away from my purpose. Thus it has come to pass that I did not know, till a few days ago, that some Lectures which I had delivered at the Royal Institution on "Mr. Darwin's Philosophy of Language," and which had been fully reported in "Fraser's Magazine" for May, June, and July, 1873, had elicited a reply emanating from one who writes if not in, at least with Mr. Darwin's name, and who himself would be, no doubt most proud to acknowledge the influence of "family bias." I could not have guessed from the title of the paper, "Professor Whitney on the Origin of Language: by George H. Darwin," that it was meant as an answer to the arguments which I had ventured to advance in my Lectures at the Royal Institution against Mr. Darwin's views on language. It was only when telling a friend that I soon hoped to find time to complete those Lectures, that I was asked whether I had seen Darwin's

reply. I read it at once in the November number of the "Contemporary Review;" and, as it will take some time before I can hope to finish my book on "Language as the true barrier between Man and Beast," I determined, in the meantime, to publish a brief rejoinder to the defense of Mr. Darwin's philosophy, so ably and chivalrously conducted by his son.

With regard to the proximate cause of Mr. Darwin's defense of his father's views on language — viz. an article in the "Quarterly Review," I may say at once that I knew nothing about it till I saw Mr. G. Darwin's article; and if there should be any suspicion in Mr. Darwin's mind that the writer in the "Quarterly Review" is in any sense of the word my *alter ego* I can completely remove that impression.

It seems that the writer in the "Quarterly" expressed himself in the following terms with regard to Mr. Darwin's competency on linguistic problems: —

"Few recent intellectual phenomena are more astounding than the ignorance of these elementary yet fundamental distinctions and principles (*i. e.*, as to the essence of language) exhibited by conspicuous advocates of the monistic hypothesis. Mr. Darwin, for example, does not exhibit the faintest indication of having grasped them."

Mr. Darwin, I mean the father, if he has read my lectures, or anything else I have written, might easily have known that that is not the tone in which I write, least of all when speaking of men who have rendered such excellent service to the advancement of science as the author of the book "On the Origin of Species." To me, the few pages devoted to language by Mr. Darwin were full of interest, as showing the conclusions to which that school of philosophy which he so worthily represents is driven with regard to the

nature and origin of language. If put into more becoming language, however, I do not think there would be anything offensive in stating that Mr. Darwin, Sr., knows the results of the Science of Language at second hand only, and that his opinions on the subject, however interesting as coming from him, cannot be accepted or quoted as authoritative. It has often done infinite mischief when men who have acquired a right to speak with authority on one subject, express opinions on other subjects with which they are but slightly acquainted. These opinions, though never intended for that purpose, are sure to be invested by others, particularly by interested persons, with an authority to which in themselves they have no right whatever. It is true it would be difficult to carry on any scientific work, without to some extent recognizing the authority of those who have established their claim to a certain amount of infallibility within their own special spheres of study. But when either the Pope expresses an opinion on astronomy, or the Duke of Wellington on a work of art, they certainly ought not to be offended if asked for their reasons, like any other mortals. No linguistic student, if he had ventured to express an opinion on the fertilization of orchids, differing from that of Mr. Darwin, would feel aggrieved by being told that his opinion, though showing intelligence, did not show that real grasp of the whole bearing of the problem which can be acquired by a life-long devotion only. If the linguistic student, who may be fond of orchids, cared only for a temporary triumph in the eyes of the world, he might easily find, among the numerous antagonists of Mr. Darwin, one who agreed with himself, and appeal to him as showing that he, though a

mere layman in the Science of Botany, was supported in his opinions by other distinguished botanists. But no real advance in the discovery of truth can ever be achieved by such mere cleverness. How can the soundness and truth of Mr. Darwin's philosophy of language be established by an appeal like that with which Mr. Darwin, Jr., opens his defense of his father?

"Professor Whitney," he says, "is the first philologist of note who has professedly taken on himself to combat the views of Professor Max Müller; and as the opinions of the latter most properly command a vast deal of respect in England, we think it will be good service to direct the attention of English readers to this powerful attack, and, as we think, successful refutation of the somewhat dogmatic views of our Oxford linguist."

First of all, nothing would convey a more erroneous impression than to say that Professor Whitney was the first philologist of note who has combated my views. There is as much combat in the linguistic as in the physical camp, though Mr. Darwin may not be aware of it. Beginning with Professor Pott, I could give a long list of most illustrious scholars in Germany, France, Italy, and surely in England also, who have subjected my views on language to a far more searching criticism than Professor Whitney in America. But even if Professor Whitney were the only philologist who differed from me, or agreed with Mr. Darwin, how would that affect the soundness of Mr. Darwin's theories on language? Suppose I were to quote in return the opinion of M. Renouvier, the distinguished author of "Les Principes de la Nature," who, in his journal, "La Critique Philosophique," expresses his conviction that my criticism of Mr. Darwin's philosophy contains not a simple *polémique*, but

has the character of a *rédressement*; would that dishearten Mr. Darwin? I must confess that I had never before read Professor Whitney's "Lectures on Language," which were published in America in 1867; and I ought to thank Mr. Darwin for having obliged me to do so now, for I have seldom perused a book with greater interest and pleasure, — I might almost say, amusement. It was like walking through old familiar places, like listening to music which one knows one has heard before somewhere, and, for that very reason, enjoys all the more. Not unfrequently I was met by the *ipsissima verba* of my own lectures on the Science of Language, though immediately after they seemed to be changed into an inverted fugue. Often I saw how carefully the same books and pamphlets which I had waded through had been studied: and on almost every page there were the same doubts and difficulties, the same hopes and fears, the same hesitations and misgivings through which I myself well remembered having passed when preparing my two series of "Lectures on Language." Of course, we must not expect in Professor Whitney's Lectures, anything like a systematic or exhaustive treatment. They touch on points which were most likely to interest large audiences at Washington, and other towns in America. They were meant to be popular, and nothing would be more unfair than to blame an author for not giving what he did not mean to give. The only just complaint we have heard made about these Lectures is that they give sometimes too much of what is irreverently called "padding." Professor Whitney had read my own Lectures before writing his; and though he is quite right in saying the principal facts on which his reason-

ings are founded have been for some time past the commonplaces of Comparative Philology, and required no acknowledgment, he makes an honorable exception in my favor, and acknowledges most readily having borrowed here and there an illustration from my Lectures. As to my own views on the Science of Language, I am glad to find that on all really important points, he far more frequently indorses them — nay, corroborates them by new proofs and illustrations — than attempts to refute them ; and even in the latter case he generally does so by simply pronouncing his decided preference for one out of two opinions, while I had been satisfied with stating what could be said on either side. He might here and there have tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, but I believe there is far more license allowed in America, in the expression of dissent, than in England ; and it is both interesting and instructive in the study of Dialectic Growth, to see how words which would be considered offensive in England, have ceased to be so on the other side of the Atlantic, and are admitted into the most respectable of American Reviews.

With regard to the question, for instance, on which so much has lately been written, whether we ought to ascribe to language a natural growth or historical change, I see not one single argument produced on either side of the question in Professor Whitney's Second Lecture, beyond those which I had discussed in my Second Lecture. After stating all that could be said in support of extending the name of history to the gradual development of language, I tried to show that, after all, that name would not be quite accurate.

“ The process,” I said, “ through which language is settled

and unsettled combines in one the two opposite elements of necessity and free will. Though the individual seems to be the prime agent in producing new words and new grammatical forms, he is so only after his individuality has been merged in the common action of the family, tribe, or nation to which he belongs. He can do nothing by himself, and the first impulse to a new formation in language, though given by an individual, is mostly, if not always, given without premeditation, nay, unconsciously. The individual, as such, is powerless, and the results, apparently produced by him, depend on laws beyond his control, and on the coöperation of all those who form together with him one class, one body, one organic whole." (Page 43.)

After going through the whole argument, I summed up in the end by saying:—

"We cannot be careful enough in the use of our words. Strictly speaking, neither *history* nor *growth* is applicable to the changes of the shifting surface of the earth. *History* applies to the actions of free agents, *growth* to the natural unfolding of organic beings. We speak, however, of the growth of the crust of the earth,<sup>1</sup> and we know what we mean by it; and it is in this sense, but not in the sense of growth as applied to a tree, that we have a right to speak of the growth of language."

What do we find in Professor Whitney's Second Lecture? He objects, like myself, to comparing the growth of language and the growth of a tree, and like myself, he admits of an excuse, viz., when the metaphor is employed for the sake of brevity or liveliness of delineation (p. 35). I had said:—

"Ever since Horace, it has been usual to compare the changes of language with the growth of trees. But comparisons are treacherous things; and though we cannot help using metaphorical expressions, we should always be on our guard," etc.

So far we are in perfect harmony. But immedi-

<sup>1</sup> "The vast number of grammatical forms has had a stratified origin. As on the surface of the earth older and younger layers of stones are found one above the other, or one by the side of the other, we find similar appearances in language at any time of its existence." Curtius, *Zur Chronologie*, p. 14.

ately after, the wind begins to blow. One sentence is torn out from the context, where I had said:—

“That it is not in the power of man (not men) either to produce or to prevent change in language; that we might think as well of changing the laws which control the circulation of our blood, or of adding an inch to our height, as of altering the laws of speech, or inventing new words, *according to our pleasure.*”

In order to guard against every possible apprehension as to what I meant by *according to our pleasure*, I quoted the well-known anecdotes of the Emperor Tiberius and of the Emperor Sigismund, and referred to the attempts of Protagoras, and other purists, as equally futile. Here the Republican indignation of the American writer is roused; I, at least, can find no other motive. He tells me that what I really wanted to say was this:—

“If so high and mighty a personage as an emperor could not do so small a thing as alter the gender and termination of a single word—much less can any one of inferior consideration hope to accomplish such a change.” . . .

He then exclaims:—

“The utter futility of deriving such a doctrine from such a pair of incidents, or a thousand like them, is almost too obvious to be worth the trouble of pointing out. . . . High political station does not confer the right to make or unmake language,” etc.

Now every reader, even though looking only at these short extracts, will see that the real point of my argument is here entirely missed, though I do not mean to say that it was intentionally missed. The stress was laid by me on the words *according to our pleasure*; and in order to elucidate that point, I first quoted instances taken from those who in other matters have the right of saying *car tel est mon plaisir*,

and then from others. I feel a little guilty in not having mentioned the anecdote about *carrosse*; but not being able to verify it, I thought I might leave it to my opponents. However, after having quoted the two Emperors, I quoted a more humble personage, Protagoras, and referred to other attempts at purism in language; but all that is, of course, passed over by my critic, as not answering his purpose.

Sometimes, amidst all the loud assertion of difference of opinion on Professor Whitney's part, not only the substantial, but strange to say, the verbal agreement between his and my own Second Lecture is startling. I had said: "The first impulse to a new formation in language, though given by an individual, is mostly, if not always, given *without premeditation*, nay, *unconsciously*." My antagonist varies this very slightly and says: "The work of each individual is done *unpremeditatedly*, or, as it were, *unconsciously*" (p. 45). While I had said that we individually can no more change language, *selon notre plaisir*, than we can add an inch to our stature, Professor Whitney again adopts a slight alteration and expresses himself as follows: "They (the facts of language) are almost as little the work of man as is the form of his skull" (p. 52). What is the difference between us? What is the difference between changing our stature and changing our skull? Nor does he use the word growth as applied to language, less frequently than myself; nay, sometimes he uses it so entirely without the necessary limitations, that even I should have shrunk from adopting his phraseology. We read — "In this sense language is a growth" (p. 46); "a language, like an organic body, is no mere aggregate of similar

particles — it is a complex of related and mutually helpful parts ” (p. 46); “ language is fitly comparable with an organized body ” (p. 50); “ compared with them, language is a real growth ” (p. 51); etc., etc., etc.

In fact, after all has been said by Professor Whitney that had been said before, the only difference that remains is this — that he, after making all these concessions, prefers to class the Science of Language as an historical, not as a physical science. Why should he not? Everybody who is familiar with such questions, knows that all depends on a clear and accurate definition of the terms which we employ. The method of the Science of Language and the physical sciences is admitted, even by him, to be the same (p. 52). Everything therefore depends on the wider or narrower definition which we adopt of physical science. Enlarge the definition of the natural sciences, and the science of language will enter in freely; narrow it, and it will enter with difficulty, or not at all. The same with the historical sciences. Enlarge their definition, and the science of language will enter in freely; narrow it, and it will enter with difficulty, or not at all. There is hardly a word that is used in so many different meanings as nature, and that man in many of his apparently freest acts is under the sway of unsuspected laws of nature, cannot sound so very novel to a student of Kant’s writings, to say nothing of later philosophers.<sup>1</sup> My principal object in claiming for the Science of Language the name of a physical science, was to make it quite clear, once for all, that Comparative Philology was totally distinct from ordinary Philology, that it treats language

<sup>1</sup> See *Academy*, 19 June, 1875.

not as a vehicle of literature, but for its own sake ; that it wants to explain the origin and development far more than the idiomatic use of words, and that for all these purposes it must adopt a strictly inductive method. Many of these views which, when I delivered my first lectures, met with very determined opposition, are now generally accepted, and I can well understand, that younger readers should be surprised at the elaborate and minute arguments by which I tried to show in what sense the Science of Language may be counted as one of the physical sciences. Let them but read other books of the same period, and they will see with how much zeal these questions were then being discussed, particularly in England. Writing in England, and chiefly for English readers, I tried as much as possible to adapt myself to the intellectual atmosphere of that country, and as to the classification of the inductive sciences, I started from that which was then most widely known, that of Whewell in his "History of the Inductive Sciences." He classes the Science of Language as one of the palaitiological sciences, but makes a distinction between palaitiological sciences treating of material things — for instance, geology, and others respecting the products which result from man's imaginative and social endowments — for instance, Comparative Philology. He still excludes the latter from the circle of the physical sciences,<sup>1</sup> properly so called, but he adds : —

"We have seen that biology leads us to psychology, if we choose to follow the path; and thus the passage from the ma-

<sup>1</sup> As it has been objected that I had no right to claim Dr. Whewell's authority in support of my classification, I may here add a passage from a letter (Nov. 4, 1861) addressed to me by Dr. Whewell, in which he fully approves of my treating the Science of Language as one of the physical

terial to the immaterial has already unfolded itself at one point and we now perceive that there are several large provinces of speculation which concern subjects belonging to man's immaterial nature, and which are governed by the same laws as sciences altogether physical. It is not our business to dwell on the prospects which our philosophy thus opens to our contemplation; but we may allow ourselves, in this last stage of our pilgrimage among the foundations of the physical sciences, to be cheered and animated by the ray that thus beams upon us, however dimly, from a higher and brighter region."

Considering the high position which Dr. Whewell held among the conflicting parties of philosophic and religious thought in England, we should hardly have expected that the hope which he expressed of a possible transition from the material to the immaterial, and the place which he tentatively, and I more decidedly, assigned to the Science of Language, could have roused any orthodox animosities. Yet here is the secret spring of Professor Whitney's efforts to claim for the Science of Language, in spite of his own admissions as a scholar, a place among the moral and historical, as distinct from the physical sciences. The theological bias, long kept back, breaks through at last, and we are treated to the following sermon:—

"There is a school of modern philosophers who are trying to materialize all science, to eliminate the distinction between the physical and the intellectual and moral, to declare for nought the free action of the human will, and to resolve the whole story of the fates of mankind into a series of purely material effects, produced by assignable physical causes, and explainable in the past, or determinable in the future, by an intimate knowledge of those causes, by a recognition of the action of compulsory mo-  
sciences. "You have more than once done me the honor, in your lectures, of referring to what I have written: but it seems to me possible that you may not have remarked how completely I agree with you in classing the Science of Language among the physical sciences, as to its history and structure."

tives upon the passively obedient nature of man. With such, language will naturally pass, along with the rest, for a physical product, and its study for physical science; and, however we may dissent from their general classification, we cannot quarrel with its application in the particular instance. But by those who still hold to the grand distinction," etc., etc., etc.

At the end of this arguing *pro* and *con.*, the matter itself remains exactly where it was before. The Science of Language is a physical science, if we extend the meaning of nature so far as to include human nature, in those manifestations at least where the individual does not act freely, but under reciprocal restraint. The Science of Language is an historical, or, as Professor Whitney prefers to call it, a moral science, if we comprehend under history the acts performed by men "unpremeditatedly, or, as it were, unconsciously," and therefore beyond the reach of moral considerations.

I may seem to have entered more fully into this question than its real importance requires, but I was anxious, before replying to Mr. Darwin's objections, to show to him the general style of argument that pervades Professor Whitney's writings, and the character of the armory from which he has borrowed his weapons against me. I have not been able to get access to Professor Whitney's last article, and shall therefore confine myself here to those arguments only which Mr. Darwin has adopted as his own, though, even if I had seen the whole of the American article, I should have preferred not to enter into any personal controversy with Professor Whitney. I have expressed my sincere appreciation of the industry and acumen which that scholar displays in his lectures on the Science of Language. There are some portions, particularly those on the Semitic and

American languages, where he has left me far behind. There are some illustrations extremely well chosen, and worked out with a touch of poetic genius; there are whole chapters where by keeping more on the surface of his subject, he has succeeded in making it far more attractive and popular than I could have hoped to do. That treatment, however, entails its dangers, unless an author remembers, at every moment, that in addressing a popular audience he is in honor bound to be far more careful than if he writes for his own professional colleagues only. The comparative portion, I mean particularly the Seventh Lecture, is hardly what one would have expected from so experienced a teacher, and it is strange to find (p. 219) the inscription on the Duiilian column referred to about B. C. 263, after Ritschl and Mommsen had pointed out its affected archaisms; to see (p. 222) the name Ahura-Mazda rendered by "the mighty spirit;" to meet (p. 258) with "sarvanâman," the Sanskrit name for pronoun, translated by "name for everything, universal designation;" to hear the Phœnician alphabet still spoken of as the *ultimate* source of the world's alphabets, etc. Such mistakes, however, can be corrected, but what can never be corrected is the unfortunate tone which Professor Whitney has adopted throughout. His one object seems to be to show to his countrymen that he is the equal of Bopp, Renan, Schleicher, Steinthal, Bleek, Haug, and others—aye, their superior. In stating their opinions, in criticizing their work, in suggesting motives, he shrinks from nothing, evidently trusting to the old adage, *semper aliquid hæret*. I have often asked myself, why should Professor Whitney have assumed this exceptional position

among Comparative Philologists. It is not American to attack others, simply in order to acquire notoriety. America has possessed, and still possesses, some excellent scholars, whom every one of these German and French *savants* would be proud to acknowledge as his peers. Mr. Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language" are a recognized standard work in England; Professor's March's "Anglo-Saxon Grammar" has been praised by everybody. Why is there no trace of self-assertion or personal abuse in any of their works? It is curious to observe in Professor Whitney's works, that the less he has thought on certain subjects, the louder he speaks, and where arguments fail him, *epitheta ornantia*, such as *worthless, futile, absurd, ridiculous, superficial, unsound, high-flown, pretentious, disingenuous, false*, are poured out in abundance. I believe there is not one of these choice counters with which, at some time or other, he has not presented me; nay, he has even poured the soothing oil of praise over my bruised head. *Quand on se permet tout, on peut faire quelque chose.* But what has been the result? It has actually become a distinction to belong to the noble army of his martyrs, while, whenever one is praised by him, one feels inclined to say with Phocion, οὐ δὴ ποῦ τι κακὸν λέγων ἑμαυτὸν λέληθα.

What such behavior may lead to, we have lately seen in an encounter between the same American *savant* and Professor Steinthal, of Berlin.<sup>1</sup> In his earlier writings Professor Whitney spoke of Professor Steinthal as an eminent master in linguistic science, from whose writings he had derived the greatest instruction and enlightenment. Afterwards the

<sup>1</sup> *Antikritik, Wie einer den Nagel auf den Kopf trifft*: Berl. 1874.

friendly relations between the Yale and Berlin professors seem to have changed, and at last Professor Steinthal became so exasperated by the misrepresentations and the overbearing tone of the American linguist, that he, in a moment of irritation, forgot himself so far as to retaliate with the same missiles with which he had been assailed. What the missiles used in such encounters are, may be seen from a few specimens. One could hardly quote them all in an English Review. While dwelling on the system of bold misrepresentation adopted by Professor Whitney, Professor Steinthal calls him — “That vain man who only wants to be named and praised;” “that horrible humbug;” “that scolding flirt;” “that tricky attorney;” “wherever I read him, hollow vacuity yawns in my face; arrogant vanity grins at me.” Surely, mere words can go no further — we must expect to hear of tomahawk and bowie-knife next. Scholars who object to the use of such weapons, whether for offensive or defensive purposes, can do nothing but what I have done for years — remain silent, select what is good in Professor Whitney’s writings, and try to forget the rest.

Surely, students of language, of all people in the world, ought to know what words are made of, and how easy it is to pour out a whole dictionary of abuse without producing the slightest effect. A page of offensive language weighs nothing — it simply shows the gall of bitterness and the weakness of the cause; whereas real learning, real love of truth, real sympathy with our fellow-laborers, manifest themselves in a very different manner. There were philosophers of old who held that words must have been produced by nature, not by art, because curses produced such ter-

rible effects. Professor Whitney holds that language was produced *θέσει*, not *φύσει*, and yet he shares the same superstitious faith in words. He bitterly complains that those whom he reviles, do not revile him again. He wonders that no one answers his strictures, and he is gradually becoming convinced that he is unanswerable. Whatever Mr. Darwin, Jr., may think of Professor Whitney as an ally, I feel certain that Mr. Darwin, Sr., would be the last to approve the spirit of his works, and that a few pages of his controversial writings would make him say: *Non tali auxilio*.

I now proceed to examine some of the extracts which Mr. Darwin, Jr., adopts from Professor Whitney's article, and even in them we shall see at once what I may call the spirit of the advocate, though others might call it by another name.

Instead of examining the facts on which my conclusions were founded, or showing, by one or two cases, at least, that I had made a mistake or offended against the strict rules of logic, there appears the following sweeping exordium, which has done service before in many an opening address of the counsel for the defendant: —

“It is never entirely easy to reduce to a skeleton of logical statement a discussion as carried on by Müller, because he is careless of logical sequence and connection, preferring to pour himself out, as it were, over his subject, in a gush of genial assertion and interesting illustration.”

Where is the force of such a sentence? It is a mere pouring out of assertions, though without any interesting illustration, and not exactly genial. All we learn from it is, that Professor Whitney does not find it entirely easy to reduce what I have written to

a skeleton of logical sequence, but whether the fault is mine or his, remains surely to be proved. There may be a very strong logical backbone in arguments which make the least display of Aldrich, while in others there is a kind of whited and sepulchral logic which seldom augurs well for what is behind and beneath.

There is a very simple rule of logic, sometimes called the Law of the Excluded Middle, according to which either a given proposition or its contradictory must be true. By selecting passages somewhat freely from different parts of Professor Whitney's lectures, nothing would be easier than to prove, and not simply to assert that he has violated again and again that fundamental principle. In his earlier Lectures we are told, that "to ascribe the differences of language and linguistic growth directly to physical causes, . . . is wholly meaningless and futile" (p. 152). When we come to the great variety of the American languages, we are told that "their differentiation has been favored by the influence of the variety of climate and mode of life." On page 40, we read that a great genius "may now and then coin a new word!" On page 123, we are told "it is not true that a genius can impress a marked effect upon language." On page 177, M. Renan and myself are told that we have committed a serious error in admitting dialects as antecedent feeders of national or classical languages, and that it is hardly worth while to spend any effort in refuting such an opinion. On page 181, we read, "a certain degree of dialectic variety is inseparable from the being of any language," etc., etc., etc.

I should not call this a fair way of dealing with any book; I only give these few specimens to show

that the task of changing Professor Whitney's Lecture into a logical skeleton would not always be an easy one.

The pleading is now carried on by Mr. G. Darwin : —

“ In taking up the cudgels, Müller is *clearly* impelled by an overmastering fear lest man should lose ‘ his proud position in the creation ’ if his animal descent is proved.”

I should in nowise be ashamed of the fear thus ascribed to me, but whether it was an overmastering fear, let those judge who have read such passages in my Lectures, as the following : —

“ The question is not whether the belief that animals so distant as a man, a monkey, an elephant, and a humming bird, a snake, a frog, and a fish, could all have sprung from the same parents is monstrous, but simply and solely whether it is true. If it is true, we shall soon learn to digest it. Appeals to the pride or humility of man, to scientific courage, or religious piety, are all equally out of place.”

If this and other passages in my Lectures are inspired by overmastering fear, then surely Talleyrand was right in saying that language was intended to disguise our thoughts. And may I not add, that if such charges can be made with impunity, we shall soon have to say, with a still more notorious diplomatist, “ What is truth ? ” Such reckless charges may look heroic, but what applied to the famous charge of Balaclava, applies to them : *C'est magnifique, sans doute, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*

I am next charged, I do not know whether by the senior or the junior counsel, with maintaining the extraordinary position that if an insensible graduation could be established between ape and man, their minds would be *identical*.

Here all depends on what is meant by *mind* and by *identical*. Does Mr Darwin mean by "mind" something substantial — an agent that deals with the impressions received through the senses, as a builder deals with his bricks? Then, according to his father's view, the one builder may build a mere hovel, the other may erect a cathedral, but through their descent they are substantially the same. Or does he mean by "mind," the mode and manner in which sensations are received and arranged, what one might call, in fact, the law of sensuous gravitation? Then I say again, according to his father's view, that law is substantially the same for animal and man. Nor is this a conclusion derived from Mr. Darwin's premises against his will. It is the opinion strongly advocated by him. He has collected the most interesting observations on the incipient germs, not only of language, but of æsthetics and ethics, among animals. If Mr. Darwin, Jr., holds that the mind of man is not substantially identical with the animal mind, if he admits a break somewhere in the ascending scale from the Protogenes to the first Man, then we should be driven to the old conclusion — viz., that man was formed of the dust of the ground, but that God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. Does Mr. Darwin, Jr., accept this?

Next it is said, that by a similar argument the distinction between black and white, hot and cold, a high and a low note might be eliminated. This sounds no doubt formidable — it almost looks like a logical skeleton. But let us not be frightened by words. Black and white are no doubt as different as possible, so are hot and cold, a high and a low note.

But what is the difference between a high and a low note? It is simply the smaller or larger number of vibrations in a given time. We can count these vibrations, and we also know that, from time to time, as the velocity of the vibrations increases, our dull senses can distinguish new tones. We have therefore here to deal with differences that used to be called differences of degree, as opposed to differences in kind. What applies to a low and a high note, applies to a low and high degree of heat, and to the various degrees of light which we call by the names of colors. In all these cases, what philosophers call the substance, remains the same, just as, according to evolutionists, the substance of man and animal is the same. Therefore, if man differs from an animal no more than a high note differs from a low, or, *vice versa*, if a high note differs no more from a low than man differs from an ape, my argument would seem to stand in spite of the shower of words poured over it.

I myself referred to the difference between a high and a low note for a totally different purpose, viz., in order to call attention to those strange lines and limits in nature which, in spite of insensible graduation, enable us to distinguish broad degrees of sound which we call keys; broad degrees of light, which we call colors; broad degrees of heat, for which our language has a less perfect nomenclature. These lines and limits have never been explained, nor the higher limits which separate sound from light, and light from heat. Why we should derive pleasure from the exact number of vibrations which yield C, and then have painful sensations till we come to the exact number of vibrations which yield C sharp, re-

main: as yet a mystery. But as showing that nature had drawn these sharp lines across the continuous stream of vibrations, whether of sound or light, seemed to me an important problem, particularly for evolutionist philosophers, who see in nature nothing but "insensible graduation."

The next charge brought against me is, that I overlook the undoubted and undisputed fact that species do actually vary in nature. This seems to me begging the whole question. If terms like *species* are fetched from the lumber-room of scholastic philosophy, they must be defined with logical exactness, particularly at present, when the very existence of such a thing as a *species* depends on the meaning which we assign to it. Nature gives us individuals only, and each individual differs from the other. But "species" is a thing of *human workmanship*,<sup>1</sup> and it depends entirely on the disputed definition of the term, whether species vary or not. In one sense, Mr. Darwin's book, "On the Origin of Species," may be called an attempt to repeal the term "species," or, at all events, an attempt at giving a new definition to that word which it never had before. No one appreciates more than I do the service he has rendered in calling forth a new examination of that old and somewhat rusty instrument of thought.<sup>2</sup> Only, do not let us take for granted what has to be proved.

The dust of words grows thicker and thicker as we go on, for I am next told that the same line of proof would show "that the stature of a man or boy was identical, because the boy passes through every gra-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Sachs' *Botany*, p. 830.

<sup>2</sup> See *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii.

dation on attaining the one stature from the other. No one could maintain such a position who grasped the doctrines of continuity and of the differential calculus." It seems to me that even without the help of the differential calculus, we can, with the help of logic and grammar, put a stop to this argument. Boy is the subject, stature looks like a subject, but is merely a predicate, and should have been treated as such by Mr. Darwin. If a boy arrives by insensible graduation or growth at the stature of man, the man is substantially the same as the boy. His stature may be different, the color of his hair may be so likewise; but what philosophers used to call the substance, or the individuality, or the personality, or what we may call the man, remains the same. If evolutionists really maintain that the difference between man and beast is the same as between a grown-up man and a boy, the whole of my argument is granted, and granted with a completeness which I had no right to expect. Will Mr. Darwin, Senior, indorse the concessions thus made by Mr. Darwin, Junior?

In order to show how the simplest matters can be complicated by a free use of scholastic terms, I quote the following sentence, which is meant as an answer to my argument:—

“According to what is called the Darwinian theory, organisms are in fact precisely the result of a multiple integration of a complex function of a very great number of variables; many of such variables being bound together by relationships amongst themselves, an example of one such relationship being afforded by the law, which has been called ‘correlation of growth.’”

Next follows a rocket from Mr. Whitney's armory:—

“As a linguist,” he says, “Professor Müller claims to have found in language an endowment which has no analogies, and no preparations in even the beings nearest to man, and of which, therefore, no process of transmutation could furnish an explanation. Here is the pivot on which his whole argument rests and revolves.”

So far, the statement is correct, only that I expressed myself a little more cautiously. It is well known, that the animals which in other respects come nearest to man, possess very imperfect phonetic organs, and that it would be improper, therefore, to refer more particularly to them. But, however that may be, I expected at all events some proof that I had made a mistake, that my argument jars, or my pivot gives. But nothing of the kind. No facts, no arguments, but simply an assertion that I do not argue the case with moderation and acuteness, on strict scientific grounds, and by scientific methods in setting up language as the specific difference between man and animals. And why? Because many other writers have adduced other differences as *the* correct ones.

There is a good deal of purely explosive matter in these vague charges of want of moderation and acuteness. But what is the kernel? I represented language as the specific difference between man and animals, without mentioning other differences which others believe to be specific. It would seem to show moderation rather than the absence of it, if I confined myself to language, to the study of which I have devoted the whole of my life; and perhaps a certain acuteness, in not touching on questions which I do not pretend to have studied, as they ought to be. But there were other reasons, too, which made me

look upon language as *the* specific difference. The so-called specific differences mentioned by others fall into two classes — those that are implied by language, as I defined the word, and those which have been proved untenable by Mr. Darwin and others. Let us read on now, to see what these specific differences are : —

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| “Man alone is capable of progressive improvement.” | Partly denied by Mr. Darwin, partly shown to be the result of language, through which each successive generation profits by the experience of its predecessors. |
| “He alone makes use of tools or fire.”             | The former disproved by Mr. Darwin, the latter true.  |
| “He alone domesticates other animals.”             | Denied, in the case of the ants.  |
| “He alone possesses property.”                     | Disproved by every dog in-the-manger.   |
| “He alone employs language.”                       | True.   |
| “No other animal is self-conscious.”               | Either right or wrong, according to the definition of the word, and never capable of direct proof.  |
| “He alone comprehends himself.”                    | True, implied by language.  |
| “He alone has the power of abstraction.”           | True, implied by language.  |
| “He alone possesses general ideas.”                | True, implied by language.  |
| “He alone has sense of beauty.”                    | Disproved or rendered doubtful by sexual selection.   |
| “He alone is liable to caprice.”                   | Disproved by every horse, or monkey, or mule.   |
| “He alone has the feeling of gratitude.”           | Disproved by every dog.   |
| “He alone has the feeling of mystery.”             | <i>Cela me passe.</i>   |

- “ He alone believes in God.” True.  
 “ He alone is endowed with a con- Denied by Mr. Darwin.  
 science.”

Did it show then such want of moderation or acuteness if I confined myself to language, and what is implied by language, as the specific difference between man and beast? Really, one sometimes yearns for an adversary who can hit straight, instead of these random strokes page after page.

The next attack is so feeble that I should gladly pass it by, did I not know from past experience that the very opposite motive would be assigned to my doing so. I had stated that if there is a *terra incognita* which excludes all positive knowledge, it is the mind of animals. How, then, I am asked, do you know that no animal possesses the faintest germs of the faculty of abstracting and generalizing, and that animals receive their knowledge through the senses only? I still recollect the time when any philosopher who, even by way of illustration, ventured to appeal to the mind of animals, was simply tabooed, and I thought every student of the history of philosophy would have understood what I meant by saying that the whole subject was transcendent. However, here is my answer: I hold that animals receive their knowledge through the senses, because I can apply a crucial test, and show that if I shut their eyes, they cannot see. And I hold that they are without the faculty of abstracting and generalizing, because I have here nothing before me but mere assertions, I know of no crucial test to prove that these assertions are true. Those who have read my Lectures, and were able to reduce them to a skeleton of logical statement, might have seen that I had adduced another

reason, viz., the fact that general conceptions are impossible without language (using language in the widest sense, so as to include hieroglyphic, numerical, and other signs), and that as no one has yet discovered any outward traces of language among animals, we are justified in not ascribing to them, as yet, the possession of abstract ideas. This seems to me to explain fully "why the same person (viz., my poor self) should be involved in such profound ignorance, and yet have so complete a knowledge of the limits of the animal mind." If I had said that man has five senses, and no more, would that be wrong? Yet having myself only five senses, I could not possibly prove that other men may not have a sixth sense, or at all events a disposition to develop it. But I am quite willing to carry my agnosticism, with regard to the inner life of animals, still further, and to say again what I wrote in my Lectures (p. 46):—

"I say again and again, that according to the strict rules of positive philosophy, we have no right either to assert or to deny anything with reference to the so-called mind of animals."

But there is another piece of Chinese artillery brought out by Mr. G. Darwin. As if not trusting it himself, he calls on Mr. Whitney to fire it off—"The minds of our fellow men, too," we are told, "are a *terra incognita* in exactly the same sense as are those of animals."

No student of psychology would deny that each individual has immediate knowledge of his own mind only, but even Mr. G. Darwin reminds Mr. Whitney that, after all, with man we have one additional source of evidence—viz., language; nay, he even doubts whether there may not be others, too. If Mr. Darwin, Jr., grants that, I willingly grant him that the

horse's impression of green — nay, my friend's impression of green — may be totally different from my own, to say nothing of Daltonism, color-blindness, and all the rest.<sup>1</sup>

After this, I need hardly dwell on the old attempts at proving, by a number of anecdotes, that animals possess conceptual knowledge. The anecdotes are always amusing, and are sure to meet with a grateful public, but for our purpose they have long been ruled out of court. If Mr. Darwin, Jr., should ever pass through Oxford, I promise to show him in my own dog, Waldmann, far more startling instances of sagacity than any he has mentioned, though I am afraid he will be confirmed all the more in his anthropomorphic interpretation of canine intelligence.

Now comes a new appeal *ad populum*. I had ventured to say that in our days nothing was more strongly to be recommended to young and old philosophers than a study of the history of philosophy. There is a continuity, not only in Nature, but also in the progress of the human mind; and to ignore that continuity, to begin always like Thales or Democritus, is like having a special creation every day. Evolutionists seem to imagine that there is evolution for everything, except for evolutionism. What would chemists say, if every young student began again with the theory of a phlogiston, or every geologist with Vulcanism, or every astronomer with the Ptolemæic system? However, I did not go back very far; I only claimed a little consideration for the work done by such giants as Locke, Hume, Berkeley, and Kant. I expressed a hope that certain questions might be considered as closed, or, if they were to be

<sup>1</sup> Fiske, *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 17.

re-opened, that at least the controversy should be taken up where it was left at the end of the last debate. Here, however, I failed to make any impression. My appeal is stigmatized as "an attempt to crush my adversaries by a reference to Kant, Hume, Berkeley, and Locke." And the popular tribune finishes with the following brave words: "Fortunately we live in an age, which (except for temporary relapses) does not pay any great attention to the pious founders, and which tries to judge for itself."

I never try to crush my adversaries by deputy. Kant, Hume, Berkeley, and Locke may all be antiquated for all I know; but I still hold it would be useful to read them, before we declare too emphatically that we have left them behind.

I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of quoting on this point the wise and weighty words of Huxley: —

"It is much easier to ask such questions than to answer them, especially if one desires to be on good terms with one's contemporaries: but, if I must give an answer, it is this: The growth of physical science is now so prodigiously rapid, that those who are actively engaged in keeping up with the present, have much ado to find time to look at the past, and even grow into the habit of neglecting it. But, natural as this result may be, it is none the less detrimental. The intellect loses, for there is assuredly no more effectual method of clearing up one's own mind on any subject than by talking it over, so to speak, with men of real power and grasp who have considered it from a totally different point of view. The parallax of time helps us to the true position of a conception, as the parallax of space helps us to that of a star. And the moral nature loses no less. It is well to turn aside from the fretful stir of the present, and to dwell with gratitude and respect upon the services of those mighty men of old who have gone down to the grave with their weapons of war, but who, while they yet lived, won splendid victories over ignorance."

Next follow some extraordinary efforts on Mr. Whitney's part to show that Locke, whose arguments I had simply re-stated, knew very little about human or animal understanding, and then the threadbare argument of the deaf and dumb is brushed up once more. Until something new is said on that old subject, I must be allowed to remain myself deaf and dumb.<sup>1</sup>

Then comes the final and decisive charge. I had said that "if the science of language has proved anything, it has proved that conceptual or discursive thought can be carried on in words only." Here again I had quoted a strong array of authorities—not, indeed, to kill free inquiry—I am not so bloodthirsty, as my friends imagine—but to direct it to those channels where it had been carried on before. I quoted Locke, I quoted Schelling, Hegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Schopenhauer, and Mansel—philosophers diametrically opposed to each other on many points, yet all agreeing in what seems to many so strange a doctrine, that conceptual thought is impossible without language (comprehending by language hieroglyphic, numerical, and similar symbols). I might have quoted many other thinkers and poets. Professor Huxley seems clearly to have seen the difference between trains of thought and trains of feelings. "Brutes," he says, "though, from the absence of language, they can have no trains of thoughts, but only trains of feelings, yet have a consciousness which, more or less distinctly, foreshadows our own." And who could express the right view of language more beautifully than Jean Paul?—

<sup>1</sup> See Kilian, *Über die Racenfrage der Semitischen und Arischen Sprachbände*, 1874.

“ Mich dünkt, der Mensch würde sich, so wie das sprachlose Thier, das in der äussern Welt, wie in einem dunkeln, betäubenden Wellen-Meere schwimmt, ebenfalls in dem vollgestirnten Himmel der äussern Anschauung dumpf verlieren, wenn er das verworrene Leuchten nicht durch Sprache in Sternbilder abtheilte, und sich durch diese das Ganze in Theile für das Bewusstsein aufösete.

Having discussed that question very fully in my Lectures, I shall attempt no more at present than to show that the objections raised by Mr. Darwin, Jr., entirely miss the point. Does he really think that those men could have spent all their lives in considering that question, and never have been struck by the palpable objections raised by him? Let us treat such neighbors, at least like ourselves. I shall, however, do my best to show Mr. Darwin that even I had not been ignorant of these objections. I shall follow him through every point, and, for fear of misrepresenting him, quote his own words: —

“(1) Concepts may be formed, and yet not put before the consciousness of the conceiver, so that he ‘realizes’ what he is doing.”

Does that mean that the conceiver conceives concepts without conceiving them? Then, I ask, whom do these concepts belong to, where are they, and under what conditions were they realized? Is to conceive an active or a passive verb? May I once more quote Kant without incurring the suspicion of wishing to strangle free inquiry by authority? “Concepts,” says the old veteran, “are founded on the spontaneity of thought, sensuous intuitions on the receptivity of impressions.”

“(2) Complex thoughts are doubtless impossible without symbols, just as are the higher mathematics?”

Are lower mathematics possible without numerical symbols, and where is the line which separates complex from simple thought? Everything would seem to depend on that line which is so often spoken of by our critics. There ought to be something in that line which would at once remove the blunders committed by Humboldt and others. It would define the limit between inarticulate and articulate thought; it might possibly be the very frontier between the animal and the human mind, and yet that magic line is simply conceived, spoken of freely, but never realized, *i. e.*, never traced with logical precision. Till that is done, that line, though it may exist, is to me as if it did not exist.

“(3) We know that dogs doubt and hesitate, and finally determine to act without any external determining circumstance.”

How this argument fits in here, is not quite clear to me; but, whatever its drift may be, a perusal of Professor Huxley's excellent paper, “The Hypothesis that Animals are Automata,” will supply a full answer.

“(4) Professor Whitney very happily illustrates the independence of thought from language, by calling up our state of mind when casting about, often in the most open manner, for new designations, for new forms of knowledge, or when drawing distinctions, and pointing conclusions, which words are then stretched or narrowed to cover.”

Language with us has become so completely traditional, that we frequently learn words first and their meaning afterwards. The problem of the original relation between concepts and words, however, refers to periods when these words did not yet exist, but had to be framed for the first time. We are

speaking of totally different things; he, of the geology, I, if I may say so, of the chemistry of speech. But even if we accepted the test from modern languages, does not the very form of the question supply the answer? If we want *new* designations, *new* forms of knowledge, do we not confess that we have old designations, though imperfect ones; old forms of knowledge which no longer answer our purpose? Our old words, then, become gradually stretched or narrowed, exactly as our knowledge becomes stretched or narrowed, or we at last throw away the old word, and borrow another from our own, or even from a foreign language.

“It is a proof,” Mr. Darwin says, “that we realized and conceived the idea of the texture and nature of a musical sound before we had a word for it, that we had to borrow the expressive word “*timbre*” from the French.”

But how did we realize and conceive the idea before we had a word for it? Surely, by old words. We called it quality, texture, nature — we knew it as the result of the presence and absence of various harmonics. In German, we stretched an old word, and called it *Farbe*; in English, *timbre* was borrowed from the French, just as we may call a pound *vingt-cinq francs*; but the French themselves got their word by the ordinary process — viz., by stretching the old word, *tympanum*.

“(5) If Müller had brought before him some wholly new animal he would find that he could shut his eyes, and call up the image of it readily enough without any accompanying name.”

All this is far, far away from the real field of battle. No doubt, if I look at the sun and shut my eyes, the image remains for a time. By imagination

I can also recall other sensuous impressions, and, in an attack of fever, I have had sensuous impressions resuscitated without my will. But how does that touch conceptual knowledge? As soon as I want to know what animal it is which I conjure up or imagine to myself, I must either have, for shortness' sake, its scientific name, or I must conceive and realize its ears, or its legs, or its tail, or something else, but always something for which there is a name.

I have thus, in spite of the old warning, *Ne Hercules contra duos*, gone through the whole string of charges brought against me by Mr. Darwin and Professor Whitney; and while trying to show them that I was not entirely unprepared for their combined attack, I hope I have not been wanting in that respect which is due even to a somewhat rancorous assailant. I have not returned evil for evil, nor have I noticed objections which I could not refute without seeming to be offensive. Is it not mere skirmishing with blank cartridge, when Professor Whitney assures me that I have never fathomed "the theory of the antecedency of the idea to the word in the minds of those who hold that theory?" Surely, that is the theory which everybody holds who forms his idea of the origin of language from the manner in which we acquire a traditional language ready made, or, later in life, learn foreign languages. It has been my object to show that our problem is not, how languages are learnt, but how language is developed. We might as well form our ideas of the origin of the alphabet from the manner in which we learn to write, and then smile when we are told that, in writing "F" we still draw in the two upper strokes, the two horns of the *cerastes*, and that the connecting line in the "H

is the last remnant of the lines dividing the sieve, both hieroglyphics occurring in the name of Chufu or Cheops.

Philosophy is a study as much as philology, and though common sense is, no doubt, very valuable within its proper limits, I do not hesitate to say, though I hear already the distant grumbling of *Jupiter tonans*, that it is generally the very opposite of philosophy. One of the most eminent and most learned of living German philosophers — Professor Carriere, of München — says in a very friendly review of Professor Whitney's "Lectures on Language" —

"Philosophical depth and precision in psychological analysis are not his strong points, and in that respect the reader will hardly find anything new in his Lectures."

He goes on to say that —

"The American scholar did not see that language is meant first for forming, afterwards for communicating thought." "Wordmaking," he says with great truth, "is the first philosophy — the first poetry of mankind. We can have sensations, desires, intentions, but we cannot think, in the proper sense of the word, without language. Every word expresses the general. Mr. Whitney has not understood this, and his calling language a human institution is very shallow."

Against Professor Whitney's view that language is arbitrary and conventional, and against the opposite view that language is instinctive, Professor Carriere quotes the happy expression of M. Renan, "*La liaison du sens et du mot n'est jamais nécessaire, jamais arbitraire, toujours elle est motivée.*" Here the nail is hit on the head. Professor Carriere highly commends Professor Whitney's lectures, and he does by no means adopt all my own views; but he felt

obliged to enter a protest against certain journalistic proceedings which in Germany have attracted general attention.

In conclusion, if I may judge from Professor Whitney's lectures, unless he has changed very much of late, I doubt whether he would prove a real ally of Mr. Darwin in his views on the origin of language. Towards the end of his article, even Mr. Darwin, Jr., becomes suspicious. Professor Whitney, he says, makes a dangerous assertion when he says that we shall never know anything of the transitional forms through which language has passed, and he advises his friend to read a book lately published by Count G. A. de Goddesand Liancourt and F. Pincott, called "Primitive and Universal Laws of Language," in which he would find much information and enlightenment on the real origin of roots. There is an unintentional irony in that advice which Professor Whitney will not fail to appreciate. How any one who cares for truth can speak of a dangerous assertion, I do not understand. The Pope may say so, or a barrister; a true friend of truth knows of no danger.

In his "Lectures on Language," Professor Whitney protests strongly against Darwinian materialism. But, as he confesses himself half a convert to the *Bow-wow* and *Pook-pook* theories, thus showing how wrong I was in supposing that those theories had no advocates among comparative philologists in the nineteenth century; nay, as now, after he has discovered at last that I am no believer in *Ding-dongism*, he seems inclined to say a kind word for the advocates of that theory — Heyse and Steinthal — who knows whether, after my Lectures on Darwin's "Philosophy

of Language," he may not be converted by Bleek and Haeckel, the mad Darwinian, as he calls him?

All this, no doubt, has its humorous side, and I have tried to answer it good-humoredly. But it seems to me that it also has a very serious import. Why is there all this wrangling as to whether man is the descendant of a lower animal or not? Why cannot people examine the question in a temper more consonant with a real love of truth? Why look for artificial barriers between man and beast, if they are not there? Why try to remove real barriers, if they are there? Surely we shall remain what we are, whatever befall. When we throw the question back into a very distant antiquity, all seems to grow confused and out of focus. Yet time and space make little difference in the solution of these problems. Let us see what exists to-day. We see to-day that the lowest of savages—men whose language is said to be no better than the clucking of hens, or the twittering of birds, and who have been declared in many respects lower even than animals, possess this one specific characteristic, that if you take one of their babies, and bring it up in England, it will learn to speak as well as any English baby, while no amount of education will elicit any attempts at language from the highest animals, whether bipeds or quadrupeds. That disposition cannot have been formed by definite nervous structures, congenitally framed, for we are told by the best Agriologists that both father and mother clucked like hens. This fact, therefore, unless disproved by experiment, remains, whatever the explanation may be.

Let us suppose, then, that myriads of years ago there was, out of myriads of animal beings, one, and

one only, which made that step which in the end led to language, while the whole rest of the creation remained behind; — what would follow? That one being then, like the savage baby now, must have possessed something of his own — a germ very imperfect, it may be, yet found nowhere else, and that germ, that capacity, that disposition — call it what you like — is, and always will remain the specific difference of himself and all his descendants. It makes no difference whether we say it came of itself, or it was due to environment, or it was the gift of a Being in whom we live and move. All these are but different expressions for the Unknown. If that germ of the Logos had to pass through thousands of forms, from the Protogenes to Adam, before it was fit to fulfill its purpose, what is that to us? It was there *potentiâ* from the beginning; it manifested itself where it was, in the paulo-post-future man; it never manifested itself where it was not, in any of the creatures that were animals from the beginning, and remained so to the end.

Surely, even if all scholastic philosophy must now be swept away, if to be able to reduce all the wisdom of the past to a *tabula rasa* is henceforth to be the test of a true philosopher, a few landmarks may still be allowed to remain, and we may venture to quote, for instance, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, without being accused of trying to crush free inquiry by an appeal to authority. Language is something, it pre-supposes something; and that which it pre-supposes, that from which it sprang, whatever its pre-historic, pre-mundane, pre-cosmic state may have been, must have been different from that from which it did not spring. People ask whether that germ of language

was "slowly evolved," or "divinely implanted," but if they would but lay a firm grip on their words and thoughts, they would see that these two expressions, which have been made the watchwords of two hostile camps, differ from each other dialectically only.

That there is in us an animal — aye, a bestial nature — has never been denied; to deny it would take away the very foundation of Psychology and Ethics. We cannot be reminded too often that all the materials of our knowledge we share with animals; that, like them, we begin with sensuous impressions, and then, like ourselves, and like ourselves only, proceed to the General, the Ideal, the Eternal. We cannot be reminded too often that in many things we are like the beasts of the field, but that, like ourselves, and like ourselves only, we can rise superior to our bestial self, and strive after what is Unselfish, Good, and God-like. The wing by which we soar above the Sensuous, was called by wise men of old the *Logos*; the wing which lifts us above the Sensual, was called by good men of old the *Daimonion*. Let us take continual care, especially within the precincts of the Temple of Science, lest by abusing the gift of speech or doing violence to the voice of conscience, we soil the two wings of our soul, and fall back, through our own fault, to the dreaded level of the Gorilla.

## X.

### IN SELF-DEFENSE.

#### PRESENT STATE OF SCIENTIFIC STUDIES.

It has been remarked by many observers that in all branches of physical as well as historical learning there is at the present moment a strongly pronounced tendency towards special researches. No one can hold his own among his fellow-workers who cannot point to some discovery, however small, to some observation, to some decipherings, to some edition of a text hitherto unpublished, or, at least, to some conjectural readings which are, in the true sense of the word, his property. A man must now have served from the ranks before he is admitted to act as a general, and not even Darwin or Mommsen would have commanded general attention for their theories on the ancient history of Rome, or on the primitive development of animal life, unless they had been known for years as sturdy workers in their respective quarries.

On the whole, I believe that this state of public opinion has produced a salutary effect, but it has also its dangers. An army that means conquest, cannot always depend on its scouts and pioneers, nor must it be broken up altogether into single detachments of tirailleurs. From time to time, it has to make a combined movement in advance, and for that purpose

it wants commanders who know the general outlines of the battle-field, and are familiar with the work that can best be done by each branch of the service.

#### EVOLUTIONISM

If we look upon scholars, historians, students of physical science, and abstract philosophers, as so many branches of the great army of knowledge which has been fighting its way for centuries for the conquest of truth, it might be said, if we may follow up our comparison a little further, that the light cavalry of physical science had lately made a quick movement in advance, and detached itself too much from the support of the infantry and heavy artillery. The charge was made against the old impregnable fortress, the Origin of Life, and to judge from the victorious hurrahs of the assaulting squadron, we might have thought that a breach had at last been effected, and that the keys to the long hidden secrets of creation and development had been surrendered. As the general commanding this attack, we all recognize Mr. Darwin, supported by a brilliant staff of dashing officers, and if ever general was well chosen for victory, it was the author of the "Origin of Species."

There was indeed for a time a sanguine hope, shared by many a brave soldier, that the old warfare of the world would, in our time, be crowned with success, that we should know at last what we are, whence we came, and whither we go; that, beginning with the simplest elementary substances, we should be able to follow the process of combination and division, leading by numberless and imperceptible changes from the lowest Bathybios to the highest Hypsibios, and that we should succeed in establishing

by incontrovertible facts what old sages had but guessed, viz., that there is nowhere anything hard and specific in nature, but all is flowing and growing, without an efficient cause or a determining purpose, under the sway of circumstances only, or of a self-created environment. Πάντα ῥεῖ.

But that hope is no longer so loudly and confidently expressed as it was some years ago. For a time all seemed clear and simple. We began with Protoplasm, which anybody might see at the bottom of the sea, developing into Moneres, and we ended with the bimanous mammal called *Homo*, whether *sapiens* or *insipiens*, everything between the two being matter of imperceptible development.

#### DIFFICULTIES IN EVOLUTIONISM.

The difficulties began where they generally begin, at the beginning and at the end. *Protoplasm* was a name that produced at first a soothing effect on the inquisitive mind, but when it was asked, whence that power of development, possessed by the Protoplasm which begins as a Moneres and ends as *Homo*, but entirely absent in other Protoplasm, which resists all mechanical manipulation, and never enters upon organic growth, it was seen that the problem of development had not been solved, but only shifted, and that, instead of simple Protoplasm, very peculiar kinds of Protoplasm were required, which under circumstances might become and remain a Moneres, and under circumstances might become and remain *Homo* forever. That which determined Protoplasm to enter upon its marvelous career, the first κινῶν ἀκινήτων, remained as unknown as ever. It was open to call it an internal and unconscious, or an external and con-

scious power, or both together : physical, metaphysical, and religious mythology were left as free as ever. The best proof of this we find in the fact that Mr. Darwin himself retained his belief in a personal Creator, while Haeckel denies all necessity of admitting a conscious agent ; and Von Hartmann<sup>1</sup> sees in what is called the philosophy of evolutionism the strongest confirmation of idealism, "all development being in truth but the realization of the unconscious reason of the creative idea."

#### GLOTTOLOGY AND EVOLUTIONISM.

While the difficulty at the beginning consists in this that, after all, nothing can be developed except what was enveloped, the difficulty at the end is this that something is supposed to be developed that was not enveloped. It was here where I thought it became my duty to draw Mr. Darwin's attention to difficulties which he had not suspected at all, or which, at all events, he had allowed himself to under-value. Mr. Darwin had tried to prove that there was nothing to prevent us from admitting a possible transition from the brute to man, as far as their physical structure was concerned, and it was natural that he should wish to believe that the same applied to their mental capacities. Now, whatever difference of opinion there might be among philosophers as to the classification and naming of these capacities, and as to any rudimentary traces of them to be discovered in animals, there had always been a universal consent that language was a distinguishing characteristic of man. Without inquiring what was implied by

<sup>1</sup> See a very remarkable article by Von Hartmann on Haeckel, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, July, 1875.

language, so much was certain, that language was something tangible, present in every man, absent in every brute. Nothing, therefore, was more natural than that Mr. Darwin should wish to show that this was an error: that language was nothing specific in man, but had its antecedents, however imperfect, in the signs of communication among animals. Influenced, no doubt, by the works of some of his friends and relatives on the origin of language, he thought that it had been proved that our words could be derived *directly* from imitative and interjectional sounds. If the Science of Language has proved anything, it has proved that this is not the case. We know that, with certain exceptions, about which there can be little controversy, all our words are derived from roots, and that every one of these roots is the expression of a general concept. "Without roots, no language; without concepts, no roots," these are the two pillars on which our philosophy of language stands, and with which it falls.

#### MR. WEDGWOOD'S DICTIONARY.

Any word taken from Mr. Wedgwood's Dictionary will show the difference between those who derive words *directly* from imitative and interjectional sounds, and those who do not. For instance, s. v. *plunge*, we read:—

"Fr. *plonger* Du. *plotsen*, *plonssen*, *plonzen*, to fall into the water—Kil. ; *plotsen*, also to fall suddenly on the ground. The origin, like that of *plump*, is a representation of the noise made by the fall. Swiss *bluntschen*, the sound of a thick heavy body falling into the water." Under *plump* we read, "that the radical image is the sound made by a compact body falling into the water, or of a mass of wet falling to the ground. *He smit den sten in't water, plump! seg dat*, 'He threw the stone into the

water; it cried plump!' *Plumpen*, to make the noise represented by plump, to fall with such a noise, etc., etc., etc."

All this sounds extremely plausible, and to a man not specially conversant with linguistic studies, far more plausible than the real etymology of the word. To plunge is, no doubt, as Mr. Wedgwood says, the French *plonger*, but the French *plonger* is *plumbicare*, while in Italian *piombare* is *cadere a piombo*, to fall straight like the plummet. To plunge, therefore, has nothing to do with the splashing sound of heavy bodies falling into the water, but with the concept of straightness, here symbolized by the plummet.

This case, however, would only show the disregard of historical facts with which the onomatopœic school has been so frequently and so justly charged. But as we cannot trace *plumbum*, or *μόλυβος*, or Old Slav. *olovo* with any certainty to a root such as *mal*, to be soft, let us take another word, such as *feather*. Here, again, we find that Mr. Wedgwood connects it with such words as Bav. *fledern*, Du. *vlederen*, to flap, flutter, the loss of the *l* being explained by such words as to splutter and to sputter. We have first to note the disregard of historical facts, for *feather* is O. H. G. *fedara*, Sk. *pat-tra*, Gr. *πτερόν* for *πετερον*, all derived from a root *pat*, to fly, from which we have also *penna*, old *pesna*, *πέτ-ομαι*, *peto*, *impetus*, etc. The root *pat* expresses violent motion, and it is specialized into upward motion, *πέτομα*, I fly; downward motion, Sk. *patati*, he falls; and onward motion, as in Latin *peto*, *impetus*, etc. Feather, therefore, as derived from this root, was conceived as the instrument of flying, and was never intended to imitate the noise of Du. *vlederen*, to flutter, and to flap.

## MY LECTURES ON MR. DARWIN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE.

As this want of historical treatment among onomatopœic philologists has frequently been dwelt on by myself and others, these instances may suffice to mark the difference between the school so ably and powerfully represented by Mr. Wedgwood, and the school of Bopp, to which I and most comparative philologists belong. It was in the name of that school that I ventured to address my protest to the school of evolutionists, reminding them of difficulties, which they had either ignored altogether, or, at all events, greatly undervalued, and putting our case before them in such a form that even philosophers, not conversant with the special researches of philologists, might gain a clear insight into the present state of our science, and form their opinion accordingly.

In doing this I thought I was simply performing a duty which, in the present state of divided and subdivided labor, has to be performed, if we wish to prevent a useless waste of life. However different our pursuits may be, we all belong, as I said before, to the same army, we all have the same interests at heart, we are bound together by what the French would call the strongest of all solidarities, the love of truth. If I had thought only of my own fellow-laborers in the field of the Science of Language, I should not have considered that there was any necessity for the three Lectures which I delivered in 1873 at the Royal Institution. In my first course of Lectures on the Science of Language (1861), delivered before Evolutionism had assumed its present dimensions, I had already expressed my conviction that language is the one great barrier between the brute and man.

“Man speaks,” I said, “and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is something more palpable than a fold of the brain or an angle of the skull. It admits of no caviling, and no process of natural selection will ever distill significant words out of the notes of birds or the cries of beasts.”

No scholar, so far as I know, has ever controverted any of these statements. But when Evolutionism became, as it fully deserved, the absorbing interest of all students of nature, when it was supposed that, if a Moneres could develop into a Man, Bow-wow and Pooh-pooh might well have developed by imperceptible degrees into Greek and Latin, I thought it was time to state the case for the Science of Language and its bearing on some of the problems of Evolutionism more fully, and I gladly accepted the invitation to lecture once more on this subject at the Royal Institution in 1873. My object was no more than a statement of facts, showing that the results of the Science of Language did not at present tally with the results of Evolutionism, that words could no longer be derived directly from imitative and interjectional sounds, that between these sounds and the first beginnings of language, in the technical sense of the word, a barrier had been discovered, represented by what we call Roots, and that, as far as we know, no attempt, not even the faintest, has ever been made by any animal, except man, to approach or to cross that barrier. I went one step further. I showed that Roots were with nian the embodiments of general concepts, and that the only way in which man realized general concepts, was by means of those roots, and words derived from roots. I therefore argued as follows: We do not know anything and cannot possibly know anything of the mind of animals: therefore, the proper

attitude of the philosopher with regard to the mental capacities of animals is one of complete neutrality. For all we know, the mental capacities of animals may be of a higher order than our own, as their sensuous capacities certainly are in many cases. All this, however, is guesswork; one thing only is certain. If we are right that man realizes his conceptual thought by means of words, derived from roots, and that no animal possesses words derived from roots, it follows, not indeed, that animals have no conceptual thought (in saying this, I went too far), but that their conceptual thought is different in its realized shape from our own.

From public and private discussions which followed the delivery of my lectures at the Royal Institution (an abstract of them was published in "Fraser's Magazine," and republished, I believe, in America), it became clear to me that the object which I had in view had been fully attained. General attention had been roused to the fact that at all events the Science of Language had something to say in the matter of Evolutionism, and I know that those whom it most concerned were turning their thoughts in good earnest to the difficulties which I had pointed out. I wanted no more, and I thought it best to let the matter ferment for a time.

MR. GEORGE DARWIN'S ARTICLE IN THE "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW."

○ But what was my surprise when I found that a gentleman who had acquired considerable notoriety, not indeed by any special and original researches in Comparative Philology, but by his repeated attempts at vilifying the works of other scholars, Professor Whit-

ney, had sent a paper to Mr. Darwin, intended to throw discredit on the statements which I had recommended to his serious consideration. I did not know of that paper till an abstract of it appeared in the "Contemporary Review," signed George Darwin, and written with the avowed purpose of discrediting the statements which I had made in my Lecture at the Royal Institution. If Professor Whitney's appeal had been addressed to scholars only, I should gladly have left them to judge for themselves. But as Mr. Darwin, Jr., was prevailed upon to stand sponsor to Professor Whitney's last production, and to lend to it, if not the weight, at least the lustre of his name, I could not, without appearing uncourteous, let it pass in silence. I am not one of those who believe that truth is much advanced by public controversy, and I have carefully eschewed it during the whole of my literary career. But if I had left Professor Whitney's assertions unanswered, I could hardly have complained, if Mr. Darwin, Sr., and the many excellent *savants* who share his views, had imagined that I had represented the difficulties which the students of language feel with regard to animals developing a language, in a false light; that in fact, instead of wishing to assist, I had tried to impede the onward march of our brave army. I have that faith in *οἱ περὶ* Darwin, that I believe they want honest advice, from whatever quarter it may come, and I therefore was persuaded to deviate for once from my usual course, and, by answering *seriatim* every objection raised by Professor Whitney, to show that my advice had been tendered *bonâ fide*, that I had not spoken in the character of a special pleader, but simply and solely as a man of truth.

## MY ANSWER TO MR. DARWIN.

My "Answer to Mr. Darwin" appeared in the "Contemporary Review" of November, 1874, and if it had only elicited the letter which I received from Mr. Darwin, Sr., I should have been amply repaid for the trouble I had taken in the matter.

It produced, however, a still more important result, for it elicited from the American assailant a hasty rejoinder, which opened the eyes even of his best friends to the utter weakness of his case. Professor Whitney, himself, had evidently not expected that I should notice his assault. He had challenged me so often before, and I had never answered him. Why, then, should I have replied now? My answer is, because, for the first time, his charges had been countersigned by another.

I had not even read his books before, and he blames me severely for that neglect, bluntly asking me, why I had not read them. That is indeed a question extremely difficult to answer without appearing to be rude. However, I may say this, that to know what books one must read, and what books one may safely leave unread, is an art which, in these days of literary fertility, every student has to learn. We know on the whole what each scholar is doing, we know those who are engaged in special and original work, and we are in duty bound to read whatever they write. This in the present state of Comparative Philology, when independent work is being done in every country of Europe, is as much as any man can do, nay, often more than I feel able to do. But then, on the other hand, we claim the liberty of leaving uncut other books in our science, which, how-

ever entertaining they may be in other respects, are not likely to contain any new facts. In doing this, we run a risk, but we cannot help it.

And let me ask Professor Whitney, if by chance he had opened a book and alighted on the following passage, would he have read much more ?

“Take as instances *home* and *homely*, *scarce* and *scarceity*, *direct* and *directly*, *lust* and *lusty*, *naught* and *naughty*, *clerk* and *clergy*, a *forge* and a *forgery*, *candid* and *candidate*, *hospital* and *hospitality*, *idiom* and *idiocy*, *alight* and *delight*, etc.”

Is there any philologist, comparative or otherwise, who does not know that *light*, the Gothic *liuhath*, is connected with the Latin *lucere* ; that to *delight* is connected with Latin *delector*, Old French *deleiter*, and with Latin *de-lic-ere* ; while to *alight* is of Teutonic origin, and connected with Gothic *leihts*, Latin *levis*, Sanskrit *laghus* ?

But then, Professor Whitney continues, when at last he had forced me to read some of his writings, why did I not read them carefully ? Why did I read Mr. Darwin's article in the “Contemporary Review” only, and not his own in an American journal ?

Now here I feel somewhat guilty : still I can offer some excuse. I did not read Professor Whitney's reply in the American original, first, because I could not get it in time ; secondly, because I only felt bound to answer the arguments which Mr. Darwin had adopted as his own. Looking at the original article afterwards, I found that I had not been entirely wrong. I see that Mr. Darwin has used a very wise discretion in his selection, and I may now tell Professor Whitney that he ought really to be extremely grateful that nothing except what Mr. Darwin had approved of, was placed before the English

readers of the "Contemporary Review," and therefore answered by me in the same journal.

#### THE PHENICIAN ALPHABET.

Other charges, however, of neglect and carelessness on my part in reading Professor Whitney's writings, I can meet by a direct negative. Among the more glaring mistakes of his lectures which I had pointed out, was this, that fifteen years after Rougé's discovery, Professor Whitney still speaks of "the Phenician alphabet as the ultimate source of the world's alphabets." Professor Whitney answers: "If Professor Müller had read my twelfth lecture he would have found the derivative nature of the Phenician alphabet fully discussed." When I read this, I felt a pang, for it was quite true that I had not read that lecture. I saw a note to it, in which Professor Whitney states that the sketch of the history of writing contained in it was based on Steinthal's admirable essay on the "Development of Writing," and being acquainted with that, I thought I could dispense with lecture No. 12. However, as I thought it strange that there should be so glaring a contradiction between two lectures of the same course, that in one the Phenician alphabet should be represented as the ultimate source, in another as a derivative alphabet, I set to work and read lecture No. 12. Will it be believed that there is not one word in it about Rougé's discovery, published, as I said, fifteen years ago, that the old explanation that *Aleph* stood for an ox, *Beth* for a house, *Gimel* for camel, *Daleth* for door, is simply repeated, and that similarities are detected between the forms of the letters and the figures of the objects whose names they bear? Therefore of two

things one, either Professor Whitney was totally ignorant of what has been published on this subject during the last fifteen years by Rougé, father and son, by Brugsch, Lenormant and others, or he thought he might safely charge me with having misrepresented him, because neither I nor any one else was likely to read lecture No. 12.

After this instance of what Professor Whitney considers permissible, I need hardly say more ; but having been cited by him before a tribunal which hardly knows me, to substantiate what I had asserted in my "Answer to Mr. Darwin," it may be better to go manfully through a most distasteful task, to answer *seriatim* point after point, and thus to leave on record one of the most extraordinary cases of what I can only call Literary Daltonism.

#### LIKE AND UNLIKE.

I am accused by Professor Whitney of having read his lectures carelessly, because I had only been struck by what seemed to me repetitions from my own writings, without observing the deeper difference between his lectures and my own. He therefore advises me to read his lectures again. I am afraid I cannot do that, nor do I see any necessity for it, because though I was certainly staggered by a number of coincidences between his lectures and my own, I was perfectly aware that they differed from each other more than I cared to say. I imagined I had conveyed this as clearly as I could, without saying anything offensive, by observing that in many places his arguments seemed to me like an *inverted fugue* on a *motive* taken from my lectures. But if I was not sufficiently outspoken on that point, I am quite willing to make amends for it now.

## AN INVERTED FUGUE.

I must give one instance at least of what I mean by an *inverted fugue*.

I had laid great stress on the fact that, though we are accustomed to speak of language as a thing by itself, language after all is not something independent and substantial, but, in the first instance, an act, and to be studied as such. Thus I said (p. 51) : —

“To speak of language as a thing by itself, as living a life of its own, as growing to maturity, producing offspring, and dying away, is sheer mythology.”

Again (p. 58) : —

“Language exists in man, it lives in being spoken, it dies with each word that is pronounced, and is no longer heard.”

When I came to Professor Whitney’s Second Lecture, and read (p. 35) : —

“Language has, in fact, no existence save in the minds and mouths of those who use it,”

I felt pleasantly reminded of what I knew I had said somewhere. But what was my surprise, when a few lines further on I read : —

“This truth is sometimes explicitly denied, and the opposite doctrine is set up, that language has a life and growth independent of its speakers, with which men cannot interfere. A recent popular writer (Professor Max Müller) asserts that, ‘although there is a continuous change in language, it is not in the power of man either to produce or to prevent it. We might think as well of changing the laws which control the circulation of our blood, or of adding an inch to our height, as of altering the laws of speech, or inventing new words according to our own pleasure.’”

How is one to fight against such attacks? The very words which Professor Whitney had paraphrased before, only substituting “skull” for “height,” and

by which I had tried to prove "that languages are not the artful creations of individuals," are turned against me to show that, because I denied to any *single* individual the power of changing language *ad libitum*, I had set up the opposite doctrine, viz. that language has a life and growth independent of its speakers.

Does Professor Whitney believe that any attentive reader can be taken in by such artifices? Suppose I had said that in a well-organized republic no individual can change the laws according to his pleasure, would it follow that I held the opposite doctrine, that laws have a life and growth independent of the law-giver? The simile is weak, because an individual may, under very peculiar circumstances, change a law according to his pleasure: but weak as it is, I hope it will convince Professor Whitney that Formal Logic is not altogether a useless study to a Professor of Linguistics. I only wonder what Professor Whitney would have said if he had been able to find in my Lectures a definition of language (p. 46), worthy of Friedrich Schlegel, viz. : —

"Language, like an organic body, is no mere aggregate of similar particles; it is a complex of related and mutually helpful parts."

And again : —

"The rise, development, decline, and extinction of language are like the birth, increase, decay, and death of a living creature."

In these poetical utterances of Professor Whitney's we have an outbreak of philological mythology of a very serious nature, and this many years after I had uttered my warning that "to speak of language as a thing by itself, as living a life of its own, as growing

to maturity, producing offspring, and dying away, is sheer mythology" (I. p. 51).

#### REPETITIONS AND VARIATIONS.

It is, no doubt, quite natural that in reading Professor Whitney's lectures I should have been struck more forcibly than others by coincidences, which have reference not only to general arguments, but even to modes of expression and illustrations. I had pointed out some of these verbal or slightly disguised coincidences in my first article, but I could add many more. As we open the book, it begins by stating that the Science of Language is a modern science, that its growth was analogous to that of other sciences, that from a mere collection of facts it advanced to classification, and from thence to inductive reasoning on language. We are told that ancient nations considered the languages of their neighbors as merely barbarous, that Christianity changed that view, that a study of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew widened the horizon of scholars, and that at present no dialect, however rude, is without importance to the students of the Science of Language. Next comes the importance of the discovery of Sanskrit, and a challenge for a place among the recognized sciences in favor of our new science.

Now I ask any one who may have read my Lectures, whether it was not very natural that I should be struck with a certain similarity between my old course of lectures on the Science of Language, and the lectures delivered soon after on the Science of Language at Washington? But I was not blind to the differences, and I never wished to claim as my own what was original in the American book.

For instance, when the American Professor says that one of the most important problems is to find out "How we learn English," I said at once, "That's his ane;" and when after leading us from mother to grandmother, and great-grandmother, he ends with Adam, and says:—

"It is only the first man before whom every beast of the field and every fowl of the air must present itself, to see what he will call it; and whatever he calls any living creature, that is the name thereof, not to himself alone, but to his family and descendants, who are content to style each as their father had done before them."

I said again, "That's his ane."

When afterwards we read about the large and small number of words used by different ranks and classes, and by different writers, when we come to the changes in English, the phonetic changes, to phonetics in general, to changes of meaning, etc., few, I think, will fail to perceive what I naturally perceived most strongly, "the leaves of memory rustling in the dark." I perceived even such accidental reminiscences as:—

*Old Prussian leaving behind a brief catechism*  
(p. 215), and,

*Old Prussian leaving behind an old catechism*  
(p. 200);

*Frisian having a literature of its own* (p. 211),  
and the

*Frisians having a literature of their own* (p. 178), though, of course, no other reader could possibly perceive such unimportant coincidences. These, no doubt, were mere accidents; but when we consider that there is perhaps no science which admits of more varied illustration than the Science of Language,

then to find page after page the same instances which one had collected one's self, certainly left the impression that the soil from which these American lectures sprang, was chiefly alluvial. Of course, as Professor Whitney has acknowledged his indebtedness to me for these illustrations, I have no complaint to make, I only protest against his ingratitude in representing such illustrations as mere by-work. For the purpose of teaching and placing a difficult subject into its proper light, illustrations, I think, are hardly less important than arguments. In order to show, for instance, in what sense Chinese may be called a *parler enfantin*, I had said:—

“If a child says *up*, that *up* is to his mind, noun, verb, adjective, all in one. It means, I want to get up on my mother's lap.”

What has Professor Whitney to say on the same subject?

“It is thus that, even at present, children begin to talk; a radical word or two means in their mouths a whole sentence; *up* signifies ‘Take me up into your lap.’”

Enough of this, if not too much. Perhaps a thousand years hence, if any of our books survive so long, the question whether my lectures were written by myself, or by an American scholar settled in Germany, may exercise the critical acumen of the philologists of the future.

#### LECTURES PRINTED IN ENGLAND ALSO.

But I see there is one more charge of carelessness brought against me, and as I promised to answer every one, I must at least mention it.

“He has not even observed that my Lectures are printed and published in England, and not only in America.”

Why I ought to have observed this, I do not understand. Would it have served as an advertisement? Should I have said that the author resided in Canada to secure his book against the imminent danger of piracy in England? Or does Professor Whitney suspect here too, one of those sinister influences which he thought had interfered with the sale of his books in England? However, whatever sin of omission I have committed, I am quite willing to apologize, in order to proceed to graver matters.

#### THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE AS ONE OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

I stand charged next not only with having read Professor Whitney's writings in too cursory a manner, but with actually having misrepresented his views on the question, so often discussed of late, whether the Science of Language should be reckoned one of the historical or one of the physical sciences. Let us look at the facts:—

I had tried to show in my very first Lecture in what sense the Science of Language might properly be called a physical, and in what sense it might be called an historical science. I had given full weight to the arguments on either side, because I felt that, owing to the twofold nature of man, much might be said with perfect truth for one or the other view. When I look back on what I wrote many years ago, after having carefully weighed all that has been written on the subject during the last fifteen years, I am glad to find that I can repeat every word I then wrote, without a single change or qualification.

“The process” I said (p. 49), “through which language is settled and unsettled, combines in one the two opposite elements

of necessity and freewill. Though the individual seems to be the prime mover in producing new words and new grammatical forms, he is so only after his individuality has been merged in the common action of the family, tribe, or nation to which he belongs. He can do nothing by himself, and the first impulse to a new formation in language, *though given by an individual*, is mostly, if not always, given without premeditation, nay, unconsciously. The individual, as such, is powerless, and the results apparently produced by him, depend on laws beyond his control, and on the coöperation of all those who form together with him one class, one body, or one organic whole. But though it is easy to show that language cannot be changed or moulded by the taste, the fancy, or genius of man, it is nevertheless through the instrumentality of man alone that language can be changed."

Now I ask any reader of Mr. Whitney's Lectures, whether he has found in them anything in addition to what I had said on this subject, anything materially or even in form, differing from it. He speaks indeed of the actual additions made by individuals to language, but he treats them, as I did, as rare exceptions (p. 32), and I cannot help thinking that when he wrote (p. 52):—

"Languages are almost as little the work of man as is the form of his skull, the outlines of his face, the construction of his arm and hand,"

he was simply paraphrasing what I had said, though, as will be seen, far more cautiously than my American colleague, because my remarks referred to the laws of language only, not to language as a whole (p. 47):—

"We might think as well of changing the laws which control the circulation of our blood, or of adding an inch to our height, as of altering the laws of speech, and inventing new words, *according to our own pleasure.*"

I cannot hope to convince Mr. Whitney, for after

I had tried to explain to him, why I considered the question whether the Science of Language is to be classed as a physical or an historical science, as chiefly a question of technical definition, he replies : —

“ That I should probably consider it as more than a matter of terminology or technical definition whether our science is an historical science, *because men make language*, or a physical science, *because men do not make language*.”

Everybody will see that to attempt a serious argument on such conditions, is simply impossible.

If Professor Whitney can produce one single passage in all my writings where I said that *men do not make language*, I promise to write no more on language at all. I see now that it is Schleicher who, according to Professor Whitney, at least, held these crude views, who called languages natural organisms, which, without being determinable by the will of man, arose, grew, and developed themselves, in accordance with fixed laws, and then again grow old and die out ; who ascribed to language that succession of phenomena which is wont to be termed life, and who accordingly classed *Glottik*, the Science of Language, as a natural science. These are the very opinions which, with the exception of the last, are combated in my writings.

I understood perfectly well what Mr. Whitney meant, when he, like nearly all scholars before him, claimed the Science of Language as an historical or a moral science. Man is an amphibious creature, and all the sciences concerning man, will be more or less amphibious sciences. I did not rush into print, because he took the opposite side to the one I had taken. On the contrary, having myself laid great stress on the fact that language was not to be treated

[ as an artful creation of the individual, I was glad that the artistic element in language, such as it is, should have found so eloquent an advocate. But I confess, I was disappointed when I saw that, with the exception of a few purely sentimental protests, there was nothing in Mr. Whitney's treatment of the subject that differed from my own. I proved this, if not to his satisfaction, at least to that of others, by giving *verbatim* extracts from his Lectures, and what is the consequence? As he can no longer deny his own words, he uses the only defense which remained, he now accuses me of garbling quotations and thus misrepresenting him. This, of course, may be said of all quotations, short of reprinting a whole chapter. Yet to my mind the charge is so serious, that I feel in duty bound to repel it, not by words, but by facts.

[ This is the way in which Professor Whitney tries to escape from the net in which he had entangled himself. In his reply to my argument he says:—

“ He chooses even more than once a sentence, in order to prove that I maintain an opinion, directly from an argument in support of the opposite opinion; for instance, in quoting my words, ‘ that languages are almost as little the work of man as is the form of his skull,’ he overlooks the preceding parts of the same sentence: ‘ *as opposed* to the objects which he, the linguist, follows in his researches, and the results which he wishes to attain.’ The whole is a part of a section which is to prove that the absence of reflection and conscious intent, takes away from the facts of language the subjective character which would otherwise belong to them as products of the voluntary action.”

Very well. We now have what Professor Whitney says that he said. Let us now read what he really said (p. 51):—

“The linguistic student feels that he is not dealing with *the artful creations of individuals*. So far as concerns the purposes for which he examines them, and the results he would derive from them, they are almost as little the work of man as is the form of his skull.”

To render “so far as concerns the purposes” by “Gegenüber den Zwecken, die er bei seinen Untersuchungen verfolgt,” is a strong measure. But even thus, the facts remain as I, not as he, had stated them. There was no garbling on my part, but something worse than garbling on his, and all this for no purpose whatever, except for one which I do not like to suggest. As a linguistic student Professor Whitney feels what I had felt, ‘that we are not dealing with the artful creations of individuals.’ What Professor Whitney may feel besides about language, does not concern us, but it does concern us, and it does still more concern him, that he should not endeavor to impart to scientific language that character which, as he admits, it has not, viz., that of being the very artful creation of an individual.

I am quite willing to admit, and I have done so before on several occasions, that I may have laid too great stress on those characteristics of the Science of Language by which it belongs to the physical sciences. I have explained why I did so at the time. In fact these are not new questions. Because I had said, as Dr. Whewell had said before me, —

“That there are several large provinces of speculation which concern subjects belonging to man’s immaterial nature, and which are governed by the same laws as sciences altogether physical,”

it did not follow, as Professor Whitney seems to think, that I regarded language as something like a

cow or a potato. I cannot defend myself against such puerilities.

In reviewing Schleicher's essay, "On Darwinism tested by the Science of Language," I had said:—

"It is not very creditable to the students of the Science of Language that there should have been among them so much wrangling as to whether that science is to be treated as one of the natural or as one of the historical sciences. They, if any one, ought to have seen that they were playing with language, or rather that language was playing with them, and that unless a proper definition is first given of what is meant by nature and by natural science, the pleading for and against the admission of the Science of Language to the circle of the natural sciences, may be carried on *ad infinitum*. It is, of course, open to anybody so to define the meaning of nature as to exclude human nature, and so to narrow the sphere of the natural sciences, as to leave no place for the Science of Language. It is also possible so to interpret the meaning of growth that it becomes inapplicable alike to the gradual formation of the earth's crust, and to the slow accumulation of the *humus* of language. Let the definition of these terms be plainly laid down, and the controversy, if it will not cease at once, will at all events become more fruitful. It will then turn on the legitimate definition of such terms as nature and mind, necessity and free-will, and it will have to be determined by philosophers rather than by scholars. Unless appearances deceive us, it is not the tendency of modern philosophy to isolate human nature, and to separate it by impassable barriers from nature at large, but rather to discover the bridges which lead from one bank to the other, and to lay bare the hidden foundations which, deep beneath the surface, connect the two opposite shores. It is, in fact, easy to see that the old mediæval discussions on necessity and free-will are turning up again in our own time, though slightly disguised, in the discussions on the proper place which man holds in the realm of nature; nay, that the same antinomies have been at the root of the controversy from the days when Greek philosophers maintained that language existed *φύσει* or *θέσει*, to our own days, when scholars range themselves in two hostile camps, claiming for the Science of Language a place either among the physical or the historical branches of knowledge."

And again : —

“ At all events we should never allow ourselves to forget that, if we speak of languages as natural productions, and of the Science of Language as one of the natural sciences, what we chiefly wish to say is, that languages are not produced by the free-will of individuals, and that, if they are works of art, they are works of what may be called a natural or unconscious art — an art in which the individual, though he is the agent, is not a free agent, but checked and governed from the very first breath of speech by the implied coöperation of those to whom his language is addressed, and without whose acceptance language, not being understood, would cease to be language.”

In the first lecture which I delivered at Strassburg, I dwelt on the same problem, and said : —

“ There is, no doubt, in language a transition from the material to the spiritual; the raw material of language belongs to nature, but the form of language, that which really makes language, belongs to the spirit. Were it possible to trace human language *directly* back to natural sounds, to interjections or imitations, the question whether the Science of Language belongs to the sphere of the natural or the historical sciences would at once be solved. But I doubt whether this crude view of the origin of language counts one single supporter in Germany.

With one foot language stands, no doubt, in the realm of nature, but with the other in the realm of spirit. Some years ago, when I thought it necessary to bring out as clearly as possible the much neglected natural element in language, I tried to explain in what sense the Science of Language had a right to be called the last and the highest of the natural sciences. But I need hardly say that I did not lose sight, therefore, of the intellectual and historical character of language; and I may here express my conviction that the Science of Language will yet enable us to withstand the extreme theories of the evolutionists, and to draw a hard and fast line between spirit and matter, between man and brute.”

Professor Whitney will see, therefore, that all that can be said and be justly said, against treating the Science of Language as a purely physical science

was not so new to me as he expected; nay, his friends might possibly tell him that the *pro's* and *con's* of this question had been far more fully and fairly weighed before his own lectures were published than afterwards. A writer on this subject, if he wishes to win new laurels, must do more than furbish up old weapons, and fight against monsters which owe their existence to nothing but his own heated imagination.

#### IS GLOTTOLOGY A SCIENCE ?

His knowledge of the German language ought to have kept Professor Whitney from an insinuation that I had claimed for Glottology a place among the physical sciences, because I feared that otherwise the title of "science" would be altogether denied to my researches. Now whatever artificial restriction may have been forced on the term "science" in English and American, the corresponding term in German, *Wissenschaft*, has, as yet, resisted all such violence, and it was as a German that I ventured to call *Sprachwissenschaft* by its right name in English, and did not hesitate to speak even of a Science of Mythology, a Science of Religion, and a Science of Thought.

Finally, as to my wishing to smuggle in Glottology, and to secure for it at least some small corner in the circle of the Physical Sciences, I am afraid I cannot lay claim to such modesty. When at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1847, Bunsen claimed the establishment of a separate section for Ethnology, he said :—

"If man is the apex of creation, it seems right on the one side, that a historical inquiry into his origin and development

should never be allowed to sever itself from the general body of natural science, and, in particular, from physiology. But on the other hand, if man is the apex of creation, if he is the end to which all organic formations tend from the very beginning; if man is at once the mystery and the key of natural science; if that is the only view of natural science worthy of our age, then ethnologic philology, once established on principles as clear as the physiological are, is *the highest branch* of that science for the advancement of which this Association is instituted. It is not an appendix to physiology or to anything else; but its object is, on the contrary, capable of becoming the end and goal of the labors and transactions of a scientific association."

These words of my departed friend express better than anything which I can say, what I meant by claiming for the Science of Language and the Science of Man, a place among the physical sciences. By enlarging the definition of physical science so as to make it comprehend both Anthropology and Glottology, I thought I was claiming a wider scope and a higher dignity for physical science. The idea of calling language a vegetable, in order to smuggle it through the toll-bar of the physical sciences, certainly never entered my mind.

When one remembers how since 1847, man has become the central point of the discussions of the British Association year after year, Bunsen's words sound almost prophetic, and it might have been guessed, even in America, that the friend and pupil of Bunsen was not likely to abate much in his claims for the recognition of the Science of Man, as the highest of all sciences.

Have I done? Yes, I believe I have answered all that required an answer in Mr. Darwin's article, in Professor Whitney's new attack in the "Contemporary Review," and in his Lectures. But alas! there is still a page bristling with challenges.

Have I read not only his lectures, but all his controversial articles? No. Then I ought.

Have I quoted any passage from his writings to prove that the less he has thought on a subject, the louder he speaks? No. Then I ought.

Have I produced any proof that he wonders that no one answers his strictures? No. Then I ought.

He actually appeals to my honor. What can I do? I cannot say that I have since read all his controversial articles, but I have read a considerable number, and I frankly confess that on many points they have raised my opinion of Professor Whitney's acquirements. It is true, he is not an original worker, but he is a hard reader, and a very smart writer. The gall of bitterness that pervades all his writings, is certainly painful, but that concerns him far more than us.

#### LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT INSEPARABLE.

First then, I am asked to explain what I meant by saying that Professor Whitney speaks the loudest on subjects on which he has thought the least. I could best explain my meaning, if I were to collect all that Professor Whitney has written on the relation of language to thought. He certainly grows most boisterous in these latitudes, and yet he evidently has never, as yet, read up that subject, nay, he seems convinced that what has been written on it by such dreamers as Locke, Schelling, Hegel, Humboldt, Schopenhauer, Mansel, and others, deserves no consideration whatever. To maintain, what every one of these philosophers maintains, that a conception cannot be entertained without the support of a word, would be, according to the Yale Professor, the sheerest folly (p. 125),—"part of that superficial and

unsound philosophy which confounds and identifies speech, thought, and reason" (p. 439).

I can quite enter into these feelings, for I can still remember the mental effort that is required in order to surrender our usual view of language, as a mere sign or instrument of thought, and to recognize in it the realization of all conceptual thought. A mere dictionary would, no doubt, seem the best answer to those who hold that thought and language are inseparable, and to throw a stout Webster at our head might be considered by many as good a refutation of such sheer folly, as a slap in the face was supposed to be of Berkeley's idealism. However, Professor Whitney is an assiduous reader, and I do not at all despair that the time will come when he will see what these thinkers really mean by conceptual thought and by language, and I am quite prepared to hear him say that "he had known all that long ago, that any child knew it, that it was mere *bathos*, and that it was only due to a want of clear and definitive expression, or to a want of knowledge of English, excusable in a foreigner, if there had been so much darkening of counsel by words without thought." I shall then be told that:—

"I consulted excellent authorities, and I worked these up with a commendable degree of industry, but that I am wanting in the inner light . . . and have never gained a comprehension of the movements that go on in my own mind, without which real insight into the relation of language to thought is impossible" (p. 268).

#### PROFESSOR PRANTL ON THE REFORM OF LOGIC.

In order to accelerate that event, may I advise Professor Whitney to read some articles lately pub-

lished by Professor Prantl? Professor Prantl is *facile princeps* among German logicians, he is the author of the "History of Logic," and therefore perhaps even the American Professor will not consider him, as he does others who differ from him, as quite ignorant of the first rules of logic! At the meeting of the Royal Academy at Munich, March 6, 1875, Professor Prantl claimed permission, after having finished his "History of Logic," to lay some thoughts for the "Reform of Logic," before the members of that Academy, the very fundamental principle of that reform being

*The essential unity of thought and language.*

"Realized thought, or what others might call the realization of the faculty of thought, exists therefore in language only, and *vice versâ*, every element of language contains thought. Every kind of priority of real thought before its expression in language, is to be denied, as well as any separate existence of thought" (p. 181).

"In one sense I should not deny that there is something in animals which in a very high degree of elevation is called language in man. In recognition of the distance produced by this high degree of elevation, one can agree with Max Müller, that language is the true frontier between brute and man" (p. 168).

Or, if the Yale Professor wants a more popular treatment of the subject, he might read Dr. Loewe's essay on "The Simultaneity of the Genesis of Speech and Thought," also published this year. Dr. Loewe, too, avails himself gladly of the new results obtained by the Science of Language, and shows clearly that the origin of thought is the origin of language.

Every one who has to write on philosophical subjects in English, German, and French, or who has to superintend translations of what he has written into

other languages, must know how difficult it is to guard always against being misunderstood, but a reader familiar with his subject at once makes allowance for this; he does not raise clouds of dust for nothing. Observe the difference between some criticisms passed on what I had said, by Dr. Loewe, and by others. I had said in my Lectures (ii. 82):—

“It is possible, without language, to see, to perceive, to stare at, to dream about things; but, without words, not even such simple *ideas* as white or black can be for a moment realized.”

My German translator had rendered *ideas* by *Vorstellungen*, while I used the word in the sense of concept, *Begriff*. Dr. Loewe in commenting on this passage says:—

“If M. M. maintains that *Vorstellungen*, such as white and black, cannot be realized for a moment without words, he is right, but only if by *Vorstellung* he means *Begriff*. And this is clearly his meaning, because shortly before he had insisted on the fact that it was conceptual thought which is impossible without words. Were we to take his words literally, then it would be wrong, for sensuous images (*Sinnesbilder*), such as white and black, do not require words for their realization. One glance at the psychical life of animals would suffice to prove that sensuous representation (*Vorstellen*) can be carried out without language, for it is equally certain that animals have sensuous images as that they have no words.”

This is the language of a well-schooled philosopher, who cares for truth and not for controversy, *à tout prix*. Let us contrast it for a moment with the language of Professor Whitney (p. 249):—

“This may be taking a very high view of language; it certainly is taking a very low view of reason. If only that part of man’s superior endowments which finds its manifestation in language is to receive the name of reason, what shall we style the rest? We had thought that the love and intelligence, the soul, that looks out of a child’s eyes upon us to reward our care long before it begins to prattle, were also marks of reason,” etc.

This is a pretty domestic idyl, but the marvelous confusion between conceptual thought and the inarticulate signs of the affections, will, I fear, remind logicians of infantine prattle with no mark of reason about it, rather than of scientific argument.

It is quite clear, therefore, from this single specimen, that it would be impossible to argue with Professor Whitney on this subject. He returns to it again and again, his language grows stronger and stronger every time, yet all the time he speaks like a man whom nothing shall convince that the earth does move. He does not even know that he might have quoted very great authorities on his side of the question, only that they, knowing the bearings of the whole problem, speak of their antagonists with the respect due say by Nyâya to a Sânkhya philosopher, not with the contempt which a Brahman feels for a *Mlekkha*.

#### GRAMMATICAL BLUNDERS.

But let us take a subject where, at all events, it is possible to argue with the Professor — I mean Sanskrit Grammar — and we shall see again that he is most apodictic when he is least informed. He has criticised the first volume of my translation of the Rig-Veda. He dislikes it very much, and gives me very excellent advice as to what I ought to have done and what I ought not. He thinks I ought to have thought of the large public who want to know something of the Veda, and not of mere scholars. He thinks that the hymns addressed to the Dawn would have pleased the young ladies better than the hymns to the Stormgods, and he broadly hints that all the *pièces justificatives* which I give in my com-

mentary are *de trop*. A translation, such as Langlois', would, no doubt, have pleased him best. I do not object to his views, and I hope that he or his friends may some day give us a translation of the Rig-Veda, carried out in that spirit. I shall devote the remaining years of my life to carrying on what I ventured to call and still call the first *traduction raisonnée* of the Veda, on those principles which, after mature reflection, I adopted in the first volume, and which I still consider the only principles in accordance with the requirements of sound scholarship. The very reason why I chose the hymns to the Maruts was because I thought it was high time to put an end to the mere trifling with Vedic translation. They are, no doubt, the most difficult, the most rugged, and, it may be, the least attractive hymns, but they are on that very account an excellent introduction to a scholarlike study of the Veda. Mere guessing and skipping will not avail us here. There is no royal road to the discovery of the meaning of difficult words in the Veda. We must trace words of doubtful meaning through every passage where they occur, and we must give an account of their meaning by translating every passage that can be translated, marking the rest as, for the present, untranslatable. Boehtlingk and Roth's excellent Dictionary is the first step in that direction, and a most important step. But in it the passages have only undergone their first sifting and classifying; they are not translated, nor are they given with perfect completeness. Now if one single passage is left out of consideration in establishing the meaning of a word, the whole work has to be done again. It is only by adopting my own tedious, it may be, but

exhaustive method that a scholar may feel that whatever work he has done, it is done once for all.

On such questions, however, it is easy to write a great deal in general terms; though it is difficult to say anything on which all competent scholars are not by this time fully agreed. It is not for me to gainsay my American critic that my renderings into English, being those of a foreigner, are tame and spiritless, but I doubt, whether in a new edition I shall change my translation, "the lights in heaven shine forth," for what the American Professor suggests: "a sheen shines out in the sky," or "gleams glimmer in the sky."

All this, however, anybody might have written after dinner. But once at least Professor Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit in Yale, attempts to come to close quarters, and ventures on a remark on Sanskrit grammar. It is the only passage in all his writings, as far as I remember, where, instead of indulging in mere sheet lightning, he comes down upon me with a crashing thunderbolt, and points out a real grammatical blunder. He says it is —

"An extremely violent and improbable grammatical process to render *pari tasthushas*, as if the reading were *paritasthivâmsas*. The participial form *tasthushas* has no right to be anything but an accusative plural, or a genitive or ablative singular; let us have the authority for making a nominative plural of it, and treating *pari* as its prefix, and better authority than the mere dictum of a Hindu grammarian."

Those who are acquainted with Vedic studies know that Professor Benfey has been for years preparing a grammar of the Vedic dialect, and, as there is plenty of work for all workers, I purposely left the grammatical questions to him, confining myself in

my commentary to the most necessary grammatical remarks, and giving my chief attention to the meaning of words and the poetical conceptions of the ancient poets. If the use of the accusative form *tasthushas*, with the sense of a nominative, had been confined to the Veda, or had never been remarked on before, I ought, no doubt, to have called attention to it. But similar anomalous forms occur in Epic literature also, and more than that, attention had but lately been called to them by a very eminent Dutch scholar, Dr. Kern, who, in his translation of the *Brihat-Samhitâ*, remarks that the ungrammatical nom. plur. *vidushas* is by no means rare in the *Mahâbhârata* and kindred works. If Professor Whitney had only read as far as the eleventh hymn in the first book of the *Rig-Veda*, he would have met there in *abibhyushas* an undoubted nom. plur. in *ushas* : —

*tvám devâñ ábibhyushaṅ tudyámânâsaḥ ávishuḥ,*  
The gods, stirred up, came to thee, not fearing.

Now, I ask, was I so far wrong when I said that Professor Whitney speaks loudest when he knows least, and that in charging me, for once at least, with a tangible blunder, he only betrayed his ignorance of Sanskrit grammar? In former times a scholar, after such a misfortune, would have taken a vow of silence or gone into a monastery. What will Professor Whitney do? He will take a vow of speech, and rush into a North American Review.

#### HARD AND SOFT.

There are other subjects to which Professor Whitney has of late paid much more attention than to Sanskrit Grammar, and we shall find that on them he argues in a much gentler tone.

It is well known that Professor Whitney held curious views about the relation of vowels to consonants, and I therefore was not surprised to hear from him that "my view of the essential difference between vowels and consonants will not bear examination." He mixes up what I call the substance (breath and voice) with the form (squeezes and checks), and forgets that *in rerum naturá* there exist no consonants except as modifying the column of voice and breath, or as what Hindu grammarians call *vyaṅgana*, *i. e.*, determinants; and no vowels except as modified by consonants. In order to support the second part of this statement, *viz.*, that it is impossible to pronounce an initial vowel without a slight, and to many hardly perceptible, initial noise, the *coup de la glotte*, I had appealed to musicians who know how difficult it is, in playing on the flute or on the violin, to weaken or to avoid certain noises (*Ansatz*) arising from the first impulses imparted to the air, before it can produce really musical sensations. Professor Whitney, in quoting this paragraph, leaves out the sentence where I say that I want to explain the difficulty of pronouncing initial vowels without some *spiritus lenis*, and charges me with comparing all consonants with the unmusical noises of musical instruments. This was in 1866, whereas in 1854 I had said: "If we regard the human voice as a continuous stream of air, emitted as breath from the lungs and changed by the vibration of the *chordæ vocales* into vocal sound, as it leaves the larynx, this stream itself, as modified by certain positions of the mouth, would represent the vowels. In the consonants, on the contrary, we should have to recognize a number of stops opposing for a moment the free

passage of this vocal air." I ask any scholar or lawyer, what is one to do against such misrepresentations? How is one to qualify them, when to call them unintentional would be nearly as offensive as to call them intentional?

The greatest offense, however, which I have committed in his eyes is that I revived the old names of *hard* and *soft*, instead of *surd* and *sonant*. Now I thought that one could only revive what is dead, but I believe there is not a single scholar alive who does not use always or occasionally the terms *hard* and *soft*. Even Professor Whitney can only call these technical terms obsolescent; but he thinks my influence is so omnipotent that, if I had struck a stroke against these obsolescent terms, they would have been well nigh or quite finished. I cannot accept that compliment. I have tried my strokes against much more objectionable things than *hard* and *soft*, and they have not yet vanished. I know of no living philologist who does not use the old terms *hard* and *soft*, though everybody knows that they are imperfect. I see that Professor Pott<sup>1</sup> in one passage where he uses *sonant* thinks it necessary to explain it by *soft*. Why, then, am I singled out as the great criminal? I do not object to the use of *surd* or *sonant*. I have used these terms from the very beginning of my literary career, and as Professor Whitney evidently doubts my word, I may refer him to my *Proposals*, submitted to the Alphabetic Conferences in 1854. He will find that as early as that date, I already used *sonant*, though, like Pott, I explained this new term by the more familiar *soft*. If he will appeal to Professor Lepsius, he will hear how,

<sup>1</sup> *Etymologische Forschungen*, 1871, p. 78, tönende, *d. h.* weiche.

even at that time, I had translated for him the chapters of the Prâtisâkhyas, which explain the true structure of a physiological alphabet, and ascribe the distinction between k and g to the absence and presence of voice. I purposely avoided these new terms, because I doubted, and I still doubt, whether we should gain much by their adoption. I do not exactly share the misgivings that a *surd mute* might be mistaken for a *deaf and dumb* letter, but I think the name is awkward. *Voiced* and *voiceless* would seem much better renderings of the excellent Sanskrit terms *ghoshavat* and *aghosha*, in order to indicate that it is the presence and absence of the voice which causes their difference. Frequent changes in technical terms are much to be deprecated,<sup>1</sup> particularly if the new terms are themselves imperfect.

Every scholar knows by this time what is meant by *hard* and *soft*, viz., *voiceless* and *voiced*. The names *hard* and *soft*, though not perfect, have, like most imperfect names, some kind of excuse, as I tried to show by Czermak's experiments.<sup>2</sup> But while a good deal may be said for *soft* and *hard*, what excuse can be pleaded for such a term as *media*, meaning originally a letter between the *Psila* and the *Dasea*? Yet, would it be believed that this very term is used by Professor Whitney on the page following immediately after his puritanical sermon against my backslidings!

This gentle sermon, however, which Professor Whitney preaches at me, as if I were the Pope of Comparative Philologists, is nothing compared with what follows later. When he saw that the difference between *voiced* and *voiceless* letters was not so novel

<sup>1</sup> See p. 348.

<sup>2</sup> *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 157.

to me as he had imagined, that it was known to me even before I published the *Prâtisâkhya*, — nay, when I had told him that, to quote the words of Professor Brücke, the founder of scientific phonetics, —

“The medias had been classed as *sonant* in all the systems elaborated by the students of language who have studied comparative phonology,”

he does not hesitate to write as follows : —

“Professor Müller, like some other students of philology (who except Professor Whitney himself?) finds himself unable longer to resist the force of the arguments against *hard* and *soft*, and is convinced that *surd* and *sonant* are the proper terms to use; but, instead of frankly abandoning the one, and accepting the other in their place, he would fain make his hearers believe that he has always held and taught as he now wishes he had done. It is either a case of disingenuousness or of remarkable self-deception : there appears to be no third alternative.”

I call this a gentle reproof, as coming from Professor Whitney; but I must say at the same time that I seldom saw greater daring displayed, regardless of all consequences. The American captain sitting on the safety-valve to keep his vessel from blowing up, is nothing in comparison with our American Professor. I have shown that in 1854 the terms *surd* and *sonant* were no novelty to me. But as Professor Whitney had not yet joined our ranks at that time, he might very properly plead ignorance of a paper which I myself have declared antiquated by what I had written afterwards on the same subject. But will it be believed that in the very same lecture which he is criticising, there occurs the following passage (ii. p. 156:—

“What is it that changes k into g, t into d, p into b? B is called a media, a soft letter, a sonant, in opposition to P, which is called a tenuis, a hard letter, or a surd. But what is meant by these terms? A tenuis, we saw, was so called by the Greeks.

in opposition to the aspirates, the Greek grammarians wishing to express that the aspirates had a rough or shaggy sound, whereas the *tenues* were bald, slight, or thin. This does not help us much. *Soft* and *hard* are terms which, no doubt, express an outward difference of *b* and *p*, but they do not explain the cause of that difference. *Surd* and *sonant* are apt to mislead; for if, according to the old system both *p* and *b* continue to be classed as mute, it is difficult to see how, taking words in their proper sense, a mute letter could be sonant. . . . Both *p* and *b* are momentary negations of breath and voice; or, as the Hindu grammarians say, both are formed by complete contact. But *b* differs from *p* in so far as, in order to pronounce it, breath must have been changed by the glottis into voice, which voice, whether loud or whispered, partly precedes, partly follows the check."

And again : —

"But although the hardness and softness are secondary qualities of *tenues mediae*, of surd and sonant letters, the true physiological difference between *p* and *b*, *t* and *d*, *k* and *g*, is that in the former the glottis is wide open, in the latter narrowed, so as to produce either whispered or loud voice."

In my introduction to the "Outline Dictionary for Missionaries," published in 1867, I wrote : —

"Unfortunately, everybody is so familiar with his alphabet, that it takes some time to convince people that they know next to nothing about the true nature of their letters. Take even a scholar, and ask him what is *T*, and he may possibly say, a dental *tenuis*; ask him what is *D*, and he may reply, a dental *media*. But ask him what he really means by a *tenuis* or *media*, or what he considers the true difference between *T* and *D*, and he may probably say that *T* is hard and *D* is soft; or that *T* is sharp and *D* is flat; or, on the contrary, as some writers have actually maintained, that the sound of *D* requires a stronger impulse of the tongue than the sound of *T*: but we shall never get an answer that goes to the root of the matter, and lays hold of the mainspring and prime cause of all these secondary distinctions between *T* and *D*. If we consult Professor Helmholtz on the same subject, he tells us that 'the series of so-called

mediæ, b, d, g, differs from that of the tenues, p, t, k, by this, that for the former the glottis is, at the time of consonantal opening, sufficiently narrowed to enable it to sound, or at least to produce the noise of the *vox clandestina*, or whisper, while it is wide open with tenues, and therefore unable to sound. Mediæ are therefore accompanied by the tone of the voice, and this may even, where they begin a syllable, set in a moment before, and where they end a syllable, continue a moment after the opening of the mouth, because some air may be driven into the closed cavity of the mouth, and support the sound of the vocal chords of the larynx. Because of the narrowed glottis, the rush of the air is more moderate, the noise of the air less sharp than with the tenuis, so that a great mass of air may rush at once from the chest."

"This to many may seem strange and hardly intelligible. But if they find that, several centuries before our era, the Indian grammarians gave exactly the same definition of the difference between p, t, k, and b, d, g, such a coincidence may possibly startle them, and lead them to inquire for themselves into the working of that wonderful instrument by which we produce the various sounds of our alphabet."

If Professor Whitney asserts —

"That I *repeatedly* will not allow that the sonant letters *are* intonated, but only that they *may be* intonated,"

I have no answer but a direct negative. For me to say so, would be to run counter to all my own teaching, and if there is anywhere a passage that would admit of such a construction, Professor Whitney knows perfectly well that this could be due to nothing but an accidental want of precision in expressing myself. I know of no such passage.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Having still that kind of faith left, that a man could not willfully say a thing which he knows to be untrue, I looked again at every passage where I have dwelt on the difference between soft and hard consonants, and I think I may have found the passage which Professor Whitney grasped at, when he thought that I knew nothing of the difference between voiced and voiceless letters, until he had enlightened me on the subject. Speaking of letters, not as things by themselves, but as acts, I sometimes speak

In order to leave no doubt as to the real distinction between k, t, p and g, d, b, I quoted, for the satisfaction of Sanskrit scholars, the technical terms by which native grammarians define so admirably the process of their formation, the *vâhyaprayatna*, viz., *vivârasvâsâghoshâh*, and *samvâranâdaghoshâh*. Would it be believed that Professor Whitney accuses me of having invented these long Sanskrit terms, and to have appended them superfluously and pedantically, as he says, to each list of synonyms? "They are found in no Sanskrit grammarian," he says. Here again I have no answer but a direct negative. They are found in the native commentary on Pânini's Grammar, in Boehtlingk's edition, p. 4, and fully explained in the *Mahâbhâshya*.

If one has again and again to answer the assertions of a critic by direct negatives, is it to be wondered at that one rather shrinks from such encounters? I have for the last twenty years discussed these phonetic problems with the most competent authorities. Not trusting to my own knowledge of physiology and acoustics, I submitted everything that I had written

of the process that produces the hard consonant first, and then go on to say that it can be voiced, and be made soft. Thus when speaking of s and z, I say, the former is completely surd, the latter capable of intonation, and the same expression occurs again. Could Professor Whitney have thought that I meant to say that z was only capable of intonation, but was not necessarily intonated? I believe he did, for it is with regard to s and z that, as I see, he says, "it is a marvel to find men like Max Müller, in his last lectures about language, who still cling to the old view that a z, for instance, differs from s primarily by inferior force of utterance." Now, I admit that my expression, "capable of intonation" might be misunderstood, and might have misled a mere tiro in these matters, who alighted on this passage, without reading anything before or after. But that a professor in an American university could have taken my words in that sense is to me. I confess, a puzzle, call it intellectual or moral, as you like.

on the alphabet, before it was published, to the approval of such men as Helmholtz, Alexander Ellis, Professor Rolleston, and I hold their *vu et approuvé*. I had no desire, therefore, to discuss these questions anew with Professor Whitney, or to try to remove the erroneous views which, till lately, he entertained on the structure of a physiological alphabet. I believe Professor Whitney has still much to learn on this subject, and as I never ask anybody to read what I myself have written, still less to read it a second time, might I suggest to him to read at all events the writings of Brücke, Helmholtz, Czermak, to say nothing of Wheatstone, Ellis, and Bell, before he again descends into this arena? If he had ever made an attempt to master that one short quotation from Brücke, which I gave on p. 159, or even that shorter one from Czermak, which I gave on p. 143:—

“Die Reibungslaute zerfallen genau so wie die Verschlusslaute in *weiche* oder *tönende*, bei denen das Stimmritzengeräusch oder der laute Stimmton mitlautet, und in *harte* oder *tonlose*, bei denen der Kehlkopf absolut still ist,”

the theory which I followed in the classification both of the Checks and the Breathings would not have sounded so unintelligible to him as he says it did; he would have received some rays of that inner light on phonetics which he misses in my Lectures, and would have seen that besides the disingenuousness or the self-deception which he imputes to me, in order to escape from the perplexity in which he found himself, there was after all a third alternative, though he denies it, viz., his being unwilling to confess his own *ὄψιμαθία*.

## FIR, OAK, BEECH.

I now proceed to the next charge. I am told that I am in honor bound to produce a passage where Professor Whitney expressed his dissatisfaction at not being answered, or, as I had ventured to express it, considering the general style of his criticism, when he is angry that those whom he abuses, do not abuse him in turn. He is evidently conscious that there is some slight foundation for what I had said, for he says that if Steinthal thought he was angry, because "he (Mr. William Dwight Whitney) and his school" had not been refuted, instead of philosophers of the last century, he was mistaken. Yet what can be the meaning of this sentence, that "Professor Steinthal ought to have confronted *the living and aggressive* views of others," *i. e.*, of Mr. William Dwight Whitney and his school? (p. 365.)

However, I shall not appeal to that; I shall take a case which, in this tedious process of incrimination and recrimination, may perhaps revive for a moment the flagging interest of my readers.

I had in the second volume of my Lectures called attention to a curious parallelism in the changes of meaning in certain names of trees and in the changes of vegetation recorded in the strata of the earth. My facts were these. *Foraha* in Old High German, *Föhre* in modern German, *furh* in Anglo-Saxon, *fir* in English, signify the *pinus silvestris*. In the Lombard Laws the same word *ferehä* means oak, and so does its corresponding word in Latin, *quercus*.

Secondly, *φηγός* in Greek means oak, the corresponding word in Latin, *fagus*, and in Gothic, *bōka*, means beech.

That is to say, in certain Aryan languages we find

words meaning fir, assuming the meaning of oak ; and words meaning oak, assuming the name of beech.

Now in the North of Europe geologists find that a vegetation of fir exists at the lowest depth of peat deposits ; that this was succeeded by a vegetation of oak, and this by a vegetation of beech. Even in the lowest stratum a stone implement was found under a fir, showing the presence of human beings.

Putting these two sets of facts together, I said : Is it possible to explain the change of meaning in one word which meant fir and came to mean oak, and in another which meant oak and came to mean beech, by the change of vegetation which actually took place in early ages ? I said it was an hypothesis, and an hypothesis only. I pointed out myself all that seemed doubtful in it, but I thought that the changes of meaning and the parallel changes of vegetation required an explanation, and until a better one could be given, I ventured to suggest that such changes of meaning were as the shadows cast on language by real, though prehistoric, events.

I asked for an impartial examination of the facts I had collected, and of the theory I had based on them. What do I receive from Professor Whitney ? I must quote his *ipsissima verba*, to show the spirit that pervades his arguments : —

“ It will not be difficult,” he says, “ to gratify our author by refuting his hypothesis. Not the very slightest shade of plausibility, that we can discover, belongs to it. Besides the serious minor objections to which it is liable, it involves at least three impossible suppositions, either one of which ought to be enough to insure its rejection.

“ In the first place it assumes that the indications afforded by the peat-bogs of Denmark are conclusive as regards the condition of Europe — of all that part of it, at least, which is occu-

pied by the Germanic and Italic races; that, throughout this whole region, firs, oaks, and beeches have supplanted and succeeded each other, notwithstanding that we find all of them, or two of them, still growing peaceably together in many countries."

Here Professor Whitney is, as usual, ploughing with my heifer. I said:—

"I must leave it to the geologist and botanist to determine whether the changes of vegetation as described above, took place in the same rotation over the whole of Europe, or in the North only."

I had consulted several of my own geological friends, and they all told me that there was, as yet, no evidence in Central Europe and Italy of a succession of vegetation different from that in the North, and that, in the present state of geological science, they could say no more. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, I said, Let us wait and see; Professor Whitney says, Don't wait.

His second objection is his own, but hardly worthy of him.

"The hypothesis," he says, "assumes that the Germanic and Italic races, while they knew and named the fir-tree only, yet kept by them all the time, laid up in a napkin, the original term for oak, ready to be turned into an appellation for beech, when the oaks went out of fashion."

This is not so. The Aryan nations formed many new words, when the necessity for them arose. There was no difficulty in framing ever so many names for the oak, and there can be little doubt that the name *φηγός* was derived from *φάγω*, the oak tree being called *φηγός*, because it supplied food or mast for the cattle. If there remained some consciousness of this meaning among the Greeks, and the Italians, and Germans, then the transference of the name from the oak to the beech would become still more easily intelligible, be-

cause both the beech-nuts and the acorns supplied the ordinary mast for cattle.

Professor Whitney probably had misgivings that these two objections were not likely to carry much weight, so he adds a third.

“The hypothesis,” he says, “implies a method of transfer of names from one object to another which is totally inadmissible; this, namely — that, as the forest of firs gave way to that of oaks, the meaning of fir in the word *quercus* gave way to that of oak; and in like manner in the other case. Now if the Latins had gone to sleep some fine night under the shade of their majestic oaks, and had waked in the morning to find themselves *patulæ sub tegmine fagi*, they might naturally enough have been led, in their bewilderment, to give the old name to the new tree. But who does not see that, in the slow and gradual process by which, under the influence of a change of climatic conditions, one species of tree should come to prevail over another, the supplanter would not inherit the title of the supplanted, but would acquire one of its own, the two subsisting together during the period of the struggle, and that of the supplanted going out of use and memory as the species it designated disappeared?”

This objection was of course so obvious that I had thought it my duty to give a number of instances where old words have been transferred, not *per saltum*, but slowly and gradually, to new objects, such as *musket*, originally a dappled sparrow-hawk, afterwards a gun. Other instances might have been added, such as *θάπτω*, the Sanskrit *dah*, the latter meaning to burn, the former to bury. But the best illustrations are unintentionally offered by Professor Whitney himself. On p. 303 he alludes to the fact that the names *robin* and *blackbird* have been applied in America, for the sake of convenience, and under the government of old associations, to birds essentially unlike, or only superficially like, those to which they belong in the mother country. Of course, every

Englishman who settled in America knew that the bird he called *robin* was not the old Robin Redbreast he knew in England. Yet the two names co-existed for a time in literature, nay, they may still be said to co-exist in their twofold application, though, from a strictly American point of view, the supplanting American bird has inherited the title of the supplanted Cock-Robin of England.

Now, I ask, was there anything in these three cheap objections that required an answer? Two of them I had myself fully considered, the third was so flimsy that I thought no one would have dwelt on it. Anyhow, I felt convinced that every reader was competent to judge between Professor Whitney and myself, and it certainly never entered my mind that I was in honor bound, either to strike out my chapter on the Words for *Fir*, *Oak*, and *Beech*, or to fight.

Was I then so far wrong when I said that Professor Whitney cannot understand how anybody could leave what he is pleased to call his arguments, unheeded? Does he not express his surprise that in every new edition I adhere to my views on *Fir*, *Oak*, and *Beech*, though he himself had told me that I was wrong, and when he calls my expressed desire for real criticism a mere "rhetorical flourish," is this, according to the opinion of American gentlemen, or is it not, abuse?

#### EPITHETA ORNANTIA.

Professor Whitney's ideas of what is real criticism, and what is mere banter, personal abuse, or rudeness are indeed strange. He does not seem to be aware that his name has become a by-word, at least in Eu-

rope, and he defends himself against the charge of abusiveness with so much ardor that one sometimes feels doubtful whether it is all the mere rhetoric of a bad conscience, or a case of the most extraordinary self-deception. He declares in so many words that he was never personal (*Ich bestreite durchaus, dass was ich schrieb, im geringsten persönlich war*), and he immediately goes on to say that "Steinthal burst a two from anger and rancor, and his answer was a mere outpouring of abuse against his personality."

Now I am the last person or personality in the world to approve of the tone of Steinthal's answer, and if Professor Whitney asks why I had quoted it several times in public, it was because I thought it ought to be a warning to others. I think that all who are interested in maintaining certain civilized usages even in the midst of war, ought to protest against such a return to primitive savagery, and I am glad to find that my friend, Mr. Matthew Arnold, one of the highest authorities on the rules of literary warfare, entertains the same opinion, and has quoted what I had quoted from Professor Steinthal's pamphlet, together with other specimens of theological rancor, as extreme cases of bad taste.

I frankly admit, however, that, when I said that Steinthal had defended himself with the same weapons with which his American antagonist attacked him, I said too much. Professor Whitney does not proceed to such extremities as Professor Steinthal. But giving him full credit so far, I still cannot help thinking that it was a fight with poisoned arrows on one side, with clubs on the other. As Professor Whitney calls for proofs, here they are: —

Page 332. Why does he call Professor Steinthal, *Hajjim Steinthal*? Is that personal or not?

Page 335. "Professor Steinthal startles and rebuffs a commonsense inquirer with a reply from a wholly different and unexpected point of view; as when you ask a physician, 'Well, Doctor, how does your patient promise this morning?' and he answers, with a wise look and an oracular shake of the head, 'It is not given to humanity to look into futurity.' The effect is not destitute of the element of *bathos*." Is that personal?

Page 337. Steinthal's mode of arguing is "more easy and convenient than fair and ingenuous." Is that personal?

Page 338. "A mere verbal quibble."

Page 346. "The eminent psychologist may show himself a mere blunderer."

Page 356. "To our unpsychological apprehension, there is something monstrous in the very suggestion that a word is an act of the mind."

Page 357. "Prodigious . . . Chaotic nebulosity . . . We should not have supposed any man, at this age of the world, capable of penning the sentences we have quoted."

Page 359. "We are heartily tired of these comparisons that go limping along on one foot, or even on hardly the decent stump of a foot."

Page 363. "Can there be more utter mockery than this? We ask for bread, and a stone is thrown us."

Page 365. "He does not take the slightest notice of the *living* and *aggressive* views of others."

Page 366. "All this, again, is in our opinion very verbiage, mere turbid talk."

Page 367. "The statement is either a truism or falsity."

Page 372. "We must pronounce Professor Steinthal's attempt . . . a complete failure, a mere continuation of the same delusive reasonings by which he originally arrived at it."

Page 374. "We have found in his book nothing but mistaken facts and erroneous deductions."

If that is the language in which Professor Whitney speaks of one whom he calls —

"An eminent master in linguistic science, from whom he has derived great instruction and enlightenment," and "whose books he has constantly had upon his table,"

what can other poor mortals like myself expect? It is true he has avoided actionable expressions, while

Professor Steinthal has not, at least, according to German and English law. But suppose that hereafter, when certain small animals have crossed what he calls "the impervious distance," and acquired the power of language, they were to say, "We have only stung you, and you have killed us," would they obtain much commiseration?

I had collected a number of *epitheta ornantia* which I had gathered at random from Mr. Whitney's writings, such as *worthless, futile, absurd, ridiculous, superficial, unsound, high-flown, pretentious, disingenuous, false*, and I claimed the honor of every one of them having been presented to me as well as to other scholars by our American assailant. Here, for the first time, Professor Whitney seems staggered at his own vocabulary. However, he is never at a loss how to escape. "As the epithets are translated into German," he says, "he is quite unable to find the passages to which I may refer." This is feeble. However, without taxing his memory further, he says that he feels certain it must be a mistake, because he never could have used such language. He never in his life said anything personal, but criticised opinions only. This is "the language of simple-minded consciousness of rectitude."

What can I do? Professor Whitney ought to know his own writings better than I do, and nothing remains to me, in order to repel the gravest of all accusations, but to publish in the smallest type the following Spicilegium. I must add that in order to do this work once for all, I have complied with Professor Whitney's request, and read nearly all the articles with which he has honored every one of my writings, and in doing so I believe I have at last found the

key to much that seemed to me before almost inexplicable.

Formerly I had simply acquiesced in the statement made by one of his best friends, Professor Weber,<sup>1</sup> who, some ten years ago, when reproving Professor Whitney for the acrimony of his language, said :—

“I believe I am not wrong when I trace it to two causes: first, Professor Whitney found himself forced to acknowledge as erroneous and to withdraw several of his former views and assertions, which he had defended with great assurance, and this disturbed his equanimity; secondly, and still more, there were the miserable political circumstances of North America, which could not but exercise an irritating and galling effect on so warm a patriot as Whitney, an effect which was transferred unconsciously to his literary criticisms and polemics, whenever he felt inclined to it.”

These two scholars were then discussing the question, whether the Nakshatras or the Lunar Zodiac of the Hindus, should be considered as the natural discovery of the Brahmans, or as derived by them, one knows not how, from China, from Chaldæa, or from some other unknown country. They both made great efforts, Professor Weber chiefly in Sanskrit, Professor Whitney in astronomy, in order to substantiate their respective opinions. Professor Weber showed that Professor Whitney was not very strong in Sanskrit, Professor Whitney retaliated by showing that Professor Weber, as a philologue, had attempted to prove that the precession of the equinox was from West to East, and not from East to West. All this, at the time, was amusing to bystanders, but by this time both combatants have probably found out, that the hypothesis of a foreign origin of the Nakshatras, whether Chinese or Babylonian, was uncalled for, or,

<sup>1</sup> *Indische Studien*, x. 459.

at all events, is as uncertain to-day as it was ten years ago. I myself, not being an astronomer, had been content to place the evidence from Sanskrit sources before a friend of mine, an excellent astronomer at Oxford, and after discussing the question again and again with him, had arrived at the conviction that there was no excuse for so violent a theory as postulating a foreign origin of the simple triseindic division of the Nakshatra Zodiac. I quite admit that my practical knowledge of astronomy is very small,<sup>1</sup> but I do believe that my astronomical ignorance was an advantage rather than a disadvantage to me in rightly understanding the first glimmerings of astronomical ideas among the Hindus. Be that as it may, I believe that at the present moment few scholars of repute doubt the native origin

<sup>1</sup> When I saw how M. Biot, the great astronomer, treated Professor Weber *du haut en bas*, because, in criticising Biot's opinion he had shown some ignorance of astronomy, I said, from a kind of fellow-feeling: "Weber's Essays are very creditable to the author, and hardly deserved the withering contempt with which they were treated by Biot. I differ from nearly all the conclusions at which Professor Weber arrives, but I admire his great diligence in collecting the necessary evidence." Upon this the American gentleman reads me the following lesson: First of all, I am told that my statement involves a gross error of fact; I ought to have said, Weber's Essay, not Essays, because one of them, and the most important, was not published till after Biot's death. I accept the reproof, but I believe all whom it concerned knew what Essay I meant. But secondly, I am told that the epithet *withering* is only used by Americans when they intend to imply that, in their opinion, the subject of the contempt is withered, or ought to be withered by it. This may be so in American, but I totally deny that it is so in English. "Withering contempt," in English, means, as far as I know, a kind of silly and arrogant contempt, such, for instance, as Professor Whitney displays towards me and others, intended to annihilate us in the eyes of the public, but utterly harmless in its consequences. But let me ask the American critic what he meant when, speaking of Biot's treatment of Weber, he said, "Biot thought that Weber's opinions had been *whiffed* away by him as if unworthy of serious consideration. Does *whiff away* in America mean more or less than *withering*? What Professor Whitney should have objected to was the adverb *hardly*: I wish I had said *vix, et ne vix quidem*."

of the Nakshatras, and hardly one admits an early influence of Babylonian or Chinese science on India. I stated my case in the preface to the fourth volume of my edition of the Rig-Veda, and if anybody wishes to see what can be done by misrepresentation, let him read what is written there, and what Professor Whitney made of it in his articles in the "Journal of the American Oriental Society." His misunderstandings are so desperate, that he himself at times feels uneasy, and admits that a more charitable interpretation of what I wanted to say would be possible. When I saw this style of arguing, the utter absence of any regard for what was, or what might charitably be supposed to have been, my meaning, I made up my mind once for all, that that American gentleman should never have an answer from me, and in spite of strong temptation I kept my resolve till now. A man who could say of Lassen that his statements were "wholly and reprehensibly incorrect," because he said that Colebrooke had shown that the Arabs received their lunar mansions from the Hindus, was not likely to show mercy to any other German professor.

I find, however, by reading one of his Essays, that there is a more special reason why, in his repeated onslaughts on me, both before and after the Rebellion, "he thinks he may dispense with the ordinary courtesies of literary warfare." I may tell it in his own words: —

"Some one (I may add the name, now, it was the late Professor Goldstücker) falls fiercely upon the work of a company of collaborators; they unite in its defense; thereupon the aggressor reviles them as a mutual admiration society; and Müller repeats the accusation, giving it his own indorsement, and volunteering in addition that of another scholar.

I might possibly represent the case in a different light, but I am willing to accept the *acte d'accusation* as it comes from the hand of my accuser; nay more, I am quite ready to plead guilty to it. Only let me explain how I came to commit this great offense. What is here referred to must have happened more than ten years ago. Professor Goldstücker had criticised the Sanskrit Dictionary published by Professors Boehtlingk and Roth, and "the company of collaborators" had united in its defense, only, as Professor Whitney is authorized to assure us, "without any apparent or known concert." Professor Goldstücker was an old friend of mine, to whom in the beginning of my literary career at Berlin and in Paris, I was indebted for much personal kindness. He helped me when no one else did, and many a day, and many a night too, we had worked together at the same table, he encouraging me to persevere when I was on the point of giving up the study of Sanskrit altogether. When Professor Goldstücker came to England, he undertook a new edition of Wilson's "Sanskrit Dictionary," and he very soon became entangled in a controversy with "the company of collaborators" of another Sanskrit dictionary, published at the expense of the Russian Academy. I do not defend him, far from it. He had a weakness very common among scholars;—he could not bear to see a work praised beyond its real merits, and he thought it was his duty to set everything right that seemed to him wrong. He was very angry with me, because I would not join in his condemnation of the St. Petersburg dictionary. I could not do that, because, without being blind to its defects, I considered it a most valuable performance, highly creditable to all its collabo-

rators; nay, I felt bound to say so publicly in England, because it was in England that this excellent work had been unduly condemned. This embittered my relations with Professor Goldstücker, and when the attacks by the company of collaborators on him grew thicker and thicker, while I was treated by them with the greatest civility, he persuaded himself that I had taken part against him, that I had in fact become a sleeping partner in what was then called the "International Praise Insurance Society." To show him once for all that this was not the case, and that I was perfectly independent of any company of collaborators, I wrote what I wrote at the time. Nor did I do so without having had placed before me several reviews, which certainly seemed to give to the old saying *laudari a viro laudato* a novel meaning. Having done what I thought I was bound to do for an old friend, I was perfectly prepared to take the consequences of what might seem a rash act, and when I was twitted with having done so anonymously, I, of course, thought it my duty to reprint the article, at the first opportunity, with my name. Now let it be borne in mind that one of the chief culprits, nay, as appeared afterwards, the most eager mischief-maker, was Professor Whitney himself, and let us now hear what he has to say. As if he himself were entirely unconcerned in the matter, instead of having been the chief culprit, he speaks of "cool effrontery;" "magisterial assumption, towards a parcel of naughty boys caught in their naughtiness;" "most discreditable;" "the epithet outrageous is hardly too strong." Here his breath fails him, and, fortunately for me, the climax ends. And this, we are asked to believe, is not loud and boisterous

but gentle and calm: it is in fact "the language of simple-minded consciousness of rectitude!"

These gentle onslaughts were written and published by Professor Whitney ten years ago. I happen to know that a kind of *colportage* was established to send his articles to gentlemen whom they would not otherwise have reached. I was told again and again, that I ought to put an end to these maneuvers, and yet, during all these years, I thought I could perfectly well afford to take no notice of them. But when after such proceedings Professor Whitney turns round, and challenges me before a public which is not acquainted with these matters, to produce any of the *epitheta ornantia* I had mentioned as having been applied by him to me, to Renan, to Schleicher, to Oppert, to Bleek, nay, even to Bopp and Burnouf and Lassen, when with all "the simple-minded consciousness of rectitude" he declares, that he was never personal, then I ask, Could I remain silent any longer?

How hard Professor Whitney is driven in order to fix any real blame on me, may be seen from what follows. The article in which the obnoxious passage which, I was told, deprived me of any claim to the amenities of literary intercourse occurs, had been reprinted in the "Indische Studien," before I reprinted it in the first volume of "Chips." In reprinting it myself, I had rewritten parts of it, and had also made a few additions. In the "Indische Studien," on the contrary, it had been reprinted in its original form, and had besides been disfigured by several inaccuracies or misprints. Referring to these, I had said that it had been, as usual, very incorrectly reprinted. Let

us hear what an American pleader can make out of this : —

“ In this he was too little mindful of the requirements of fair dealing ; for he leaves any one who may take the trouble to turn to the ‘ Indische Studien,’ and compare the version there given with that found among the ‘ Chips,’ to infer that all the discordances he shall discover are attributable to Weber’s incorrectness, whereas they are in fact mainly alterations which Müller has made in his own reprint ; and the real inaccuracies are perfectly trivial in character and few in number — such printer’s blunders as are rarely avoided by Germans who print English, or by English who print German. We should doubtless be doing Müller injustice if we maintained that he deliberately meant Weber to bear the odium of all the discrepancies which a comparer might find ; but he is equally responsible for the result, if it is owing only to carelessness on his part.”

What will the intelligent gentlemen of the jury say to this ? Because I complained of such blunders as altars being “ construed,” instead of “ constructed,” “ enlightened ” instead of “ enlightened,” “ gratulate ” instead of “ congratulate,” and similar inaccuracies, occurring in an unauthorized reprint of my article, therefore I really wanted to throw the odium of what I had myself written in the original article, and what was, as far as the language was concerned, perfectly correct, on Professor Weber. Can forensic ingenuity go further ? If America possesses many such powerful pleaders, we wonder how life can be secure.

Having thus ascertained whence *illæ lacrumæ*, I must now produce a small bottle at least of the tears themselves which Professor Whitney has shed over me, and over men far better than myself, all of which, he says, were never meant to be personal, and most of which have evidently been quite dried up in his memory.

I begin with Bopp. "Although his mode of working is wonderfully genial, his vision of great acuteness, and his instinct a generally trustworthy guide, he is liable to wander far from the safe track, and has done not a little labor over which a broad and heavy mantle of charity needs to be drawn" (I. 208).

M. Renan and myself have "committed the very serious error of inverting the mutual relation of dialectic variety and uniformity of speech, thus turning topsy-turvy the whole history of linguistic development. . . . It may seem hardly worth while to spend any effort in refuting an opinion of which the falsity will have been made apparent by the exposition already given" (p. 177).

In another place (p. 284) M. Renan is told that his objection to the doctrine of a primitive Indo-European monosyllabism is noticed, not for any cogency which it possesses, but only on account of the respectability of M. Renan.

Lassen and Burnouf, who thought that the geographical reminiscences in the first chapter of the *Vendidad* had a historical foundation, are told that their "claim is baseless, and even preposterous" (p. 201). Yet what Professor Whitney's knowledge of Zend must be, we may judge from what he says of Burnouf's literary productions. "It is well known," he says, "that the great French scholar produced *two or three bulky volumes* upon the *Avesta*." I know of *one* bulky volume only, "*Commentaire sur la Yaçna*," tome i., Paris, 1833, but that may be due to my lamentable ignorance.

"Professor Oppert simply exposes himself in the somewhat ridiculous attitude of one who knocks down, with gestures of awe and fright, a tremendous man of straw of his own erecting (I. 218). His erroneous assumptions will be received with most derisive incredulity (I. 221); the incoherence and aimlessness of his reasonings (I. 223); an ill-considered tirade, a tissue of misrepresentations of linguistic science (I. 237). He cannot impose upon us by his authority, nor attract us by his eloquence: his present essay is as heavy in style, as loose and vague in expression, unsound in argument, arrogant in tone" (I. 238). The motive imputed to Professor Oppert in writing his *Essay* is that "he is a Jew, and wanted to stand up for the Shemites."

If Professor Oppert is put down as a Shemite, Dr. Bleek is sneered at as a German. "His work is written with much apparent profundity, one of a class, not quite unknown in Ger-

many, in which a minimum of valuable truth is wrapped up in a maximum of sonating phraseology" (I. 292). Poor Germany catches it again on page 315. "Even, or especially in Germany," we are told, "many an able and acute scholar seems minded to indemnify himself for dry and tedious grubbing among the roots and forms of Comparative Philology by the most airy ventures in the way of constructing Spanish castles of linguistic science."

In his last work Professor Whitney takes credit for having at last rescued the Science of Language from the incongruities and absurdities of European scholars.

Now on page 119 Professor Whitney very properly reproves another scholar, Professor Goldstücker, for having laughed at the *German* school of Vedic interpretation. "He emphasizes it," he says, "dwells upon it, reiterates it three or four times in a paragraph, as if there lay in the words themselves some potent argument. Any uninformed person would say, we are confident, that he was making an unworthy appeal to English prejudice against foreign men and foreign ways." Professor Whitney finishes up with charging Professor Goldstücker, who was himself a German — I beg my reader's pardon, but I am only quoting from a North American Review — with "fouling his own nest." Professor Whitney, I believe, studied in a German university. Did he never hear of a 'cute little bird, who does to the nest in which he was reared, what he says Professor Goldstücker did to his own?

Χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Γάλδστυκρε, καὶ εἰν Ἀἴδαο δόμοισιν  
 Πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τοι τελέω, τὰ πάροικεν ὑπέστην.

Haeckel is called a headlong Darwinian (I. 293), Schleicher is infected with Darwinism (I. 294), "he represents a false and hurtful tendency (I. 298), he is blind to the plainest truths, and employs a mode of reasoning in which there is neither logic nor common sense (I. 323). His essays are unsound, illogical, untrue; but there are still incautious sciolists by whom every error that has a great name attached to it is liable to be received as pure truth, and who are ever specially attracted by good hearty paradoxes" (I. 330).

I add a few more references to the *epitheta ornantia* which I was charged with having invented. "Utter futility" (p. 36); "meaningless and futile" (p. 152); "headlong materialist" (p. 153);

“better humble and true (Whitney) than high-flown, pretentious, and false” (not-Whitney, p. 434); “simply and solely nonsense” (I. 255); “darkening of counsel by words without knowledge” (I. 255); “rhetorical talk” (I.723); “flourish of trumpets, lamentable (not to say) ridiculous failure” (I. 277).

What a contrast between the rattling discharges of these *mitrailleuses* at the beginning of the war, and the whining and whimpering assurance now made by the American professor, that he never in his life said anything personal or offensive!

#### WHY I OUGHT NOT TO HAVE ANSWERED.

Having taken the trouble of collecting these spent balls from the various battlefields of the American general, I hope that even Professor Whitney will no longer charge me with having spoken without book. As long as he cited me before the tribunal of scholars only, I should have considered it an insult to them to suppose that they could not, if they liked, form their own judgment. For fifteen years have I kept my fire, till, like a Chinese juggler, Professor Whitney must have imagined he had nearly finished my outline on the wall with the knives so skillfully aimed to miss me. But when he dragged me before a tribunal where my name was hardly known, when he thought that by catching the *aura popularis* of Darwinism, he could discredit me in the eyes of the leaders of that powerful army, when he actually got possession of the pen of the son, fondly trusting it would carry with it the weight of the father, then I thought I owed it to myself, and to the cause of truth and its progress, to meet his reckless charges by clear rebutting evidence. I did this in my “Answer to Mr. Darwin,” and as I did it, I did it thor-

oughly, leaving no single charge unanswered, however trifling. At the same time, while showing the unreasonableness of his denunciations, I could not help pointing out some serious errors into which Professor Whitney had fallen. Some thrusts can only be parried by *a-tempo* thrusts.

Professor Whitney, like an experienced advocate, passes over in silence the most serious faults which I had pointed out in his "Lectures," and after he has attempted — with what success, let others judge — to clear himself from a few, he turns round, and thinks it best once for all to deny my competency to judge him. And why?

"I do not consider Professor Müller capable of judging me justly," he says. And why? "Because I have felt moved, on account of his extraordinary popularity and the exceptional importance attached to his utterances, to criticise him more frequently than anybody else."

Is not this the height of forensic ingenuity? Because A has criticised B, therefore B cannot criticise A justly. In that case A has indeed nothing to do but to criticise B C D to Z, and then no one in the world can criticise him justly. I have watched many controversies, I have observed many stratagems and bold movements to cover a retreat, but nothing to equal this. Professor Pott was very hard on Professor Curtius, but he did not screen himself by denying to his adversary the competency to criticise him in turn. What would Newman have said, if Kingsley had tried to shut him up with such a remark, a remark really worthy of one literary combatant only the famous Pastor Goeze, the critic of Lessing?

What would even Professor Whitney think, if I were to say that, because I have criticised his "Lec-

tures," he could not justly criticise my "Sanskrit Grammar?" He might not think it good taste to publish an advertisement to dissuade students in America from using my grammar; he might think it unworthy of himself and dishonorable to institute comparisons, the object of which would be too transparent in the eyes even of his best friends in Germany. Mr. Whitney has lived too long in Germany not to know the saying, *Man merkt die Absicht und man wird verstimmt*. But should I ever say that he was incompetent to criticise my "Sanskrit Grammar" justly? Certainly not. All that I might possibly venture to say is, that before Professor Whitney undertakes to criticise my own or any other Sanskrit grammar, he should look at § 84 of my grammar, and practice that very simple rule, that if Visarga is preceded by *a*, and followed by *a*, the Visarga is dropt, *a* changed to *o*, and the initial vowel elided. If with this rule clearly impressed on his memory, he will look at his edition of the Atharva-Veda Prâtisâkhya, I. 33, then perhaps, instead of charging Hindu grammarians in his usual style with "opinions obviously and grossly incorrect and hardly worth quoting," he might discover that eke sprishtam could only have been meant in the MSS. for eke's prish tam, and that the proper translation was not that vowels are formed *by contact*, but that they are formed *without contact*. Instead of saying that none of the other Prâtisâkhyas favors this opinion, he would find the same statement in the Rig-Veda Prâtisâkhya, Sûtra 719, page cclxi of my edition, and he might perhaps say to himself, that before criticising Sanskrit grammars, it would be useful to learn at least the phonetic rules. I had

pointed out this slip before, in the second edition of my "Sanskrit Grammar;" but, as to judge from an article of his on the accent, Professor Whitney has not seen that second edition (1870), which contains the Appendix on the accent in Sanskrit, I beg leave to call his attention to it again.

#### WHY I OUGHT TO BE GRATEFUL.

I am glad to say that we now come to a more amusing part of this controversy. After I had been told that because I was attacked first, therefore I was not able to criticise Professor Whitney's writings justly, I am next told that I ought to be very grateful for having been attacked, nay, I am told that, in my heart of hearts, I am really very grateful indeed. I must quote this passage in full:—

"During the last eight years I have repeatedly taken the opportunity accurately to examine and frankly to criticise the views of others and the arguments by which they were supported. I have done this more particularly against eminent and famous men whom the public has accustomed itself to regard as guides in matters referring to the Science of Language. What unknown and uncared for people say, is of no consequence whatever; but if Schleicher and Steinthal, Renan and Müller, teach what to me seems an error, and try to support it by proofs, then surely I am not only justified, but called upon to refute them, if I can. Among these students the last-named seems to be of different opinion. In his article, 'My Reply to Mr. Darwin,' published in the March number of the 'Deutsche Rundschau,' he thinks it necessary to read me a severe lecture on my presumption, although he also flatters me by the hint that my custom of criticising the most eminent men only is appreciated, and those whom I criticise feel honored by it."

I confess when I read this, I wished I had really paid such a pretty compliment to my kind critic, but looking through my article from beginning to end, I

find no hint anywhere that could bear so favorable an interpretation, unless it is where I speak of "the noble army of his martyrs," and of the untranslated remark of Phocion, which he may have taken for a compliment. In saying that it was acknowledged to be an honor to be attacked by him, Professor Whitney was, no doubt, thinking of the words of Ovid, *Summa petunt dextra fulmina missa Jovis*, and I am not going in future to deny him the title of the Jovial and Olympian critic, nor should I suggest to him to read the line in Ovid immediately preceding the one quoted. Against one thing only I must protest. Though the last named, I am surely not, as he boldly asserts, the only one of the four *sommités* struck by his Olympian thunderbolts, who have humbly declined too frequent a repetition of his celestial favors. Schleicher, no doubt, was safe, for alas, he is dead! But Steinthal surely has uttered rather Promethean protests against the Olympian,—

Οἷδ' ὅτι τραχὺς καὶ παρ' ἑαυτῷ  
τὸ δίκαιον ἔχων Ζεὺς· ἀλλ' ἔμπας  
μαλακογνώμων  
ἔσται ποθ', ὅταν ταύτη ραισθῆ·

and as to M. Renan, does his silence mean more than —

Ἔμολ δ' ἔλασσον Ζηνὸς ἢ μηδὲν μέλει

I confess, then, frankly that, in my heart of hearts, I am not grateful for these cruel kindnesses, and if he says that the other Serene Highnesses have been less ungrateful than I am, I fear this is again one of his over-confident assertions. My publishers in America may be grateful to him, for I am told that, owing to Professor Whitney's articles, much more interest in my works has been excited in America

than I could ever have expected. But I cannot help thinking that by the line of action he has followed, he has done infinite harm to the science which we both have at heart. In order to account somehow or other for his promiscuous onslaughts, he now tells Mr. Darwin and his friends that in the Science of Language all is chaos. That is not so, unless Mr. Whitney is here using chaos in a purely subjective sense. There are differences of opinion, as there are in every living and progressive science, but even those who differ most widely, perfectly understand and respect each other, because they know that, from the days of Plato and Aristotle, men who start from different points, arrive at different conclusions, particularly when the highest problems in every science are under consideration. I do not agree with Professor Steinthal, but I understand him; I do not agree with Dr. Bleek, but I respect him; I differ most of all from Schleicher, but I think that an hour or two of private conversation, if it were possible still, would have brought us much nearer together. At all events, in reading any of their books, I feel interested, I breathe a new atmosphere, I get new ideas, I feel animated and invigorated. I have now read nearly all that Professor Whitney has written on the Science of Language, and I have not found one single new fact, one single result of independent research, nay, not even one single new etymology, that I could have added to my Collectanea. If I am wrong, let it be proved. That language is an institution, that language is an instrument, that we learn our language from our mothers, as they learned it from their mothers and so on till we come to Adam and Eve, that language is meant for communication, all this

surely had been argued out before, and with arguments, when necessary, as strong as any adduced by Professor Whitney.

Professor Whitney may not be aware of this, or have forgotten it; but a fertile writer like him ought at all events to have a good memory. In his reply, p. 262, he tells us, for instance, as one of his latest discoveries, that in studying language, we ought to begin with modern languages, and that when we come to more ancient periods, we should always infer similar causes from similar effects, and never admit new forces or new processes, except when those which we know prove totally inefficient. In my own Lectures I had laid it down as one of the fundamental principles of the Science of Language that "what is real in modern formations must be admitted as possible in ancient formations, and that what has been found true on a small scale may be true on a larger scale." I had devoted considerable space to the elucidation of this principle, and what did Professor Whitney write at that time (1865)?

"The conclusion sounds almost like a bathos; we should have called these, not fundamental principles, but obvious considerations, which hardly required any illustration" (p. 243).

Here is another instance of failure of memory. He assures us:—

"That he would never venture to charge anybody with being influenced in his literary labors by personal vanity and a desire of notoriety, except perhaps after giving a long string of proofs—nay, not even then" (p. 274).

Yet it was he who said of (I. 131) the late Professor Goldstücker that—

"Mere denunciation of one's fellows and worship of Hindu predecessors do not make one a Vedic scholar,"

and that, after he had himself admitted that "no one would be found to question his (Professor Goldstücker's) immense learning, his minute accuracy, and the sincerity and intensity of his convictions."

By misunderstanding and sometimes, unless I am greatly mistaken, willfully closing his eyes to the real views of other scholars, Professor Whitney has created for himself a rich material for the display of his forensic talents. Like the poor Hindu grammarian, we are first made to say the opposite of what we said, and are then brow-beaten as holding opinions "obviously and grossly incorrect and hardly worth quoting." All this is clever, but is it right? Is it even wise?

Much of what I have here written sounds very harsh, I know; but what is one to do? I have that respect for language and for my friends, and, may I add, for myself, to avoid harsh and abusive words, as much as possible. I do not believe in the German saying, *Auf einen groben Klotz gehört ein grober Keil*. I have tried hard, throughout the whole of my literary career, and even in this "Defense," not to use the weapons that have been used against me during so many years of almost uninterrupted attacks. Much is allowed, however, in self-defense that would be blamable in an unprovoked attack, and if I have used here and there the cool steel, I trust that clean wounds, inflicted by a sharp sword, will heal sooner than gashes made with rude stones and unpolished flints.

Professor Whitney might still, I feel convinced, do some very useful work, as the apostle of the Science of Language in America, if only, instead of dealing in general theories, he would apply himself to a crit-

ical study of scientific facts, and if he would not consider it his peculiar calling to attack the personal character of other scholars. If he must needs criticise, would it be quite impossible for him, even in his character of Censor, to believe that other scholars are as honest as himself, as independent, as outspoken, as devoted at all hazards to the cause of truth? Does he really believe in his haste that all men who differ from him, or who tell him that he has misapprehended their teaching, are humbugs, pharisees, or liars? Professor Steinthal was a great friend of his, does he imagine that his violent resentment was entirely unprovoked? I have had hundreds of reviews of my books, some written by men who knew more, some by men who knew less than myself. Both classes of reviews proved very useful, but, beyond correcting matters of fact, I never felt called upon to answer, or to enter into personal recriminations with any one of my reviewers. We should not forget that, after all, reviews are written by men, and that there are often very tangible reasons why the same book is fiercely praised and fiercely abused. No doubt, every writer who believes in the truth of his opinions, wishes to see them accepted as widely as possible; but reviews have never been the most powerful engines for the propaganda of truth, and no one who has once known what it is to feel one's self face to face with Truth, would for one moment compare the applause of the many with the silent approval of the still small voice of conscience within. Why do we write? Chiefly, I believe, because we think we have discovered facts unknown to others, or arrived at opinions opposed to those hitherto held. Knowing the effort one has made one's self in shaking off old opinions or accepting

new facts, no student would expect that everybody else would at once follow his lead. Indeed, we wish to differ from certain authorities, we wish to be criticised by them ; their opposition is far more important, far more useful, far more welcome to us, than their approval could ever be. It would be an impossible task were we to attempt to convert personally every writer who still differs from us. Besides, there is no wheat without bran, and nothing is more instructive than to watch how the millstones of public opinion slowly and noiselessly separate the one from the other. I have brought my harvest, such as it was, to the mill : I do not cry out when I see it ground. From my peers I have received the highest rewards which a scholar can receive, rewards far, far above my deserts ; the public at large has treated me no worse than others ; and, if I have made some enemies, all I can say is, I do not envy the man who in his passage through life has made none.

Even now, though I am sorry for what Professor Whitney has done, I am not angry with him. He has great opportunities in America, but also great temptations. There is no part of the civilized world where a scholar might do more useful work than in America, by the bold and patient exploration of languages but little known, and rapidly disappearing. Professor Whitney may still do for the philology of his country what Dr. Bleek has done for the languages of Africa at the sacrifice of a lifelong expatriation, alas ! I have just time to add, at the sacrifice of his life.

But I admit that America has also its temptations. There are but few scholars there who could or would check Professor Whitney, even in his wildest moods

of asseveration, and by his command of a number of American papers, he can easily secure to himself a temporary triumph. Yet, I believe, he would find a work, such as Bancroft's "On the Native Races of the Pacific States of North America," a far more useful contribution to our science, and a far more permanent monument of his life, than reviews and criticisms, however brilliant and popular.

It was because I thought Professor Whitney capable of rendering useful service to the Science of Language in America that I forbore so long, that I never for years noticed his intentional rudeness and arrogance, that I received him, when he called on me at Oxford, with perfect civility, that I assisted him when he wanted my help in procuring copies of MSS. at Oxford. I could well afford to forget what had happened, and I tried for many years to give him credit for honorable, though mistaken, motives in making himself the mouthpiece of what he calls the company of collaborators.

In fact, if he had arraigned me again and again before a tribunal of competent judges, I should gladly have left my peers to decide between me and my American traducer. But when he cleverly changed the venue and brought his case before a tribunal where forensic skill was far more likely to carry the day than complicated evidence that could be appreciated by a special jury only, then, at last, I had to break through my reserve. It was not exactly cowardice that had kept me so long from encountering the most skillful of American swordsmen, but when the duel was forced upon me, I determined it should be fought out once for all.

I might have said much more; in fact, I had

written much more than what I here publish in self-defense, but I wished to confine my reply as much as possible to bare facts. Professor Whitney has still to learn, it seems, that in a duel, whether military or literary, it is the bullets which hit, not the smoke, or the report, however loud. I do not flatter myself that with regard to theories on the nature of language or the relation between language and thought there ever will be perfect unanimity among scholars, but as to my bullets or my facts, I believe the case is different. I claim no infallibility, however, and would not accept the papal tiara among comparative philologists, even though it was offered me in such tempting terms by the hands of Professor Whitney. In order, therefore, to satisfy Mr. Darwin, Professor Haeckel, and others whose good opinion I highly value, because I know that they care for truth far more than for victory, I now appeal to Professor Whitney to choose from among his best friends three who are *Professores ordinarii* in any university of England, France, Germany, or Italy, and by their verdict I promise to abide. Let them decide the following points as to simple matters of fact, the principal bones of contention between Professor Whitney and myself:—

1. Whether the Latin of the inscription on the Duilian Column represents the Latin as spoken in 263 B. C. (p. 430);
2. Whether Ahura-Mazda can be rendered by “the mighty spirit” (p. 430);
3. Whether *sarvanâman* in Sanskrit means “name for everything” (p. 430);
4. Whether Professor Whitney knew that the Phœnician alphabet had by Rougé and others been

- traced back to an Egyptian source (pp. 430, 450, 468) ;
5. Whether Professor Whitney thought that the words *light*, *alight*, and *delight* could be traced to the same source (p. 467) ;
  6. Whether in the passages pointed out on p. 434, Professor Whitney contradicts himself or not ;
  7. Whether he has been able to produce any passage from my writings to substantiate the charge that in my Lectures I was impelled by an overmastering fear lest man should lose his proud position in the creation (p. 435) ;
  8. Whether there are *verbatim* coincidences between my Lectures and those of Professor Whitney (pp. 425, 470-474) ;
  9. Whether I ever denied that language was made through the instrumentality of man (p. 470) ;
  10. Whether I had or had not fully explained under what restrictions the Science of Language might be treated as one of the physical sciences, and whether Professor Whitney has added any new restrictions (pp. 422 seq., 475 seq.) ;
  11. Whether Professor Whitney apprehended in what sense some of the greatest philosophers declared conceptual thought impossible without language (p. 484) ;
  12. Whether the grammatical blunder, with regard to the Sanskrit *pari tasta shas* as a nominative plur., was mine or his (p. 490) ;
  13. Whether I had not clearly defined the difference between hard and soft consonants long before Professor Whitney, and whether he has not

- misrepresented what I had written on the subject (p. 490) ;
14. Whether in saying that the soft consonants can be intonated, I could have meant that they may or may not be intonated (p. 497) ;
  15. Whether I invented the terms *vivâra s vâs â-ghosh âh* and *samvâran âdaghosh âh*, and whether they are to be found in no Sanskrit grammarian (p. 498) ;
  16. Whether I was right in saying that Professor Whitney had complained about myself and others not noticing his attacks, and whether his remarks on my chapter on Fir, Oak, and Beech required being noticed (p. 500) ;
  17. Whether I had invented the *Epitheta ornantia* applied by Professor Whitney to myself and other scholars, or whether they occur in his own writings (p. 504) ;
  18. Whether E. Burnouf has written two or three bulky volumes on the Avesta, or only one (p. 515) ;
  19. Whether Professor Whitney made a grammatical blunder in translating a passage of the Atharva-Veda Prâtisâkhya, and on the strength of it charged the Hindu grammarian with holding opinions " obviously and grossly incorrect, and hardly worth quoting " (p. 519) ;
  20. Whether Professor Whitney has occasionally been forgetful (p. 523).

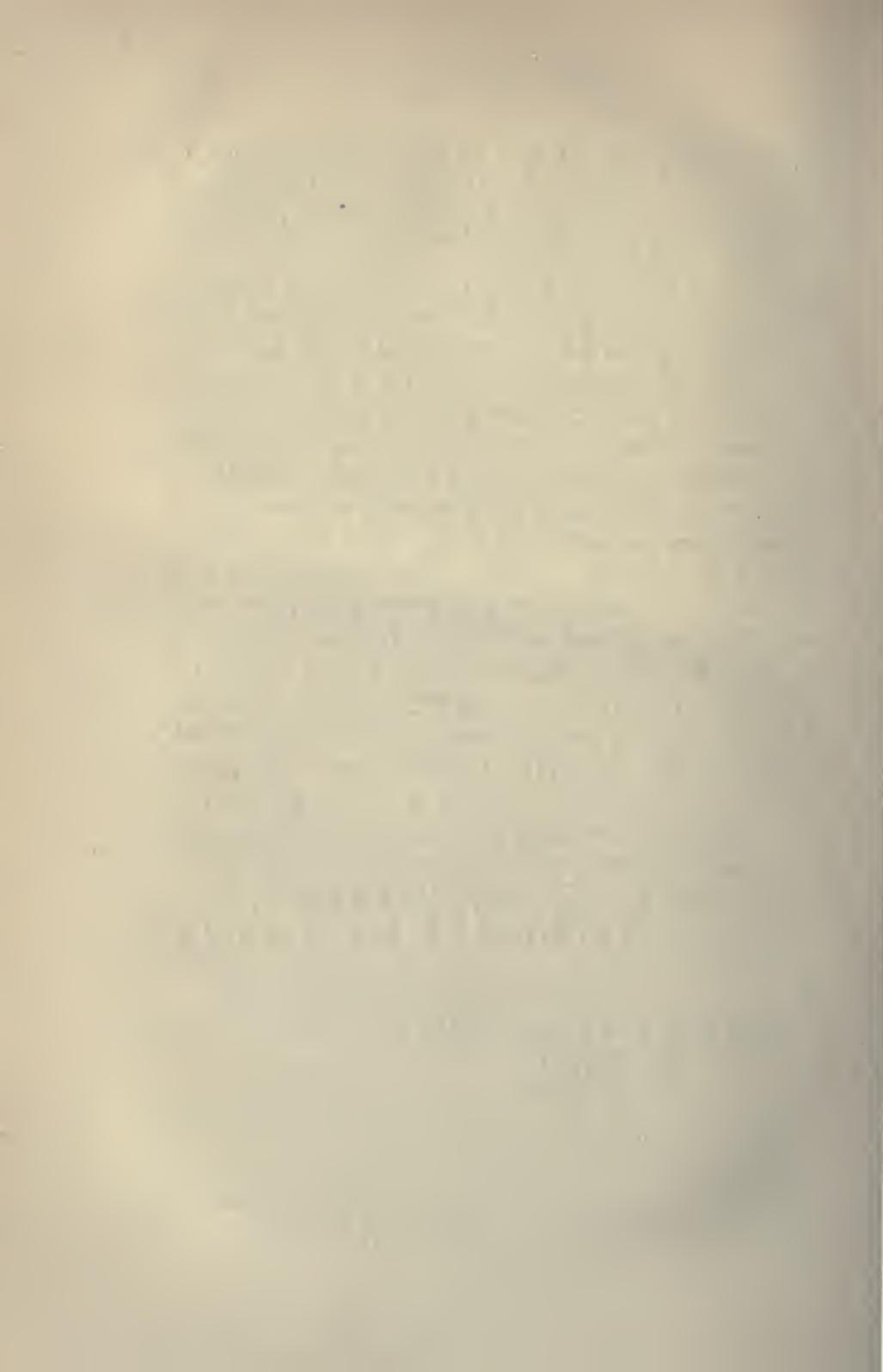
Surely there are among Professor Whitney's personal friends scholars who could say Yes or No to any of these twenty questions, and whose verdict would be accepted, and not by scholars only, as beyond suspicion. Anyhow, I can do no more for the sake of

peace, and to put an end to the supposed state of chaos in the Science of Language, and I am willing to appear in person or by deputy before any such tribunal of competent judges.

I hope I have thus at last given Professor Whitney that satisfaction which he has claimed from me for so many years ; and let me assure him that I part with him without any personal feeling of bitterness or hostility. I have grudged him no praise in former days, and whatever useful work we may receive from him in future, whether on the languages of India or of America, his books shall always receive at my hands the same justice as if they had been written by my best friend. I have never belonged to any company of collaborators, and never shall ; but whosoever serves in the noble army for the conquest of truth, be he private or general, will always find in me a faithful friend, and, if need be, a fearless defender. I gladly conclude with the words of old Fairfax (Bulk and Selvedge, 1674) : " I believe no man wishes with more earnestness than I do, that all men of learning and knowledge were men of kindness and sweetness, and that such as can outdo others would outlove them too ; especially while self bewhispers us, that it stands us all in need to be forgiven as well as to forgive."

THE MUMBLES, NEAR SWANSEA, WALES,

*September, 1875.*



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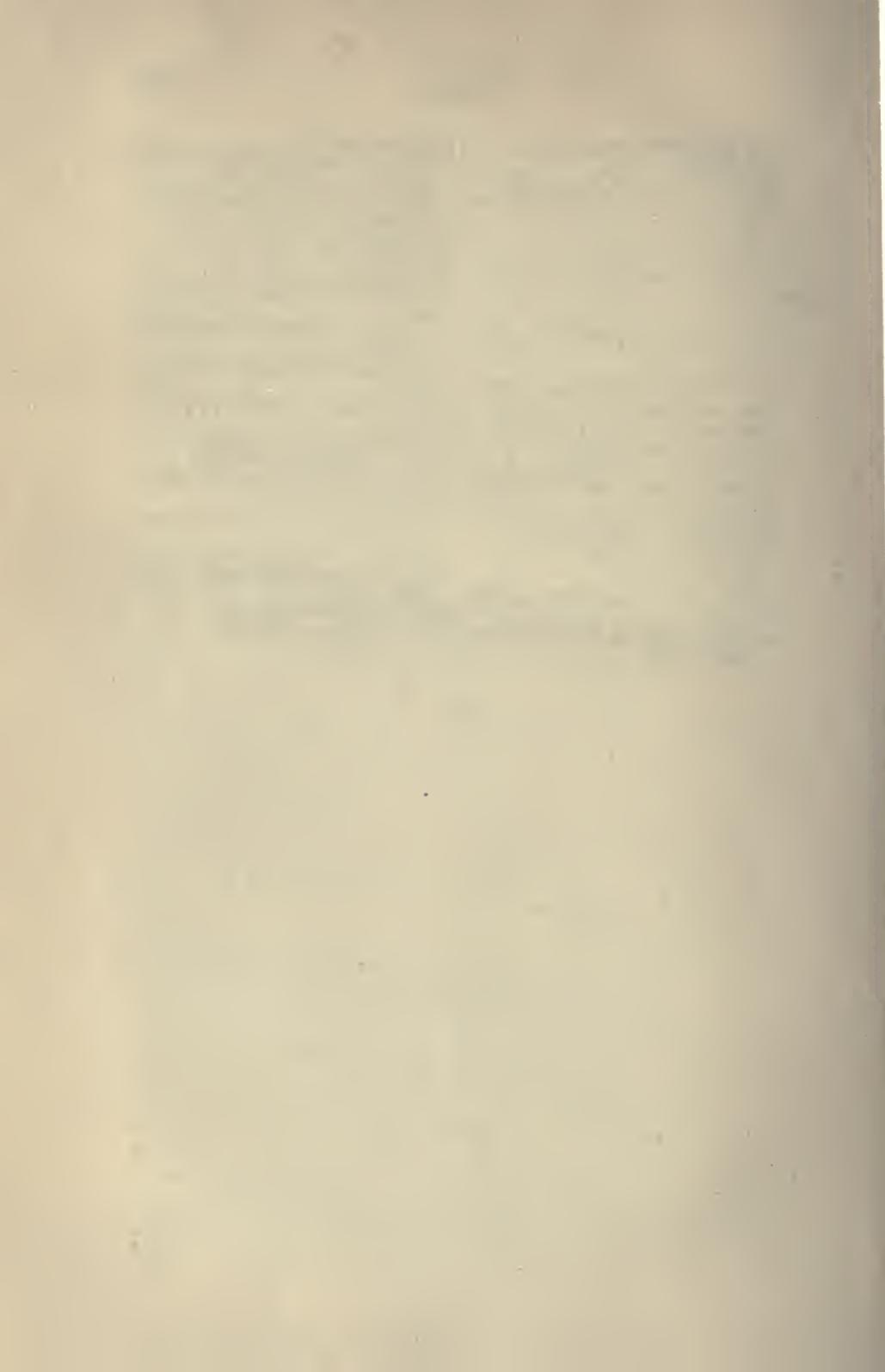
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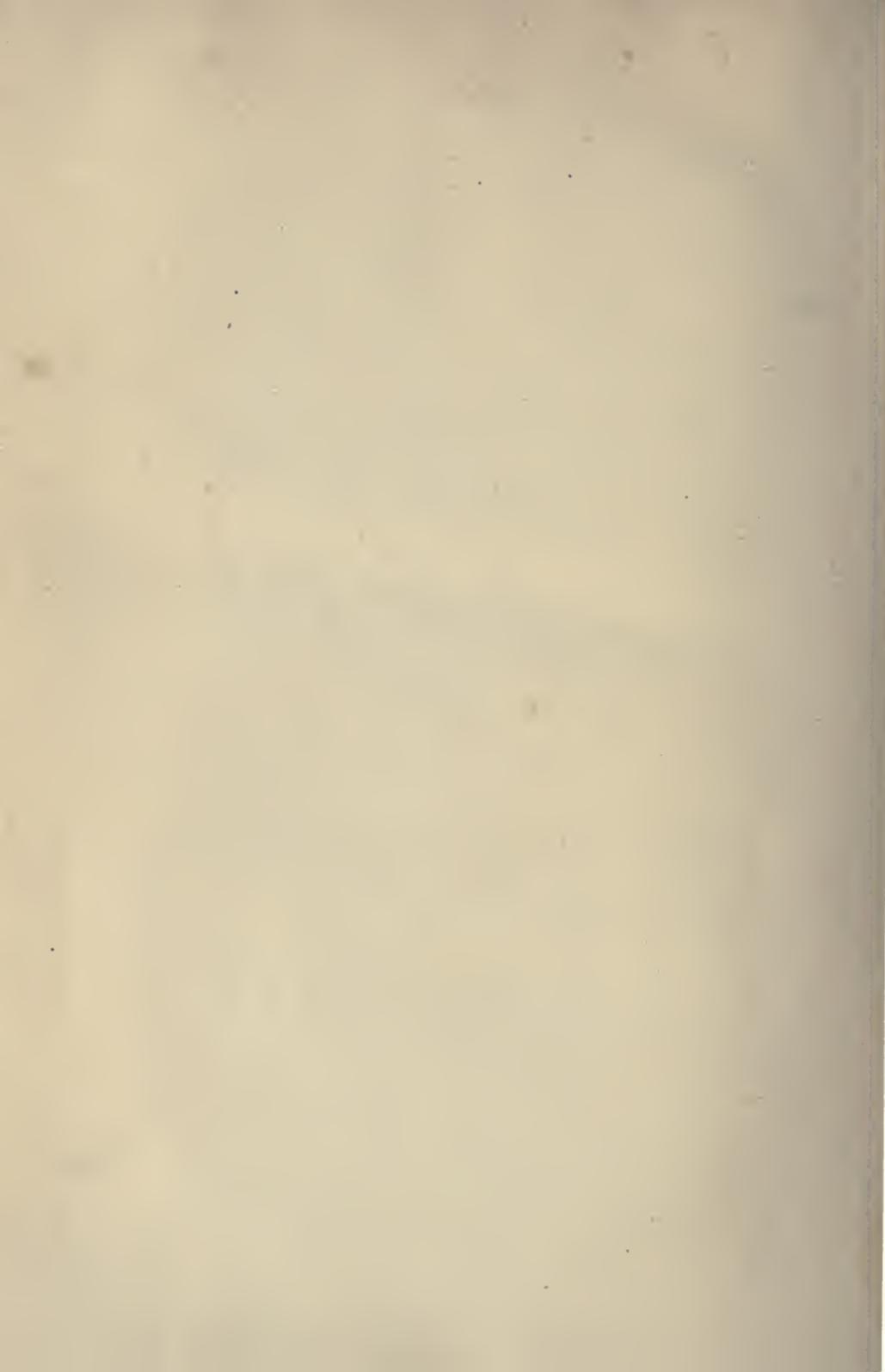
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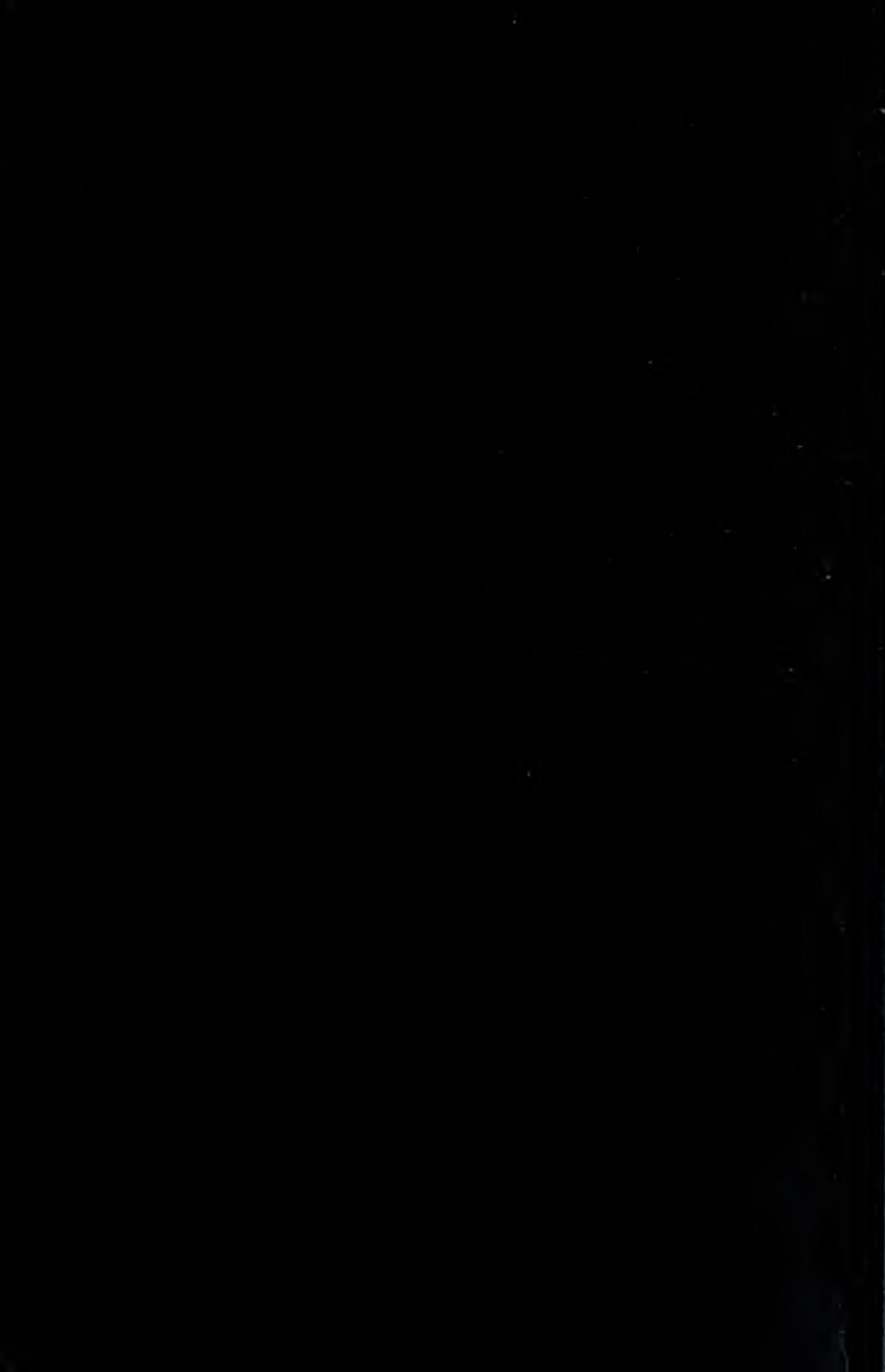
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I  
ON FREEDOM.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE  
BIRMINGHAM MIDLAND INSTITUTE,  
OCTOBER 20, 1879.

NOT more than twenty years have passed since John Stuart Mill sent forth his plea for Liberty.<sup>1</sup>

If there is one among the leaders of thought in England who, by the elevation of his character and the calm composure of his mind, deserved the so often misplaced title of Serene Highness, it was, I think, John Stuart Mill.

But in his Essay "On Liberty," Mill for once becomes passionate. In presenting his Bill of Rights, in stepping forward as the champion of individual

<sup>1</sup> Mill tells us that his Essay *On Liberty* was planned and written down in 1854. It was in mounting the steps of the Capitol in January, 1855, that the thought first arose of converting it into a volume, and it was not published till 1859. The author, who in his Autobiography speaks with exquisite modesty of all his literary performances, allows himself one single exception when speaking of his Essay *On Liberty*. "None of my writings," he says, "have been either so carefully composed or so sedulously corrected as this." Its final revision was to have been the work of the winter of 1858 to 1859, which he and his wife had arranged to pass in the South of Europe, a hope which was frustrated by his wife's death. "The *Liberty*," he writes, "is likely to survive longer than anything else that I have written (with the possible exception of the *Logic*), because the conjunction of her mind with mine has rendered it a kind of philosophic text-book of a single truth, which the changes progressively taking place in modern society tend to bring out into strong relief: the importance to man and society, of a large variety of character, and of giving full freedom to human nature to expand itself in innumerable and conflicting directions."

liberty, he seems to be possessed by a new spirit. He speaks like a martyr, or the defender of martyrs. The individual human soul, with its unfathomable endowments, and its capacity of growing to something undreamt of in our philosophy, becomes in his eyes a sacred thing, and every encroachment on its world-wide domain is treated as sacrilege. Society, the arch-enemy of the rights of individuality, is represented like an evil spirit, whom it behooves every true man to resist with might and main, and whose demands, as they cannot be altogether ignored, must be reduced at all hazards to the lowest level.

I doubt whether any of the principles for which Mill pleaded so warmly and strenuously in his Essay "On Liberty" would at the present day be challenged or resisted, even by the most illiberal of philosophers, or the most conservative of politicians. Mill's demands sound very humble to *our* ears. They amount to no more than this, "that the individual is not accountable to society for his actions so far as they concern the interests of no person but himself, and that he may be subjected to social or legal punishments for such actions only as are prejudicial to the interests of others."

Is there any one here present who doubts the justice of that principle, or who would wish to reduce the freedom of the individual to a smaller measure? Whatever social tyranny may have existed twenty years ago, when it wrung that fiery protest from the lips of John Stuart Mill, can we imagine a state of society, not totally Utopian, in which the individual man need be less ashamed of his social fetters, in which he could more freely utter all his honest convictions, more boldly propound all his theories, more

fearlessly agitate for their speedy realization ; in which, in fact, each man can be so entirely himself as the society of England, such as it now is, such as generations of hard-thinking and hard-working Englishmen have made it, and left it as the most sacred inheritance to their sons and daughters ?

Look through the whole of history, not excepting the brightest days of republican freedom at Athens and Rome, and you will not find one single period in which the measure of liberty accorded to each individual was larger than it is at present, at least in England. And if you wish to realize the full blessings of the time in which we live, compare Mill's plea for Liberty with another written not much more than two hundred years ago, and by a thinker not inferior either in power or boldness to Mill himself. According to Hobbes, the only freedom which an individual in his ideal state has a right to claim is what he calls "freedom of thought," and that freedom of thought consists in our being able to think what we like — so long as we keep it to ourselves. Surely, such freedom of thought existed even in the days of the Inquisition, and we should never call thought free, if it had to be kept a prisoner in solitary and silent confinement. By freedom of thought we mean freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of action, whether individual or associated, and of that freedom the present generation, as compared with all former generations, the English nation, as compared with all other nations, enjoys, there can be no doubt, a good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and sometimes running over.

It may be said that some dogmas still remain in politics, in religion, and in morality ; but those who

defend them claim no longer any infallibility, and those who attack them, however small their minority, need fear no violence, nay, may reckon on an impartial and even sympathetic hearing, as soon as people discover in their pleadings the true ring of honest conviction and the warmth inspired by an unselfish love of truth.

It has seemed strange, therefore, to many readers of Mill, particularly on the Continent, that this plea for liberty, this demand for freedom for every individual to be what he is, and to develop all the germs of his nature, should have come from what is known as the freest of all countries, England. We might well understand such a cry of indignation if it had reached us from Russia ; but why should English philosophers, of all others, have to protest against the tyranny of society ? It is true, nevertheless, that in countries governed despotically, the individual, unless he is obnoxious to the Government, enjoys far greater freedom, or rather license, than in a country like England, which governs itself. Russian society, for instance, is extremely indulgent. It tolerates in its rulers and statesmen a haughty defiance of the simplest rules of social propriety, and it seems amused rather than astonished or indignant at the vagaries, the frenzies, and outrages of those who in brilliant drawing-rooms or lecture-rooms preach the doctrines of what is called Nihilism or Individualism,<sup>1</sup> — viz., “ that society must be regenerated by a struggle for existence and the survival of the strongest, processes which Nature has sanctioned, and which have proved

<sup>1</sup> Herzen defined Nihilism as “ the most perfect freedom from all settled concepts, from all inherited restraints and impediments which hamper the progress of the Occidental intellect with the historical drag tied to its foot.”

successful among wild animals." If there is danger in these doctrines the Government is expected to see to it. It may place watchmen at the doors of every house and at the corner of every street, but it must not count on the better classes coming forward to enrol themselves as special constables, or even on the coöperation of public opinion which in England would annihilate that kind of Nihilism with one glance of scorn and pity.

In a self-governed country like England, the resistance which society, if it likes, can oppose to the individual in the assertion of his rights, is far more compact and powerful than in Russia, or even in Germany. Even where it does not employ the arm of the law, society knows how to use that quieter, but more crushing pressure, that calm, Gorgon-like look which only the bravest and stoutest hearts know how to resist.

It is against that indirect repression which a well-organized society exercises, both through its male and female representatives, that Mill's demand for liberty seems directed. He does not stand up for unlimited individualism ; on the contrary, he would have been the most strenuous defender of that balance of power between the weak and the strong on which all social life depends. But he resents those smaller penalties which society will always inflict on those who disturb its dignified peace and comfort : — avoidance, exclusion, a cold look, a stinging remark. Had Mill any right to complain of these social penalties ? Would it not rather amount to an interference with individual liberty to deprive any individual or any number of individuals of those weapons of self-defence ? Those who themselves think and speak

freely, have hardly a right to complain, if others claim the same privilege. Mill himself called the Conservative party the stupid party *par excellence*, and he took great pains to explain that it was so not by accident, but by necessity. Need he wonder if those whom he whipped and scourged used their own whips and scourges against so merciless a critic?

Freethinkers — and I use that name as a title of honor for all who, like Mill, claim for every individual the fullest freedom in thought, word, or deed, compatible with the freedom of others — are apt to make one mistake. Conscious of their own honest intentions, they cannot bear to be misjudged or slighted. They expect society to submit to their often very painful operations as a patient submits to the knife of the surgeon. This is not in human nature. The enemy of abuses is always abused by his enemies. Society will never yield one inch without resistance, and few reformers live long enough to receive the thanks of those whom they have reformed. Mill's unsolicited election to Parliament was a triumph not often shared by social reformers; it was as exceptional as Bright's admission to a seat in the Cabinet, or Stanley's appointment as Dean of Westminster. Such anomalies will happen in a country fortunately so full of anomalies as England; but, as a rule, a political reformer must not be angry if he passes through life without the title of Right Honorable; nor should a man, if he will always speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, be disappointed if he dies a martyr rather than a Bishop.

But even granting that in Mill's time there existed some traces of social tyranny, where are they

now? Look at the newspapers and the journals. Is there any theory too wild, any reform too violent, to be openly defended? Look at the drawing-rooms or the meetings of learned societies. Are not the most eccentric talkers the spoiled children of the fashionable world? When young lords begin to discuss the propriety of limiting the rights of inheritance, and young tutors are not afraid to propose curtailing the long vacation, surely we need not complain of the intolerance of English society.

Whenever I state these facts to my German and French and Italian friends, who from reading Mill's Essay "On Liberty" have derived the impression that, however large an amount of political liberty England may enjoy, it enjoys but little of intellectual freedom, they are generally willing to be converted so far as London, or other great cities are concerned. But look at your Universities, they say, the nurseries of English thought! Compare their mediæval spirit, their monastic institutions, their scholastic philosophy, with the freshness and freedom of the Continental Universities! Strong as these prejudices about Oxford and Cambridge have long been, they have become still more intense since Professor Helmholtz, in an inaugural address which he delivered at his installation as Rector of the University of Berlin, lent to them the authority of his great name. "The tutors," he says,<sup>1</sup> "in the English Universities cannot deviate by a hair's-breadth from the dogmatic system of the English Church, without exposing themselves to the censure of their Archbish-

<sup>1</sup> *Ueber die Akademische Freiheit der Deutschen Universitäten*, Rede beim Antritt des Rectorats an der Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universität in Berlin, am October 15, 1877, gehalten von Dr. H. Helmholtz.

ops and losing their pupils." In German Universities, on the contrary, we are told that the extreme conclusions of materialistic metaphysics, the boldest speculations within the sphere of Darwin's theory of evolution, may be propounded without let or hindrance, quite as much as the highest apotheosis of Papal infallibility.

Here the facts on which Professor Helmholtz relies are entirely wrong, and the writings of some of our most eminent tutors supply a more than sufficient refutation of his statements. Archbishops have no official position whatsoever in English Universities, and their censure of an Oxford tutor would be resented as impertinent by the whole University. Nor does the University, as such, exercise any very strict control over the tutors, even when they lecture not to their own College only. Each Master of Arts at Oxford claims now the right to lecture (*venia docendi*), and I doubt whether they would submit to those restrictions which, in Germany, the Faculty imposes on every *Privat-docent*. *Privat-docents* in German Universities have been rejected by the Faculty for incompetence, and silenced for insubordination. I know of no such cases at Oxford during my residence of more than thirty years, nor can I think it likely that they should ever occur.

As to the extreme conclusions of materialistic metaphysics, there are Oxford tutors who have grappled with the systems of such giants as Hobbes, Locke, or Hume, and who are not likely to be frightened by Büchner and Vogt.

I know comparisons are odious, and I should be the last man to draw comparisons between English and German Universities unfavorable to the latter.

But with regard to freedom of thought, of speech and action, Professor Helmholtz, if he would spend but a few weeks at Oxford, would find that we enjoy it in fuller measure here than the Professors and *Privat-docents* in any Continental University. The publications of some of our professors and tutors ought at least to have convinced him that if there is less of brave words and turbulent talk in their writings, they display throughout a determination to speak the truth, which may be matched, but could not easily be excelled, by the leaders of thought in France, Germany, or Italy.

The real difference between English and Continental Universities is that the former govern themselves, the latter are governed. Self-government entails responsibilities, sometimes restraints and reticences. I may here be allowed to quote the words of another eminent Professor of the University of Berlin, Du Bois Reymond, who, in addressing his colleagues, ventured to tell them,<sup>1</sup> "We have still to learn from the English how the greatest independence of the individual is compatible with willing submission to salutary, though irksome, statutes." That is particularly true when the statutes are self-imposed. In Germany, as Professor Helmholtz tells us himself, the last decision in almost all the more important affairs of the Universities rests with the Government, and he does not deny that in times of political and ecclesiastical tension, a most ill-advised use has been made of that power. There are, be-

<sup>1</sup> *Ueber eine Akademie der Deutschen Sprache*, p. 34. Another keen observer of English life, Dr. K. Hillebrand, in an article in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*, remarks: "Nowhere is there greater individual liberty than in England, and nowhere do people renounce it more readily of their own accord."

sides, the less important matters, such as raising of salaries, leave of absence, scientific missions, even titles and decorations, all of which enable a clever Minister of Instruction to assert his personal influence among the less independent members of the University. In Oxford the University does not know the Ministry, nor the Ministry the University. The acts of the Government, be it Liberal or Conservative, are freely discussed, and often powerfully resisted by the academic constituencies, and the personal dislike of a Minister or Ministerial Councillor could as little injure a professor or tutor as his favor could add one penny to his salary.

But these are minor matters. What gives their own peculiar character to the English Universities is a sense of power and responsibility: power, because they are the most respected among the numerous corporations in the country; responsibility, because the higher education of the whole country has been committed to their charge. Their only master is public opinion as represented in Parliament, their only incentive their own sense of duty. There is no country in Europe where Universities hold so exalted a position, and where those who have the honor to belong to them may say with greater truth *No-blesse oblige*.

I know the dangers of self-government, particularly where higher and more ideal interests are concerned, and there are probably few who wish for a real reform in schools and Universities who have not occasionally yielded to the desire for a Dictator, of a Bismarck or a Falk. But such a desire springs only from a momentary weakness and despondency; and no one who knows the difference between being gov-

erned and governing one's self, would ever wish to descend from that higher though dangerous position to a lower one, however safe and comfortable it might seem. No one who has tasted the old wine of freedom would ever really wish to exchange it for the new wine of external rule. Public opinion is sometimes a hard master, and majorities can be great tyrants to those who want to be honest to their own convictions. But in the struggle of all against all, each individual feels that he has his rightful place, and that he may exercise his rightful influence. If he is beaten, he is beaten in fair fight; if he conquers, he has no one else to thank. No doubt, despotic Governments have often exercised the most beneficial patronage in encouraging and rewarding poets, artists, and men of science. But men of genius who have conquered the love and admiration of a whole nation are greater than those who have gained the favor of the most brilliant Courts; and we know how some of the fairest reputations have been wrecked on the patronage which they had to accept at the hands of powerful Ministers or ambitious Sovereigns.

But to return to Mill and his plea for Liberty. Though I can hardly believe that, were he still among us, he would claim a larger measure of freedom for the individual than is now accorded to every one of us in the society in which we move, yet the chief cause on which he founded his plea for Liberty, the chief evil which he thought could be remedied only if society would allow more elbow-room to individual genius, exists in the same degree as in his time — aye, even in a higher degree. The principle of individuality has suffered more at present than perhaps at any former period of history. The world

is becoming more and more gregarious, and what the French call our *nature moutonnaire*, our tendency to leap where the sheep in front of us has leapt, becomes more and more prevalent in politics, in religion, in art, and even in science. M. de Tocqueville expressed his surprise how much more Frenchmen of the present day resemble one another than did those of the last generation. The same remark, adds John Stuart Mill, might be made of England in a greater degree. "The modern *régime* of public opinion," he writes, "is in an unorganized form what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China."

I fully agree with Mill in recognizing the dangers of uniformity, but I doubt whether what he calls the *régime* of public opinion is alone, or even chiefly, answerable for it. No doubt there are some people in whose eyes uniformity seems an advantage rather than a disadvantage. If all were equally strong, equally educated, equally honest, equally rich, equally tall, or equally small, society would seem to them to have reached the highest ideal. The same people admire an old French garden, with its clipped yew-trees, forming artificial walls and towers and pyramids, far more than the giant yews which, like large serpents, clasp the soil with their coiling roots, and overshadow with their dark green branches the white chalk cliffs of the Thames. But those French gardens, unless they are constantly clipped and prevented from growing, soon fall into decay. As in nature, so in society, uniformity means but too often

stagnation, while variety is the surest sign of health and vigor. The deepest secret of nature is its love of continued novelty. Its tendency, if unrestrained, is towards constantly creating new varieties, which, if they fulfil their purpose, become fixed for a time, or, it may be, forever; while others, after they have fulfilled their purpose, vanish to make room for new and stronger types.

The same is the secret of human society. It consists and lives in individuals, each meant to be different from all the others, and to contribute his own peculiar share to the common wealth. As no tree is like any other tree, and no leaf on the same tree like any other leaf, no human being is, or is meant to be, exactly like any other human being. It is in this endless, and to us inconceivable, variety of human souls that the deepest purpose of human life is to be realized; and the more society fulfils that purpose, the more it allows free scope for the development of every individual germ, the richer will be the harvest in no distant future. Such is the mystery of individuality that I do not wonder if even those philosophers who, like Mill, confine the use of the word *sacred* within the very smallest compass, see in each individual soul something sacred, something to be revered, even where we cannot understand it, something to be protected against all vulgar violence.

Where I differ from Mill and his school is on the question as to the quarter from whence the epidemic of uniformity springs which threatens the free development of modern society. Mill points to the society in which we move; to those who are in front of us, to our contemporaries. I feel convinced that our real enemies are at our back, and that the heaviest

chains which are fastened on us are those made, not by the present, but by past generations — by our ancestors, not by our contemporaries.

It is on this point, on the trammels of individual freedom with which we may almost be said to be born into the world, and on the means by which we may shake off these old chains, or at all events learn to carry them more lightly and gracefully, that I wish to speak to you this evening.

You need not be afraid that I am going to enter upon the much discussed subject of heredity, whether in its physiological or psychological aspects. It is a favorite subject just now, and the most curious facts have been brought together of late to illustrate the working of what is called heredity. But the more we know of these facts, the less we seem able to comprehend the underlying principle. Inheritance is one of those numerous words which by their very simplicity and clearness are so apt to darken our counsel. If a father has blue eyes and the son has blue eyes, what can be clearer than that he inherited them? If the father stammers and the son stammers, who can doubt but that it came by inheritance? If the father is a musician and the son a musician, we say very glibly that the talent was inherited. But what does *inherited* mean? In no case does it mean what *inherited* usually means — something external, like money, collected by a father, and, after his death, secured by law to his son. Whatever else inherited may mean, it does not mean that. But unfortunately the word is there, it seems almost pedantic to challenge its meaning, and people are always grateful if an easy word saves them the trouble of hard thought

Another apparent advantage of the theory of he-

redity is that it never fails. If the son has blue, and the father black, eyes, all is right again, for either the mother, or the grandmother, or some historic or prehistoric ancestor, may have had blue eyes, and atavism, we know, will assert itself after hundreds and thousands of years.

Do not suppose that I deny the broad facts of what is called by the name of heredity. What I deny is that the name of heredity offers any scientific solution of a most difficult problem. It is a name, a metaphor, quite as bad as the old metaphor of *innate ideas*; for there is hardly a single point of similarity between the process by which a son may share the black eyes, the stammering, or the musical talent of his father, and that by which, after his father's death, the law secures to the son the possession of the pounds, shillings, and pence which his father held in the Funds.

But whatever the true meaning of heredity may be, certain it is that every individual comes into the world heavy-laden. Nowhere has the consciousness of the burden which rests on each generation as it enters on its journey through life found stronger expression than among the Buddhists. What other people call by various names, "fate or providence," "tradition or inheritance," "circumstances or environment," they call *Karman*, deed — what has been done, whether by ourselves or by others, the accumulated work of all who have come before us, the consequences of which we have to bear, both for good and for evil. Originally this *Karman* seems to have been conceived as personal, as the work which we ourselves have done in our former existences. But, as personally we are not conscious of having done

such work in former ages, that kind of *Karman*, too might be said to be impersonal. To the question how *Karman* began, what was the nucleus of that accumulation which forms the condition of present existence, Buddhism has no answer to give, any more than any other system of religion or philosophy. The Buddhists say it began with *avidyâ*, and *avidyâ* means ignorance.<sup>1</sup> They are much more deeply interested in the question how *Karman* may be annihilated, how each man may free himself from the influence of *Karman*, and Nirvâna, the highest object of all their dreams, is often defined by Buddhist philosophers as "freedom from *Karman*."<sup>2</sup>

What the Buddhists call by the general name of *Karman*, comprehends all influences which the past exercises on the present, whether physical or mental.<sup>3</sup> It is not my object to examine or even to name all these influences, though I confess nothing is more interesting than to look upon the surface of our modern life as we look on a geological map, and to see the most ancient formations cropping out everywhere under our feet. Difficult as it is to color a geological map of England, it would be still more difficult to find a sufficient variety of colors to mark the different ingredients of the intellectual condition of her people.

That all of us, whether we speak English or German, or French or Russian, are really speaking an

<sup>1</sup> Spencer Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 391.

<sup>2</sup> Spencer Hardy, *Manual of Buddhism*, p. 39.

<sup>3</sup> "As one generation dies and gives way to another, the heir of the consequences of all its virtues and all its vices, the exact result of preëxistent causes, so each individual, in the long chain of life, inherits all, of good or evil, which all its predecessors have done or been, and takes up the struggle towards enlightenment precisely where they left it." Rhys Davids, *Buddhism*, p. 104.

ancient Oriental tongue, incredible as it would have sounded a hundred years ago, is now recognized by everybody. Though the various dialects now spoken in Europe have been separated many thousands of years from the Sanskrit, the ancient classical language of India, yet so close is the bond that holds the West and East together, that in many cases an intelligent Englishman might still guess the meaning of a Sanskrit word. How little difference is there between Sanskrit *sûnu* and English *son*, between Sanskrit *duhitar* and English *daughter*, between Sanskrit *vid*, to know, and English *to wit*, between Sanskrit *vaksh*, to grow, and English *to wax*! Think how we value a Saxon urn, or a Roman coin, or a Keltic weapon! how we dig for them, clean them, label them, and carefully deposit them in our museums! Yet what is their antiquity compared with the antiquity of such words as *son* or *daughter*, *father* and *mother*? There are no monuments older than those collected in the handy volumes which we call Dictionaries, and those who know how to interpret those English antiquities — as you may see them interpreted, for instance, in Grimm's Dictionary of the German, in Littré's Dictionary of the French, or in Professor Skeats' Etymological Dictionary of the English Language — will learn more of the real growth of the human mind than by studying many volumes on logic and psychology.

And as by our language we belong to the Aryan stratum, we belong through our letters to the Hamitic. We still write English in hieroglyphics; and in spite of all the vicissitudes through which the ancient hieroglyphics have passed in their journey from Egypt to Phœnicia, from Phœnicia to Greece,

from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England, when we write a capital F *F*, when we draw the top line and the smaller line through the middle of the letter, we really draw the two horns of the cerastes, the horned serpent, which the ancient Egyptians used for representing the sound of f. They write the name of the king whom the Greeks called *Cheops*, and they themselves *Chu-fu*, like this: <sup>1</sup>—



Here the first sign, the sieve, is to be pronounced *chu*; the second, the horned serpent, *fu*, and the little bird, again, *u*. In the more cursive or Hieratic writing the horned serpent appears as  $\zeta$ ; in the later Demotic as  $\gamma$  and  $\psi$ . The Phœnicians, who borrowed their letters from the Hieratic Egyptian, wrote  $\psi$  and  $\var�$ . The Greeks, who took their letters from the Phœnicians, wrote  $\var�$ . When the Greeks, instead of writing, like the Phœnicians, from right to left, began to write from left to right, they turned each letter, and as  $\psi$  became  $\kappa$ , our k, so  $\var�$ , vau, became F, the Greek so-called Digamma, F, the Latin F.

The first letter in *Chu-fu*, too, still exists in our alphabet, and in the transverse line of our H we may recognize the last remnant of the lines which divide the sieve. The sieve appears in Hieratic as  $\textcircled{\text{O}}$ , in Phœnician as  $\text{H}$ , in ancient Greek as  $\text{H}$ , which occurs on an inscription found at Mycenæ and elsewhere as the sign of the spiritus asper, while in Latin it is known to us as the letter H.<sup>2</sup> In the same manner

Bunsen, *Egypt*, ii. pp. 77, 150.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoire sur l'Origine Egyptienne de l'Alphabet Phénicien*, par E. d Rougé, Paris, 1874.

the undulating line of our capital *L* still recalls very strikingly the bent back of the crouching lion, , which in the later hieroglyphic inscriptions represents the sound of L.

If thus in our language we are Aryan, in our letters Egyptian, we have only to look at our watches to see that we are Babylonian. Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, our minute into sixty seconds? Would not a division of the hour into ten, or fifty, or a hundred minutes have been more natural? We have sixty divisions on the dials of our watches simply because the Greek astronomer Hipparchus, who lived in the second century B. C., accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians knew the decimal system, but for practical purposes they counted by *soffi* and *sari*, the *soffos* representing 60, the *saros*  $60 \times 60$ , or 3,600. From Hipparchus that system found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 150 A. D., and thence it was carried down the stream of civilization, finding its last resting-place on the dial-plates of our clocks.

And why are there twenty shillings to our sovereign? Again the real reason lies in Babylon. The Greeks learnt from the Babylonians the art of dividing gold and silver for the purpose of trade. It has been proved that the current gold piece of Western Asia was exactly the sixtieth part of a Babylonian *mná*, or *mina*. It was nearly equal to our sovereign. The difficult problem of the relative value of gold and silver in a bi-metallic currency had been solved to a certain extent in the ancient Mesopotamian kingdom, the proportion between gold and silver being fixed at 1 to  $13\frac{1}{3}$ . The silver shekel current in

Babylon was heavier than the gold shekel in the proportion of  $13\frac{1}{2}$  to 10, and had therefore the value of one tenth of a gold shekel; and the half silver shekel, called by the Greeks a drachma, was worth one twentieth of a gold shekel. The drachma, or half silver shekel, may therefore be looked upon as the most ancient type of our own silver shilling in its relation of one twentieth of our gold sovereign.<sup>1</sup>

I shall mention only one more of the most essential tools of our mental life — namely, our *figures*, which we call Arabic, because we received them from the Arabs, but which the Arabs called Indian, because they received them from the Indians — in order to show you how this nineteenth century of ours is under the sway of centuries long past and forgotten; how we are what we are, not by ourselves, but by those who came before us, and how the intellectual ground on which we stand is made up of the detritus of thoughts which were first thought, not on these isles nor in Europe, but on the shores of the Oxus, the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Indus.

Now you may well ask, *Quorsum hæc omnia?* What has all this to do with freedom and with the free development of individuality? Because a man is born the heir of all the ages, can it be said that he is not free to grow and to expand, and to develop all the faculties of his mind? Are those who came before him, and who left him this goodly inheritance, to be called his enemies? Is that chain of tradition which connects him with the past really a galling fetter, and not rather the leading-strings without which he would never learn to walk straight?

Let us look at the matter more closely. No one

<sup>1</sup> See Brandis, *Das Münzwesen*.

would venture to say that every individual should begin life as a young savage, and be left to form his own language, and invent his own letters, numerals, and coins. On the contrary, if we comprehend all this and a great deal more, such as religion, morality, and secular knowledge, under the general name of *education*, even the most advanced defenders of individualism would hold that no child should enter society without submitting, or rather without being submitted, to education. Most of us would even go farther, and make it criminal for parents or even for communities to allow children to grow up uneducated. The excuse of worthless parents that they are at liberty to do with their children as they like, has at last been blown to the winds, and among the principal advocates of compulsory education, and of the necessity of curtailing the freedom of savage parents of savage children, have been Mill and his friends, the apostles of liberty and individualism.<sup>1</sup> I remember the time when pseudo-Liberals were not ashamed to say that, whatever other nations, such as the Germans, might do, England would never submit to compulsory education; but that faint-hearted and mischievous cry has at last been silenced. A new era may be said to date in the history of every nation from the day on which "compulsory education" becomes part of its statute-book; and I may congratulate the most Liberal town in England on having proved itself the most inexorable tyrant in carrying it into effect.

But do not let us imagine that compulsory educa-

<sup>1</sup> "Is it not almost a self-evident axiom, that the State should require and compel the education, up to a certain standard, of every human being who is born its citizen? Yet who is there that is not afraid to recognize and assert this truth?" *On Liberty*, p. 188.

tion is without its dangers. Like a powerful engine, it must be carefully watched, if it is not to produce, what all compulsion will produce, a slavish receptivity, and, what all machines do produce, monotonous uniformity.

We know that all education must in the beginning be purely dogmatic. Children are taught language, religion, morality, patriotism, and afterwards, at school, history, literature, mathematics, and all the rest, long before they are able to question, to judge, or choose for themselves, and there is hardly anything that a child will not believe, if it comes from those in whom the child believes.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic, no doubt, must be taught dogmatically, and they take up an enormous amount of time, particularly in English schools. English spelling is a national misfortune, and in the keen international race among all the countries of Europe, it handicaps the English child to a degree that seems incredible till we look at statistics. I know the difficulties of a Spelling Reform, I know what people mean when they call it impossible; but I also know that personal and national virtue consists in doing so-called impossible things, and that no nation has done, and has still to do, so many impossible things as the English.

But, granted that reading, writing, and arithmetic occupy nearly the whole school time and absorb the best powers of the pupils, cannot something be done in play-hours? Is there not some work that can be turned into play, and some play that can be turned into work? Cannot the powers of observation be called out in a child while collecting flowers, or stones, or butterflies? Cannot his judgment be

strengthened either in gymnastic exercises, or in measuring the area of a field or the height of a tower? Might not all this be done without a view to examinations or payment by results, simply for the sake of filling the little dull minds with one sunbeam of joy, such sunbeams being more likely hereafter to call hidden precious germs into life than the deadening weight of such lessons as, for instance, that *th-ough* is though, *thr-ough* is through, *en-ough* is enough. A child who believes that will hereafter believe anything. Those who wish to see Natural Science introduced into elementary schools frighten school-masters by the very name of Natural Science. But surely every school-master who is worth his salt should be able to teach children a love of Nature, a wondering at Nature, a curiosity to pry into the secrets of Nature, an acquisitiveness for some of the treasures of Nature, and all this acquired in the fresh air of the field and the forest, where, better than in frowzy lecture-rooms, the edge of the senses can be sharpened, the chest widened, and that freedom of thought fostered which made England what it was even before the days of compulsory education.

But in addressing you here to-night, it was my intention to speak of higher rather than of elementary education.

All education — as it now exists in most countries of Europe — may be divided into three stages — *elementary*, *scholastic*, and *academical*; or call it *primary*, *secondary*, and *tertiary*.

Elementary education has at last been made compulsory in most civilized countries. Unfortunately, however, it seems impossible to include under compulsory education anything beyond the very elements

of knowledge — at least for the present; though I know from experience that, with proper management, a well-conducted elementary school can afford to provide instruction in extra subjects — such as natural science, modern languages, and political economy — and yet, with the present system of government grants, be self-supporting.<sup>1</sup>

The next stage above the elementary is *scholastic* education, as it is supplied in grammar schools, whether public or private. According as the pupils are intended either to go on to a university, or to enter at once on leaving school on the practical work of life, these schools are divided into two classes. In the one class, which in Germany are called *Realschulen*, less Latin is taught, and no Greek, but more of mathematics, modern languages, and physical science; in the other, called *Gymnasia* on the Continent, classics form the chief staple of instruction.

It is during this stage that education, whether at private or public schools, exercises its strongest levelling influence. Little attention can be paid at large schools to individual tastes or talents. In Germany — even more, perhaps, than in England — it is the chief object of a good and conscientious master to have his class as uniform as possible at the end of the year; and he receives far more credit from the official examiner if his whole class marches well and keeps pace together, than if he can parade a few brilliant and forward boys, followed by a number of straggling laggards.

And as to the character of the teaching at school, how can it be otherwise than authoritative or dogmatic? The Sokratic method is very good if we can

<sup>1</sup> *Times*, January 25, 1879.

find the *viri Socratici* and leisure for discussion. But at school, which now may seem to be called almost in mockery σχολή, or leisure, the true method is, after all, that patronized by the great educators of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Boys at school must turn their mind into a row of pigeon-holes, filling as many as they can with useful notes, and never forgetting how many are empty. There is an immense amount of positive knowledge to be acquired between the ages of ten and eighteen — rules of grammar, strings of vocables, dates, names of towns, rivers, and mountains, mathematical formulas, etc. All depends here on the receptive and retentive powers of the mind. The memory has to be strengthened, without being overtaxed, till it acts almost mechanically. Learning by heart, I believe, cannot be too assiduously practised during the years spent at school. There may have been too much of it when, as the Rev. H. C. Adams informs us in his “Wykehamica” (p. 357), boys used to say by heart 13,000 and 14,000 lines, when one repeated the whole of Virgil, nay, when another was able to say the whole of the English Bible by rote: “Put him on where you would, he would go fluently on, as long as any one would listen.”

No intellectual investment, I feel certain, bears such ample and such regular interest as gems of English, Latin, or Greek literature deposited in the memory during childhood and youth, and taken up from time to time in the happy hours of solitude.

One fault I have to find with most schools, both in England and on the Continent. Boys do not read enough of the Greek and Roman classics. The majority of our masters are scholars by profession, and

they are apt to lay undue stress on what they call accurate and minute scholarship, and to neglect wide and cursory reading. I know the arguments for minute accuracy, but I also know the mischief that is done by an exclusive devotion to critical scholarship before we have acquired a real familiarity with the principal works of classical literature. The time spent in our schools in learning the rules of grammar and syntax, writing exercises, and composing verses, is too large. Look only at our Greek and Latin grammars, with all their rules and exceptions, and exceptions on exceptions ! It is too heavy a weight for any boy to carry ; and no wonder that when one of the thousand small rules which they have learnt by heart is really wanted, it is seldom forthcoming. The end of classical teaching at school should be to make our boys acquainted, not only with the language, but with the literature and history, the ancient thought of the ancient world. Rules of grammar, syntax, or metre, are but means towards that end ; they must never be mistaken for the end itself. A young man of eighteen, who has probably spent on an average ten years in learning Greek and Latin, ought to be able to read any of the ordinary Greek or Latin classics without much difficulty ; nay, with a certain amount of pleasure. He might have to consult his dictionary now and then, or guess the meaning of certain words ; he might also feel doubtful sometime whether certain forms came from *ἴημι*, I send, or *εἶμι*, I go, or *εἶμι*, I am, particularly if preceded by prepositions. In these matters the best scholars are least inclined to be pharisaical ; and whenever I meet in the controversies of classical scholars the favorite phrase, "Every school-boy knows, or ought to know, this," I

generally say to myself, "No, he ought not." Anyhow, those who wish to see the study of Greek and Latin retained in our public schools ought to feel convinced that it will certainly not be retained much longer, if it can be said with any truth that young men who leave school at eighteen are in many cases unable to read or to enjoy a classical text, unless they have seen it before.

Classical teaching, and all purely scholastic teaching, ought to be finished at school. When a young man goes to a University, unless he means to make scholarship his profession, he ought to be free to enter upon a new career. If he has not learnt by that time so much of Greek and Latin as is absolutely necessary in after-life for a lawyer, or a student of physical science, or even a clergyman, either he or his school is to blame. I do not mean to say that it would not be most desirable for every one during his University career to attend some lectures on classical literature, on ancient history, philosophy, or art. What is to be deprecated is, that the University should have to do the work which belongs properly to the school.

The best colleges at Oxford and Cambridge have shown by their matriculation examinations what the standard of classical knowledge ought to be at eighteen or nineteen. That standard can be reached by boys while still at school, as has been proved both by the so-called local examinations, and by the examinations of schools held under the Delegates appointed by the Universities. If, therefore, the University would reassert her old right, and make the first examination, called at Oxford Responsions, a general matriculation examination for admission to the University, not only would the public schools be stimu-

lated to greater efforts, but the teaching of the University might assume, from the very beginning, that academic character which ought to distinguish it from mere school-boy work.

Academic teaching ought to be not merely a continuation, but in one sense a correction of scholastic teaching. While at school instruction must be chiefly dogmatic, at the University is it to be Sokratic? for I find no better name for that method which is to set a man free from the burden of purely traditional knowledge; to make him feel that the words which he uses are often empty, that the concepts he employs are, for the most part, mere bundles picked up at random; that even where he knows facts he does not know the evidence for them; and where he expresses opinions, they are mostly mere dogmas, adopted by him without examination.

But for the Universities, I should indeed fear that Mill's prophecies might come true, and that the intellect of Europe might drift into dreary monotony. The Universities always have been, and, unless they are diverted from their original purpose, always will be, the guardians of the freedom of thought, the protectors of individual spontaneity; and it was owing, I believe, to Mill's want of acquaintance with true academic teaching that he took so desponding a view of the generation growing up under his eyes.

When we leave school, our heads are naturally brimful of dogma — that is, of knowledge and opinions at second-hand. Such dead knowledge is extremely dangerous, unless it is sooner or later revived by the spirit of free inquiry. It does not matter whether our scholastic dogmas be true or false. The danger is the same. And why? Because to place either

truth or error above the reach of argument is certain to weaken truth and to strengthen error. Secondly, because to hold as true on the authority of others anything which concerns us deeply, and which we could prove ourselves, produces feebleness, if not dishonesty. And, thirdly, because to feel unwilling or unable to meet objections by argument is generally the first step towards violence and persecution.

I do not think of religious dogmas only. They are generally the first to rouse inquiry, even during our school-boy days, and they are by no means the most difficult to deal with. Dogma often rages where we least expect it. Among scientific men the theory of evolution is at present becoming, or has become, a dogma. What is the result? No objections are listened to, no difficulties recognized, and a man like Virchow, himself the strongest supporter of evolution, who has the moral courage to say that the descent of man from any ape whatsoever is, as yet, before the tribunal of scientific zoölogy, "not proven," is howled down in Germany in a manner worthy of Ephesians and Galatians. But at present I am thinking not so much of any special dogmas, but rather of that dogmatic state of mind which is the almost inevitable result of the teaching at school. I think of the whole intellect, what has been called the *intellectus sibi permissus*, and I maintain it is the object of academic teaching to rouse that intellect out of its slumber by questions not less startling than when Galileo asked the world whether the sun was really moving and the earth stood still; or when Kant asked whether time and space were objects, or necessary forms of our sensuous intuition. Till our opinions have thus been tested and stood the test, we can hardly call them our own.

How true this is with regard to religion has been boldly expressed by Bishop Beveridge.

“Being conscious to myself,” he writes in his “Private Thoughts on Religion,” “how great an ascendant Christianity holds over me beyond the rest, as being that religion whereinto I was born and baptized; that which the supreme authority has enjoined and my parents educated me in; that which every one I meet withal highly approves of, and which I myself have, by a long-continued profession, made almost natural to me: I am resolved to be more jealous and suspicious of this religion than of the rest, and be sure not to entertain it any longer without being convinced, by solid and substantial arguments, of the truth and certainty of it.”

This is bold and manly language from a Bishop, nearly two hundred years ago, and I certainly think that the time has come when some of the divinity lecturers at Oxford and Cambridge might well be employed in placing a knowledge of the sacred books of other religions within the reach of undergraduates. Many of the difficulties — most of them of our own making — with regard to the origin, the handing down, the later corruptions and misinterpretations of sacred texts, would find their natural solution, if it was shown how exactly the same difficulties arose and had to be dealt with by theologians of other creeds. If some — aye, if many — of the doctrines of Christianity were met with in other religions also, surely that would not affect their value, or diminish their truth; while nothing, I feel certain, would more effectually secure to the pure and simple teaching of Christ its true place in the historical development of the human mind than to place it side by side

with the other religions of the world. In the series of translations of the "Sacred Books of the East," of which the first three volumes have just appeared,<sup>1</sup> I wished myself to include a new translation of the Old and New Testaments; and when that series is finished it will, I believe, be admitted that nowhere would these two books have had a grander setting, or have shone with a brighter light, than surrounded by the Veda, the Zendavesta, the Buddhist Tripitaka, and the Qur'ân.

But as I said before, I was not thinking of religious dogmas only, or even chiefly, when I maintained that the character of academic teaching must be Sokratic, not dogmatic. The evil of dogmatic teaching lies much deeper, and spreads much farther.

Think only of language, the work of other people, not of ourselves, which we pick up at random in our race through life. Does not every word we use require careful examination and revision? It is not enough to say that language assists our thoughts or colors them, or possibly obscures them. No language and thought are indivisible. It was not from poverty of expression that the Greeks called reason and language by the same word, λόγος. It was because they knew that, though we may distinguish between thought and speech, as we distinguish between force and function, it is as impossible to tear the one by violence away from the other as it is to separate the concave side of a lens from its convex side. This is something to learn and to understand, for, if, properly understood, will it supply the key to most of our intellectual puzzles, and serve as the safest thread through the whole labyrinth of philosophy.

<sup>1</sup> *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by M. M., vols. i. to ix. ; Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1879 and 1880.

“It is evident,” as Hobbes remarks,<sup>1</sup> “that truth and falsity have no place but amongst such living creatures as use speech. For though some brute creatures, looking upon the image of a man in a glass, may be affected with it, as if it were the man himself, and for this reason fear it or fawn upon it in vain; yet they do not apprehend it as true or false, but only as like; and in this they are not deceived. Wherefore, as men owe all their true ratiocination to the right understanding of speech, so also they owe their errors to the misunderstanding of the same; and as all the ornaments of philosophy proceed only from man, so from man also is derived the ugly absurdity of false opinion. For speech has something in it like to a spider’s web (as it was said of old of Solon’s laws), for by contexture of words tender and delicate wits are ensnared or stopped, but strong wits break easily through them.”

Let me illustrate my meaning by at least one instance.

Among the words which have proved spider’s webs, ensnaring even the greatest intellects of the world from Aristotle down to Leibniz, the terms *genus*, *species*, and *individual* occupy a very prominent place. The opposition of Aristotle to Plato, of the Nominalists to the Realists, of Leibniz to Locke, of Herbart to Hegel, turns on the true meaning of these words. At school, of course, all we can do is to teach the received meaning of *genus* and *species*; and if a boy can trace these terms back to Aristotle’s γένος and εἶδος, and show in what sense that philosopher used them, every examiner would be satisfied.

But the time comes when we have to act as our

<sup>1</sup> *Computation or Logic*, t. iii., viii., p. 36.

own examiners, and when we have to give an account to ourselves of such words as *genus* and *species*. Some people write, indeed, as if they had seen a *species* and a *genus* walking about in broad daylight; but a little consideration will show us that these words express subjective concepts, and that, if the whole world were silent, there would never have been a thought of a *genus* or a *species*. There are languages in which we look in vain for corresponding words; and if we had been born in the atmosphere of such a language, these terms and thoughts would not exist for us. They came to us, directly or indirectly, from Aristotle. But Aristotle did not invent them, he only defined them in his own way, so that, for instance, according to him, all living beings would constitute a *genus*, men a *species*, and Sokrates an *individual*.

No one would say that Aristotle had not a perfect right to define these terms, if those who use them in his sense would only always remember that they are thinking the thoughts of Aristotle, and not their own. The true way to shake off the fetters of old words, and to learn to think our own thoughts, is to follow them up from century to century, to watch their development, and in the end to bring ourselves face to face with those who first found and framed both words and thoughts. If we do this with *genus* and *species*, we shall find that the words which Aristotle defined — viz., γένος and εἶδος — had originally a very different and far more useful application than that which he gave to them. Γένος, *genus*, meant generation, and comprehended such living beings only as were believed to have a common origin, however they might differ in outward appearance, as, for instance,

the spaniel and the bloodhound, or, according to Darwin, the ape and the man. *Eĩdos* or species, on the contrary, meant appearance, and comprehended all such things as had the same form or appearance, whether they had a common origin or not, as if we were to speak of a species of four-footed, two-footed, horned, winged, or blue animals.

That two such concepts, as we have here explained, had a natural justification we may best learn from the fact that exactly the same thoughts found expression in Sanskrit. There, too, we find *g âti*, generation, used in the sense of *genus*, and opposed to *âkriti*, appearance, used in the sense of *species*.

So long as these two words or thoughts were used independently (much as we now speak of a genealogical as independent of a morphological classification) no harm could accrue. A family, for instance, might be called a *γένος*, the *gens* or clan was a *γένος*, the nation (*gnatio*) was a *γένος*, the whole human kith and kin was a *γένος*; in fact, all that was descended from common ancestors was a true *γένος*. There is no obscurity of thought in this.

On the other side, taking *εĩδος* or species in its original sense, one man might be said to be like another in his *εĩδος* or appearance. An ape, too, might quite truly be said to have the same *εĩδος* or species or appearance as a man, without any prejudice as to their common origin. People might also speak of different *εĩδη* or forms or classes of things, such as different kinds of metals, or tools, or armor, without committing themselves in the least to any opinion as to their common descent.

Often it would happen that things belonging to the same *γένος*, such as the white man and the negro.

differed in their εἶδος or appearance ; often also that things belonged to the same εἶδος, such as eatables, differed in their γένος, as, for instance, meat and vegetables.

All this is clear and simple. The confusion began when these two terms, instead of being coördinate, were subordinated to each other by the philosophers of Greece, so that what from one point of view was called a *genus*, might from another be called a *species*, and *vice versâ*. Human beings, for instance, were now called a *species*, all living beings a *genus*, which may be true in logic, but is utterly false in what is older than logic — viz., language, thought, or fact. According to language, according to reason, and according to nature, all human beings constitute a γένος, or generation, so long as they are supposed to have common ancestors ; but with regard to all living beings we can only say that they form an εἶδος — that is, agree in certain appearances, until it has been proved that even Mr. Darwin was too modest in admitting at least four or five different ancestors for the whole animal world.<sup>1</sup>

In tracing the history of these two words, γένος and εἶδος, you may see passing before your eyes almost the whole panorama of philosophy, from Plato's "ideas" down to Hegel's *Idee*. The question of *genera*, their origin and subdivision, occupied chiefly the attention of natural philosophers, who, after long controversies about the origin and classification of *genera* and *species*, seem at last, thanks to the clear sight of Darwin, to have arrived at the old truth which was prefigured in language — namely, that Nature knows nothing

<sup>1</sup> Lectures on Mr. Darwin's "Philosophy of Language," *Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1873, p. 26.

but *genera*, or generations, to be traced back to a limited number of ancestors, and that the so-called *species* are only *genera*, whose genealogical descent is *as yet* more or less obscure.

But the question as to the nature of the εἶδος became a vital question in every system of philosophy. Granting, for instance, that women in every clime and country formed one species, it was soon asked what constituted a species? If all women shared a common form, what was that form? Where was it? So long as it was supposed that all women descended from Eve, the difficulty might be slurred over by the name of heredity. But the more thoughtful would ask even then how it was that, while all individual women came and went and vanished, the form in which they were cast remained the same?

Here you see how philosophical mythology springs up. The very question what εἶδος or species or form was, and where these things were kept, changed those words from predicates into subjects. Εἶδος was conceived as something independent and substantial, something within or above the individuals participating in it, something unchangeable and eternal. Soon there arose as many εἶδη or forms or types as there were general concepts. They were considered the only true realities of which the phenomenal world is only as a shadow that soon passeth away. Here we have, in fact, the origin of Plato's ideas, and of the various systems of idealism which followed his lead, while the opposite opinion that ideas have no independent existence, and that the one is nowhere found except in the many (τὸ ἐν παρὰ τὰ πολλά), was strenuously defended by Aristotle and his followers.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Prantl, *Geschichte der Logik*, vol. i. p. 121.

The same red thread runs through the whole philosophy of the Middle Ages. Men were cited before councils and condemned as heretics because they declared that *animal*, *man*, or *woman* were mere names, and that they could not bring themselves to believe in an ideal animal, an ideal man, an ideal woman as the invisible, supernatural, or metaphysical types of the ordinary animal, the individual man, the single woman. Those philosophers, called *Nominalists*, in opposition to the *Realists*, declared that all general terms were *names only*, and that nothing could claim reality but the individual.

We cannot follow this controversy farther, as it turns up again between Locke and Leibniz, between Herbart and Hegel. Suffice it to say that the knot, as it was tied by language, can be untied by the science of language alone, which teaches us that there is and can be no such thing as "a name only." That phrase ought to be banished from all works on philosophy. A name is and always has been the subjective side of our knowledge, but that subjective side is as impossible without an objective side as a key is without a lock. It is useless to ask which of the two is the more real, for they are real only by being, not two, but one. Realism is as one-sided as Nominalism. But there is a higher Nominalism, which might better be called the Science of Language, and which teaches us that, apart from sensuous perception, all human knowledge is by names and by names only, and that the object of names is always the general.

This is but one out of hundreds and thousands of cases to show how names and concepts which come to us by tradition must be submitted to very careful snuffing before they will yield a pure light. What I

mean by academic teaching and academic study is exactly this process of snuffing, this changing of traditional words into living words, this tracing of modern thought back to ancient primitive thought, this living, as it were, once more, so far as it concerns us, the whole history of human thought ourselves, till we are as little afraid to differ from Plato or Aristotle as from Comte or Darwin.

Plato and Aristotle are, no doubt, great names; every school-boy is awed by them, even though he may have read very little of their writings. This, too, is a kind of dogmatism that requires correction. Now, at his University, a young student might chance to hear the following, by no means respectful, remarks about Aristotle, which I copy from one of the greatest English scholars and philosophers: "There is nothing so absurd that the old philosophers, as Cicero saith, who was one of them, have not some of them maintained; and I believe that scarce anything can be more absurdly said in natural philosophy than that which now is called Aristotle's *Metaphysics*; or more repugnant to government than much of that he hath said in his *Politics*; nor more ignorantly than a great part of his *Ethics*." I am far from approving this judgment, but I think that the shock which a young scholar receives on seeing his idols so mercilessly broken is salutary. It throws him back on his own resources; it makes him honest to himself. If he thinks the criticism thus passed on Aristotle unfair, he will begin to read his works with new eyes. He will not only construe his words, but try to reconstruct in his own mind the thoughts so carefully elaborated by that ancient philosopher. He will judge of their truth without being swayed by

the authority of a great name, and probably in the end value what is valuable in Aristotle, or Plato, or any other great philosopher far more highly and honestly than if he had never seen them trodden under foot.

Do not suppose that I look upon the Universities as purely iconoclastic, as chiefly intended to teach us how to break the idols of the schools. Far from it! But I do look upon them as meant to supply a fresher atmosphere than we breathed at school, and to shake our mind to its very roots, as a storm shakes the young oaks, not to throw them down, but to make them grasp all the more firmly the hard soil of fact and truth! "*Stand upright on thy feet*" ought to be written over the gate of every college, if the epidemic of uniformity and sequacity which Mill saw approaching from China, and which since his time has made such rapid progress Westward, is ever to be stayed.

Academic freedom is not without its dangers; but there are dangers which it is safer to face than to avoid. In Germany — so far as my own experience goes — students are often left too much to themselves, and it is only the cleverest among them, or those who are personally recommended, who receive from the professors that individual guidance and encouragement which should and could be easily extended to all.

There is too much time spent in the German Universities in mere lecturing, and often in simply retailing to a class what each student might read in books in a far more perfect form. Lectures are useful if they teach us how to teach ourselves; if they stimulate; if they excite sympathy and curiosity; if

they give advice that springs from personal experience ; if they warn against wrong roads ; if, in fact, they have less the character of a show-window than of a workshop. Half an hour's conversation with a tutor or a professor often does more than a whole course of lectures in giving the right direction and the right spirit to a young man's studies. Here I may quote the words of Professor Helmholtz, in full agreement with him. " When I recall the memory of my own University life," he writes, " and the impression which a man like Johannes Müller, the professor of physiology, made on us, I must set the highest value on the personal intercourse with teachers from whom one learns how thought works in independent heads. Whoever has come in contact but once with one or several first-class men will find his intellectual standard changed for life."

In English Universities, on the contrary, there is too little of academic freedom. There is not only guidance, but far too much of constant personal control. It is often thought that English undergraduates could not be trusted with that amount of academic freedom which is granted to German students, and that most of them, if left to choose their own work, their own time, their own books, and their own teachers, would simply do nothing. This seems to me unfair and untrue. Most horses, if you take them to the water, will drink ; and the best way to make them drink is to leave them alone. I have lived long enough in English and in German Universities to know that the intellectual fibre is as strong and sound in the English as in the German youth. But if you supply a man, who wishes to learn swimming, with bladders — nay, if you insist on his using them — he

will use them, but he will probably never learn to swim. Take them away, on the contrary, and depend on it, after a few aimless strokes and a few painful gulps, he will use his arms and his legs, and he will swim. If young men do not learn to use their arms, their legs, their muscles, their senses, their brain, and their heart too, during the bright years of their University life, when are they to learn it? True, there are thousands who never learn it, and who float happily on through life buoyed up on mere bladders. The worst that can happen to them is that some day the bladders may burst, and they may be left stranded or drowned. But these are not the men whom England wants to fight her battles. It has often been pointed out of late that many of those who during this century have borne the brunt of the battle in the intellectual warfare in England, have not been trained at our Universities, while others who have been at Oxford and Cambridge, and have distinguished themselves in after life, have openly declared that they attended hardly any lectures in college, or that they derived no benefit from them. What can be the ground of that? Not that there is less work done at Oxford than at Leipzig, but that the work is done in a different spirit. It is free in Germany; it has now become almost compulsory in England. Though an old professor myself, I like to attend, when I can, some of the professorial lectures in Germany; for it is a real pleasure to see hundreds of young faces listening to a teacher on the history of art, on modern history, on the science of language, or on philosophy, without any view to examinations, simply from love of the subject or of the teacher. No one who knows what the real joy of learning is, how it

lightens all drudgery and draws away the mind from mean pursuits, can see without indignation that what ought to be the freest and happiest years in a man's life should often be spent between cramming and examinations.

And here I have at last mentioned the word, which to many friends of academic freedom, to many who dread the baneful increase of uniformity, may seem the cause of all mischief, the most powerful engine for intellectual levelling — *Examination*.

There is a strong feeling springing up everywhere against the tyranny of examinations, against the cramping and withering influence which they are supposed to exercise on the youth of England. I cannot join in that outcry. I well remember that the first letters which I ventured to address to the *Times*, in very imperfect English, were in favor of examinations. They were signed *La Carrière ouverte*, and were written before the days of the Civil Service Commission! I well remember, too, that the first time I ventured to speak, or rather to stammer, in public, was in favor of examinations. That was in 1857, at Exeter, when the first experiment was made, under the auspices of Sir T. Acland, in the direction of what has since developed into the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. I have been an examiner myself for many years, I have watched the growth of that system in England from year to year, and, in spite of all that has been said and written of late against it, I confess I do not see how it would be possible to abolish it, and return to the old system of appointment by patronage.

But though I have not lost my faith in examinations, I cannot conceal the fact that I am frightened

by the manner in which they are conducted, and by the results which they produce. As you are interested yourselves at this Midland Institute in the successful working of examinations, you will perhaps allow me in conclusion to add a few remarks on the safeguards necessary for the efficient working of examinations.

All examinations are a means to ascertain how pupils have been taught; they ought never to be allowed to become the end for which pupils are taught. Teaching with a view to them lowers the teacher in the eyes of his pupils; learning with a view to them is apt to produce shallowness and dishonesty.

Whatever attractions learning possesses in itself, and whatever efforts were formerly made by boys at school from a sense of duty, all this is lost if they once imagine that the highest object of all learning is to gain marks in a competition.

In order to maintain the proper relation between teacher and pupil, all pupils should be made to look to their teachers as their natural examiners and fairest judges, and therefore in every examination the report of the teacher ought to carry the greatest weight. This is the principle followed abroad in examining candidates at public schools; and even in their examination on leaving school, which gives them the right to enter the University, they know that their success depends far more on the work which they have done during the years at school, than on the work done on the few days of their examination. There are outside examiners appointed by Government to check the work done at schools and during the examinations; but the cases in which they have to modify or reverse

the award of the master are extremely rare, and they are felt to reflect seriously on the competency or impartiality of the school authorities.

To leave examinations entirely to strangers reduces them to the level of lotteries, and fosters a cleverness in teachers and taught often akin to dishonesty. An examiner may find out what a candidate knows *not*, he can hardly ever find out all he knows; and even if he succeeds in finding out *how much* a candidate knows, he can seldom find out *how* he knows it. On these points the opinion of the masters who have watched their pupils for years is indispensable for the sake of the examiner, for the sake of the pupils, and for the sake of their teachers.

I know I shall be told that it would be impossible to trust the masters, and to be guided by their opinion, because they are interested parties. Now, first of all, there are far more honest men in the world than dishonest, and it does not answer to legislate as if all school-masters were rogues. It is enough that they should know that their reports would be scrutinized, to keep even the most reprobate of teachers from bearing false witness in favor of their pupils.

Secondly, I believe that unnecessary temptation is now being placed before all parties concerned in examinations. The proper reward for a good examination should be honor, not pounds, shillings, and pence. The mischief done by pecuniary rewards offered in the shape of scholarships and exhibitions at school and University, begins to be recognized very widely. To train a boy of twelve for a race against all England is generally to overstrain his faculties, and often to impair his usefulness in later life; but to make him feel that by his failure he will entail on his fa-

ther the loss of a hundred a year, and on his teacher the loss of pupils, is simply cruel at that early age.

It is said that these scholarships and exhibitions enable the sons of poor parents to enjoy the privilege of the best education in England, from which they would otherwise be debarred by the excessive costliness of our public schools. But even this argument, strong as it seems, can hardly stand, for I believe it could be shown that the majority of those who are successful in obtaining scholarships and exhibitions at school or at the University are boys whose parents have been able to pay the highest price for their children's previous education. If all these prizes were abolished, and the funds thus set free used to lessen the price of education at school and in college, I believe that the sons of poor parents would be far more benefited than by the present system. It might also be desirable to lower the school fees in the case of the sons of poor parents, who were doing well at school from year to year; and, in order to guard against favoritism, an examination, particularly *vivâ voce*, before all the masters of a school, possibly even with some outside examiner, might be useful. But the present system bids fair to degenerate into mere horse-racing, and I shall not wonder if, sooner or later, the two-year olds entered for the race have to be watched by their trainer that they may not be overfed or drugged against the day of the race. It has come to this, that schools are bidding for clever boys in order to run them in the races, and in France, I read, that parents actually extort money from schools by threatening to take away the young racers that are likely to win the Derby.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> L. Noiré, *Pädagogisches Skizzenbuch*, p. 157; "Todtes Wissen."

If we turn from the schools to the Universities we find here, too, the same complaints against over-examination. Now it seems to me that every University, in order to maintain its position, has a perfect right to demand two examinations, but no more: one for admission, the other for a degree. Various attempts have been made in Germany, in Russia, in France, and in England to change and improve the old academic tradition, but in the end the original, and, as it would seem, the natural system, has generally proved its wisdom and reasserted its right.

If a University surrenders the right of examining those who wish to be admitted, the tutors will often have to do the work of school-masters, and the professors can never know how high or how low they should aim in their public lectures; and the result will be a lowering of the standard at the Universities, and consequently at the public schools. Some Universities, on the contrary, like over-anxious mothers, have multiplied examinations so as to make quite sure, at the end of each term or each year, that the pupils confided to them have done at least some work. This kind of forced labor may do some good to the incorrigibly idle, but it does the greatest harm to all the rest. If there is an examination at the end of each year, there can be no freedom left for any independent work. Both teachers and taught will be guided by the same pole-star — examinations; no deviation from the beaten track will be considered safe, and all the pleasure derived from work done for its own sake, and all the just pride and joy, which those only know who have ever ventured out by themselves on the open sea of knowledge, must be lost.

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the brilliant show of examination papers.

It is certainly marvellous what an amount of knowledge candidates will produce before their examiners; but those who have been both examined and examiners know best how fleeting that knowledge often is, and how different from that other knowledge which has been acquired slowly and quietly, for its own sake, for our own sake, without a thought as to whether it would ever pay at examinations or not. A candidate, after giving most glibly the dates and the titles of the principal works of Cobbett, Gibbon, Burke, Adam Smith, and David Hume, was asked whether he had ever seen any of their writings, and he had to answer, No. Another who was asked which of the works of Pheidias he had seen, replied that he had only read the first two books. This is the kind of dishonest knowledge which is fostered by too frequent examinations. There are two kinds of knowledge, the one that enters into our very blood, the other which we carry about in our pockets. Those who read for examinations have generally their pockets cram full; those who work on quietly and have their whole heart in their work are often discouraged at the small amount of their knowledge, at the little life-blood they have made. But what they have learnt has really become their own, has invigorated their whole frame, and in the end they have often proved the strongest and happiest men in the battle of life.

Omniscience is at present the bane of all our knowledge. From the day he leaves school and enters the University a man ought to make up his mind that in many things he must either remain altogether ignorant, or be satisfied with knowledge at second-hand. Thus only can he clear the decks

for action. And the sooner he finds out what his own work is to be, the more useful and delightful will be his life at the University and later. There are few men who have a passion for all knowledge; there is hardly one who has not a hobby of his own. Those so-called hobbies ought to be utilized, and not, as they are now, discouraged, if we wish our Universities to produce more men like Faraday, Carlyle, Grote, or Darwin. I do not say that in an examination for a University degree a minimum of what is now called general culture should not be insisted on; but in addition to that, far more freedom ought to be given to the examiner to let each candidate produce his own individual work. This is done to a far greater extent in Continental than in English Universities, and the examinations are therefore mostly confided to the members of the *Senatus Academicus*, consisting of the most experienced teachers, and the most eminent representatives of the different branches of knowledge in the University. Their object is not to find out how many marks each candidate may gain by answering a larger or smaller number of questions, and then to place them in order before the world like so many organ pipes. They want to find out whether a man, by the work he has done during his three or four University years, has acquired that vigor of thought, that maturity of judgment, and that special knowledge, which fairly entitle him to an academic degree, with or without special honors. Such a degree confers no material advantages;<sup>1</sup> it does not entitle its holder to any employment in Church or State; it does not vouch even for his being a fit person to be made an Archbishop or

<sup>1</sup> Mill *On Liberty*, p. 193

Prime Minister. All this is left to the later struggle for life; and in that struggle it seems as if those who, after having surveyed the vast field of human knowledge, have settled on a few acres of their own and cultivated them as they were never cultivated before, who have worked hard and have tasted the true joy and happiness of hard work, who have gladly listened to others, but always depended on themselves, were, after all, the men whom great nations delighted to follow as their royal leaders in the onward march towards greater enlightenment, greater happiness, and greater freedom.

To sum up, no one can read Mill's Essay "On Liberty" at the present moment without feeling that even during the short period of the last twenty years the cause which he advocated so strongly and passionately, the cause of individual freedom, has made rapid progress — aye, has carried the day. In no country *may* a man be so entirely himself, so true to himself, and yet loyal to society, as in England.

But, although the enemy whose encroachments Mill feared most and resented most has been driven back and forced to keep within his own bounds — though such names as Dissenter and Nonconformist, which were formerly used in society as fatal darts, seem to have lost all the poison which they once contained — Mill's principal fears have nevertheless not been belied, and the blight of uniformity which he saw approaching with its attendant evils of feebleness, indifference, and sequacity, has been spreading more widely than ever.

It has ever been maintained that the very freedom which every individual now enjoys has been detrimental to the growth of individuality; that you

must have an Inquisition if you want to see martyrs, that you must have despotism and tyranny to call forth heroes. The very measures which the friends of individual development advocated so warmly, compulsory education and competitive examinations, are pointed out as having chiefly contributed to produce that large array of pass-men, that dead level of uninteresting excellence, which is the *beau idéal* of a Chinese Mandarin, while it frightened and disheartened such men as Humboldt, Tocqueville, and John Stuart Mill himself.

There may be some truth in all this, but it is certainly not the whole truth. Education, as it has to be carried on, whether in elementary or in public schools, is no doubt a heavy weight which might well press down the most independent spirit; it is, in fact, neither more nor less than placing, in a systematized form, on the shoulders of every generation the ever-increasing mass of knowledge, experience, custom, and tradition that has been accumulated by former generations. We need not wonder, therefore, if in some schools all spring, all vigor, all joyousness of work is crushed out under that load of names and dates, of anomalous verbs and syntactic rules, of mathematical formulas and geometrical theories which boys are expected to bring up for competitive examinations.

But a remedy has been provided, and we are ourselves to blame if we do not avail ourselves of it to the fullest extent. Europe erected its Universities, and called them the homes of the Liberal Arts, and determined that between the mental slavery of the school and the physical slavery of busy life every man should have at least three years of freedom.

What Sokrates and his great pupil Plato had done for the youth of Greece,<sup>1</sup> these new academies were to do for the youth of Italy, France, England, Spain, and Germany; and, though with varying success, they have done it. The mediæval and modern Universities have been from century to century the homes of free thought. Here the most eminent men have spent their lives, not in retailing traditional knowledge, as at school, but in extending the frontiers of science in all directions. Here, in close intercourse with their teachers, or under their immediate guidance, generation after generation of boys fresh from school have grown up into men during the three years of their academic life. Here, for the first time, each man has been encouraged to dare to be himself, to follow his own tastes, to depend on his own judgment, to try the wings of his mind, and, lo, like young eagles thrown out of their nest, they could fly. Here the old knowledge accumulated at school was tested, and new knowledge acquired straight from the fountain-head. Here knowledge ceased to be a mere burden, and became a power invigorating the whole mind, like snow which during winter lies cold and heavy on the meadows, but when it is touched by the sun of spring melts away, and fertilizes the ground for a rich harvest.

That was the original purpose of the Universities; and the more they continue to fulfil that purpose, the more will they secure to us that real freedom from tradition, from custom, from mere opinion and superstition, which can be gained by independent study only; the more will they foster that "human

<sup>1</sup> Zeller, *Ueber den wissenschaftlichen Unterricht bei den Griechen*, 1878, p. 9.

development in its richest diversity" which Mill, like Humboldt, considered as the highest object of all society.

Such academic teaching need not be confined to the old Universities. There is many a great University that sprang from smaller beginnings than your Midland Institute. Nor is it necessary, in order to secure the real benefits of academic teaching, to have all the paraphernalia of a University, its colleges and fellowships, its caps and gowns. What is really wanted is the presence of men who, having done good work in their life, are willing to teach others how to work for themselves, how to think for themselves, how to judge for themselves. That is the true academic stage in every man's life, when he learns to work, not to please others, be they schoolmasters or examiners, but to please himself, when he works from sheer love of work, and for the highest of all purposes, the quest of truth. Those only who have passed through that stage know the real blessings of work. To the world at large they may seem mere drudges — but the world does not know the triumphant joy with which the true mountaineer, high above clouds and mountain walls that once seemed unsurpassable, drinks in the fresh air of the High Alps, and away from the fumes, the dust, and the noises of the city, revels alone, in freedom of thought, in freedom of feeling, and in the freedom of the highest faith.

## II.

### ON THE

## PHILOSOPHY OF MYTHOLOGY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION IN 1871.

WHAT can be in our days the interest of mythology? What is it to us that Kronos was the son of Uranos and Gaia, and that he swallowed his children, Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Pluton, and Poseidon, as soon as they were born? What have we to do with the stories of Rhea, the wife of Kronos, who, in order to save her youngest son from being swallowed by his father, gave her husband a stone to swallow instead? And why should we be asked to admire the exploits of this youngest son, who, when he had grown up, made his father drink a draught, and thus helped to deliver the stone and his five brothers and sisters from their paternal prison? What shall we think if we read in the most admired of classic poets that these escaped prisoners became afterwards the great gods of Greece, gods believed in by Homer, worshipped by Sokrates, immortalized by Pheidias? Why should we listen to such horrors as that Tantalos killed his own son, boiled him, and placed him before the gods to eat? or that the gods collected his limbs, threw them into a cauldron, and thus restored Pelops to life, *minus*, however, his shoulder, which Demeter

had eaten in a fit of absence, and which had therefore to be replaced by a shoulder made of ivory?

Can we imagine anything more silly, more savage, more senseless, anything more unworthy to engage our thoughts, even for a single moment? We may pity our children that, in order to know how to construe and understand the master-works of Homer and Virgil, they have to fill their memory with such idle tales; but we might justly suppose that men who have serious work to do in this world would banish such subjects forever from their thoughts.

And yet, how strange, from the very childhood of philosophy, from the first faintly-whispered Why? to our own time of matured thought and fearless inquiry, mythology has been the ever-recurrent subject of anxious wonder and careful study. The ancient philosophers, who could pass by the petrified shells on mountain-tops and the fossil trees buried in their quarries without ever asking the question how they came to be there, or what they signified, were ever ready with doubts and surmises when they came to listen to ancient stories of their gods and heroes. And, more curious still, even modern philosophers cannot resist the attraction of these ancient problems. That stream of philosophic thought which, springing from Descartes (1596-1650), rolled on through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in two beds — the *idealistic*, marked by the names of Malebranche (1638-1715), Spinoza (1632-1677), and Leibniz (1646-1716); and the *sensualistic*, marked by the names of Locke (1632-1704), David Hume (1711-1776), and Condillac (1715-1780), till the two arms united again in Kant (1724-1804), and the full stream was carried on by Schelling (1775-1854), and

Hegel (1770–1831),— this stream of modern philosophic thought has ended where ancient philosophy began — in a Philosophy of Mythology, which, as you know, forms the most important part of Schelling's final system, of what he called himself his *Positive Philosophy*, given to the world after the death of that great thinker and poet, in the year 1854.

I do not mean to say that Schelling and Aristotle looked upon mythology in the same light, or that they found in it exactly the same problems ; yet there is this common feature in all who have thought or written on mythology, that they look upon it as something which, whatever it may mean, does certainly not mean what it seems to mean ; as something that requires an explanation, whether it be a system of religion, or a phase in the development of the human mind, or an inevitable catastrophe in the life of language.

According to some, mythology is history changed into fable ; according to others, fable changed into history. Some discover in it the precepts of moral philosophy enunciated in the poetical language of antiquity ; others see in it a picture of the great forms and forces of nature, particularly the sun, the moon, and the stars, the changes of day and night, the succession of the seasons, the return of the years — all this reflected by the vivid imagination of ancient poets and sages.

Epicharmos, for instance, the pupil of Pythagoras, declared that the gods of Greece were not what, from the poems of Homer, we might suppose them to be — personal beings, endowed with superhuman powers, but liable to many of the passions and frailties of human nature. He maintained that these gods were

really the Wind, the Water, the Earth, the Sun, the Fire, and the Stars. Not long after his time, another philosopher, Empedokles, holding that the whole of nature consisted in the mixture and separation of the four elements, declared that Zeus was the element of Fire, Here the element of Air, Aidoneus or Pluton the element of Earth, and Nestis the element of Water. In fact, whatever the free thinkers of Greece discovered successively as the first principles of Being and Thought, whether the air of Anaximenes, or the fire of Herakleitos, or the Nous or Mind of Anaxagoras, was readily identified with Zeus and the other divine persons of Olympian mythology. Metrodoros, the contemporary of Anaxagoras, went even farther. While Anaxagoras would have been satisfied with looking upon Zeus as but another name of his Nous, the highest intellect, the mover, the disposer, the governor of all things, Metrodoros resolved not only the persons of Zeus, Here, and Athene, but likewise those of human kings and heroes — such as Agamemnon, Achilles, and Hektor — into various combinations and physical agencies, and treated the adventures ascribed to them as natural facts hidden under a thin veil of allegory.

Sokrates, it is well known, looked upon such attempts at explaining all fables allegorically as too arduous and unprofitable: yet he, too, as well as Plato, pointed frequently to what they called the *hypónoia*, the under-current, or, if I may say so, the under-meaning of ancient mythology.

Aristotle speaks more explicitly: —

“It has been handed down,” he says, “by early and very ancient people, and left to those who came after, in the form of myths, that these (the first prin-

ciplcs of the world) are the gods, and that the divine embraces the whole of nature. The rest has been added mythically, in order to persuade the many, and in order to be used in support of laws and other interests. Thus they say that the gods have a human form, and that they are like to some of the other living beings, and other things consequent on this, and similar to what has been said. If one separated out of these fables, and took only that first point, namely, that they believed the first essences to be gods, one would think that it had been divinely said, and that while every art and every philosophy was probably invented ever so many times and lost again, these opinions had, like fragments of them, been preserved until now. So far only is the opinion of our fathers, and that received from our first ancestors, clear to us."

I have quoted the opinions of these Greek philosophers, to which many more might have been added, partly in order to show how many of the most distinguished minds of ancient Greece agreed in demanding an interpretation, whether physical or metaphysical, of Greek mythology, partly in order to satisfy those classical scholars, who, forgetful of their own classics, forgetful of their own Plato and Aristotle, seem to imagine that the idea of seeing in the gods and heroes of Greece anything beyond what they appear to be in the songs of Homer, was a mere fancy and invention of the students of Comparative Mythology.

There were, no doubt, Greeks, and eminent Greeks too, who took the legends of their gods and heroes in their literal sense. But what do these say of Homer and Hesiod? Xenophanes, the contemporary of Pythagoras, holds Homer and Hesiod responsible for the

popular superstitions of Greece. In this he agrees with Herodotus, when he declares that these two poets made the theogony for the Greeks, and gave to the gods their names, and assigned to them their honours and their arts, and described their appearances. But he then continues in a very different strain from the pious historian.<sup>1</sup> "Homer," he says,<sup>2</sup> "and Hesiod ascribed to the gods whatever is disgraceful and scandalous among men, yea, they declared that the gods had committed nearly all unlawful acts, such as theft, adultery, and fraud." "Men seem to have created their gods, and to have given to them their own mind, voice, and figure. The Ethiopians made their gods black and flat-nosed; the Thracians red-haired and blue-eyed." This was spoken about 500 B. C. Herakleitos, about 460 B. C., one of the boldest thinkers of ancient Greece, declared that Homer deserved to be ejected from public assemblies and flogged; and a story is told that Pythagoras (about 540 B. C.) saw the soul of Homer in Hades, hanging

<sup>1</sup> Her. ii. 53, οὗτοι δὲ εἰσι οἱ ποιήσαντες θεογονίην Ἑλλησι, καὶ τοῖσι θεοῖσι τὰς ἐπωνυμίας δόντες καὶ τιμάς τε καὶ τέχνας διελόντες, καὶ εἶδεα αὐτῶν σημήναντες.

<sup>2</sup> Πάντα θεοῖς ἀνέθηκαν Ὀμηροῦ θ' Ἡσίοδος τε  
 ὅσσα παρ' ἀνθρώποισι ὄνειδεα καὶ ψόγος ἐστίν.  
 ὡς πλείστ' ἐφθέγγαντο θεῶν ἀθεμίστια ἔργα,  
 κλέπτειν μοιχεύειν τε καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀπατεύειν.

Sext. Emp. *adv. Math.* 1289; ix. 193.

δοκέουσι θεοὺς γεγενῆσθαι  
 τὴν σφετέρην τ' αἴσθησιν ἔχειν φωνὴν τε δέμας τε.—  
 Ἄλλ' εἴτοι χεῖράς γ' εἶχον βόες ἢ λέοντες  
 ἢ γράψαι χεῖρεσσι καὶ ἔργα τελεῖν ἄπερ ἄνδρες,  
 καὶ κε θεῶν ιδέας ἔγραφον καὶ σώματ' ἐποίουν  
 τοιαῦθ' οἷον περ καὶ τοὶ δέμας εἶχον ὁμοῖον,  
 ἵπποι μὲν θ' ἵπποισι, βόες δὲ τε βουσὶν ὁμοῖα.

Clem. Alex. *Strom.* v. p. 601, c.

Ὅς φησιν Ξενοφάνης Αἰθίοπες τε μέλανας σιμούς τε, Θορῆκές τε πυρρῶδες καὶ γλαυκοὺς. Clem. Alex. *Strom.* vii. p. 711, B. *Historia Philosophia*, ed. Ritter et Preller, cap. iii.

on a tree and surrounded by serpents, as a punishment for what he had said of the gods. And what can be stronger than the condemnation passed on Homer by Plato? I shall read an extract from the "Republic," from the excellent translation lately published by Professor Jowett:—

"But what fault do you find with Homer and Hesiod, and the other great story-tellers of mankind?"

"A fault which is most serious," I said: "the fault of telling a lie, and a bad lie."

"But when is this fault committed?"

"Whenever an erroneous representation is made of the nature of gods and heroes — like the drawing of a limner which has not the shadow of a likeness to the truth."

"'Yes,' he said, 'that sort of thing is certainly very blamable; but what are the stories which you mean?'

"'First of all,' I said, 'there was that greatest of all lies in high places, which the poet told about Uranos, and which was an immoral lie too — I mean what Hesiod says that Uranos did, and what Kronos did to him. The fact is that the doings of Kronos, and the sufferings which his son inflicted upon him, even if they were true, ought not to be lightly told to young and simple persons; if possible, they had better be buried in silence. But if there is an absolute necessity for their mention, a very few might hear them in a mystery, and then let them sacrifice not a common (Eleusinian) pig, but some huge and unprocurable victim; this would have the effect of very greatly reducing the number of the hearers.'

"'Why, yes,' said he, 'these stories are certainly objectionable.'

“ ‘Yes, Adeimantos, they are stories not to be narrated in our state; the young man should not be told that in committing the worst of crimes he is far from doing anything outrageous, and that he may chastise his father when he does wrong in any manner that he likes, and in this will only be following the example of the first and greatest of the gods.’

“ ‘I quite agree with you,’ he said; ‘in my opinion those stories are *not fit to be repeated.*’

“ ‘Neither, if we mean our future guardians to regard the habit of quarrelling as dishonorable, should anything be said of the wars in heaven, and of the plots and fightings of the gods against one another, which are quite untrue. Far be it from us to tell them of the battles of the giants, and embroider them on garments; or of all the innumerable other quarrels of gods and heroes with their friends and relations. If they would only believe us, we would tell them that quarrelling is unholy, and that never up to this time has there been any quarrel between citizens; this is what old men and old women should begin by telling children, and the same when they grow up. And these are the sort of fictions which the poets should be required to compose. But the narrative of Hephaestos binding Here his mother, or how, on another occasion, Zeus sent him flying for taking her part when she was being beaten — such tales must not be admitted in our state, whether they are supposed to have an allegorical meaning or not. For the young man cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal, and anything that he receives into his mind at that age is apt to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore the tales which they first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts.’ ”

To those who look upon mythology as an ancient form of religion, such freedom of language as is here used by Xenophanes and Plato, must seem startling. If the Iliad were really the Bible of the Greeks, as it has not unfrequently been called, such violent invectives would have been impossible. For let us bear in mind that Xenophanes, though he boldly denied the existence of all the mythological deities, and declared his belief in One God, "neither in form nor in thought like unto mortals,"<sup>1</sup> was not therefore considered a heretic. He never suffered for uttering his honest convictions: on the contrary, as far as we know, he was honored by the people among whom he lived and taught. Nor was Plato ever punished on account of his unbelief, and though he, as well as his master, Sokrates, became obnoxious to the dominant party at Athens, this was due to political far more than to theological motives. At all events, Plato, the pupil, the friend, the apologist of Sokrates, was allowed to teach at Athens to the end of his life, and few men commanded greater respect in the best ranks of Greek society.

But, although mythology was not religion in our sense of the word, and although the Iliad certainly never enjoyed among Greeks the authority either of the Bible, or even of the Veda among the Brahmans, or the Zend Avesta among the Parsis, yet I would not deny altogether that in a certain sense the mythology of the Greeks belonged to their religion. We must only be on our guard, here as everywhere else, against the misleading influence of words. The word

<sup>1</sup> Εἰς θεὸς ἔν τε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι μέγιστος,  
οὐ τι δέμας θνητοῖσι ὁμοίος οὐδὲ νόημα.

Clem. Alex. *Strom.* v p. 601, c.

Religion has, like most words, had its history ; it has grown and changed with each century, and it cannot, therefore, have meant with the Greeks and Brahmans what it means with us. Religions have sometimes been divided into *national* or *traditional*, as distinguished from *individual* or *statutable* religion. The former are, like languages, home-grown, autochthonic, without an historical beginning, generally without any recognized founder, or even an authorized code ; the latter have been founded by historical persons, generally in antagonism to traditional systems, and they always rest on the authority of a written code. I do not consider this division as very useful<sup>1</sup> for a scientific study of religion, because in many cases it is extremely difficult, and sometimes impossible, to draw a sharp line of demarcation, and to determine whether a given religion should be considered as the work of one man, or as the combined work of those who came before him, who lived with him, nay, even of those who came after him. For our present purpose, however, for showing at once the salient difference between what the Greeks and what we ourselves should mean by Religion, this division is very serviceable. The Greek religion was clearly a national and traditional religion, and, as such, it shared both the advantages and disadvantages of this form of religious belief ; the Christian religion is an historical and, to a great extent, an individual religion, and it possesses the advantage of an authorized code and of a settled system of faith. Let it not be supposed, however, that between traditional and individual religions the advantages are all on one, the disadvantages on the other side. As long as the immemorial religions of

<sup>1</sup> See *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, p. 139.

the different branches of the human race remained in their natural state, and were not pressed into the service of political parties or an ambitious priesthood, they allowed great freedom of thought and a healthy growth of real piety, and they were seldom disgraced by an intolerant or persecuting spirit. They were generally either honestly believed, or, as we have just seen, honestly attacked, and a high tone of intellectual morality was preserved, untainted by hypocrisy, equivocation, or unreasoning dogmatism. The marvellous development of philosophy in Greece, particularly in ancient Greece, was chiefly due, I believe, to the absence of an established religion and an influential priesthood; and it is impossible to overrate the blessing which the fresh, pure, invigorating, and elevating air of that ancient Greek philosophy has conferred on all ages, not excepting our own. I shudder at the thought of what the world would have been without Plato and Aristotle, and I tremble at the idea that the youth of the future should ever be deprived of the teaching and the example of these true prophets of the absolute freedom of thought. Unfortunately, we know but little of the earliest fathers of Greek philosophy; we have but fragments, and those not always trustworthy, nor easily intelligible, of what they taught on the highest questions that can stir the heart of man. We have been accustomed to call the oracular sayings of men like Thales, Pythagoras, Xenophanes, or Herakleitos, philosophy, but there was in them as much of religion as in the songs of Homer and Hesiod. Homer and Hesiod were great powers, but their poems were not the only feeders of the religious life of Greece. The stream of ancient wisdom and philosophy flowed parallel with

the stream of legend and poetry; and both were meant to support the religious cravings of the soul. We have only to attend without prejudice to the utterances of these ancient prophets, such as Xenophanes and Herakleitos, in order to convince ourselves that these men spoke with authority to the people,<sup>1</sup> that they considered themselves the equals of Homer and Hesiod, nay, their betters, and in no way fettered by the popular legends about gods and goddesses. While modern religions assume in general a hostile attitude towards philosophy, ancient religions have either included philosophy as an integral part, or they have at least tolerated its growth in the very precincts of their temples.

After we have thus seen what limitations we must place on the meaning of the word Religion, if we call mythology the religion of the ancient world, we may now advance another step.

We have glanced at the principal interpretations which have been proposed by the ancients themselves of the original purpose and meaning of mythology. But there is one question which none, either of the ancient or of the modern interpreters of mythology, has answered, or even asked, and on which, nevertheless, the whole problem of mythology seems to turn. If mythology is history changed into fable, why was it so changed? If it is fable represented as history, why were such fables invented? If it contains precepts of moral philosophy, whence their immoral disguise? If it is a picture of the great forms and forces of nature, the same question still returns, why were

<sup>1</sup> Empedokles, *Carmina*, v. 411 (*Fragm. Philos. Græc.* vol. i. p. 12):--

ὦ φίλοι, οἶδα μὲν οὖν ὅτ' ἀληθεῖη παρὰ μύθοις  
οὐς ἐγὼ ἐξερῶ· μάλα δ' ἀργαλέη γέ τέτυκται  
ἀνδράσι καὶ δὺσζήλος ἐπὶ φρένα πίστιος ὀρμή.

these forms and forces represented as heroes and heroines, as nymphs and shepherds, as gods and goddesses? It is easy enough to call the sun a god, or the dawn a goddess, after these predicates have once been framed. But how were these predicates framed? How did people come to know of gods and goddesses, heroes and nymphs, and what meaning did they originally connect with these terms? In fact, the real question which a philosophy of mythology has to answer is this — Is the whole of mythology an invention, the fanciful poetry of a Homer or Hesiod, or is it a growth? Or, to speak more definitely, Was mythology a mere accident, or was it inevitable? Was it only a false step, or was it a step that could not have been left out in the historical progress of the human mind?

The study of the history of language, which is only a part of the study of the history of thought, has enabled us to give a decisive answer to this question. Mythology is inevitable, it is natural, it is an inherent necessity of language, if we recognize in language the outward form and manifestation of thought: it is, in fact, the dark shadow which language throws on thought, and which can never disappear till language becomes altogether commensurate with thought, which it never will. Mythology, no doubt, breaks out more fiercely during the early periods of the history of human thought, but it never disappears altogether. Depend upon it, there is mythology now as there was in the time of Homer, only we do not perceive it, because we ourselves live in the very shadow of it, and because we all shrink from the full meridian light of truth. We are ready enough to see that if the ancients called their kings and heroes *Διογενεῖς*,

sprung of Zeus, that expression, intended originally to convey the highest praise which man can bestow on man, was apt to lapse into mythology. We easily perceive how such a conception, compatible in its origin with the highest reverence for the gods, led almost inevitably to the growth of fables, which transferred to divine beings the incidents of human paternity and sonship. But we are not so ready to see that it is our fate, too, to move in allegories which illustrate things intellectual by visions exhibited to the fancy. In our religion, too, the conceptions of paternity and sonship have not always been free from all that is human, nor are we always aware that nearly every note that belongs to human paternity and sonship must be taken out of these terms, before they can be pronounced safe against mythological infection. Papal decisions on immaculate conception are of no avail against that mythology. The mind must become immaculate and rise superior to itself; or it must close its eyes and shut its lips in the presence of the Divine.

If then we want to understand mythology, in the ordinary and restricted sense of the word, we must discover the larger circle of mental phenomena to which it belongs. Greek mythology, is but a small segment of mythology; the religious mythologies of all the races of mankind are again but a small segment of mythology. Mythology, in the highest sense, is the power exercised by language on thought in every possible sphere of mental activity; and I do not hesitate to call the whole history of philosophy, from Thales down to Hegel, an uninterrupted battle against mythology, a constant protest of thought against language. This will require some explanation.

Ever since the time of Wilhelm von Humboldt, all who have seriously grappled with the highest problems of the Science of Language have come to the conviction that thought and language are inseparable, that language is as impossible without thought as thought is without language; that they stand to each other somewhat like soul and body, like power and function, like substance and form. The objections which have been raised against this view arise generally from a mere misunderstanding. If we speak of language as the outward realization of thought, we do not mean language as deposited in a dictionary, or sketched in a grammar; we mean language as an act, language as being spoken, language as living and dying with every word that is uttered. We might perhaps call this speech, as distinguished from language.

Secondly, though if we speak of language, we mean chiefly phonetic articulate language, we do not exclude the less perfect symbols of thought, such as gestures, signs, or pictures. They, too, are language in a certain sense, and they must be included in language before we are justified in saying that discursive thought can be realized in language only. One instance will make this clear. We hold that we cannot think without language. But can we not count without language? We certainly can. We can form the conception of *three* without any spoken word, by simply holding up three fingers. In the same manner, the hand might stand for five, both hands for ten, hands and feet for twenty.<sup>1</sup> This is how people who possessed no organs of speech would speak; this is how the deaf and dumb *do* speak. Three fingers

<sup>1</sup> *Daily Life and Origin of the Tasmanians*, by J. Bonwick, 1870 p. 143.

are as good as three strokes, three strokes are as good as three clicks of the tongue, three clicks of the tongue are as good as the sound *three*, or *trois*, or *drei*, or *shalosh* in Hebrew, or *san* in Chinese. All these are signs, more or less perfect, but being signs, they fall under the category of language; and all we maintain is, that without some kind of sign, discursive thought is impossible, and that in that sense, language, or *λόγος*, is the only possible realization of human thought.

Another very common misunderstanding is this: people imagine that, if it be impossible to think, except in language, language and thought must be one and the same thing. But a true philosophy of language leads to the very opposite result. Every philosopher would say that matter cannot exist without form, nor form without matter, but no philosopher would say that therefore it is impossible to distinguish between form and matter. In the same way, though we maintain that thought cannot exist without language nor language without thought, we do distinguish between thought and language, between the inward and the outward *λόγος*, between the substance and the form. Nay, we go a step beyond. We admit that language necessarily reacts on thought, and we see in this reaction, in this refraction of the rays of language, the real solution of the old riddle of mythology.

You will now see why these somewhat abstruse disquisitions were necessary for our immediate purpose. and I can promise those who have hitherto followed me on this rather barren and rugged track, that they will now be able to rest, and command, from the point of view which we have reached, the whole panorama of the mythology of the human mind.

We saw just now that the names of numbers may most easily be replaced by signs. Numbers are simple analytical conceptions, and for that very reason they are not liable to mythology: name and conception being here commensurate, no misunderstanding is possible. But as soon as we leave this department of thought, mythology begins. I shall try by at least one example to show how mythology not only pervades the sphere of religion or religious tradition, but infects more or less the whole realm of thought.

When man wished for the first time to grasp and express a distinction between the body and something else within him distinct from the body, an easy name that suggested itself was *breath*. The breath seemed something immaterial and almost invisible, and it was connected with the life that pervaded the body, for as soon as the breath ceased, the life of the body became extinct. Hence the Greek name  $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$ ,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The word  $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$  is clearly connected in Greek with  $\psi\acute{\upsilon}\chi\omega$ , which meant originally blowing, and was used either in the sense of cooling by blowing, or breathing by blowing. In the former acceptation it produced  $\psi\acute{\upsilon}\chi\omicron\varsigma$ , coldness;  $\psi\upsilon\chi\rho\acute{\omicron}\varsigma$ , cold;  $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\alpha}\omega$ , I cool; in the latter  $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$ , breath, then life, then soul. So far the purely Greek growth of words derived from  $\psi\acute{\upsilon}\chi\omega$  is clear. But  $\psi\acute{\upsilon}\chi\omega$  itself is difficult. It seems to point to a root *spu*, meaning to blow out, to spit; Lat. *spuo*, and *spuma*, foam; Goth. *speivan*; Gr.  $\pi\tau\acute{\upsilon}\omega$ , supposed to stand for  $\sigma\pi\acute{\upsilon}\omega$ . Hesychius mentions  $\psi\acute{\upsilon}\tau\tau\epsilon\iota = \pi\tau\acute{\upsilon}\epsilon\iota$ ,  $\psi\upsilon\tau\tau\acute{\omicron}\nu = \pi\tau\acute{\upsilon}\epsilon\lambda\omicron\nu$ . (Pott, *Etym. Forsch.* No. 355.) Curtius connects this root with Gr.  $\psi\nu$ , in  $\epsilon\psi\acute{\upsilon}\sigma\alpha$ , blowing, bellows,  $\psi\nu\acute{\sigma}\acute{\alpha}\omega$ , to blow,  $\psi\nu\sigma\acute{\iota}\alpha\omega$ , to snort,  $\psi\nu\sigma\acute{\iota}\omega$ , to blow, and with Lat. *spirare* (i. e. *spoisare*). See E. B. Tylor, "The Religion of Savages," *Fortnightly Review*, 1866, p. 73.

Stahl, who rejected the division of life and mind adopted by Bacon, and returned to the Aristotelian doctrine, falls back on Plato's etymology of  $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$  as  $\psi\nu\sigma\acute{\epsilon}\chi\eta$ , from  $\psi\nu\sigma\acute{\omega}\nu \acute{\epsilon}\chi\epsilon\iota\nu$  or  $\delta\chi\epsilon\acute{\iota}\nu$ , *Crat.* 400 B. In a passage of his *Theoria Medica Vera* (Halæ, 1708), pointed out to me by Dr. Rolleston, Stahl says: "Invenio in lexico græco antiquiore post alios, et Budæum imprimis, iterum iterumque reviso, nomenclaturam nimis quam fugitive allegatam;  $\psi\nu\sigma\acute{\epsilon}\chi\eta$ , poetice, pro  $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$ . Incidit animo suspicari, an non verum primum nomen animæ antiquissimis Græcis fuerit hoc  $\psi\nu\sigma\acute{\epsilon}\chi\eta$ , quas  $\acute{\epsilon}\chi\omega\nu$  τὸ  $\psi\acute{\upsilon}\epsilon\iota\nu$ , e cuius vocis pronunciatione deflectente, uti vere familiariter solet vocalium, inprimis sub accentibus, fugitiva enunciatione, sensim

which originally meant breath, was chosen to express at first the principle of life, as distinguished from the decaying body, afterwards the incorporeal, the immaterial, the undecaying, the immortal part of man — his soul, his mind, his Self. All this was very natural. When a person dies, we too say that he has given up the ghost, and ghost, too, meant originally spirit, and spirit meant breath.

A very instructive analogous case is quoted by Mr. E. B. Tylor from a compendium of the theology of the Indians of Nicaragua, the record of question and answer in an inquest held by Father Francisco de Bobadilla in the early days of the Spanish conquest. Asked, among other things, concerning death, the Indians said: "Those who die in their houses go underground, but those who are killed in war go to serve the gods (*teotes*). When men die, there comes forth from their mouth something which resembles a person, and is called *julio* (Aztec *julì*, 'to live'). This being is like a person, but does not die, and the corpse remains here." The Spanish ecclesiastics inquired whether those who go on high keep the same body, features, and limbs as here below; to which the Indians answered, "No, there is only the heart." "But," said the Spaniards, "as the hearts are torn out" (they meant in the case of warriors who fell into the hands of the enemy), "what happens then?" Hereupon the Indians replied: "It is not precisely the heart, but that which is in them, and makes them

natum sit *φυσ-χή* *φσυχή*, denique ad faciliorem prononciationem in locum *φσυχή*, *ψυχή*. Quam suspicionem fovere mihi videtur illud, quod vocabuli *ψυχῆς*, pro anima, nulla idonea analogia in lingua græca occurrat; nam quæ a *ψύχω* ducitur, cum verus huius et directus significatus notorie sit refrigero, indirectus autem magis, spiro, nihil certe hæc ad animam puto.  
(P. 44.)

live, and which quits the body when they die ;” and again they said, “ It is not their heart which goes up on high, but that which makes them live, that is, the breath coming out from their mouth, which is called *julio*.” “ Then,” asked the Spaniards, “ does this heart, *julio*, or soul, die with the body ? ” “ When the deceased has lived well,” replied the Indians, “ the *julio* goes up on high with our gods ; but when he has lived ill, the *julio* perishes with the body, and there is an end of it.”

The Greeks expressed the same idea by saying that the *ψυχή* had left the body,<sup>1</sup> had fled through the mouth, or even through a bleeding wound,<sup>2</sup> and had gone into Hades, which meant literally no more than the place of the Invisible (‘*Αἰδης*). That the breath had become invisible was matter of fact ; that it had gone to the house of Hades, was mythology springing spontaneously from the fertile soil of language.

The primitive mythology was by no means necessarily religious. In the very case which we have chosen, philosophical mythology sprang up by the side of religious mythology. The religious mythology consisted in speaking of the spirits of the departed as ghosts, as mere breath and air, as fluttering about the gates of Hades, or ferried across the Styx in the boat of Charon.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἐλθεῖν οὔτεν λείσθη,  
οὔθ' ἐλετή, ἐπεὶ ἄρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἔρκος ὀδόντων.

*Il.* ix. 408.

<sup>2</sup> διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς ἄφυσσεν  
δηρώσας \* ψυχὴ δὲ κατ' οὐταμένην ὠτειλὴν  
ἔσσοντ' ἐπειγομένη.

*Il.* xiv. 517.

<sup>3</sup> “ Ter frustra compressa manu effugit imago,  
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.”

Virg. *Æn.* ii. 792.

The philosophical mythology, however, that sprang from this name was much more important. We saw that *Psyche*, meaning originally the breathing of the body, was gradually used in the sense of vital breath, and as something independent of the body; and that at last, when it had assumed the meaning of the immortal part of man, it retained that character of something independent of the body, thus giving rise to the conception of a soul, not only as a being without a body, but in its very nature opposed to body. As soon as that opposition had been established in language and thought, philosophy began its work in order to explain how two such heterogeneous powers could act on each other — how the soul could influence the body, and how the body could determine the soul. Spiritualistic and materialistic systems of philosophy arose, and all this in order to remove a self-created difficulty, in order to join together again what language had severed, the living body and the living soul. The question whether there is a soul or spirit, whether there is in man something different from the mere body, is not at all affected by this mythological phraseology. We certainly can distinguish between body and soul, but as long as we keep within the limits of human knowledge, we have no right to speak of the living soul as a breath, or of spirits and ghosts as fluttering about like birds or fairies. The poet of the nineteenth century says: —

“The spirit does but mean the breath,  
I know no more.”

And the same thought was expressed by Cicero two thousand years ago: “Whether the soul is air or fire, I do not know.” As men, we only know of embodied spirits, however ethereal their bodies may be

conceived to be, but of spirits, separate from body, without form or frame, we know as little as we know of thought without language, or of the Dawn as a goddess, or of the Night as the mother of the Day.

Though breath, or spirit, or ghost are the most common names that were assigned through the metaphorical nature of language to the vital, and afterwards to the intellectual, principle in man, they were by no means the only possible names. We speak, for instance, of the *shades* of the departed, which meant originally their shadows. Those who first introduced this expression — and we find it in the most distant parts of the world<sup>1</sup> — evidently took the shadow as the nearest approach to what they wished to express; something that should be incorporeal, yet closely connected with the body. The Greek εἰδῶλον, too, is not much more than the shadow, while the Latin *manes* meant probably in the beginning no more than the Little Ones, the Small Folk.<sup>2</sup> But the curious part, as showing again the influence of language on thought, an influence more powerful even than the evidence of the senses, is this, that people who speak of the life or soul as the shadow of the body, have brought themselves to believe that a dead body casts no shadow, because the shadow has departed from it; that it becomes, in fact, a kind of Peter Schlemihl.<sup>3</sup>

/ Let us now return to mythology in the narrower sense of the word. One of the earliest objects that

<sup>1</sup> See E. B. Tylor, *Fortnightly Review*, 1866, p. 74.

<sup>2</sup> *Im-manis*, originally "not small," came to mean enormous or monstrous. See Preller, *Römische Mythologie*, p. 72 seq.

<sup>3</sup> *Unkulunkulu; or the Tradition of Creation as existing among the Amazulu and other Tribes of South Africa*, by the Rev. J. Callaway, M. D. Natal, 1868. Part I. p. 91.

would strike and stir the mind of man, and for which a sign or a name would soon be wanted, is surely the Sun. It is very hard for us to realize the feelings with which the first dwellers on the earth looked upon the sun, or to understand fully what they meant by a morning prayer, or a morning sacrifice. Perhaps there are few people here present who have watched a sunrise more than once or twice in their lives; few people who have ever known the true meaning of a morning prayer, or a morning sacrifice. But think of man at the very dawn of time: forget for a moment, if you can, after having read the fascinating pages of Mr. Darwin, forget what man is supposed to have been before he was man; forget it, because it does not concern us here whether his bodily form and frame were developed once for all in the mind of a Creator, or gradually in the creation itself, which from the first monad or protoplasm to the last of the primates, or man, is not, I suppose, to be looked on as altogether causeless, meaningless, purposeless; think of him only as man (and man means the thinker), with his mind yet lying fallow, though full of germs — germs of which I hold as strongly as ever no trace has ever, no trace will ever, be discovered anywhere but in man; think of the Sun awakening the eyes of man from sleep, and his mind from slumber! Was not the Sunrise to him the first wonder, the first beginning of all reflection, all thought, all philosophy? was it not to him the first revelation, the first beginning of all trust, of all religion? To us that wonder of wonders has ceased to exist, and few men now would even venture to speak of the sun as Sir John Herschel has spoken, calling him “the Almoner of the Almighty, the delegated

dispenser to us of light and warmth, as well as the centre of attraction, and as such, the immediate source of all our comforts, and, indeed, of the very possibility of our existence on earth.”<sup>1</sup>

Man is a creature of habit, and wherever we can watch him, we find that before a few generations have passed he has lost the power of admiring what is regular, and that he can see signs and wonders only in what is irregular. Few nations only have preserved in their ancient poetry some remnants of the natural awe with which the earliest dwellers on the earth saw that brilliant being slowly rising from out the darkness of the night, raising itself by its own might higher and higher, till it stood triumphant on the arch of heaven, and then descended and sank down in its fiery glory into the dark abyss of the heaving and hissing sea. In the hymns of the Veda the poet still wonders whether the sun will rise again ; he asks how he can climb the vault of heaven ? why he does not fall back ? why there is no dust on his path ? And when the rays of the morning rouse him from sleep and call him back to new life ; when he sees the sun, as he says, stretching out his golden arms to bless the world and rescue it from the terrors of darkness, he exclaims, “ Arise, our life, our spirit has come back ! the darkness is gone, the light approaches ! ”

For so prominent an object in the primeval picture-gallery of the human mind, a sign or a name must have been wanted at a very early period. But how was this to be achieved ? As a mere sign, a circle would have been sufficient, such as we find in

<sup>1</sup> See J. Samuelson, *Views of the Deity, Traditional and Scientific*, p. 144. Williams & Norgate, 1871.

the hieroglyphics of Egypt, in the graphic system of China, or even in our own astronomical tables. If such a sign was fixed upon, we have a beginning of language in the widest sense of the word, for we have brought the Sun under the general concept of roundness, and we have found a sign for this concept which is made up of a large number of single sensuous impressions. With such definite signs mythology has little chance; yet the mere fact that the sun was represented as a circle would favor the idea that the sun was round; or, as ancient people, who had no adjective as yet for round or *rotundus*,<sup>1</sup> would say, that the sun was a wheel, a *rota*. If, on the contrary, the round sign reminded the people of an eye, then the sign of the sun would soon become the eye of heaven, and germs of mythology would spring up even from the barren soil of such hieroglyphic language.

But now, suppose that a real name was wanted for the sun, how could that be achieved?

We know that all words are derived from roots, that these roots express general concepts, and that, with few exceptions, every name is founded on a general concept under which the object that has to be named can be ranged. How these roots came to be, is a question into which we need not enter at

<sup>1</sup> "It has already been implied that the Aborigines of Tasmania had acquired very limited powers of abstraction or generalization. They possessed no words representing abstract ideas; for each variety of gum-tree and wattle-tree, etc., etc., they had a name, but they had no equivalent for the expression, 'a tree;' neither could they express abstract qualities, such as hard, soft, warm, cold, long, short, round, etc.; for 'hard' they would say 'like a stone;' for 'tall' they would say 'long legs,' etc.; for 'round' they said 'like a ball,' 'like the moon,' and so on, usually suiting the action to the word, and confirming by some sign the meaning to be understood." Milligan, *Vocabulary of the Dialects of some of the Aboriginal Tribes of Tasmania*, p. 34. Hobart Town, 1866.

present. Their origin and growth form a problem of psychology rather than of philology, and each science must keep within its proper bounds. If a name was wanted for snow, the early framers of language singled out one of the general predicates of snow, its whiteness, its coldness, or its liquidity, and called the snow the white, the cold, or the liquid, by means of roots conveying the general idea of whiteness, coldness, or liquidity. Not only Nix, nivis, but Niobe<sup>1</sup> too, was a name of the snow, and meant the melting; the death of her beautiful children by the arrows of Apollon and Artemis represents the destruction of winter by the rays of the sun. If the sun itself was to be named, it might be called the brilliant, the awakener, the runner, the ruler, the father, the giver of warmth, of fertility, of life, the scorcher, the destroyer, the messenger of death, and many other names; but there was no possibility of naming it,

<sup>1</sup> If Signor Ascoli blames me for deriving *Niobe* with other names for snow from the root *snu*, instead of from the root *snigh*, this can only be due to an oversight. I am responsible for the derivation of *Niobe*, and for the admission of a secondary root *snju* or *nyu*, and so far I may be either right or wrong. But Signor Ascoli ought to have known that the derivation of Gothic *snáiv-s*, Old High-German *snêo*, or *snê*, gen. *snêwe-s*, Lithuanian *snêga-s*, Slav. *snjeg*, Hib. *sneachd*, from the root *snu*, rests on the authority of Bopp (*Glossarium*, 1847, s. v. *snu*; see also Grimm, *Deutsche Grammatik*, ii. p. 700). He ought likewise to have known that in 1852 Professor Schweizer-Siedler, in his review of Bötticher's *Arica* (Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, i. p. 479), had pointed out that *snigh* may be considered as a secondary root by the side of *snu* and *snâ* (cf. *σμάω*, *σμήχω*; *ψάω*, *ψήχω*; *νάω*, *νήχω*). The real relation of *snu* to *snigh* had been explained as early as 1842 by Benfey, *Wurzelleicon*, ii. p. 54; and Signor Ascoli was no doubt aware of what Professor Curtius had written on the relation of *snigh* to *snu* (*Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie*, p. 297). Signor Ascoli has certainly shown with greater minuteness than his predecessors that not only Zend *snizh* and Lithuanian *snêga-s*, but likewise Gothic *snáiv-s*, Greek *νίφει*, Latin *nix*, *niv-is*, and *ninguis*, may be derived from *snigh*; but if from *snigh*, a secondary development of the root *snu*, we can arrive at *νίφ-a*, and at *νίβ-a*, the other steps that lead on to *Niobe* will remain just the same.

except by laying hold of one of its characteristic features, and expressing that feature by means of one of the conceptual or predicative roots.

Let us trace the history of at least one of these names. Before the Aryan nations separated, before there was a Latin, a Greek, or a Sanskrit language, there existed a root *svar* or *sval*, which meant to beam, to glitter, to warm. It exists in Greek, *σέλας*, splendor; *σελήνη*, moon; in Anglo-Saxon, as *swélan*, to burn, to sweal; in modern German, *schwül*, oppressively hot. From it we have in Sanskrit the noun *svar*, meaning sometimes the sky, sometimes the sun; and exactly the same word has been preserved in Latin, as *sol*; in Gothic as *sauil*; in Anglo-Saxon, as *sol*. A secondary form of *svar* is the Sanskrit *sûrya* for *svârya*, the sun, which is the same word as the Greek *ἥλιος*.

All these names were originally mere predicates; they meant bright, brilliant, warm. But as soon as the name *svar* or *sûrya* was formed, it became, through the irresistible influence of language, the name, not only of a living, but of a male being. Every noun in Sanskrit must be either a masculine or a feminine (for the neuter gender was originally confined to the nominative case), and as *sûryas* had been formed as a masculine, language stamped it once for all as the sign of a male being, as much as if it had been the name of a warrior or a king. In other languages where the name for sun is a feminine, and the sun is accordingly conceived as a woman, as a queen, as the bride of the moon, the whole mythology of the love-making of the heavenly bodies is changed.

You may say that all this shows, not so much the influence of language on thought, as of thought on

language; and that the sexual character of all words reflects only the peculiarities of a child's mind, which can conceive of nothing except as living, as male or female. If a child hurts itself against a chair, it beats and scolds the chair. The chair is looked upon not as *it*, but as *he*; it is the naughty chair, quite as much as a boy is a naughty boy. There is some truth in this, but it only serves to confirm the right view of the influence of language on thought; for this tendency, though in its origin intentional, and therefore the result of thought, became soon a mere rule of tradition in language, and it then reacted on the mind with irresistible power. As soon, in fact, as *sûryas* or ἥλιος appears as a masculine, we are in the very thick of mythology. We have not yet arrived at Helios as a god — that is a much later stage of thought, which we might describe almost in the words of Plato at the beginning of the seventh book of the “Republic,” “And after this, he will reason that the sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold.” We have not yet advanced so far, but we have reached at least the first germs of a myth. In the Homeric hymn to Helios, Helios is not yet called an immortal, but only ἐπιείκελος ἀθανάτοισι, like unto immortals, yet he is called the child of Euryphaessa, the son of Hyperion, the grandson of Uranos and Gæa.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At the end of the hymn the poet says:—

χαῖρε, ἄναξ, πρόφρων δὲ βίον θυμήρε' ὄπαζε·  
 ἐκ σέο δ' ἀρξάμενος κλήσω μερόπων γένος ἀνδρῶν  
 ἡμιθέων, ὧν ἔργα θεοὶ θνητοῖσιν ἔδειξαν.

This would seem to imply that the poet looked upon Helios as a half-god, almost as a hero, who had once lived on earth.

All this is mythology ; it is ancient language going beyond its first intention.

Nor is there much difficulty in interpreting this myth. Helios, the sun, is called the son of Hyperion, sometimes Hyperion himself. This name Hyperion is derived from the preposition ὑπέρ, the Latin *super*, which means above. It is derived by means of the suffix *-ων*, which originally was not a patronymic, but simply expressed belonging to. So if Helios was called Hyperion, this simply meant he who dwells on high, and corresponds to Latin *Summanus* or *Superior*, or *Excelsior*. If, on the contrary, Helios is called Hyperionides, this, too, which meant originally no more than he who comes from, or belongs to those who dwell on high,<sup>1</sup> led to the myth that he was the descendant of Hyperion ; so that in this case, as in the case of Zeus Kronion, the son really led to the conception of his father. Zeus Kronion meant originally no more than Zeus the eternal, the god of ages, the ancient of days ; but *-ίων* becoming usual as a patronymic suffix, Kronion was supposed to mean the son of Kronos. Kronos, the father, was created in order to account for the existence of the name Kronion. If Hyperion is called the son of Euryphaessa, the wide-shining, this requires no commentary ; for even at present a poet might say that the sun is born of the wide-shining dawn. You see the spontaneous generation of mythology with every new name that is formed. As not only the sun, but also the moon and the dawn could be called dwellers on high, they, too, took the name of Hyperionis or Hyperionides ; and hence Homer called Selene, the Moon, and Eos, the Dawn, sisters of Helios, and

<sup>1</sup> Corssen, *Ueber Steigerungsendungen*, Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, iii. p. 299.

daughters of Hyperion and Euryphaessa, the Dawn doing service twice, both as mother, Euryphaessa, and as daughter, Eos. Nay, according to Homer, Euryphaessa, the Dawn, is not only the wife, but also the sister of Helios. All this is perfectly intelligible, if we watch the growth of language and mythology; but it leads, of course, to the most tragic catastrophes as soon as it is all taken in a literal sense.

Helios is called *ἀκάμας*, the never-tiring; *πανδερκής*, the all-seeing; *φαέθων*, the shining; and also *φοῖβος*, the brilliant. This last epithet *φοῖβος* has grown into an independent deity Phœbus, and it is particularly known as a name of Apollon, Phoibos Apollon; thus showing what is also known from other sources, that in Apollo, too, we have one of the many mythic disguises of the sun.

So far all is clear, because all the names which we have to deal with are intelligible, or, at all events, yield to the softest etymological pressure. But now if we hear the story of Phoibos Apollon falling in love with Daphne, and Daphne praying to her mother, the Earth, to save her from Phoibos; and if we read how either the earth received her in her lap, and then a laurel tree sprang up where she had disappeared, or how she herself was changed into a laurel tree, what shall we think of this? It is a mere story, it might be said, and why should there be any meaning in it? My answer is, because people do not tell such stories of their gods and heroes, unless there is some sense in them. Besides, if Phoibos means the sun, why should not Daphne have a meaning too? Before, therefore, we can decide whether the story of Phoibos and Daphne is a mere invention, we must try to find

out what can have been the meaning of the word Daphne.

In Greek it means a laurel,<sup>1</sup> and this would explain the purely Greek legend that Daphne was changed into a laurel tree. But who was Daphne? In order to answer this question, we must have recourse to etymology, or, in other words, we must examine the history of the word. Etymology, as you know, is no longer what it used to be; and though there may still be a classical scholar here and there who crosses himself at the idea of a Greek word being explained by a reference to Sanskrit, we naturally look to Sanskrit as the master-key to many a lock which no Greek key will open. Now Daphne, as I have shown, can be traced back to Sanskrit *Ahanâ*, and *Ahanâ* in Sanskrit means the dawn. As soon as we know this, everything becomes clear. The story of Phoibos and Daphne is no more than a description of what every one may see every day; first, the appearance of the Dawn in the eastern sky, then the rising of the Sun as if hurrying after his bride, then the gradual fading away of the bright Dawn at the touch of the fiery rays of the sun, and at last her death or disappearance in the lap of her mother, the Earth. All this seems to me as clear as daylight, and the only objection that could be raised against this reading of the ancient myth would be, if it could be proved, that *Ahanâ* does not mean Dawn, and that Daphne cannot be traced back to *Ahanâ*, or that *Helios* does not mean the Sun.

I know there is another objection, but it seems to me so groundless as hardly to deserve an answer. **Why**, it is asked, should the ancient nations have told

<sup>1</sup> See *Selected Essays*, vol. i. p. 399.

these endless stories about the Sun and the Dawn, and why should they have preserved them in their mythology? We might as well ask why the ancient nations should have invented so many irregular verbs, and why they should have preserved them in their grammar. A fact does not cease to be a fact, because we cannot at once explain it. As far as our knowledge goes at present, we are justified in stating that the Aryan nations preserved not only their grammatical structure, and a large portion of their dictionary, from the time which preceded their separation, but that they likewise retained the names of some of their deities, some legends about their gods, some popular sayings and proverbs, and in these, it may be, the seeds of parables, as part of their common Aryan heirloom. Their mythological lore fills, in fact, a period in the history of Aryan thought, half-way between the period of language and the period of literature, and it is this discovery which gives to mythology its importance in the eyes of the student of the most ancient history and psychology of mankind.

And do not suppose that the Greeks, or the Hindus, or the Aryan nations in general, were the only people who possessed such tales. Wherever we look, in every part of the world, among uncivilized as well as a civilized people, we find the same kind of stories, the same traditions, the same myths.

I shall give one story from the extreme North, another from the extreme South.

Among the Esquimaux of Repulse Bay, on the west side of Hudson's Bay, on the Arctic Circle, Mr. John Rae picked up the following story:—

“Many years ago, a great Esquimaux Conqueror

gained so much power that he was able to rise unto the heavens, taking with him on one occasion a sister, a very beautiful girl, and some fire. He added much fuel to the fire, and thus formed the Sun. For some time he and his sister lived in great harmony, but after a time he became very cruel, and ill-treated his sister in many ways. She bore it at first with great patience, until at last he threw fire at her, and scorched one side of her face. This spoiling of her beauty was beyond endurance; she therefore ran away from him, and formed the Moon. Her brother then began, and still continues to chase her; but although he sometimes got near, he has not yet overtaken her, nor ever will.

“When it is New Moon, the burnt side of the face is towards us; at Full Moon it is the reverse.”

There are dialectic varieties in the Mythology of the Esquimaux as of the Greeks and Hindus, and, with a change of gender between Sun and Moon, the same story occurs among other tribes in the following form:—

“There was a girl at a party, and some one told his love for her by shaking her shoulders, after the manner of the country. She could not see who it was in the dark hut, so she smeared her hands with soot, and when he came back she blackened his cheek with her hand. When a light was brought she saw that it was her brother and fled. He ran after her, followed her, and as she came to the end of the earth, he sprang out into the sky. Then she became the sun, and he the moon, and this is why the moon is always chasing the sun through the heavens, and why the moon is sometimes dark as he turns his blackened cheek towards the earth.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Childhood of the World*, by E. Clodd, p. 62.

We now turn to the South, and here, among the lowest of the low, among the Hottentots, who are despised even by their black neighbors, the Zulus, we find the following gem of a fable, beaming with mingled rays of religion and philosophy:—

“The Moon, it is said, sent once an insect to men, saying, “Go thou to men, and tell them, As I die, and dying live, so ye shall also die, and dying live.” The insect started with the message, but whilst on his way was overtaken by the hare, who asked: “On what errand art thou bound?” The insect answered, “I am sent by the Moon to men, to tell them that as she dies and dying lives, they also shall die and dying live.” The hare said, “As thou art an awkward runner, let me go” (to take the message). With these words he ran off, and when he reached men, he said, “I am sent by the Moon to tell you, As I die, and dying perish, in the same manner ye also shall die and come wholly to an end.” Then the hare returned to the Moon, and told her what he had said to men. The Moon reproached him angrily, saying, “Darest thou tell the people a thing which I have not said?” With these words she took up a piece of wood, and struck him on the nose. Since that day the hare’s nose is slit.”

Of this story, too, there are various versions and in one of them the end is as follows:—

“The hare, having returned to the Moon, was questioned as to the message delivered, and the Moon, having heard the true state of the case, became so enraged with him that she took up a hatchet to split his head; falling short, however, of that, the hatchet fell upon the upper lip of the hare, and cut it severely. Hence it is that we see the “hare-lip.”

The hare, being duly incensed at having received such treatment, raised his claws, and scratched the Moon's face; and the dark parts which we now see on the surface of the Moon are the scars which she received on that occasion."<sup>1</sup>

The Finns, Lapps, and Esthonians do not seem a very poetical race, yet there is poetry even in their smoky huts, poetry surrounded with all the splendor of an arctic night, and fragrant with the perfume of moss and wild flowers. Here is one of their legends:—

“Wanna Issi had two servants, Koit and Ämmarik, and he gave them a torch which Koit should light every morning, and Ämmarik should extinguish in the evening. In order to reward their faithful services, Wanna Issi told them they might be man and wife, but they asked Wanna Issi that he would allow them to remain forever bride and bridegroom. Wanna Issi assented, and henceforth Koit handed the torch every evening to Ämmarik, and Ämmarik took it and extinguished it. Only during four weeks in summer they remain together at midnight;

<sup>1</sup> *Reynard the Fox in South Africa, or Hottentot Fables and Tales*, by W. H. I. Bleek, 1864, p. 69. Dr. Theophilus Hahn, *Die Sprache der Nama*, 1870, p. 59. As a curious coincidence, it may be mentioned that in Sanskrit, too, the Moon is called *sasānka*, i. e. “having the marks of a hare,” the black marks in the moon being taken for the likeness of the hare. Another coincidence is that the Namaqua Hottentots will not touch hare's flesh (see Sir James E. Alexander's *Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa*, vol. i. p. 269), because the hare deceived men, while the Jews abstain from it, because the hare is supposed to chew the cud (Lev. xi. 6).

A similar tradition on the meaning of death occurs among the Zulus, but as they do not know of the Moon as a deity, the message that men are not to die, or that they are to die, is sent there by Unkulunkulu, the ancestor of the human race, and thus the whole story loses its point. See Dr Callaway, *Unkulunkulu*, p. 4; and Gray, *Polynesian Mythology*, pp. 16-

Koit hands the dying torch to Ämmarik, but Ämmarik does not let it die, but lights it again with her breath. Then their hands are stretched out, and their lips meet, and the blush of the face of Ämmarik colors the midnight sky.”

This myth requires hardly any commentary; yet as long as it is impossible to explain the names, Wanna Issi, Koit, and Ämmarik, it might be said that the story was but a love story, invented by an idle Lapp, or Finn, or Esthonian. But what if Wanna Issi in Esthonian means the Old Father, and if Koit means the Dawn? Can we then doubt any longer that Ämmarik<sup>1</sup> must be the Gloaming and that their meeting in the summer reflects those summer evenings when, particularly in the North, the torch of the sun seems never to die, and when the Gloaming is seen kissing the Dawn?

I wish I could tell you some more of these stories which have been gathered from all parts of the world, and which, though they may be pronounced childish and tedious by some critics, seem to me to glitter with the brightest dew of nature's own poetry, and to contain those very touches that make us feel akin, not only with Homer or Shakespeare, but even with Lapps, and Finns, and Kaffirs.

I cannot resist, however, the temptation of inserting here a poetical rendering of the story of Koit and Ämmarik, sent to me from the New World, re-

<sup>1</sup> According to a letter just received from an Esthonian lady, *ämmarik* does mean the gloaming in the language of the common people of Esthonia. Bertram (*Ilmarin*, Dorpat, 1870, p. 265) remarks that *Koit* is the dawn, *Koido täht*, the morning-star, also called *eha täht*. *Amarik*, the ordinary name for the dawn, is used as the name for the evening twilight, or the gloaming in the well-known story, published by Fählmann (*Verhandlungen der gelehrten Estnischen Gesellschaft zu Dorpat*, vol. i.) In Finnish *kämära* is twilight in genera..

marking only that instead of Lapland, Esthonia is really the country that may claim the original story.

A LEGEND OF LAPLAND.

“Two servants were in Wanna Issi’s pay;  
A blazing torch their care;  
Each morning Koit must light it till its ray  
Flamed through the air;

“And every evening Ämmarik’s fair hand  
Must quench the waning light;  
Then over all the weary, waiting land  
Fell the still night.

“So passed the time; then Wanna Issi said,  
‘For faithful service done,  
Lo, here reward! To-morrow shall ye wed,  
And so be one.’

“‘Not so,’ said Koit; ‘for sweeter far to me  
The joy that neareth still;  
Then grant us ever fast betrothed to be.’  
They had their will.

“And now the blazing lustre to transfer  
Himself, is all his claim;  
Warm from her lover’s hand it comes to her,  
To quench the flame.

“Only for four times seven lengthening days,  
At midnight, do they stand  
Together, while Koit gives the dying blaze  
To Ämmarik’s hand.

“O wonder then! She lets it not expire,  
But lights it with her breath —  
The breath of love, that, warm with quickening fire,  
Wakes life from death.

‘Then hands stretch out, and touch, and clasp on high,  
Then lip to lip is pressed,  
And Ämmarik’s blushes tinge the midnight sky  
From east to west.’

ANNA C. BRACKETT.

If people cannot bring themselves to believe in

solar and celestial myths among the Hindus and Greeks, let them study the folk-lore of the Semitic and Turanian races. I know there is, on the part of some of our most distinguished scholars, the same objection against comparing Aryan to non-Aryan myths, as there is against any attempt to explain the features of Sanskrit or Greek by a reference to Finnish or Bask. In one sense that objection is well founded, for nothing would create greater confusion than to ignore the genealogical principle as the only safe one in a scientific classification of languages, of myths, and even of customs. We must first classify our myths and legends, as we classify our languages and dialects. We must first of all endeavor to explain what wants explanation in one member of a family by a reference to other members of the same family, before we allow ourselves to glance beyond. But there is in a comparative study of languages and myths not only a philological, but also a philosophical, and, more particularly, a psychological interest, and though even in this more general study of mankind the frontiers of language and race ought never to disappear, yet they can no longer be allowed to narrow or intercept our view. How much the student of Aryan mythology and ethnology may gain for his own progress by allowing himself a wider survey over the traditions and customs of the whole human race, is best known to those who have studied the works of Klemm, Waitz, Bastian, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Tylor, and Dr. Callaway. What is prehistoric in language among the Aryan nations, is frequently found as still historic among Turanian races. The same applies with regard to religions, myths, legends, and customs. Among Finns and Lapps, among Zulus

and Maoris, among Khonds and Karens, we sometimes find the most startling analogies to Aryan traditions, and we certainly learn, again and again, this one important lesson, that as in language, so in mythology, there is nothing which had not originally a meaning, that every name of the gods and heroes had a beginning, a purpose, and a history.

Jupiter was no more called Jupiter by accident, than the Polynesian *Mau*, the Samoyede *Num*, or the Chinese *Tien*.<sup>1</sup> If we can discover the original meaning of these names, we have reached the first ground of their later growth. I do not say that, if we can explain the first purpose of the mythological names, we have solved the whole riddle of mythology, but I maintain that we have gained firm ground. I maintain that every true etymology gives us an historical fact, because the first giving of a name was an historical fact, and an historical fact of the greatest importance for the later development of ancient ideas. Think only of this one fact, which no one would now venture to doubt, that the supreme deity of the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans, is called by the same name as the supreme deity of the earliest Aryan settlers in India. Does not this one fact draw away the curtain from the dark ages of antiquity, and open before our eyes an horizon which we can hardly measure by years? The Greek *Zeus* is the same word as the Latin *Ju* in *Jupiter*, as the German *Tiu*; and all these were merely dialectic varieties of the Vedic *Dyaus*.<sup>2</sup> Now *dyaus* in Sanskrit is the name of the sky, if used as a feminine; if used as a masculine

<sup>1</sup> See *Lectures on the Science of Religion*, pp. 194, 200.

<sup>2</sup> See my *Lectures on the Science of Language* (10th ed.), vol. ii. p 468.

as it is still in the Veda, it is the sky as a man or as a god — it is Zeus, the father of gods and men. You know, of course, that the whole language of ancient India is but a sister dialect of Greek, Latin, of German, Keltic, and Slavonic, and that if the Greek says *es-ti*, he is, if the Roman says *est*, the German *ist*, the Slave *yesté*, the Hindu, three thousand years ago, said *as-ti*, he is. This *as-ti* is a compound of a root *as*, to be, and the pronoun *ti*. The root meant originally *to breathe*, and dwindled down after a time to the meaning of *to be*. All this must have happened before a single Greek or German reached the shores of Europe, and before a single Brahman descended into the plains of India. At that distant time we must place the gradual growth of language and ideas, of a language which we are still speaking, of ideas which we are still thinking; and at the same time only can we explain the framing of those names which were the first attempts at grasping supernatural powers, which became in time the names of the deities of the ancient world, the heroes of mythology, the chief actors in many a legend, nay, some of which have survived in the nursery tales of our own time.<sup>1</sup>

My time, I see, is nearly over, but before I finish, I feel that I have a duty to perform from which I ought not to shrink. Some of those who have honored me with their presence to-night may recollect that about a year ago a lecture was delivered in this very room by Professor Blackie, in which he tried to throw discredit on the scientific method of the interpretation of popular myths, or on what I call Com-

<sup>1</sup> See a most interesting essay, *Le Petit Poucet* (Tom Thumb), by Gaston Paris.

parative Mythology. Had he confined his remarks to the subject itself, I should have felt most grateful for his criticisms, little minding the manner in which they were conveyed — for a student of language knows what words are made of. Nor, had his personal reflections concerned myself alone, should I have felt called upon to reply to them thus publicly, for it has always seemed to me that unless we protest against unmerited praise, we have no right to protest against unmerited abuse. I believe I can appeal to all here present, that during the many years I have had the honor to lecture in this Institution, I have *not once* allowed myself to indulge in any personal remarks, or attacked those who, being absent, cannot defend themselves. Even when I had to answer objections, or to refute false theories, I have always most carefully avoided mentioning the names of living writers. But as Professor Blackie has directed his random blows, not against myself, but against a friend of mine, Mr. Cox, the author of a work on Aryan Mythology, I feel that I must for once try to get angry, and return blow for blow. Professor Blackie speaks of Mr. Cox as if he had done nothing beyond repeating what I had said before. Nothing can be more unfair. My own work in Comparative Mythology has consisted chiefly in laying down some of the general principles of that science, and in the etymological interpretation of some of the ancient names of gods, goddesses, and heroes. In fact, I have made it a rule never to interpret or to compare the legends of India, Greece, Italy, or Germany, except in cases where it was possible, first of all, to show an identity or similarity in the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, or German names of the principal actors. Mr. Cox

having convinced himself that the method which I have followed in mythology rests on sound and truly scientific principles, has adopted most, though by no means all, of my etymological interpretations. Professor Blackie, on the contrary, without attempting any explanation of the identity of mythological names in Greek and Sanskrit which must be either disproved or explained, thunders forth the following sentence of condemnation: "Even under the scientific guidance of a Bopp, a Bott, a Grimm, and a Müller, a sober man may sometimes, even in the full blaze of the new sun of comparative philology, allow himself to drink deep draughts, if not of *maundering madness*, at least of *manifest hallucination*."

If such words are thrown at my head, I pick them up chiefly as etymological curiosities, and as striking illustrations of what Mr. Tylor calls "survivals in culture," showing how the most primitive implements of warfare, rude stones and unpolished flints, which an ethnologist would suppose to be confined to prehistoric races, to the red Indians of America or the wild Picts of Caledonia, turn up again most unexpectedly at the present day in the very centre of civilized life. All I can say is, that if, as a student of Comparative Mythology, I have been drinking deep draughts of *maundering madness*, I have been drinking in good company. In this respect Mr. Cox has certainly given me far more credit than I deserve. I am but one out of many laborers in this rich field of scientific research, and he ought to have given far greater prominence to the labors of Grimm, Burnouf, Bopp, and, before all, of my learned friend, Professor Kuhn.

But while, with regard to etymology, Mr. Cox con-

tents himself with reporting the results of other scholars, he stands quite independent in his own treatment of Comparative Mythology. Of this Professor Blackie seems to have no suspicion whatever. The plan which Mr. Cox follows is to collect the coincidences in the legends themselves, and to show how in different myths the same story with slight variations is told again and again of different gods and heroes. In this respect his work is entirely original and very useful; for although these coincidences may be explained in different ways, and do not afford a proof of a common historical origin of the mythologies of India, Greece, Italy, and Germany, they are all the more interesting from a purely psychological point of view, and supply important material for further researches. Mr. Tylor has lately worked with great success in the same rich mine; extending the limits of mythological research far beyond the precincts of the Aryan world, and showing that there are solar myths wherever the sun shines. I differ from Mr. Cox on many points, as he differs from me. I shall certainly keep to my own method of never attempting an interpretation or a comparison, except where the ground has first been cleared of all uncertainty by etymological research, and where the names of different gods and heroes have been traced back to a common source. I call this the *nominalistic* as opposed to the *realistic* method of Comparative Mythology, and it is the former only that concerns the student of the Science of Language. I gratefully acknowledge, however, the help which I have received from Mr. Cox's work, particularly as suggesting new clusters of myths that might be disentangled by etymological analysis.

But not only has Professor Blackie failed to per-

ceive the real character of Mr. Cox's researches, but he has actually charged him with holding opinions which both Mr. Cox and myself have repeatedly disavowed, and most strenuously opposed. Again and again have we warned the students of Comparative Mythology that they must not expect to be able to explain everything. Again and again have we pointed out that there are irrational elements in mythology, and that we must be prepared to find grains of local history on which, as I said,<sup>1</sup> the sharpest tools of Comparative Mythology must bend or break. Again and again have we shown that historical persons<sup>2</sup> — not only Cyrus and Charlemagne, but Frederick Barbarossa and even Frederick the Great — have been drawn into the vortex of popular mythology. Yet these are the words of Professor Blackie: "The cool way in which Max Müller and his English disciple, Mr. Cox, assume that there are no human figures and historical characters in the whole gallery of heroes and demi-gods in the Greek Mythology, is something very remarkable."

I readily admit that some of the etymologies which I have proposed of mythological names are open to criticism; and if, like other scholars, Professor Blackie had pointed out to me any cases where I might seem to him to have offended against Grimm's law or other

<sup>1</sup> *Selected Essays*, vol. i. p. 478: "Here then we see that mythology does not always create its own heroes, but that it lays hold of real history, and coils itself round it so closely that it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to separate the ivy from the oak, the lichen from the granite to which it clings. And here is a lesson which comparative mythologists ought not to neglect. They are naturally bent on explaining everything that can be explained; but they should bear in mind that there may be elements in every mythological riddle which resist etymological analysis, for the simple reason that their origin was not etymological, but historical."

<sup>2</sup> *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 581.

phonetic rules, I should have felt most grateful ; but if he tells me that the Greek Erinyes should not be derived from the Sanskrit Saraṇyû, but from the Greek verb ἐρινύειν, to be angry, he might as well derive *critic* from *to criticise* ;<sup>1</sup> and if he maintains that a name may have two or three legitimate etymologies, I can only answer that we might as well say that a child could have two or three legitimate mothers.

I have most reluctantly entered upon these somewhat personal explanations, and I should not have done so if I alone had been concerned in Professor Blackie's onslaught. I hope, however, that I have avoided anything that could give just offence to Professor Blackie, even if he should be present here to-night. Though he abuses me as a German, and laughs at the instinctive aversion to external facts and the extravagant passion for self-evolved ideas as national failings of all Germans (I only wonder that the story of the camel and the inner consciousness did not come in), yet I know that for many years German poetry and German scholarship have had few more ardent admirers, and German scholars few more trusty friends, than Professor Blackie. Nationality, it seems to me, has as little to do with scholarship as with logic. On the contrary, in every nation he that will work hard and reason honestly may be sure to

<sup>1</sup> Professor Blackie quotes Pausanias in support of this etymology. He says: "The account of Pausanias (viii. 25, 26), according to which the terrible impersonation of conscience, or the violated moral law, is derived from ἐρινύειν, an old Greek verb originally signifying to be angry, has sufficient probability, not to mention the obvious analogy of Ἄραι, another name sometimes given to the awful maids (σεμναί), from ἀρά, an imprecation." If Professor Blackie will refer to Pausanias himself, he will find that the Arcadians assigned a very different cause to the anger of Demeter, which is supposed to have led to the formation of her new name Erinyes.

discover some grains of truth. National jealousies and animosities have no place in the republic of letters, which is, and I trust always will be, the true international republic of all friends of work, of order, and of truth.

### III.

## ON FALSE ANALOGIES

IN

## COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY.

VERY different from the real similarities that can be discovered in nearly all the religions of the world, and which, owing to their deeply human character, in no way necessitate the admission that one religion borrowed from the other, are those minute coincidences between the Jewish and the Pagan religions which have so often been discussed by learned theologians, and which were intended by them as proof positive, either that the Pagans borrowed their religious ideas direct from the Old Testament, or that some fragments of a primeval revelation, granted to the ancestors of the whole race of mankind, had been preserved in the temples of Greece and Italy.

Bochart, in his "*Geographia Sacra*," considered the identity of Noah and Saturn so firmly established as hardly to admit of the possibility of a doubt. The three sons of Saturn — Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto — he represented as having been originally the three sons of Noah : Jupiter being Ham ; Neptune, Japhet ; and Shem, Pluto. Even in the third generation the two families were proved to have been one, for Phut, the son of Ham, or of Jupiter Hammon, could be no other than Apollo Pythius ; Canaan no other than

Mercury ; and Nimrod no other than Bacchus, whose original name was supposed to have been Bar-chus, the son of Cush. G. J. Vossius, in his learned work, "De Origine et Progressu Idolatriæ" (1688), identified Saturn with Adam, Janus with Noah, Pluto with Ham, Neptune with Japhet, Minerva with Naamah, Vulcan with Tubal Cain, Typhon with Og. Huet, the friend of Bochart, and the colleague of Bossuet, went still farther; and in his classical work, the "Demonstratio Evangelica," he attempted to prove that the whole theology of the heathen nations was borrowed from Moses, whom he identified not only with ancient law-givers, like Zoroaster and Orpheus, but with gods and demi-gods, such as Apollo, Vulcan, Faunus, and Priapus.

All this happened not more than two hundred years ago ; and even a hundred years ago, nay, even after the discovery of Sanskrit and the rise of Comparative Philology, the troublesome ghost of Huet was by no means laid at once. On the contrary, as soon as the ancient language and religion of India became known in Europe, they were received by many people in the same spirit. Sanskrit, like all other languages, was to be derived from Hebrew, the ancient religion of the Brahmans from the Old Testament.

There was at that time an enthusiasm among Oriental scholars, particularly at Calcutta, and an interest for Oriental antiquities in the public at large, of which we in these days of apathy for Eastern literature can hardly form an adequate idea. Everybody wished to be first in the field, and to bring to light some of the treasures which were supposed to be hidden in the sacred literature of the Brahmans. Sir William Jones, the founder of the Asiatic Society

at Calcutta, published in the first volume of the "Asiatic Researches" his famous essay, "On the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India;" and he took particular care to state that his essay, though published only in 1788, had been written in 1784. In that essay he endeavored to show that there existed an intimate connection, not only between the mythology of India and that of Greece and Italy, but likewise between the legendary stories of the Brahmans and the accounts of certain historical events as recorded in the Old Testament. No doubt, the temptation was great. No one could look down for a moment into the rich mine of religious and mythological lore that was suddenly opened before the eyes of scholars and theologians, without being struck by a host of similarities, not only in the languages, but also in the ancient traditions of the Hindus, the Greeks, and the Romans; and if at that time the Greeks and Romans were still supposed to have borrowed their language and their religion from Jewish quarters, the same conclusion could hardly be avoided with regard to the language and the religion of the Brahmans of India.

The first impulse to look in the ancient religion of India for reminiscences of revealed truth seems to have come from missionaries rather than from scholars. It arose from a motive, in itself most excellent, of finding some common ground for those who wished to convert and those who were to be converted. Only, instead of looking for that common ground where it really was to be found — namely, in the broad foundations on which all religions are built up: the belief in a divine power, the acknowledgment of sin, the habit of prayer, the desire to offer sacrifice, and the

hope of a future life — the students of Pagan religion as well as Christian missionaries were bent on discovering more striking and more startling coincidences, in order to use them in confirmation of their favorite theory that some rays of a primeval revelation, or some reflection of the Jewish religion, had reached the uttermost ends of the world. This was a dangerous proceeding — dangerous because superficial, dangerous because undertaken with a foregone conclusion; and very soon the same arguments that had been used on one side in order to prove that all religious truth had been derived from the Old Testament were turned against Christian scholars and Christian missionaries, in order to show that it was not Brahmanism and Buddhism which had borrowed from the Old and New Testament, but that the Old and the New Testament had borrowed from the more ancient religions of the Brahmans and Buddhists.

This argument was carried out, for instance, in Holwell's "Original Principles of the Ancient Brahmans," published in London as early as 1779, in which the author maintains that "the Brahmanic religion is the first and purest product of supernatural revelation," and "that the Hindu scriptures contain to a moral certainty the original doctrines and terms of restoration delivered from God himself, by the mouth of his first created Birmah, to mankind, at his first creation in the form of man."

Sir William Jones<sup>1</sup> tells us that one or two missionaries in India had been absurd enough, in their zeal for the conversion of the Gentiles, to urge "that the Hindus were even now almost Christians, be-

<sup>1</sup> *Asiatic Researches*, i. p. 272; *Life of Sir W. Jones*, vol. ii. p. 240 seq.

cause their Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahesa were no other than the Christian Trinity ;” a sentence in which, he adds, we can only doubt whether folly, ignorance, or impiety predominates.

Sir William Jones himself was not likely to fall into that error. He speaks against it most emphatically. “Either,” he says, “the first eleven chapters of Genesis — all due allowance being made for a figurative Eastern style — are true, or the whole fabric of our national religion is false; a conclusion which none of us, I trust, would wish to be drawn. But it is not the truth of our national religion as such that I have at heart; it is truth itself; and if any cool, unbiassed reasoner will clearly convince me that Moses drew his narrative through Egyptian conduits from the primeval fountains of Indian literature, I shall esteem him as a friend for having weeded my mind from a capital error, and promise to stand amongst the foremost in assisting to circulate the truth which he has ascertained.”

But though he speaks so strongly against the uncritical proceedings of those who would derive anything that is found in the Old Testament from Indian sources, Sir William Jones himself was really guilty of the same want of critical caution in his own attempts to identify the gods and heroes of Greece and Rome with the gods and heroes of India. He begins his essay,<sup>1</sup> “On the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India,” with the following remarks: —

“We cannot justly conclude, by arguments preceding the proof of facts, that one idolatrous people must have borrowed their deities, rites, and tenets from another, since gods of all shapes and dimensions

<sup>1</sup> *Asiatic Researches*, i. p. 221.

may be framed by the boundless powers of imagination, or by the frauds and follies of men, in countries never connected; but when features of resemblance, too strong to have been accidental, are observable in different systems of polytheism, without fancy or prejudice to color them and improve the likeness, we can scarce help believing that some connection has immemorably subsisted between the several nations who have adopted them. It is my design in this essay to point out such a resemblance between the popular worship of the old Greeks and Italians and that of the Hindus; nor can there be any room to doubt of a great similarity between their strange religions and that of Egypt, China, Persia, Phrygia, Phœnice, and Syria; to which, perhaps, we may safely add some of the southern kingdoms, and even islands of America; while the Gothic system which prevailed in the northern regions of Europe was not merely similar to those of Greece and Italy, but almost the same in another dress, with an embroidery of images apparently Asiatic. From all this, if it be satisfactorily proved, we may infer a general union or affinity between the most distinguished inhabitants of the primitive world at the time when they deviated, as they did too early deviate, from the rational adoration of the only true God."

Here, then, in an essay written nearly a hundred years ago by Sir W. Jones, one of the most celebrated Oriental scholars in England, it might seem as if we should find the first outlines of that science which is looked upon as but of to-day or yesterday — the outlines of Comparative Mythology. But in such an expectation we are disappointed. What we find is merely a superficial comparison of the mythology of

India and that of other nations, both Aryan and Semitic, without any scientific value, because carried out without any of those critical tests which alone keep Comparative Mythology from running riot. This is not intended as casting a slur on Sir W. Jones. At his time the principles which have now been established by the students of the science of language were not yet known, and as with words, so with the names of deities, similarity of sound, the most treacherous of all sirens, was the only guide in such researches.

It is not pleasant to have to find fault with a man possessed of such genius, taste, and learning as Sir W. Jones, but no one who is acquainted with the history of these researches will be surprised at my words. It is the fate of all pioneers, not only to be left behind in the assault which they had planned, but to find that many of their approaches were made in a false direction, and had to be abandoned. But as the authority of their names continues to sway the public at large, and is apt to mislead even painstaking students and to entail upon them repeated disappointments, it is necessary that those who know should speak out, even at the risk of being considered harsh or presumptuous.

A few instances will suffice to show how utterly baseless the comparisons are which Sir W. Jones instituted between the gods of India, Greece, and Italy. He compares the Latin Janus with the Sanskrit deity Ganesa. It is well known that Janus is connected with the same root that has yielded the names of Jupiter, Zeus, and Dyaus, while Ganesa is a compound, meaning lord of hosts, lord of the companies of gods.

Saturnus is supposed to have been the same as Noah, and is then identified by Sir W. Jones with the Indian Manu Satyavrata, who escaped from the flood. Ceres is compared with the goddess Sri, Jupiter or Diespiter with Indra or Divaspati; and though etymology is called a weak basis for historical inquiries, the three syllables Jov in Jovis, Zeu in Zeus, and Siv in Siva are placed side by side, as possibly containing the same root, only differently pronounced. Now the s of Siva is a palatal s, and no scholar who has once looked into a book on Comparative Philology need be told that such an s could never correspond to a Greek Zeta or a Latin J.

In *Krishna*, the lovely shepherd-god, Sir W. Jones recognizes the features of Apollo Nomius, who fed the herds of Admetus, and slew the dragon Python, and he leaves it to etymologists to determine whether Gopâla — *i. e.*, the cow-herd — may not be the same word as Apollo. We are also assured, on the authority of Colonel Vallancey, that *Krishna* in Irish means the sun, and that the goddess Kâlî, to whom human sacrifices were offered, as enjoined in the Vedas (?) was the same as Hekate. In conclusion, Sir W. Jones remarks, "I strongly incline to believe that Egyptian priests have actually come from the Nile to the Gangâ and Yamunâ, and that they visited the Sarmans of India, as the sages of Greece visited them, rather to acquire than to impart knowledge."

The interest that had been excited by Sir William Jones's researches did not subside, though he himself did not return to the subject, but devoted his great powers to more useful labors. Scholars, both in India and in Europe, wanted to know more of the ancient religion of India. If Jupiter, Apollo, and Janus

had once been found in the ancient pantheon of the Brahmans ; if the account of Noah and the deluge could be traced back to the story of Manu Satyavrata, who escaped from the flood, more discoveries might be expected in this newly-opened mine, and people rushed to it with all the eagerness of gold-diggers. The idea that everything in India was of extreme antiquity had at that time taken a firm hold on the minds of all students of Sanskrit ; and, as there was no one to check their enthusiasm, everything that came to light in Sanskrit literature was readily accepted as more ancient than Homer, or even than the Old Testament.

It was under these influences that Lieutenant Wilford, a contemporary of Sir William Jones at Calcutta, took up the thread which Sir William Jones had dropped, and determined at all hazards to solve the question which at that time had excited a world-wide interest. Convinced that the Brahmans possessed in their ancient literature the originals, not only of Greek and Roman mythology, but likewise of the Old Testament history, he tried every possible means to overcome their reserve and reticence. He related to them, as well as he could, the principal stories of classical mythology, and the leading events in the history of the Old Testament ; he assured them that they would find the same things in their ancient books, if they would but look for them ; he held out the hopes of ample rewards for any extracts from their sacred literature containing the histories of Adam and Eve, of Deukalion and Prometheus ; and at last he succeeded. The coyness of the Pandits yielded ; the incessant demand created a supply ; and for several years essay after essay appeared in

the "Asiatic Researches," with extracts from Sanskrit MSS., containing not only the names of Deukalion, Prometheus, and other heroes and deities of Greece, but likewise the names of Adam and Eve, of Abraham and Sarah, and all the rest.

Great was the surprise, still greater the joy, not only in Calcutta, but in London, at Paris, and all the universities of Germany. The Sanskrit MSS. from which Lieutenant Wilford quoted, and on which his theories were based, had been submitted to Sir W. Jones and other scholars; and though many persons were surprised, and for a time even incredulous, yet the fact could not be denied that all was found in these Sanskrit MSS. as stated by Lieutenant Wilford. Sir W. Jones, then President of the Asiatic Society, printed the following declaration at the end of the third volume of the "Asiatic Researches":—

"Since I am persuaded that the learned essay on Egypt and the Nile has afforded you equal delight with that which I have myself received from it, I cannot refrain from endeavoring to increase your satisfaction by confessing openly that I have at length abandoned the greatest part of the natural distrust and incredulity which had taken possession of my mind before I had examined the sources from which our excellent associate, Lieutenant Wilford, has drawn so great a variety of new and interesting opinions. Having lately read again and again, both alone and with a Pandit, the numerous original passages in the Purânas, and other Sanskrit books, which the writer of the dissertation adduces in support of his assertions, I am happy in bearing testimony to his perfect good faith and general accuracy, both in his extracts and in the translation of them."

Sir W. Jones then proceeds himself to give a translation of some of these passages. "The following translation," he writes, "of an extract from the Padma-purâna is minutely exact":—

"1. To Satyavarman, the sovereign of the whole earth, were born three sons; the eldest, Sherma; then Charma; and thirdly, Jyapeti.

"2. They were all men of good morals, excellent in virtue and virtuous deeds, skilled in the use of weapons to strike with, or to be thrown, brave men, eager for victory in battle.

"3. But Satyavarman, being continually delighted with devout meditation, and seeing his sons fit for dominion, laid upon them the burden of government,

"4. Whilst he remained honoring and satisfying the gods, and priests, and kine. One day, by the act of destiny, the king, having drunk mead,

"5. Became senseless, and lay asleep naked; then was he seen by Charma, and by him were his two brothers called.

"6. To whom he said: What now has befallen? In what state is this our sire? By those two was he hidden with clothes, and called to his senses again and again.

"7. Having recovered his intellect, and perfectly knowing what had passed, he cursed Charma, saying, Thou shalt be the servant of servants:

"8. And since thou wast a laughder in their presence, from laughter shalt thou acquire a name. Then he gave to Sherma the wide domain on the south of the snowy mountains.

"9. And to Jyapeti he gave all on the north of the snowy mountains; but he, by the power of religious contemplation, obtained supreme bliss."

After this testimony from Sir W. Jones — wrung from him, as it would seem, against his own wish and will — Lieutenant Wilford's essays became more numerous and more startling every year.

At last, however, the coincidences became too great. The MSS. were again carefully examined; and then it was found that a clever forgery had been committed, that leaves had been inserted in ancient MSS., and that on these leaves the Pandits, urged by Lieutenant Wilford to disclose their ancient mysteries and traditions, had rendered in correct Sanskrit verse all that they had heard about Adam and Abraham from their inquisitive master. Lieutenant (then Colonel) Wilford did not hesitate for one moment to confess publicly that he had been imposed upon; but in the meantime the mischief had been done, his essays had been read all over Europe, they retained their place in the volumes of the "Asiatic Researches," and to the present day some of his statements and theories continue to be quoted authoritatively by writers on ancient religion.

Such accidents, and, one might almost say, such misfortunes, will happen, and it would be extremely unfair were we to use unnecessarily harsh language with regard to those to whom they have happened. It is perfectly true that at present, after the progress that has been made in an accurate and critical study of Sanskrit, it would be unpardonable if any Sanskrit scholar accepted such passages as those translated by Sir W. Jones as genuine. Yet it is by no means certain that a further study of Sanskrit will not lead to similar disenchantments, and deprive many a book in Sanskrit literature which now is considered as very ancient of its claims to any high antiquity. Certain

portions of the Veda even, which, as far as our knowledge goes at present, we are perfectly justified in referring to the tenth or twelfth century before our era, may some day or other dwindle down from their high estate, and those who have believed in their extreme antiquity will then be held up to blame or ridicule, like Sir W. Jones or Colonel Wilford. This cannot be avoided, for science is progressive, and does not acknowledge, even in the most distinguished scholars, any claims to infallibility. One lesson only may we learn from the disappointment that befell Colonel Wilford, and that is to be on our guard against anything which in ordinary language would be called "too good to be true."

Comparative Philology has taught us again and again that when we find a word exactly the same in Greek and Sanskrit, we may be certain that it cannot be the same word; and the same applies to Comparative Mythology. The same god or the same hero cannot have exactly the same name in Sanskrit and Greek, for the simple reason that Sanskrit and Greek have deviated from each other, have both followed their own way, have both suffered their own phonetic corruptions; and hence, if they do possess the same word, they can only possess it either in its Greek or its Sanskrit disguise. And if that caution applies to Sanskrit and Greek, members of the same family of language, how much more strongly must it apply to Sanskrit and Hebrew! If the first man were called in Sanskrit *Âdima*, and in Hebrew *Adam*, and if the two were really the same word, then Hebrew and Sanskrit could not be members of two different families of speech, or we should be driven to admit that *Adam* was borrowed by the Jews from

the Hindus for it is in Sanskrit only that *âdima* means the first, whereas in Hebrew it has no such meaning.

The same remark applies to a curious coincidence pointed out many years ago by Mr. Ellis in his "Polynesian Researches" (London, 1829, vol. ii. p. 38). We there read:—

"A very generally received Tahitian tradition is that the first human pair were made by Taaroa, the principal deity formerly acknowledged by the nation. On more than one occasion I have listened to the details of the people respecting his work of creation. They say that, after Taaroa had formed the world, he created man out of *araea*, red earth, which was also the food of man until bread first was made. In connection with this some relate that Taaroa one day called for the man by name. When he came, he caused him to fall asleep, and, while he slept, he took out one of his *ivi*, or bones, and with it made a woman, whom he gave to the man as his wife, and they became the progenitors of mankind. This," Mr. Ellis continues, "always appeared to me a mere recital of the Mosaic account of creation, which they had heard from some European, and I never placed any reliance on it, although they have repeatedly told me it was a tradition among them before any foreigners arrived. Some have also stated that the woman's name was *Ivi*, which would be by them pronounced as if written *Eve*. *Ivi* is an aboriginal word, and not only signifies a bone, but also a widow, and a victim slain in war. Notwithstanding the assertion of the natives, I am disposed to think that *Ivi*, or *Eve*, is the only aboriginal part of the story, as far as it respects the mother of the human race. Should

more careful and minute inquiry confirm the truth of this declaration, and prove that their account was in existence among them prior to their intercourse with Europeans, it will be the most remarkable and valuable oral tradition of the origin of the human race yet known."

In this case, I believe the probability is that the story of the creation of the first woman from the bone of a man<sup>1</sup> existed among the Tahitians before their intercourse with Christians, but I need hardly add that the similarity between the Polynesian name for bone, *ivi*, even when it was used as the name of the first woman, and the English corruption of the Hebrew חַוָּה, Chāvah, Eve, could be the result of accident only. Whatever Chāvah meant in Hebrew, whether life or living or anything else, it never meant bone, while the Tahitian *ivi*, the Maori *whēva*,<sup>1</sup> meant bone, and bone only.

These principles and these cautions were hardly thought of in the days of Sir William Jones and Colonel Wilford, but they ought to be thought of at present. Thus, before Bopp had laid down his code of phonetic laws, and before Burnouf had written his works on Buddhism, one cannot be very much surprised that Buddha should have been identified with Minos and Lamech; nay, that even the Babylonian deity Belus, and the Teutonic deity Wodan or Odin, should have been supposed to be connected with the founder of Buddhism in India. As Burnouf said in his "Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme," p. 70: "On avait même fait du Buddha une planète; et je

<sup>1</sup> See *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, p. 48.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. W. W. Gill tells me that the Maori word for bone is *iwi*, but he suspects a foreign origin for the fable founded on it.

ne sais pas si quelques savants ne se plaisent pas encore aujourd'hui à retrouver ce sage paisible sous les traits du belliqueux Odin." But we did not expect that we should have to read again, in a book published in 1869, such statements as these :<sup>1</sup>—

"There is certainly a much greater similarity between the Buddhism of the Topes and the Scandinavian mythology than between it and the Buddhism of the books ; but still the gulf between the two is immense ; and if any traces of the doctrines of the gentle ascetic (Buddha) ever existed in the bosom of Odin or his followers, while dwelling near the roots of the Caucasus, all that can be said is, that they suffered fearful shipwreck among the rocks of the savage superstitions of the North, and sank, never again to appear on the surface of Scandinavian mythology. If the two religions come anywhere in con-

<sup>1</sup> *Tree and Serpent Worship*, by James Fergusson. London, 1868. Very similar opinions had been advocated by Rajendralal Mitra, in a paper published in 1858 in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, "Buddhism and Odinism, illustrated by extracts from Professor Holmboe's Memoir on the *Traces du Bouddhisme en Norvège*." How much mischief is done by opinions of this kind when they once find their way into the general public, and are supported by names which carry weight, may be seen by the following extracts from the *Pioneer* (July 30, 1878), a native paper published in India. Here we read that the views of Holmboe, Rajendralal Mitra, and Fergusson, as to a possible connection between Buddha and Wodan, between Buddhism and Wodenism, have been adopted and preached by an English bishop, in order to convince his hearers, who were chiefly Buddhists, that the religion of the gentle ascetic came originally, if not from the Northeast of Scotland, at all events from the Saxons. "Gotama Buddha," he maintained, "was a Saxon," coming from "a Saxon family which had penetrated into India." And again: "The most convincing proof to us Anglo-Indians lies in the fact that the Purânas named Varada and Matsy distinctly assert that the White Island in the West — meaning England — was known in India as Sacana, having been conquered at a very early period by the Sacas or Saks." After this the bishop takes courage, and says: "Let me call your attention to the Pâli word Nibban, called in Sanskrit Nirvâna. In the Anglo-Saxon you have the identical word — Nabban, meaning "not to have," or "to be without a thing."

tact, it is at their base, for underlying both there existed a strange substratum of Tree and Serpent Worship; on this the two structures seem to have been raised, though they afterwards diverged into forms so strangely dissimilar" (p. 34).

Or again (p. 32) : —

"We shall probably not err far if we regard these traces of serpent worship as indicating the presence in the Northeast of Scotland of the head of that column of migration, or of propagandism, which, under the myth of Wodenism, we endeavored in a previous chapter to trace from the Caucasus to Scandinavia."

"The arbors under which two of the couples are seated are curious instances of that sort of summer-house which may be found adorning tea-gardens in the neighborhood of London to the present day. It is scenes like these that make us hesitate before asserting that there could not possibly be any connection between Buddhism and Wodenism" (p. 140).

"One of the most tempting nominal similarities connected with this subject is suggested by the name of *Mâyâ*. The mother of Buddha was called *Mâyâ*. The mother of Mercury was also *Maia*, the daughter of *Atlas*. The Romans always called *Wodin*, *Mercury*, and *dies Mercurii* and *Wodensday* alike designated the fourth day of the week. . . . These and other similarities have been frequently pointed out and insisted upon, and they are too numerous and too distinct not to have some foundation in reality" (p. 186, note).

Statements like these cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed or uncontradicted, particularly if supported by the authority of a great name; and after having

spoken so freely of the unscientific character of the mythological comparisons instituted by scholars like Sir William Jones and Lieutenant Wilford, who can no longer defend themselves, it would be mere cowardice to shrink from performing the same unpleasant duty in the case of a living writer, who has shown that he knows how to wield the weapons both of defence and attack.

It is perfectly true that the mother of Buddha was called Mâyâ, but it is equally true that the Sanskrit Mâyâ cannot be the Greek Maiâ. It is quite true, also, that the fourth day of the week is called *dies Mercurii* in Latin, and Wednesday in English; nay, that in Sanskrit the same day is called *Budha-dina* or *Budha-vâra*. But the origin of all these names falls within perfectly historical times, and can throw no light whatever on the early growth of mythology and religion.

First of all, we have to distinguish between *Budha* and *Buddha*. The two names, though so like each other, and therefore constantly mistaken one for the other, have nothing in common but their root. *Buddha* with two d's, is the participle of *budh*, and means awakened, enlightened.<sup>1</sup> It is the name given to those who have reached the highest stage of human wisdom, and it is known most generally as the title of Gotama, Sâkyamuni, the founder of Buddhism, whose traditional era dates from 543 B. C. *Budha*, on the contrary, with one d, means simply knowing, and it became in later times, when the Hindus received from the Greeks a knowl-

<sup>1</sup> See *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, translated by Captain Rogers, with an Introduction containing Buddha's Dhammapada, translated from Pâli, by M. M., 1870, p. 110, note.

edge of the planets, the name of the planet Mercury.

It is well known that the names of the seven days of the week are derived from the names of the planets,<sup>1</sup> and it is equally well known that in Europe the system of weeks and week-days is comparatively of very modern origin. It was not a Greek, nor a Roman, nor a Hindu, but a Jewish or Babylonian invention. The Sabbath (Sabbata) was known and kept at Rome in the first century B. C. with many superstitious practices. It is mentioned by Horace, Ovid, Tibullus (*dies Saturni*), Persius, Juvenal. Ovid calls it a day "*rebus minus apta gerendis.*" Augustus (Suet. "Aug." c. 76) evidently imagined that the Jews fasted on their Sabbath, for he said, "Not even a Jew keeps the fast of the Sabbath so strictly as I have kept this day." In fact, Josephus ("Contra Apion." ii. 39) was able to say that there was no town, Greek or not Greek, where the custom observing the seventh day had not spread.<sup>2</sup> It is

<sup>1</sup> Hare, "On the Names of the Days of the Week (*Philol. Museum*, Nov. 1831); Ideler, *Handbuch der Chronologie*, p. 177; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 111.

<sup>2</sup> A writer in the *Index* objects to my representation of what Josephus said with regard to the observance of the seventh day in Greek and barbarian towns. He writes:—

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9, 1872.

"The article by Max Müller in the *Index* of this week contains, I think, one error, caused doubtless by his taking a false translation of a passage from Josephus instead of the original. 'In fact,' says Professor Müller, 'Josephus (*Contra Apion*. ii. 39) was able to say that there was no town, Greek or not Greek, where the custom of observing the seventh day had not spread.' Mr. Wm. B. Taylor, in a discussion of the Sabbath question with the Rev. Dr. Brown, of Philadelphia, in 1853 (*Obligation of the Sabbath*, p. 120), gives this rendering of the passage: 'Nor is there anywhere any city of the Greeks, nor a single barbarian nation, whither the institution of the Hebdomade (*which we mark by resting*) has not travelled; **hen** in a note Mr. Taylor gives the original Greek of part of the passage

curious that we find the seventh day, the Sabbath, even under its new Pagan name, as *dies Saturni* or *Kronike*, mentioned by Roman and Greek writers, before the names of the other days of the week made their appearance. Tibullus speaks of the day of Saturn, *dies Saturni*; Julius Frontinus (under Nerva, 96-98) says that Vespasian attacked the Jews on the day of Saturn, *dies Saturni*; and Justin Martyr (died 165) states that Christ was crucified the day before the day of Kronos, and appeared to his disciples the day after the day of Kronos. He does not use the names of Friday and Sunday. Sunday, as *dies Solis*, is mentioned by Justin Martyr ("Apolog."

and adds: 'Josephus does not say that the Greek and barbarian rested, but that *we* [the Jews] observe it by rest.'

"The corrected translation only adds strength to Max Müller's position in regard to the very limited extent of Sabbath observance in ancient times; and Mr. Taylor brings very strong historical proof to maintain the assertion (p. 24) that 'throughout all history we discover no trace of a Sabbath among the nations of antiquity.'"

It seems to me that if we read the whole of Josephus's work, *On the Antiquity of the Jews*, we cannot fail to perceive that what Josephus wished to show towards the end of the second book was that other nations had copied or were trying to copy the Jewish customs. He says: 'Υφ' ἡμῶν τε διηρέχθησαν οἱ νόμοι καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἄπασιν ἀνθρώποις, αἰεὶ καὶ μᾶλλον αὐτῶν ζῆλον ἐμπεποιήκασιν. He then says that the early Greek philosophers, though apparently original in their theoretic speculations, followed the Jewish laws with regard to practical and moral precepts. Then follows this sentence: Οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ καὶ πλήθεισιν ἤδη πολλὸς ζῆλος γέγονεν ἐκ μακροῦ τῆς ἡμετέρας εὐσεβείας, οὐ δ' ἔστιν οὐ πόλις Ἑλλήνων οὐδέτισουν οὐδὲ βάρβαρος, οὐδὲ ἐν ἔθνος, εἴθε μὴ τὸ τῆς ἑβδομάδος, ἣν ἀργούμεν ἡμεῖς, ἔθος οὐ διαπεφοίτηκε, καὶ αἱ νηστεία καὶ λύχρων ἀνακαύσεις καὶ πολλὰ τῶν εἰς βρῶσιν ἡμῖν οὐ νενομισμένων παρατηρήρηται. Μιμείσθαι δὲ πειρῶνται καὶ εἴη πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἡμῶν ὁμόνοιαν, κ.τ.λ. Standing where it stands, the sentence about the *ἑβδομάς* can only mean that "there is no town of Greeks nor of barbarians, nor one single people, where the custom of the seventh day, on which we rest, has not spread, and where fastings, and lighting of lamps, and much of what is forbidden to us with regard to food are not observed. They try to imitate our mutual concord also, etc." Hebdomas, which originally meant the week, is here clearly used in the sense of the seventh day, and though Josephus may exaggerate, what he says is certainly "that there was no town, Greek or not Greek, where the custom of observing the seventh day had not spread."

i. 67), and by Tertullian (died 220), the usual name of that day amongst Christians being the Lord's-day, Κυριακή, *dominica* or *dominicus*. Clemens of Alexandria (died 220) seems to have been the first who used the names of Wednesday and Friday, Ἐρμού καὶ Ἀφροδίτης ἡμέρα.

It is generally stated, on the authority of Cassius Dio, that the system of counting by weeks and weekdays was first introduced in Egypt, and that at his time, early in the third century, the Romans had adopted it, though but recently. Be this as it may, it would seem that, if Tibullus could use the name of *dies Saturni* for Saturday, the whole system of weekdays must have been settled and known at Rome in his time. Cassius Dio tells us that the names were assigned to each day διὰ τεσσάρων, by fours; or by giving the first hour of the week to Saturn, then giving one hour to each planet in succession, till the twenty-fifth hour became again the first of the next day. Both systems lead to the same result, as will be seen from the following table:—

<i>Planets.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>	<i>French.</i>	<i>Sanskrit.</i>
1 Saturn 1	Dies Saturni	Samedi (dies sabbati)	Sani-vāra
2 Jupiter 6	“ Solis	Dimanche (dominicus)	Ravi-vāra
3 Mars 4	“ Lunæ	Lundi	Soma-vāra
4 Sun 2	“ Martis	Mardi	Bhama-vāra
5 Venus 7	“ Mercurii	Mercredi	Budha-vāra
6 Mercury 5	“ Jovis	Jeudi	Bṛihaspati-vāra
7 Moon 3	“ Veneris	Vendredi	Sukra-vāra
	<i>Old Norse.</i>	<i>Anglo-Saxon.</i>	<i>English.</i>
1 Saturn 1	laugardagr (washing day)	sätres dæg	Saturday
2 Jupiter 6	sunnudagr	sunnan dæg	Sunday
3 Mars 4	månadagr	monan dæg	Monday
4 Sun 2	tysdagr	tives dæg	Tuesday
5 Venus 7	odhinsdagr	vódenes dæg	Wednesday
6 Mercury 5	thórsdagr	thunores dæg	Thursday
7 Moon 3	friadagr	frige dæg	Friday

<i>Planets.</i>	<i>Old-High German.</i>	<i>Middle-High German.</i>	<i>German.</i>
1 Saturn 1	sambaztag (sunnûn âbaud)	samztac (sunnan âbent)	Samstag (Sonnabend)
2 Jupiter 6	sunnûn dag	sunnan tac	Sonntag
3 Mars 4	mânin tac (?)	mân tac	Montag
4 Sun 2	ziuwes tac (cies dac)	zies tac (eritic)	Dienstag
5 Venus 7	wuotanes tac (?) (mittawecha)	mittwoch	Mittwoch
6 Mercury 5	donares tac	donres tac	Donnerstag
7 Moon 3	fria dag	fritac	Freitag

After the names of the week-days had once been settled, we have no difficulty in tracing their migration towards the East and towards the West. The Hindus had their own peculiar system of reckoning days and months, but they adopted at a later time the foreign system of counting by weeks of seven days, and assigning a presiding planetary deity to each of the seven days, according to the system described above. As the Indian name of the planet Mercury was Budha, the *dies Mercurii* was naturally called Budha-vâra but never Buddha-vâra; and the fact that the mother of Mercury was called Maia, and the mother of Buddha Mâyâ, could, therefore, have had no bearing whatever on the name assigned to the Indian Wednesday.<sup>1</sup> The very Buddhists, in Ceylon, distinguish between buddha, the enlightened, and budha, wise, and call Wednesday the day of Budha, not of Buddha.<sup>2</sup> Whether the names of the planets were formed in India independently, or after Greek models, is difficult to settle. The name of Budha, the knowing or the clever, given to the planet Mercury, seems, however, inexplicable except on the latter hypothesis.

<sup>1</sup> Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 118, note.

<sup>2</sup> In Singalese Wednesday is Badâ, in Tamil Budau. See Kennet, in *Indian Antiquary*, 1874, p. 90; D'Alwis, *Journal of Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1870, p. 17.

Having traced the origin of the Sanskrit name of the *dies Mercurii*, Budha-vâra, let us now see why the Teutonic nations, though perfectly ignorant of Buddhism, called the same day the day of Wodan.

That the Teutonic nations received the names of the week-days from their Greek and Roman neighbors admits of no doubt. For commercial and military arrangements between Romans and Germans some kind of *lingua franca* must soon have sprung up, and in it the names of the week-days must have found their place. There would have been little difficulty in explaining the meaning of Sun-day and Mon-day to the Germans, but in order to make them understand the meaning of the other names, some explanations must have been given on the nature of the different deities, in order to enable the Germans to find corresponding names in their own language. A Roman would tell his German friend that *dies Veneris* meant the day of a goddess who represented beauty and love, and on hearing this the German would at once have thought of his own goddess of love, *Freyja*, and have called the *dies Veneris* the day of *Freyja* or Friday.<sup>1</sup>

If *Jupiter* was described as the god who wields the thunderbolt, his natural representative in German would be *Donar*,<sup>2</sup> the Anglo-Saxon *Thunar*, the Old Norse *Thor*; and hence the *dies Jovis* would be called the day of *Thor*, or Thursday. If the fact that *Jupiter* was the king of the gods had been mentioned, his proper representative in German would, no doubt, have been *Wuotan* or *Odin*.<sup>3</sup> As it was, *Wuotan* or

<sup>1</sup> Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 276.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 151.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 120.

*Odin* was chosen as the nearest approach to *Mercury*, the character which they share in common, and which led to their identification, being most likely their love of travelling through the air,<sup>1</sup> also their granting wealth and fulfilling the wishes of their worshippers, in which capacity *Wuotan* is known by the name of *Wunsch*<sup>2</sup> or *Wish*. We can thus understand how it happened that father and son changed places, for while *Mercurius* is the son of *Jupiter*, *Wuotan* is the father of *Donar*. *Mars*, the god of war, was identified with the German *Tiu* or *Ziu*, a name which, though originally the same as *Zeus* in Greek or *Dyaus* in Sanskrit, took a peculiarly national character among the Germans, and became their god of war.<sup>3</sup>

There remained thus only the *dies Saturni*, the day of Saturn, and whether this was called so in imitation of the Latin name, or after an old German deity of a similar name and character, is a point which for the present we must leave unsettled.

What, however, is not unsettled is this, that if the Germans, in interpreting these names of Roman deities as well as they could, called the *dies Mercurii*, the same day which the Hindus had called the day of *Budha* (with one *d*), their day of *Wuotan*, this was not because "the doctrines of the gentle ascetic existed in the bosom of *Odin* or his followers, while dwelling near the roots of the *Caucasus*," but for very different and much more tangible reasons.

But, apart from all this, by what possible process

<sup>1</sup> Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, pp. 137-148.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 126. *Oski* in Icelandic, the god *Wish*, one of the names of the highest god.

<sup>3</sup> Tacit. *Hist.* iv. 64: "Communi bus Diis et præcipuo Deorum **Marti** grates agimus."

could Buddha and Odin have ever been brought together in the flesh? In the history of ancient religions, Odin belongs to the same stratum of mythological thought as *Dyaus* in India, *Zeus* in Greece, *Jupiter* in Italy. He was worshipped as the supreme deity during a period long anterior to the age of the Veda and of Homer. His travels in Greece, and even in Tyrkland,<sup>1</sup> and his half-historical character as a mere hero and a leader of his people, are the result of the latest Euhemerism. Buddha, on the contrary, is not a mythological, but a personal and historical character, and to think of a meeting of Buddha and Odin, or even of their respective descendants, at the roots of Mount Caucasus, would be like imagining an interview between Cyrus and Odin, between Mohammed and Aphrodite.

A comparative study of ancient religions and mythologies, as will be seen from these instances, is not a subject to be taken up lightly. It requires not only an accurate acquaintance with the minutest details of comparative philology, but a knowledge of the history of religions which can hardly be gained without a study of original documents. As long, however, as researches of this kind are carried on for their own sake, and from a mere desire of discovering truth, without any ulterior objects, they deserve no blame, though, for a time, they may lead to erroneous results. But when coincidences between different religions and mythologies are searched out simply in support of preconceived theories, whether by the friends or enemies of religion, the sense of truth, the very life of all science, is sacrificed, and serious mischief will follow without fail. Here we have a right, not

<sup>1</sup> Grimm, *l. c.* p. 148.

only to protest, but to blame. There is on this account a great difference between the books we have hitherto examined, and a work lately published in Paris by M. Jacolliot, under the sensational title of "La Bible dans l'Inde, Vie de Jeseus Christna." If this book had been written with the pure enthusiasm of Lieutenant Wilford, it might have been passed by as a mere anachronism. But when one sees how its author shuts his eyes against all evidence that would tell against him, and brings together, without any critical scruples, whatever seems to support his theory that Christianity is a mere copy of the ancient religion of India, mere silence would not be a sufficient answer. Besides, the book has lately been translated into English, and will be read, no doubt, by many people who cannot test the evidence on which it professes to be founded. We learn that M. Jacolliot was some years ago appointed President of the Court of Justice at Chandernagore, and that he devoted the leisure left him from the duties of his position to studying Sanskrit and the holy books of the Hindus. He is said to have put himself in communication with the Brahmans, who had obtained access to a great number of MSS. carefully stored up in the depths of the pagodas. "The purport of his book is" (I quote from a friendly critic), "that our civilization, our religion, our legends, our gods, have come to us from India, after passing in succession through Egypt, Persia, Judea, Greece, and Italy." This statement, we are told, is not confined to M. Jacolliot, but has been admitted by almost all Oriental scholars. The Old and New Testaments are found again in the Vedas, and the texts quoted by M. Jacolliot in support of his theory are said to leave it without doubt. Brahma

created Adima (in Sanskrit, the first man) and gave him for companion Heva (in Sanskrit, that which completes life). He appointed the island of Ceylon for their residence. What follows afterwards is so beautifully described that I may be pardoned for quoting it. Only I must warn my readers, lest the extract should leave too deep an impression on their memory, that what M. Jacolliot calls a simple translation from Sanskrit is, as far as I can judge, a simple invention of some slightly mischievous Brahman, who, like the Pandits of Lieutenant Wilford, took advantage of the zeal and credulity of a French judge: —

“ Having created the Man and the Woman (*simultaneously*, not one after the other), and animated them with the divine afflatus — the Lord said unto them : ‘ Behold, your mission is to people this beautiful Island [Ceylon], where I have gathered together everything pleasant and needful for your subsistence — the rest of the Earth is as yet uninhabitable, but should your progeny so increase as to render the bounds of paradise too narrow a habitation, let them inquire of me by sacrifice and I will make known my will.’

“ And thus saying, the Lord disappeared. . . .

“ Then Adam and Eve dwelt together for a time in perfect happiness ; but ere long a vague disquietude began to creep upon them. . . . The Spirit of Evil, jealous of their felicity and of the work of Brahma, inspired them with disturbing thoughts ; — ‘ Let us wander through the Island,’ said Adam to his companion, ‘ and see if we may not find some part even more beautiful than this.’ . . .

“ And Eve followed her husband . . . wandering for days and for months ; . . . but as they advanced the woman was seized with strange and inexplicable

terrors: 'Adam,' said she, "let us go no farther: it seems to me that we are disobeying the Lord; have we not already quitted the place which he assigned us for a dwelling and forbade us to leave?"

"'Fear not,' replied Adam; 'this is not that fearful wilderness of which he spake to us.' . . . .

"And they wandered on. . . . .

"Arriving at last at the extremity of the Island, they beheld a smooth and narrow arm of the sea, and beyond it a vast and apparently boundless country, connected with their Island only by a narrow and rocky pathway arising from the bosom of the waters.

"The two wanderers stood amazed: the country before them was covered with stately trees, birds of a thousand colors flitting amidst their foliage.

"'. . . . 'Behold, what beautiful things!' cried Adam, 'and what good fruit such trees must produce; . . . let us go and taste them, and if that country is better than this, we will dwell there.'

"Eve, trembling, besought Adam to do nothing that might irritate the Lord against them. "Are we not well here? Have we not pure water and delicious fruits? Wherefore seek other things?"

"'True,' replied Adam, 'but we will return; what harm can it be to visit this unknown country that presents itself to our view?' . . . . And as he approached the rocks, Eve, trembling, followed.

"Placing his wife upon his shoulders, he proceeded to cross the space that separated him from the object of his desires, but no sooner did he touch the shore than trees, flowers, fruits, birds, all that they had perceived from the opposite side, in an instant vanished amidst terrific clamor; . . . . the rocks by which they had crossed sunk beneath the waters, a few

sharp peaks alone remaining above the surface, to indicate the place of the bridge which had been destroyed by Divine displeasure.

“The vegetation which they had seen from the opposite shore was but a delusive mirage raised by the Spirit of Evil to tempt them to disobedience.

“Adam fell, weeping, upon the naked sands, . . . . but Eve throwing herself into his arms, besought him not to despair; . . . . ‘let us rather pray to the Author of all things to pardon us.’ . . . .

“And as she spake there came a voice from the clouds, saying,

“‘Woman! *thou* hast only sinned from love to thy husband, whom I commanded thee to love, and thou hast hoped in me.

“‘I therefore pardon thee — and I pardon him also for *thy* sake: . . . . but ye may no more return to paradise, which I had created for your happiness; . . . . through your disobedience to my commands the Spirit of Evil has obtained possession of the Earth. . . . Your children reduced to labor and to suffer by your fault will become corrupt and forget me. . . . .

“‘But I will send Vishnu, who will be born of a woman, and who will bring to all the hope of a reward in another life, and the means by prayer of softening their sufferings.’”

The translator from whom I have quoted exclaims at the end, as well he might: —

“What grandeur and what simplicity is this Hindu legend! and at the same time how simply logical! . . . . Behold here the veritable Eve — the true woman.”

But much more extraordinary things are quoted

by M. Jacolliot, from the Vedas and the commentaries.

On p. 63 we read that Manu, Minos, and Manes, had the same name as Moses; on p. 73, the Brahmans who invaded India are represented as the successors of a great reformer called Christna. The name of Zoroaster is derived from the Sanskrit *Sûryastara* (p. 110), meaning "he who spreads the worship of the Sun." After it has been laid down (p. 116) that Hebrew was derived from Sanskrit, we are assured that there is little difficulty in deriving Jehovah from Zeus.<sup>1</sup> Zeus, Jezeus, Jesus, and Isis are all declared to be the same name, and later on (p. 130) we learn that "at present the Brahmans who officiate in the pagodas and temples give this title of Jeseus — *i. e.* the pure essence, the divine emanation — to Christna only, who alone is recognized as the Word, the truly incarnated, by the worshippers of Vishnu and the freethinkers among the Brahmans."

We are assured that the Apostles, the poor fishermen of Galilee, were able to read the Veda (p. 356); and it was their greatest merit that they did not reject the miraculous accounts of the Vedic period, because the world was not yet ripe for freedom of thought. Kristna, or Christna, we read on p. 360, signified in Sanskrit, sent by God, promised by God, holy; and as the name of Christ or *Christos* is not Hebrew, whence could it have been taken except from Krishna, the son of Devakî, or, as M. Jacolliot writes, Devanaguy?

It is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to criticise or refute such statements, and yet it is necessary to

<sup>1</sup> P. 125. "Pour quiconque s'est occupé d'études philologiques, Jéhova dérivé de Zeus est facile à admettre."

do so; for such is the interest, or I should rather say the feverish curiosity, excited by anything that bears on ancient religion, that M. Jacolliot's book has produced a very wide and very deep impression. It has been remarked with some surprise that Vedic scholars in Europe had failed to discover these important passages in the Veda which he has pointed out, or, still worse, that they had never brought them to the knowledge of the public. In fact, if anything was wanting to show that a general knowledge of the history of ancient religion ought to form part of our education, it was the panic created by M. Jacolliot's book. It is simply the story of Lieutenant Wilford over again, only far less excusable now than a hundred years ago. Many of the words which M. Jacolliot quotes as Sanskrit are not Sanskrit at all; others never have the meaning which he assigns to them; and as to the passages from the Vedas (including our old friend the Bhagaveda-gîta), they are not from the Veda, they are not from any old Sanskrit writer — they simply belong to the second half of the nineteenth century. What happened to Lieutenant Wilford has happened again to M. Jacolliot. He tells us the secret himself: —

“One day,” he says (p. 280), “when we were reading the translation of Manu, by Sir W. Jones, a note led us to consult the Indian commentator, Kulûka Bhatta, when we found an allusion to the sacrifice of a son by his father prevented by God himself after he had commanded it. We then had only one *idée fixe* — namely, to find again in the dark mass of the religious books of the Hindu, the original account of that event. We should never have succeeded but for ‘the complaisance’ of a Brahman with whom we

were reading Sanskrit, and who, yielding to our request, brought us from the library of his pagoda the works of the theologian Ramatsariar, which have yielded us such precious assistance in this volume."

As to the story of the son offered as a sacrifice by his father, and released at the command of the gods, M. Jacolliot might have found the original account of it from the Veda, both text and translation, in my "History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature." He would soon have seen that the story of *Sunahsepa* being sold by his father in order to be sacrificed in the place of an Indian prince, has very little in common with the intended sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. M. Jacolliot has, no doubt, found out by this time that he has been imposed upon; and if so, he ought to follow the example of Colonel Wilford, and publicly state what has happened. Even then, I doubt not that his statements will continue to be quoted for a long time, and that *Adima* and *Heva*, thus brought to life again, will make their appearance in many a book and many a lecture-room.

Lest it be supposed that such accidents happen to Sanskrit scholars only, or that this fever is bred only in the jungles of Indian mythology, I shall mention at least one other case which will show that this disease is of a more general character, and that want of caution will produce it in every climate.

Before the discovery of Sanskrit, China had stood for a long time in the place which was afterwards occupied by India. When the ancient literature and civilization of China became first known to the scholars of Europe, the Celestial Empire had its admirers and prophets as full of enthusiasm as Sir W. Jones and Lieutenant Wilford, and there was nothing,

whether Greek philosophy or Christian morality, that was not supposed to have had its first origin among the sages of China. The proceedings of the Jesuit missionaries in China were most extraordinary. They had themselves admitted the antiquity of the writings of Confucius and Lao-tse, both of whom lived in the sixth century B. C.<sup>1</sup> But in their zeal to show that the sacred books of the Chinese contained numerous passages borrowed from the Bible, nay, even some of the dogmas of the later Church, they hardly perceived that, taking into account the respective dates of these books, they were really proving that a kind of anticipated Christianity had been accorded to the ancient sages of the Celestial Empire. The most learned advocate of this school was Father Prémare. Another supporter of the same view, Montucci,<sup>2</sup> speaking of Lao-tse's Tao-te-king, says: —

“We find in it so many sayings clearly referring to the triune God, that no one who has read this book can doubt that the mystery of the most holy Trinity was revealed to the Chinese more than five centuries before the advent of Christ. Everybody, therefore, who knows the strong feeling of the Chinese for their own teachers, will admit that nothing more efficient could be found in order to fix the dogmas of the Christian religion in the mind of the Chinese than the demonstration that these dogmas agree with their own books. The study, therefore, and the translation of this singular book (the Tao-te-king) would prove most useful to the missionaries, in order to bring to a happy issue the desired gathering in of the Apostolic harvest.”

<sup>1</sup> Stanislas Julien, *Le Livre de la Voie et de la Vertu*. Paris, 1843 p. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Montucci, *De studiis sinicis*. Berolini, 1808.

What followed is so extraordinary that, though it has often been related, it deserves to be related again, more particularly as the whole problem which was supposed to have been solved once for all by M. Stanislas Julien, has of late been opened again by Dr. von Strauss, in the "Journal of the German Oriental Society," 1869.

There is a passage at the beginning of the fourteenth chapter of the Tao-te-king in which Father Amyot felt certain that the three Persons of the Trinity could be recognized. He translated it:—

"He who is as it were visible but cannot be seen is called K h i.

"He whom we cannot hear, and who does not speak to our ear, is called H i.

"He who is as it were tangible, but cannot be touched, is called W e i."

Few readers, I believe, would have been much startled by this passage, or would have seen in it what Father Amyot saw. But more startling revelations were in store. The most celebrated Chinese scholar of his time, Abel Rémusat, took up the subject; and after showing that the first of the three names had to be pronounced, not Khi, but I, he maintained that the three syllables I Hi Wei, were meant for Je-ho-va-h. According to him, the three characters employed in this name have no meaning in Chinese; they are only signs of sounds foreign to the Chinese language; and they were intended to render the Greek  $\text{Ἰαὼ}$ , the name which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Jews gave to their God. Rémusat goes on to remark that Lao-tse had really rendered this Hebrew name more accurately than the Greeks, because he had preserved the aspiration of

the second syllable, which was lost in Greek. In fact, he entertained no doubt that this word, occurring in the work of Lao-tse, proves an intellectual communication between the West and China, in the sixth century B. C.

Fortunately, the panic created by this discovery did not last long. M. Stanislas Julien published in 1842 a complete translation of this difficult book ; and here all traces of the name of Jehovah have disappeared.

“The three syllables,” he writes, “which Abel Rémusat considered as purely phonetic and foreign to the Chinese language, have a very clear and intelligible meaning, and have been fully explained by Chinese commentators. The first syllable, I, means without color; the second, Hi, without sound or voice; the third, Wei, without body. The proper translation therefore is:—

“You look (for the Tao, the law) and you see it not: it is colorless.

“You listen and you hear it not: it is voiceless.

“You wish to touch it and you reach it not: it is without body.”

Until, therefore, some other traces can be discovered in Chinese literature proving an intercourse between China and Judæa in the sixth century B. C., we can hardly be called upon to believe that the Jews should have communicated this one name, which they hardly trusted themselves to pronounce at home, to a Chinese philosopher; and we must treat the apparent similarity between I-Hi-Wei and Jehovah as an accident, which ought to serve as a useful warning, though it need in no way discourage a careful and honest study of Comparative Theology

## ON SPELLING.

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THE remarks which I venture to offer in these pages on the corrupt state of the present spelling of English, and on the advantages and disadvantages connected with a reform of English orthography, were written in fulfillment of a promise of very long standing. Ever since the publication of the Second Volume of my "Lectures on the Science of Language," in 1863, where I had expressed my sincere admiration for the courage and perseverance with which Mr. Isaac Pitman and some of his friends (particularly Mr. A. J. Ellis, for six years his most active associate) had fought the battle of a reform in English spelling, Mr. Pitman had been requesting me to state more explicitly than I had done in my "Lectures" my general approval of his life-long endeavors. He wished more particularly that I should explain why I, though by profession an etymologist, was not frightened by the specter of phonetic spelling, while such high authorities as Archbishop Trench and Dean Alford had declared that phonetic spelling would necessarily destroy the historical and etymological character of the English language.

If I ask myself why I put off the fulfillment of my

promise from year to year, the principal reason I find is, that really I had nothing more to say than what, though in few words, I had said before. Every thing that can be said on this subject has been said, and well said, not only by Mr. Pitman, but by a host of writers and lecturers, among whom I might mention Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, Dr. Latham, Professors Haldeman, Whitney, and Hadley, Mr. Withers, Mr. E. Jones, Dr. J. H. Gladstone, and many others. The whole matter is no longer a matter for argument; and the older I grow, the more I feel convinced that nothing vexes people so much, and hardens them in their unbelief and in their dogged resistance to reforms, as undeniable facts and unanswerable arguments. Reforms are carried by Time, and what generally prevails in the end, are not logical deductions, but some haphazard and frequently irrational motives. I do not say, therefore, with Dean Swift, that "there is a degree of corruption wherein some nations, as bad as the world is, will proceed to an amendment; till which time particular men should be quiet." On the contrary, I feel convinced that practical reformers, like Mr. Pitman, should never slumber nor sleep. They should keep their grievances before the public in season and out of season. They should have their lamps burning, to be ready whenever the right time comes. They should repeat the same thing over and over again, undismayed by indifference, ridicule, contempt, and all the other weapons which the lazy world knows so well how to employ against those who venture to disturb its peace.

I myself, however, am not a practical reformer; least of all in a matter which concerns Englishmen

only—namely, the spelling of the English language. I should much rather, therefore, have left the fight to others, content with being merely a looker-on. But when I was on the point of leaving England my conscience smote me. Though I had not actually given a pledge, I remembered how, again and again, I had said to Mr. Pitman that I would much rather keep than make a promise; and though overwhelmed with other work at the time, I felt that before my departure I ought, if possible, to satisfy Mr. Pitman's demands. The article was written; and though my own plans have since been changed, and I remain at Oxford, it may as well be published in discharge of a debt which has been for some time heavy on my conscience.

What I wish most strongly to impress on my readers is that I do not write as an advocate. I am not an agitator for phonetic reform in England. My interest in the matter is, and always has been, purely theoretical and scientific. Spelling and the reform of spelling are problems which concern every student of the science of language. It does not matter whether the language be English, German, or Dutch. In every written language the problem of reforming its antiquated spelling must sooner or later arise; and we must form some clear notion whether any thing can be done to remove or alleviate a complaint inherent in the very life of language. If my friends tell me that the idea of a reform of spelling is entirely Quixotic, that it is a mere waste of time to try to influence a whole nation to surrender its historical orthography and to write phonetically, I bow to their superior wisdom as men of the world. But as I am not a man of

the world, but rather an observer of the world, my interest in the subject, my convictions as to what is right and wrong, remain just the same. It is the duty of scholars and philosophers not to shrink from holding and expressing what men of the world call Quixotic opinions; for, if I read the history of the world rightly, the victory of reason over unreason, and the whole progress of our race, have generally been achieved by such fools as ourselves "rushing in where angels fear to tread," till, after a time, the track becomes beaten, and even angels are no longer afraid. I hold, and have confessed, much more Quixotic theories on language than this belief—that what has been done before by Spaniards and Dutchmen—what is at this very moment being done by Germans, namely, to reform their corrupt spelling—may be achieved even by Englishmen and Americans.

I have expressed my belief that the time will come when not only the various alphabets and systems of spelling, but many of the languages themselves which are now spoken in Europe, to say nothing of the rest of the world, will have to be improved away from the face of the earth and abolished. Knowing that nothing rouses the ire of a Welshman or a Gael so much as to assert the expediency, nay, necessity, of suppressing the teaching of their languages at school, it seems madness to hint that it would be a blessing to every child born in Holland, in Portugal, or in Denmark—nay, in Sweden and even in Russia—if, instead of learning a language which is for life a barrier between them and the rest of mankind, they were at once to learn one of the great historical languages which confer intellectual and social fellowship with the whole

world. If, as a first step in the right direction, four languages only, namely, English, French, German, Italian (or possibly Spanish) were taught at school, the saving of time—and what is more precious than time?—would be infinitely greater than what has been effected by railways and telegraphs. But I know that no name in any of the doomed languages would be too strong to stigmatize such folly. We should be told that a Japanese only could conceive such an idea; that for a people deliberately to give up its language was a thing never heard of before; that a nation would cease to be a nation if it changed its language; that it would, in fact, commit “the happy despatch,” *à la Japonaise*. All this may be true, but I hold that language is meant to be an instrument of communication, and that in the struggle for life, the most efficient instrument of communication must certainly carry the day, as long as natural selection, or, as we formerly called it, reason, rules the world.

The following figures may be of use in forming an opinion as to the fates of the great languages of Europe:\*

Portuguese is spoken in		
Portugal, by	. . . . .	3,980,000
Brazil, by	. . . . .	10,000,000
		————— 13,980,000
Italian, by	. . . . .	27,524,238
French, in France, Belgium, Switzerland, etc., by	. . . . .	40,188,000
Spanish, in		
Spain, by	. . . . .	16,301,000
South America, by	. . . . .	27,408,082
		————— 43,709,082

\* See W. E. A. Axon's "The Future of the English Language," the "Almanach de Gotha," and De Candolle's "Histoire des Sciences," 1873.

Russian, by . . . . .	51,370,000
German, by . . . . .	55,789,000
English, in	
Europe, by . . . . .	31,000,000
America, by . . . . .	45,000,000
Australia, etc., by . . . . .	2,000,000
the Colonies, by . . . . .	1,050,000
	<hr/> 79,050,000

According to De Candolle, the population doubles in

England, in . . . . .	56 years
America, among the German races, in . . . . .	25 "
Italy, in . . . . .	135 "
Russia, in . . . . .	100 "
Spain, in . . . . .	112 "
South America, in . . . . .	27½ "
Germany, in . . . . .	100 "
France, in . . . . .	140 "

Therefore, in 200 years (barring accidents)

Italian will be spoken by . . . . .	53,370,000
French will be spoken by . . . . .	72,571,000
German will be spoken by . . . . .	157,480,000
Spanish will be spoken in	
Europe, by . . . . .	36,938,338
South America, by . . . . .	468,347,904
	<hr/> 505,286,242
English will be spoken in	
Europe, by . . . . .	178,846,153
United States, and British Depend- encies, by . . . . .	1,658,440,000
	<hr/> 1,837,286,153

But I shall say no more on this, for as it is, I know I shall never hear the end of it, and shall go down to posterity, if for nothing else, at least for this the most suicidal folly in a student of languages; a folly comparable only to that of Leibniz, who actually conceived the possibility of one universal language.

To return, however, to the problem to the solution of which Mr. Pitman has devoted the whole of his

active life, let me say again that my interest in it is purely philological; or, if you like, historical. The problem which has to be solved in England and the United States of America is not a new one, nor an isolated one. It occurs again and again in the history of language; in fact, it must occur. When languages are reduced to writing, they are at first written phonetically, though always in a very rough-and-ready manner. One dialect, that of the dominant, the literary, or priestly character, is generally selected; and the spelling, once adopted, becomes in a very short time traditional and authoritative. What took place thousands of years ago, we can see taking place, if we like, at the present moment. A missionary from the island of Mangaia, the Rev. W. Gill, first introduced the art of writing among his converts. He learned their language, at least one dialect of it, he translated part of the Bible into it, and adopted, of necessity, a phonetic spelling. That dialect is gradually becoming the recognized literary language of the whole island, and his spelling is taught at school. Other dialects, however, continue to be spoken, and they may in time influence the literary dialect. For the present, however, the missionary dialect, as it is called by the natives themselves, and the missionary spelling, rule supreme, and it will be some time before a spelling reform is wanted out there.

Among the more ancient nations of Europe, not only does the pronunciation of language maintain its inherent dialectic variety, and fluctuate through the prevalence of provincial speakers, but the whole body of a language changes, while yet the spelling, once adopted in public documents, and taught to children,

remains for a long time the same. In early times, when literature was in its infancy, when copies of books could easily be counted, and when the *norma scribendi* was in the hands of a few persons, the difficulty of adapting the writing to the ever-varying pronunciation of a language was comparatively small. We see it when we compare the Latin of early Roman inscriptions with the Latin of Cicero. We know from Cicero himself that when he settled among the patricians of Rome, he had on some small points to change both his pronunciation and his spelling of Latin. The reform of spelling was a favorite subject with Roman scholars, and even emperors were not too proud to dabble in inventing new letters and diacritical signs. The difficulty, however, never assumes serious proportions. The small minority of people who were able to read and write, pleased themselves as best they could; and, by timely concessions, prevented a complete estrangement between the written and the spoken language.

Then came the time when Latin ceased to be Latin, and the vulgar dialects, such as Italian, French, and Spanish took its place. At that time the spelling was again phonetic, though here and there tinged by reminiscences of Latin spelling. There was much variety, but considering how limited the literary intercourse must have been between different parts of France, Spain, or Italy, it is surprising that on the whole there should have been so much uniformity in the spelling of these modern dialects. A certain local and individual freedom of spelling, however, was retained; and we can easily detect in mediæval MSS. the spelling of literate and illiterate writers, the hand of

the learned cleric, the professional clerk, and the layman.

[A style of spelling will now be introduced which has received the name of Semiphonotypy. It requires no new letter: "D v" for the vowel in *but*, *son*, are made from "D p" by a pen-knife. The short vowels, diphthongs, and consonants are all written phonetically, except an occasional "n" = "ŋ" before *k* and *g*, and "th" = both "þ" and "t;" leaving only the long vowels in the old spelling. Six syllables out of seven are thus written as in full phonotypy. The italic and script forms of "v" are "v" (a turned italic "a") and *f<sup>v</sup>u*]

The great event hwich formz a deseisiv epok in the histori ov speling iz the introdøkshon ov printing. With printed buks, and partikiularli with printed Beibelz, skaterd over the kôntri, the speling of wurdz became rijid, and universali beinding. Sòm langwejez, such az Italian, wer more fortiunate than urtherz in having a more rashonal sistem ov speling tu start with. Sòm, agen, leik Jerman, wer abel tu make teimli konseshonz, hweil urtherz, speh az Spanish, Duch, and French, had Akademiz tu help them at kritikal periodz ov their histori. The most vnfortiunate in all theze respekts woz English. It started with a Latin alfabet, the pronønsiashon ov hwich woz vnseteld, and hwich had tu be apleid tu a Tiutonik langwej. After this ferst fonetik kompromeiz it had tu pas through a konfiúzd sistem ov speling, half Sakson, half Norman; half fonetik, half tradishonal. The histori ov the speling, and even ov the pronønsiashon, ov English, in its pasej from Anglo-Sakson tu midel

and modern English, haz lateli been stüdid with great sukseß bei Mr. Ellis and Mr. Sweet. Ei müst refer tu their buks "On Erli English Pronunsiashon," and "On the Histori ov English Soundz," hwich kontain a welth ov ilüstrashon, almost bewil-dering. And even after English reachez the period ov printing, the konfiuzhon iz bei no meanz terminated; on the kontrari, for a teim it iz greater than ever. Hou this kame tu pas haz been wel ilüstrated bei Mr. Marsh in hiz ekselent "Lektürz on the English Langwej," p. 687, *seq.*\* Hwot we nou kall the establisht sistem ov English orthografi may, in the main, be trast bak tu Jonson'z Dikshonari, and tu the stil more kaprishus sway ekserseizd bei larj printing ofisez and publisherz. It iz true that the evil ov printing karid tu a serten ekstent its own remedi. If the speling bekame ünchanjabel, the langwej itself, too, woz, bei meanz ov a printed literatiur, chekt konsiderabli in its natiural growth and its dealektik vareieti. Nevertheles English haz chanjed sins the in-venshon ov printing; English iz chanjing, though bei imperseptibel degreez, even nou; and if we kompare English az spoken with English az riten, they seem almost laik two diferent langwejez; az diferent az Latin iz from Italian.

This, no dout, iz a nashonal misfortiun, but it iz inevitabel. Litel az we perseive it, langwej iz, and alwayz müst be, in a state ov fermentashon; and hwether within hundredz or thousandz ov yearz, all

\*The pronoun *it* woz speld in eight diferent wayz bei Tyndare: thus, *hyt, hytt, hit, hitt, it, itt, yt, ytt*. Anpther author speld *tongue* in the folowing wayz: *tung, tong, tunge, tonge, tounge*. The wörd *head* woz varioußli speld *hed, heede, hede, hefode*. The spelingz *obay, survay, pray, vail, vain*, ar often uzed for *obey, survey, prey, veil, vein*.

living langwejez must be prepared tu encounter the difikulti hwich in Ingland starez us in the fase at prezent. "Hwot shal we do?" ask our frendz. "Ther iz our hole nashonal literatiur," they say, "our leibrariz aktuali bprsting with buks and nuizpaperz. Ar all theze tu be thrown away? Ar all valiuabel buks tu be reprinted? Ar we ourselvz tu vnlern hwot we hav lernd with so much tröbel, and hwot we hav taught tu our children with greater tröbel stil? Ar we tu sakrifeiz all that iz historikal in our langwej, and sink down tu the low level ov the *Fonetik Nuz?*" Ei kud go on multipleiing theze kwestionz til even thoze men ov the wörld who nou hav onli a shrg ov the shoulder for the reformerz ov speling shud say, "We had no eidea hou strong our pozishon reali iz."

But with all thát, the problem remainz unsolvd. Hwot ar peopel tu do hwen langwej and prononsiasshon chanje, hwçil their speling iz deklared tu be vnchanjabel? It iz, ei believ, hardli nesasari that ei shud prove hou korrupt, efete, and vterli irrashonal the prezent sistem ov speling iz, for nowvn seemz inkleind tu denei all thát. Ei shal onli kwote, therefor, the jujment ov wvn man, the late Bishop Thirlwall, a man who never uzed ekzajerated langwej. "Ei luk," he sez "vpon the establisht sistem, if an aksidental kustom may be so kalld, az a mas ov anomaliz, the growth ov ignorans and chans, ekwali reppgnant tu gud taste and tu komon sens. But ei am aware that the pöblik kling tu theze anomaliz with a tenasiti proporshond tu their absörditi, and ar jelus ov all enkroachment on ground konsekrated tu the free play ov bleind kaprise."

It may be useful, however, to quote the testimonials of a few practical men in order to show that this system of spelling has really been won over the greatest national misfortune, swallowing up millions of money every year and blighting all attempts at national education. Mr. Edward Jones, a schoolmaster of great experience, having then superintendent of the Heibernian Schools, Liverpool, wrote, in the year 1868:

“The Government has for the last twenty years taken education under its care. They divided the subjects of instruction into six grades. The highest point that was attempted in the Government Schools was that a pupil should be able to read with tolerable ease and express a passage from a newspaper, and to spell the same with a tolerable amount of accuracy.”

Let us look at the results as they appear in the report of the Committee of Council on Education for 1870-71:

Schools or Departments under separate head teachers in England and Wales inspected during the year 31st August, 1870, . . . . .	15,287
Certificated assistant, and pupil teachers employed in these schools . . . . .	28,033
Scholars in daily average attendance throughout the year . . . . .	1,168,981
Scholars present on the day of inspection . . . . .	1,473,883
Scholars presented for examination:	
Under ten years of age . . . . .	473,444
Over ten years of age . . . . .	292,144
	<hr/>
	765,588
Scholars presented for Standard VI.:	
Under ten years of age . . . . .	227
Over ten years of age . . . . .	32,953
	<hr/>
	33,180
Scholars who pass in Standard VI.:	
1. Reading a short paragraph from a newspaper . . . . .	30,985
2. Repeating the same from dictation . . . . .	27,989
3. Arithmetik . . . . .	22,839

Therfor, les than wɔn skolar for each teacher, and les than two skolarz for each skool inspekted, reacht Standard VI.

In 1873 the state ov thingz, akording tu the ofishal retrɔrnz ov the Ediukashon Department, woz mɔch the same. Ferst ov all, ther ought tu hav been at skool 4,600,000 children between the ajez ov three and therteen. The number ov children on the rejister ov inspekted skoolz woz 2,218,598. Out ov thát number, about 200,000 leav skool aniuali, their ediu-kashon beɔng sɔpozod tu be finisht. Out ov theze 200,000, neinti per sent. leav without reaching the 6th Standard, eighti per sent. without reaching the 5th, and siksti per sent. without reaching the 4th Standard.

The report for 1874-75 showz an inkreas ov children on the buks, but the proporzshon ov children pasing in the variɔs standardz iz sɔbstanshali the same. (See "Popiular Ediukashon," bei E. Jones, B.A., an eks-skoolmaster, 1875.) It iz kalkiulated that for sɔch rezɔlts az theze the kɔntri, hwether bei taksashon or bei volɔntari kontribiushonz, payz nearli £3,500,000 aniuali.

Akording tu the same authoriti, Mr. E. Jones, it nou takes from siks tu seven yearz tu lern the arts ov reading and speling with a fair degree ov intelijens—thát iz, about 2,000 ourz; and tu meni meindz the difikɔltiz ov orthografi ar insprmountabel. The bɔlk ov the children pas through the Gɔvernment skoolz without having akweird the abiliti tu read with eaze and intelijens.

"An averej cheild," sez anuther skoolmaster, "begining skool at seven, ought tu be abel tu read the

Niu Testament fluentli at eleven or twelv yearz ov aje, and at therteen or fourteen ought tu be abel tu read a gud leading artikel with eaze and ekspreshon." That iz, with seven ourz a week for forti weeks for feiv yearz, a cheild rekweirz 1,400 ourz' wurk, tu be abel tu read the Niu Testament.

After a kareful ekzaminashon ov yung men and wimen from therteen tu twenti yearz ov aje in the faktoriz ov Birmingham, it woz proved that onli  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per sent. wer abel tu read a simpel sentens from an ordinari skool-buk with intelijens and akiurasi.

This apleiz tu the lower klasez. Bpt with regard tu the heier klasez the kase seemz almost wprs; for Dr. Morell, in hiz "Maniual ov Speling," aserts that out ov 1,972 failiurz in the Sivil Servis Ekzaminashonz 1,866 kandidates wer plukt for speling.

So much for the piupilz. Among the teacherz themselfz it woz found in Amerika that out ov wpn hundred komon wprdz the best speler among the eighti or neinti teacherz ekzamind faild in wpn, sum preiz-takerz faild in four or feiv, and sum urtherz mist over forti. The Depiuti State Siuperintendent deklared that on an averej the teacherz ov the State wud fail in speling tu the ekstent ov 25 per sent.

Hwot, houeever, iz even more seriws than all this iz not the great waste ov teim in lerning tu read, and the almost komplete failiur in nashonal ediukashon, but the aktiual mischef dun bei subjekting yung meindz tu the illojikal and tedius drøjeri ov lerning tu read English az speld at prezent. Everithing they hav tu lern in reading (or pronunsiashon) and speling iz irrashonal; wpn rule kontradikts the urther, and each statement haz tu be aksepted simpli on authoriti,

and with a komplette disregard ov all thozе rashonal instinkts which lei dormant in the cheild, and ought tu be awakend bei everi keind ov helthi ekserseiz.

Ei nó ther ar personz who kan defend enithing, and who hold that it iz diu tu this veri disiplin that the English karakter iz hwot it iz; that it retainz re-spekt for authoriti; that it dɔz not rekweir a reazon for everithing; and that it dɔz not admit that hwot iz inkonseivabel iz therefor imposibel. Even English orthodoksi haz been trast bak tu thát hiden sourse, bekauz a cheild akɔstomd tu believe that t-h-o-u-g-h iz *tho*, and that t-h-r-o-u-g-h iz *throo*, wud afterwardz believe enithing. It may be so; stil ei dout hwether even spɔh objekts wud justifei spɔh meanz. Lord Lytton sez, “A more leiing, round-about, puzel-heded deluzhon than thát bei hwich we konfiúz the klear instinkts ov truth in our akɔrsed sistem ov speling woz never konkokted bei the father ov fols·hud. . . . Hou kan a sistem ov ediukashon flɔrish that beginz bei so monstrus a fols·hud, hwich the sens ov hearing spɔfeizez tu kontradikt?”

Though it may seem a wrk ov siupererogashon tu bring forward stil more fakts in suport ov the jeneral kondemnashon past on English speling, a fiu ekstrakts from a pamflet bei Mr. Meiklejohn, late Asistant-Komishoner ov the Endoud Skoolz Komishon for Skotland, may here feind a plase.

“Ther ar therteen diferent wayz ov representing the sound ov long *o*:—*note, boat, toe, yeoman, soul, row, sew, hautboy, beau, owe, floor, oh! O!*”

And agen (p. 16),

“Double-you-aitch-eye-see-aitch	is	<i>which</i>
Tea-are-you-tea-aitch . . .	“	<i>truth</i>
Bee-o-you-gee-aitch . . .	“	<i>bough</i>

See-are-eh-bee . . . .	“	<i>erab</i>
Bee-ee-eh-see-aitch . . . .	“	<i>beach</i>
Oh-you-gee-aitch-tee . . . .	“	<i>ought</i>
Oh-enn-see-ee . . . .	“	<i>once</i>

“Or, tu sòm up the hole indeitment agenst the kulprit: 1. Out ov the twenti-siks leterz, onli eight ar true, fikst, and permanent kwolitiz—thát iz, are true both tu eí and ear. 2. Ther ar therti-eight distinkt soundz in our spoken langwej; and ther ar about 400 distinkt simbolz (simpel and kompond) tu reprezent theze therti-eight soundz. In ðther wòrdz, ther ar 400 servants tu do the wòrk ov therti-eight. 3. Ov the twenti-siks leterz, fifteen hav akweird a habit ov heiding themselvz. They ar riten and printed; but the ear haz no akount ov them; such ar *w* in *wrong*, and *gh* in *right*. 4. The vouel soundz ar printed in diferent wayz; a long *o*, for ekzampel, haz therteen printed simbolz tu reprezent it. 5. Fourteen vouel soundz hav 190 printed simbolz atácht tu their servis. 6. The singel vouel *e* haz feiv diferent fònkshonz; it ought onli tu hav wòrn. 7. Ther ar at least 1,300 wòrdz in hwich the simbol and the sound ar at varians—in hwich the wòrd iz not sounded az it iz printed. 8. Ov theze 1,300, 800 ar monosilabelz—the komonest wòrdz, and sponed tu be eazier for children. 9. The hole langwej ov kòntri children leiz within theze wòrdz; and meni agrikultiural laborerz go from the kradel tu the grave with a stok ov no more than 500 wòrdz.”

The kwestion, then, that wil hav tu be anserd sooner or later iz this:—Kan this unsistematik sistem ov spelling English be aloud tu go on for ever? Iz everi English cheild, az kompared with ðther children, tu be mulkted in two or three yearz ov hiz leif in order tu

lern it? Ar the lower klasez tu go through skool without lerning tu read and reit their own langwej inteligentli? And iz the kɔntri tu pay milionz everi year for this ɔter failiur ov nashonal ediukashon? Ei do not believ that such a state ov thingz wil be aloud tu kontiniu fɔr ever, partikiularli az a remedi iz at hand—a remidi that haz nou been tested for twenti or therti yearz, and that haz anserd ekstremli wel. Ei mean Mr. Pitman'z sistem ov fonetik reiting, az apleid tu English. Ei shal not enter here intu eni miniút diskɔshon ov fonetiks, or re-open the kontroversi hwich haz arizen between the advokets ov diferent sistemz ov fonetik reiting. Ov kourse, ther ar diferent degrez ov ekselens in diferent sistemz ov fonetik speling; bɔt even the wurst ov theze sistemz iz infinitli siuperior tu the tradishonal speling.

Ei giv Mr. Pitman'z alfabet, hwich komprehendz the therti-siks broad tipikal soundz ov the English langwej, and aseinz tu each a definit sein. With theze therti-siks seinz, English kan be riten rashonali and red eazili; and, hwot iz most important, it haz been proved bei an eksperiens ov meni yearz, bei niumerɔs pɔblikashonz, and bei praktikal eksperiments in teaching both children and adɔlts, that such a sistem az Mr. Pitman'z iz perfektli praktikal.

## THE PHONETIC ALPHABET.

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The phonetic letters in the first column are pronounced like the italic letters in the words that follow. The last column contains the *names* of the letters.

CONSONANTS.			
<i>Mutes.</i>			
P	p	rope.....	pɪ
B	b	robe .....	bɪ
T	t	fate .....	tɪ
D	d	fade .....	dɪ
Ɔ	g	etch .....	gɛ
J	j	edge .....	jɛ
K	k	leek.....	ke
G	g	league.....	ge
<i>Continuants.</i>			
F	f	safe.....	ef
V	v	save.....	vɪ
H	h	wreath.....	ɪh
Ɔ	ɔ	wreathe.....	ɔɪ
S	s	hiss .....	es
Z	z	his.....	zɪ
Σ	ʃ	vicious.....	ɪʃ
Ɔ	ʒ	vision .....	ʒɪ
<i>Nasals.</i>			
M	m	seem.....	em
N	n	seen .....	en
W	ŋ	sing.....	ɪŋ
<i>Liquids.</i>			
L	l	fall.....	el
R	r	rare.....	ar
<i>Coalescents.</i>			
W	w	wet.....	wɛ
Y	y	yet.....	ye
<i>Aspirate.</i>			
H	h	hay.....	ɛg
VOWELS.			
<i>Guttural.</i>			
A	a	am.....	at
ʌ	a	alms.....	a
E	e	ell.....	et
ɛ	ɛ	ale.....	ɛ
I	i	ill.....	it
ɪ	ɪ	eel.....	ɪ
<i>Labial.</i>			
O	o	on.....	ot
ɔ	ɔ	all.....	ɔ
ɔ	ɔ	up.....	ɔt
ə	e	ope.....	e
U	u	full.....	ut
ʊ	u	food.....	u

DIPHTHONGS: EI ei, IU iu, OU ou, AI ai, OI oi,  
as heard in by, new, now Kaiser, boy.

[In the next fourteen pages, five of the new letters will be employed, viz., *æ*, *ɶ*, *θ*, *ʒ*, *ŋ*, for the sounds represented by the italic letters in *father*, *son*, *but*, *thin*, *vision*, *sing*.]

Nou ei ask eni intelijent reader who dɔz not tɪŋk that everitɪŋ niu and stranje iz, *ipso facto*, ridikiulɔs and absɜrd, hwether after a fiu dayz' praktis, he or she wud not read and reit Inglish, akordinɪ tu Mr. Pitman'z sistem, with perfekt eaze? Ov kourse it takes more than feiv minits tu master it, and more than feiv minits tu form an opinion ov its merits. Bɜt admitɪŋ even that peopel ov a serten aje shud feind this niu alfabet trɜbelsɔm, we mɔst not forget that no reform kan be karid out without a jenerashon or two ov marterz; and hwot true reformerz hav tu tɪŋk ov iz not themselvz, bɜt thozе who kɔm after them—thozе, in fakt, who ar nou growɪŋ ɔp tu inherit hereafter, hwether they leik it or not, all the gud and all the evil hwich we chooz tu leav tu them.

It meit be sed, bouever, that Mr. Pitman'z sistem, beɪŋ enteirli fonetik, iz too radikal a reform, and that meni and the wɜrst irregiularitiz in Inglish spelɪŋ kud be removed without goɪŋ kweit so far. The prinsipel that haf a loaf iz beter than no bred iz not without sɔm truθ, and in meni kasez we nɔ that a polisi ov kompromeiz haz been prodɜktiv ov veri gud rezɜlts. Bɜt, on the ɔther hand, this haf-harted polisi haz often retarded a real and komplette reform ov ekzistɪŋ abiúsez; and in the kase ov a reform ov

spelinq, ei almost dout hwether the difikæltiz inherent in haf-mezurz ar not az great az the difikæltiz ov kariinq a komplette reform. If the wærdl iz not redi for reform, let æs wait. It seemz far beter, and at all events far more onest, tu wait til it iz redi than tu kari the relæktant wærdl with you a litel way, and then tu feind that all the impælsiv forse iz spent, and the greater part ov the abiúsez establisht on fermer ground than ever.

Mr. Jones,\* who reprezents the konsiliatori reformerz ov spelinq, wud be satisfeid with a moderet skeme ov spelinq reform, in hwich, bei obzerviinq analoji and folowiinq presedent in olteriinq a komparativli small næmber ov wærdz, it wud be posibel tu simplifei ortografi tu a konsiderabel ekstent without apleiinq eni niu prinsipel, or introduúsiinq niu leterz, and yet tu rediús the teim and labor in teachiinq readiinq and spelinq bei at least wæn-haf. It meit at all events be posibel tu setel the spelinq ov thoze two or three touzand wærdz hwich at prezent ar speld difærentli bei difærent autoritiz. This skeme, advokated bei Mr. Jones, iz sertenli veri klever; and if it had a chans ov sækses, ei meiself shud konsider it a great step in adváns. Mei onli dout iz hwether, in a kase leik this, a small mezur ov reform wud be karid more eazili than a komplette reform. It iz difærent in Jerman, hwere the diseaz haz not spred so far. Here the Komíti

\*Popular Education—A Revision of English Spelling a National Necessity. By E. Jones, B.A. London, 1875.

apointed bei Gævernment tu konsider the kwestion ov a reform ov spelij haz deklared in favor ov sãm sœch moderet prinsipelz az Mr. Jones advokates for Inglish. In Inglish, however, the difikælti leiz in chanjij enitiij; and if the prinsipel ov eni chanje iz wœns admitted, it wud reali be eazier, ei believ, tu begin *de novo* than tu chanje sãmþiij, and leav the rest œnchanjed.

Let œs nou see hou Mr. Pitman'z or eni similar sistem ov fonetik reitiij haz wœrkt hwere it haz been put tu the test.

Mr. William White reits: "Ei speak from ek-speriens. Ei hav taught poor children in Glasgow tu read the Sermon on the Mount after a kourse ov ekserseizez ekstendiij over no more than siks ourz."

The folowiij iz an ekstrakt from a leter riten sãm teim ago bei the late Mr. William Colbourne, manajer ov the Dorset Bank at Stœrminster, tu a frend ov hiz a skoolmaster. He sez:—

"Mei litel Sidney, who iz nou a fiu mœnts more than four yearz old, wil read eni fonetik buk without the sleitest hezitashon; the hardest namez or the longest wœrdz in the Old or Niu Testament form no obstakel tu him. And hou loij do you tĩk it tuk me (for ei am hiz teacher) tu impart tu him this pouer? Hwei sãmþiij les than eight ourz! You may believ it or not, az you laik, bœt ei am konfident that not more than that amount ov teim woz spent on him, and that woz in snachez ov feiv minits at a

teim, hweil tea woz getiŋ redi. Ei no you wil be inkleind tu say, ‘All that iz veri wel, b̄st hwot iz the use ov readiŋ fonetik buks? he iz stil az far of, and may be farther, from readiŋ romanik buks.’ B̄st in this you ar mistaken. Take an̄ther ekzampel. Hiz nekst elder br̄ther, a boi ov siks yearz, haz had a fonetik ediukashon so far. Hwot iz the konsekwens? Hwei, readiŋ in the ferst stajē woz so deleitful and eazi a t̄iŋ tu him that he taught himself tu read romanikali, and it wud be a difik̄lt mater tu feind w̄sn boi in twenti, ov a korespondiŋ aje, that kud read haf so wel az he kan in eni buk. Agen, mei oldest boi haz riten more fonetik shorthand and loŋhand, perhaps, than eni boi ov hiz aje (eleven yearz) in the kiŋdom; and now̄sn ei daresay haz had les tu do with that abs̄rditi ov abs̄rditiz, the speliŋ-buk! He iz nou at a ferst-rate skool in Wiltshire, and in the haf-year presediŋ Kristmas, he karid of the preiz for ortografi in a kontest with boiz s̄m ov them hiz seniorz bei yearz!”

Bei the adopshon ov the fonetik alfabet, the difik̄ltiz that lei in the way ov forenerz lerniŋ Inglish, also wud be d̄sn away with. The Rev. Newman Hall reits, “Ei met with a Danish jentelman the s̄ther day who heili preizd the Inglish fonotipik Niu Testament. It had been ov great use tu him, and *enabeld him tu read [buks in the komon speliŋ] without an instrskter*, removiŋ the greatest obstakel in akweiriŋ Inglish, the monstr̄s anomaliz ov

pronænsiashon." Ekzampelz laik theze go a lon way.

Mr. A. J. Ellis, than whom nowæn haz labord more devotidli for a reform ov speliŋ, az a ferst step in a reform ov nashonal ediukashon, and who haz himself elaborated several most injeniŝs sistemz ov fonetik reitiŋ, givz æs the folowiŋ az the rezæltz ov hiz praktikal eksperiens :

"With the fonetik sistem ov speliŋ, the Primer iz masterd within tree mænts at most. The children then proseed tu praktis this fonetik readiŋ for sæm teim, til they kan read with fluensi from the jeneral luk ov the wærd, and not from konsideriŋ the pouerz ov its leterz. Tree mænts more, at most, ar rekweird for this staje.

"Hwen this pouer ov fluent readiŋ in fonetik print iz akweird, buks in the ordinari print, siuted tu their kapasitiz, ar tu be put intu the children'z handz and they ar told tu read them. Each wærd hwich they fail tu ges iz told them immedietli; but it iz found that children ar mostli abel tu read the ordinari print without eni færther instrækshon. The teim nesesari for kompletiŋ this step may be taken, at the longest, az two mænts, so that the hole teim ov lerniŋ tu read in the ordinari print, on the Readin Reform sistem, may be rekond az feiv ourz a week for eight mænts. The hole task haz, in meni kasez, been akomplisht in les teim, even in tree mænts. On the æther hand, in wæn skool hwere it iz uzed, eleven

mɔnts ar okiupaid, az the master feindz it advan-  
tajɔs in ɔther respekts tu keep the piupil longer at  
fonetik readin. Bɔt onli wɔn our a day iz rekweird.”

Mr. Ellis sɔmz ɔp az folowz :

“Kareful eksperiments in teachin children ov variɔs  
ajez and ranks, and even pauperz and kriminal adɔlts,  
hav establisht—

“1. That piupilz may be taught tu read buks in  
fonetik print, slowli bɔt shureli, in from ten tu forti  
ourz, and wil atain konsiderabel fluensi after a fiu  
weeks’ praktis.

“2. That hwen the piupilz hav ataind fluensi in  
readin from fonetik print, a veri fiu ourz wil sɔfeis  
tu giv them the same fluensi in readin ordinari print.

“3. That the hole teim nesesari for impartin a no-  
lej ov bɔð fonetik and ordinari readin dɔz not ekseed  
eight mɔnts for children ov averej intelijens, between  
four and feiv yearz ov aje, taught in klas, at skool,  
not more than haf-an-our tu an our each day ; and  
that in this teim an abiliti tu read iz akweird siuperior  
tu that uzuali ataind in two or ɔree teimz the period  
on the old plan ; hweil the pronɔnsiashon ov the  
piupil iz mɔsch improved, hiz interest in hiz stɔdi iz  
kept aleiv, and a lojikal trainin ov endiurin valiu iz  
given tu hiz meind bei the habitual analisis and sin-  
thesis ov spoken soundz.

“4. That thoze taught tu read in this maner akweir  
the art ov ordinari spelin more redili than thoze in-  
strɔkted on the old metod.”

Tu all who no Mr. A. J. Ellis, this evidens wil be be sxfishent az tu the praktikal usefulness ov the Fonetik Sistem ov speliņ. Tu thoze who wish for more evidens ei rekomend a pamflet bei Mr. G. Withers, "The Inglish Langwej Speld az Pronounst," 1874; and wsn bei Dr. J. W. Martin, "The Gordian Not Kst," 1875, hwere they wil feind the konkxrent testimoni ov praktikal teacherz in Ingland, Skotland, Eirland, and Amerika, all agreeiņ that, boð az a praktikal and a lojikal trainiņ, the Fonetik Sistem haz proved the greatest sakses.

Ther remainz, therefor, this wsn objekshon onli, that hwotever the praktikal, and hwotever the teoretikal advantejez ov the fonetik sistem may be, it wud sterli destroi the historikal or etimolojikal karakter ov the Inglish langwej.

Sxpoze it did; hwot then? The Reformashon iz sxpozod tu hav destroid the historikal karakter ov the Inglish Chxrch, and that sentimental grievans iz stil felt bei sxm students ov ekleziastikal antikwitiz. Bxt did Ingland, did all the reali progresiv nashonz ov Europe, alou this sentimental grievans tu outweigh the praktikal and teoretikal advantejez ov Protestant Reform? Langwej iz not made for skolarz and etimolojists; and if the hole rase ov Inglish etimolojists wer reali tu be swept away bei the introdskshon ov a Speliņ Reform, ei hope they wud be the ferst tu rejois in sakrifeiziņ themselvz in so gud a kauz.

But iz it reali the kase that the historikal kontiniúiti ov the Inglish langwey wud bei broken bei the adopshon ov fonetik speliŋ, and that the profeshon ov the etimolójist wud be gon for ever? Ei say No, most emfatikali, tu boð propozishonz. If the seiens ov langwey haz proved eniŋ, it haz proved that all langwejez chanje akordiŋ tu law, and with konsiderabel uniformiti. If, therefor, the reitiŋ folowd, *pari passu*, on the chanjez in pronnsiashon, hwot iz kalld the etimolójikal konshēsnes ov the speakerz and the readerz—ei speak, ov kourse, ov ediukated peopel onli—wud not s̄fer in the least. If we retain the feeliŋ ov an etimolójikal konekshon between *gentlemanly* and *gentlemanlike*, we shud shureli retain it hwether we reit *gentlemanly* or *gentelmanli*. If we feel that *think* and *thought*, *bring* and *brought*, *buy* and *bought*, *freight* and *fraught*, belonj together, shud we feel it les if we rote *tot*, *brat*, *bot*, *frot*? If, in speakiŋ, thoze who no Latin retain the feeliŋ that w̄rdz endiŋ in *-ation* korespond tu Latin w̄rdz in *-atio*, wud they looz the feeliŋ if they saw the same w̄rdz speld with *ɛson*, or even “-eʃɔn?” Do they not rekogneiz Latin *-itia* in *-ice*; or *-ilis* in *-le*, az in *-able* (Latin *abilis*)? If the skolar noz, at w̄ns, that s̄ch w̄rdz az *barbarous*, *anxious*, *circus*, *genius*, ar ov Latin orijin, wud he hezitate if the last silabel in all ov them wer uniformli riten “ʒs?” Nay, iz not the prezent speliŋ ov *barbarous* and *anxious* enteirli misleadiŋ, bei konfoundiŋ w̄rdz endiŋ in

-*osus*, sꝛch az *famous* (*famosus*) with wꝛrdz endiŋ in -*us*, leik *barbarous*, *anxious*, ets.? Bekauz the Italianz reit *filosofo*, ar they les aware than the Inglish, who reit *philosopher*, and the French, who reit *philosophe*, that they hav before them the Latin *philosophus*, the Greek *φιλόσοφος*? If we reit *f* in *fansi*, hwei not in *phantom*? If in *frenzy* and *frantic*, hwei not in *phrenology*? A langwey hwich tolerates *vial* for *phial*, need not shiver at *filosofer*. Everi eidiukated speaker nóz that sꝛch wꝛrdz az *honour*, *ardour*, *colour*, *odour*, *labour*, *vigour*, *error*, *emperor*, hav past from Latin tu French, and from French tu Inglish. Wud he nó it les if all wer speld aleik, sꝛch az *onor* (*onorable*), *ardor*, *vigor* (*vigorous*), *labor* (*laborious*), or even “onɔr, ardɔr, vigɔr?” The old speliŋ ov *emperor*, *doctor*, *governor*, and *error*, woz *emperour*, *doctour*, *governour*, and *errour*. If theze kud be chanjed, hwei not the rest? Spenser haz *neibor* for *neighbor*, and it iz difikɔlt tu say hwot woz gaind bei chanjiŋ -*bor* intu -*bour* in sꝛch piurli Sakson wꝛrdz az *neighbor*, *harbor*. No dout if we see *laugh* riten with *gh* at the end, thoze who nó Jerman ar at wɔns remeinded ov its etimolojikál konekshon with the Jerman *lachen*; bɔt we shud soon nó the same bei analoji, if we found not onli “laf,” bɔt “kof” for *cough* (Jerman, *keuchen*), “enɔf” for *enough* (Jerman, *genug*), ets. In “draft,” fonetik speliŋ haz nearli sɔplanted the so-kalld historikal speliŋ *draught*; in “dwarf”

(*dwergh, thweorh*) and in "ruff" (*rough*), altogether.

Hwot peopel kall the etimolojikol konshæsnes ov the speaker iz striktli a mater ov oratorikal sentiment onli, and it wud remain nearli az stroŋ az it iz nou, hwotever speliŋ be adopted. Bst even if it shud sæfer here and there, we ought tu bear in meind that, eksept for oratorikal pærposez, that konshæsnes, konfeind az it iz tu a veri fiu edukated peopel, iz ov veri small importans, ænles it haz ferst been korekted bei a strikt etimolojikol disiplin. Without that, it often dejenerates intu hwot iz kalld "popiular etimoloji," and aktuali tendz, in sãm kasez, tu vishiare the korekt speliŋ ov wærdz.

Ei hav frekwentli dwelt on this before, in order tu show hou, hwot iz nou kalld the etimolojikol or historikal speliŋ ov wærdz iz, in meni kasez, æterli ænetimolojikol and ænhistorikal. We spel *to delight*, and thæs indiús meni peopel tu believ that this wærd iz sãmhou konekted with *light* [lux], or *light* [levis]; hwereaz the old speliŋ woz *to delyt* or *to delite* (Tyndale), reprezentin the old French *deleiter*. On the æther hand, we feind for *quite* and *smite*, the old speliŋ *quight*, *smight*, hwich may be old and historikal, bst iz deseidedli ænetimolojikol.

*Sovereign* and *foreign* ar speld az if they wer konekted with *reign*, *regnum*; the true etimoloji ov the former berŋ *superanus*, Old French, *sovrain*, Old English, *soveraine*; hwel *foreign* iz the late Latin

*foraneus*; Old French *forain*; Old English *forein*. And hwei du we reit to *feign*? Archbishop Trench ("English Past and Present," p. 238) tinks the *g* in *feign* iz elokwent tu the *é*; bxt its elokwens iz misleadin. *Feign* iz not taken from Latin *vingo*, az litel az *honour* iz taken from Latin *honor*. *Feign* kxmz from the Old French *faindre*; it woz in Old English *faynen* and *feynen*, and it woz therefor a mere etimolojikal feint tu insert the *g* ov the Latin *vingo*, and the French *feignant*. The Old English *shammfasst* (Orm.), formd leik *stedefasst* (stedfast), iz nou speld *shamefaced*, az if it had sxmtnj tu do with a blsshin fase. *Aghast*, insted ov Old English *agast*, iz sspozed tu luk more freitful bekauz it remeindz ss ov *ghost*. The French *lanterne* woz riten *lant-horn*, az if it had been so kalld from the transparent sheets ov horn that enklozed the leit. The *s* in *island* owez its orijin tu a mistaken belief that the wörd iz konekted with *isle* (*insula*), hwereaz it iz the Anglo-Sakson *eáland* (German *eiland*), that iz, water-land. The speliñ *iland* woz stil kxrent in Shakspere'z teim. In *aisle*, too, the *s* iz xnetimolojikal, though it iz historikal, az haviñ been taken over from the Old French *aisle*.

This tendensi tu olter the speliñ in order tu impart tu a wörd, at all hazardz, an etimolojikal karakter, beginz even in Latin, hwere *postumus*, a siuperlativ ov *post*, woz sxmteimz riten *posthumus*, az if, hwen apleid tu a late-born ssn, it woz dereivd from *humus*.

In Inglish, this fols spelij iz retaind in *posthumous*. *Cena* woz speld bei peopel who woned tu show their nolej ov Greek *cæna*, az if konekted with *κοινή*, hwich it iz not.

Bst nou let us luk more karefuli into the far more important statement, that the Inglish langweij, if riten fonetikali, wud reali looz its historikal and etimolojikal karakter. The ferst kwestion iz, in hwot sens kan the prezent spelij ov Inglish be kalld historikal? We hav onli tu go bak a veri short way in order tu see the modern spstart karakter ov hwot iz kalld historikal spelij. We nou reit *pleasure*, *measure*, and *feather*, bst not veri lon ago, in Spenser's teim, theze wærdz wer speld *plesure*, *mesure*, *fether*. Tyn-dale rote *frute*; the *i* in *fruit* iz a mere restorashon ov the French spelij. For *debt*, on the kontrari, we feind, bst tree or four hændred yearz ago, *dett*. This iz more historikal therefor than *debt*, bekauz in French, from hwich the wærd woz borowd, the *b* had disapeard, and it woz a piurli etimolojikal fansi tu restore it. The *b* woz leikweiz re-introdiúst in *doubt*, bst the *p* woz not restored in *tu kount* (French *compter*, Latin *computare*), hwere *p* had at least the same reit az *b* in *doute*. Thæs *receipt* reziúmz the Latin *p*, bst *deceit* dæz without it. Tu *deign* keeps the *g*, tu *disdain* dæz without it. Ther iz anöther *b* hwich haz a serten historikal air in sæm Inglish wærdz, bst hwich woz orijinali piurli fonetik, and iz nou simpli siupérflüss. The old wærd

for *member* woz *lim*. In sꝛch kompondz az *lim-lama*, *lim(b)*-lame; *lim-leas*, *lim(b)*-less; it woz imposibel tu avoid the interkalashon ov a *b* in pronꝛnsiashon. In this maner the *b* krept in, and we hav nou tu teach that in *limb*, *crumb* (crume), *thumb* (thuma), the *b* mꝛst be riten, bꝛt not pronouúst. Agen, *tung* (Jerman *zunge*), *yung* (Jerman *jung*), az speld bei Spenser, hav a far more historikal aspekt than *tongue* and *young*.

If we wisht tu reit historikali, we ought tu reit *salm* insted ov *psalm*, for the inishal *p*, beij lost in pronꝛnsiashon, woz dropt in reitij at a veri erli teim (Anglo-Sakson *sealm*), and woz re-introdiúst simpli tu pleaz sꝛm ekleziastikal etimoljists; also *newew* (French *neveu*) insted ov *nephew*, hwich iz both snetimoljikal and sɸfonetik.

In hwot sens kan it be kalld historikal spelij if the old pluralz ov *mouse* and *louse*, hwich wer *mys* and *lys*, ar nou speld *mice* and *lice*? The plural ov *goose* iz not speld *geece* bꝛt *geese*, yet everibodi nóz hou tu pronouús it. The same mistaken atempt at an okazhonal fonetik spelij haz separated *dice* from *die*, and *pence* from *pens*, thát iz, *penyes*; hweil in *nurse*, hwere the spelij *nurce* wud hav been useful az remeindij sꝛ ov its true etimon *nourrice*, the *c* haz been replast bei *s*.

Ther ar, in fakt, meni spelijz hwich wud be at the same teim more historikal and more fonetik. Hwei reit *little*, hwen nowꝛn pronouúnsez *little*, and

hwen the old speliŋ woz *lytel*? Hwei *girdle*, hwen the old speliŋ woz *girdel*? The same rule apleiz tu nearli all wördz endiŋ in *le*, sœch az *sickle*, *ladle*, *apple*, ets., hwere the etimoloji iz kompleteli obskiúrd bei the present ortografi. Hwei *scent*, bœt *dissent*, hwen even Milton stil rote *sent*? Hwei *ache*, insted ov the Shaksperian *ake*? Hwei *cat*, bœt *kitten*; hwei *cow*, bœt *kine*? Hwei *accede*, *precede*, *secede*, bœt *exceed*, *proceed*, *succeed*? Hwei, indeed, eksept tu waste the preshœs teim ov children?

And if it iz difikœlt tu say hwot konstitiuts historikal speliŋ, it iz ekwali perpleksiŋ tu defein the real meaniŋ ov etimolojikál speliŋ. For hwere ar we tu stop? It wud be konsiderd veri œnetimolojikál wer we tu reit *nee* insted ov *knee*, *now* insted ov *know*, *night* insted ov *knight*; yet nowœn komplainz about the los ov the inishal *h*, the representativ ov an orijinal *k*, in *loaf*, A. S. hlâf (cf. *κλίβανος*), in *ring* (A. S. *hring*); in *lade*, *ladder*, *neck*, ets.

If we ar tu reit etimolojikáli, then hwei not re-tœrn tu *loverd*, or *hlaforð*, insted ov *lord*? tu *nose-thrill*, or *nosethirle* insted ov *nostril*; tu *swister* insted ov *sister*; hwich wud not be more trœbelsœm than *sword*. *Wifmann* shureli wud be beter than *woman*; *meadwife* beter than *midwife*; *godspel* beter than *gospel*, *ortyard* beter than *orchard*, *puisne* beter than *puny*. Frekwentli the present rekogneizd speliŋ luks etimolojikál, bœt iz œterli œnetimolojikál. *Righteous* luks leik an ajektiv in *-eous*,

sæch az *plenteous*, bæt it iz reali a Sakson wærd, *rightwis*, thát iz *rightwise*, formd laik *otherwise*, ets.

*Could* iz riten with an *l* in analoji tu *would*, bæt hweil the *l* iz jæstifeid in *would* from *will*, and *should* from *shall* we feind the Old Inglish imperfekt ov *can* riten *cuthe*, then *couthe*, *coude*. The *l*, therefor, iz neither fonetik nor etimolojikal. Nætin, agen, kan be more misleading tu an etimolojist than the prezent speliŋ ov *whole* and *hale*. Both kœm from the same sourse, the Gotik *hail-s*, Sanskrit *kalya-s*, meaniŋ orijinali, *fit*, *redi*; then *sound*, *complete*, *whole*. In Anglo-Sakson we hav *hæl*, hole; and *hal*, helti, without eni trase ov a *w*, either before or after. The Old Inglish *halsum*, holessœm, iz the Jerman *hailsam*. *Whole*, therefor, iz a mere mis-speliŋ the *w* haviŋ probabli been aded in analoji tu *who*, *which*, ets. From a piurli etimolojikal point ov vii, the *w* iz ronli left out before *h* in *hou*; for az Anglo-Sakson *hwy* became *why*, Anglo-Sakson *hwa* shud hav bekœm *whow*.

If we reali atempted tu reit etimolojikali, we shud hav tu reit *bridegroom* without the *r*, bekauz *groom* iz a mere korœpshon ov *guma*, man, Anglo-Sakson *bryd-guma*. We shud hav tu reit *burse* insted ov *purse*, az in *disburse*. In fakt, it iz difikælt tu say hwere we shud stop. Hwei do we not reit *metal* insted ov *mettle*, *worthship* insted ov *worship*, *chirurgion* insted ov *surgeon*, *furhlong* (thát iz, *færow*

loŋ) insted ov *furlong*, *feordhing* (thát iz fourþ part) insted ov *farthing*? If we reit piuni *puisne*, we meit az wel reit *post-natus*. We meit spel koi, *quietus*; pert, *apertus*; priest, *presbyter*; master, *magister*; sekston, *sacristan*; alms, *eleemosyne*, ets. If enibodi wil tel me at hwot date etimolojikál speliŋ iz tu begin, hwether at 1,500 A. D., or at 1,000 A. D., or 500 A. D., ei am wiliŋ tu diskús the kwestion. Til then, ei beg leav tu say that etimolojikál speliŋ wud play greater havok in Inglish than fonetik speliŋ, even if we wer tu draw a lein not more than feiv hǽndred yearz ago.

The two strongest argiumentz, therefor, agenst fonetik speliŋ, nameli, that it wud destroi the historikal and etimolojikál karakter ov the Inglish langweŋ, ar, after all, bǽt veri parshali true. Here and there, no dout, the etimoloji and histori ov an Inglish wǽrd meit be obskiúrd bei fonetik speliŋ; az if, for instans, we rote “Yurp” insted ov *Europe*. Bǽt even then analoji wud help us, and teach thoze who nó Greek, ov whom ther ar not meni, that “Yur” in sǽch wǽrdz az *Europe*, *Eurydice*, reprezented the Greek *εὐρώς*. The real anser, however, iz, that nowǽn kud onestli kall the present sistem ov speliŋ either historikal or etimolojikál; and, ei believ, that, taken az a hole, the los okazond bei konsistent fonetik speliŋ wud not be greater than the gain.

Another objekshon sǽrjd agenst fonetik speliŋ, nameli, that with it it wud be imposibel tu distingwish

homonymz, mōst be met in the same way. No dout it iz a serten advantej if in reitiŋ we kan distingwish *right*, *rite*, *write*, and *wright*. Bst if, in the hōri ov konversashon, ther iz hardli ever a dout hwich wōrd iz ment, shureli ther wud be mōch les danjer in the slow proses ov readiŋ a kontiniuōs sentens. If variōs speliŋz ov the same wōrd ar nesesari tu point out diferent meaniŋz, we shud rekweir eight speliŋz for *box*, tu signifei a chest, a Kristmas gift, a hōntiŋ seat, a tree, a slap, tu sail round, seats in a teater, and the frōnt seat on a koach; and this prinsipel wud hav tu be apleid tu abōv 400 wōrdz. Who wud ōndertake tu proveid all theze variashonz ov the prezent uniform speliŋ ov theze wōrdz? And we mōst not forget that, after all, in readiŋ a paje we ar seldom in dout hwether *sole* meanz a fish, or the *sole* ov a fut, or iz uzed az an ajektiv. If ther iz at eni teim eni real difikōliti, langweij proveidz its own remedi. It either drops sōch wōrdz az *rite* and *sole*, replasiŋ them bei *seremony* and *only*, or it uzez a perifrastik ekspreshon, sōch az the sole ov the fut, or the sole and onli ground, ets.

[Five other new letters, representing the long vowels, will now be introduced, namely

ε,	ī,	ω,	θ,	υ
for the sounds heard in				
they,	field,	saw,	no,	do,
mate,	see,	call,	core,	true,
mare,	police,	ought,	coal,	poor.]

Thōs far ei hav treid tu anser the rjali important

argiuments hwich hav bjn brøt forward agenst fōnetik speliŋ. Ei hav dōn sē with speshal referens tu the pouerful remonstranzes ov Archbishop Trench, and hiz mōst ēbel pljdiŋ in fēvor ov the establisht sistem ov ortografi. Az a mj̄r skolar, ei fuli sher hiz fjliŋz, and ei sinsj̄rli admeir hiz elokwent advokasi. Ei difer from him bekōz ei dū not t̄ink, az hj̄ d̄sz, that the los enteld bei fōnetik speliŋ wud bj̄ sē gr̄et az wj̄ imajin; or that it wud bj̄ ōl on w̄xn seid. Beseidz, ōnles hj̄ kan shē hou a reform ov speliŋ iz not ōnli for the present tu bj̄ avoided, b̄st ōltugether tu bj̄ renderd ōnnesesari, ei konsider that the s̄qner it iz t̄eken in hand the b̄ter. It s̄jmz tu mj̄ that the Archbishop luks on the introd̄kshon ov fōnetik speliŋ az a mj̄r krochet ov a fiu skolarz, or az an atempt on the part ov s̄xm haf-ediuketed personz, wishiŋ tu avoid the tr̄sbel ov lerniŋ hou tu spel korektli. If that wer sē, ei kweit agrj̄ with him that p̄sblik opinion wud never asiúm s̄xfishent f̄ers for kariŋ ther skj̄m. B̄st ther iz a motiv pouer beheind thjz fōnetik reformerz hwich the Archbishop haz hardli t̄eken int̄u akount. Ei mj̄n the mizeri endiúrd bei milionz ov children at skul, h̄q meit lern in w̄xn yj̄r, and with rj̄al advantej̄ tu themselvz, hwot the nou rekweir f̄er or feiv yj̄rz tu lern, and seldom s̄ksjd̄ in lerniŋ after ōl. If the evidens ov s̄xch men az Mr. Ellis iz tu bj̄ depended on, and ei belj̄v hj̄ iz wiliŋ tu s̄bmit tu eni test, then sh̄rli the los ov s̄xm historikal and etimolojik̄al *souvenirs* wud be

litel agenst the hapines ov milionz ov children, and the stil heier hapines ov milionz ov Inglishmen and Inglisewimen, groiņ ʒp az the erz tu ʉl the welt and streņt ov Inglish literatiur, or ʒnebel tu riđ iven ther Beibel. Hiř it iz hwer ei ventiuř tu difer from the Archbishop, not az biņ saņgwin az tu eni immiđiet sʒkses, bʒt simpli az fiļiņ it a diuti tu help in a kʉz hwich at prezent iz most ʒnpopiular. The iřvil de me bi put of for a loņ teim, partikiularli if the wet ov sʒch men az Archbishop Trench iz třen intu the ʒther skel. Bʒt ʒnles langwej sįsez tu bi langwej, and reitiņ sįsez tu bi reitiņ, the de wil shurli kʉm hwen piř wil hav tu bi međ betwiņ the tı. Jermani haz apointed a Gʉvernment Komishon tu konsider hwot iz tu bi dʉn with Jerman speliņ In Amerika, tu, sʉm liđiņ stetsmen sįm inkleind tu tēk ʒp the reform ov speliņ on nashonal groundz. Iz ther nʉ stetsman in Ingland sʒfishentli praf agenst ridikiul tu kʉl the atenshon ov Parliment tu hwot iz a groiņ misfortiun?

Mʒsch, houeř, az ei difer from the Archbishop on thiř groundz, ei kanot bʒt depreket the ton in hwich hiz pouerful opozishon hāz biņ met bei meni ov the ʒpholderz ov fonetik speliņ. Ne, ei mʒst ge stil fərther, and franķli konfēs that tu wʒn ov hiz arguments ei feind it difikʒlt, at prezent, tu giv a satisfaktori anser.

“It iz a miř asʒmpshon,” the Archbishop remarks, “that ʉl men pronouंस ʉl wʒrdz aleik; or

that hwenever the kəm tu spel a wɔrd the wil ekzaktli agrɪ az tu hwot the outlein ov its sound iz. Nou wɪ ar shɔr men wil not dɔ this, from the fakt that, befor ther woz eni fikst and seteld ortografi in our langweɪ, hwen, therfor, everibodi woz mɔr or les a fonografer, sɪkɪŋ tu reit doun the wɔrd az it sounded tu *him*,—for hɪ had nɔ ɔther lɔ tu geid him,—the verieshonz ov spelɪŋ ar infinit. Tek, for instans, the wɔrd *sudden*, hwich dɔz not sɪm tu promis eni gret skɛp for-vareieti. Ei hav meiself met with this wɔrd speld in nɔ les than fɔrtɪn wez amɔŋ our erli reiterz. Agen, in hou meni wez woz Raleigh'z nem speld, or Shakspere'z? The sɛm iz evident from the spelɪŋ ov ɔnediukated personz in our ɛn dɛ. The hav nɔ ɔther rɔl bɔt the sound tu geid them. Hou iz it that the dɔ not ɔl spel aleik?" *Inglish, Past and Present*, p. 203.

Leik mɔst men hɔ plɪd with ther hart az wel az with ther hed, the Archbishop haz hɪr ɔverlukt wɔn obviss anser tu hiz kwestion. The dɔ not spel aleik bekɔz the hav bɪn brɔt ɔp with a sistem ov spelɪŋ in hwich the sɛm sound kan bɪ represented in ten diferent wez, and in hwich hardli eni wɔn leter iz restrikted tu wɔn fonetik pouer onli. If children wer brɔt ɔp with an alfabet in hwich ɷch leter had bɔt wɔn sound, and in hwich the sɛm sound woz ɔlwez represented bei the sɛm sein—and this iz the veri esens ov fonetik reitɪŋ—then it wud bɪ simpli

imposibel that the shud drjm ov reitiŋ *sudden* in fɔrtjŋ, or *Woburn* in 140, diferent wɛz.

Bɛt for ɔl thát ther iz sɛm truθ in the Archbishop's remark ; and if wj komper the diferent wɛz in hwich the advokets ov fɛnetik speliŋ—men laik Pitman, Bell, Ellis, Withers, Jones—reit the sɛm wɔrdz, jven hwɛn yqziŋ the sɛm fɛnetik alfabet, wj shal sj that the difikɔlti pointed out bei the Archbishop iz a rjal wɔn. Everiwɔn nɔz hou diferentli the sɛm wɔrdz ɔlwɛz hav bjn and stil ar pronounst in diferent parts ov Ingland. And it iz not ɔnli in tounz and kountiz that thjz pekiuliaritiz prevel ; ther ar serten wɔrdz hwich wɔn famili pronouñsez diferentli from anɔther ; and ther ar beseidz the stɔdid and ɛnstɔdid pekiuliaritiz ov individual spjkerz. Tu konvins pipel that wɔn pronɔnsiɛshon iz reit and the ɔther roŋ, sjmz ɔterli hɔples. Ei hav herd a heili kɔltiveted man defendiŋ hiz dropiŋ the *h* at the beginiŋ ov serten wɔrdz, bei the ɛnanserabel argiument that in tɛe ples hwɛr hj woz brɔt ɔp, nɔwɔn pronouñst thjz inishal *hz*. Hwot Skochman wud admit that hiz pronɔnsiɛshon woz fɔlti ? Hwot Eirishman wud sɛbmit tu lɔz ov speliŋ past in Lɔndon ? And hwot renderz argiument on eni neisetiz ov pronɔnsiɛshon stil mɔr difikɔlt iz, that bɛθ the *jr* and the *tɔŋ* ar most trecherɔs witnesez. Ei hav herd Amerikanz menten in gud ɛrnest that ther woz mɔch les of nezal twaŋ in Amerika than in Ingland. Pipel ar not awɛr hou the pronouñs, and hou diferentli the

pronoúns wɔ̃n and the sɛm wɔ̃rd. Az a forener ei hav had ampel oportuinitiz for obzerveshon on this point. Sɛm frendz wud tel mj, for instans, that *world* woz pronoúnst leik *whirl'd*, *father* leik *farther*, *nor* (befor konsonants) leik *gnaw*, *bud* leik *bird*, *burst* leik *bust*, *for* leik *fur*, *birth* leik *berth*; that the vouelz had thé sɛm sound in *where* and *were*, in *not* and *war*, in *God* and *gaudy*; hweil ɔ̃therz ashqrd mj that nɔ̃wɔ̃n bɔ̃t a forener kud tɪŋk sɔ̃. And the wɔ̃rst iz that jven the sɛm person dɔ̃z not ɔ̃lwez pronoúns the sɛm wɔ̃rd in ekzaktli the sɛm maner. Konstantli, hwen ei askt a frend tu repjt a wɔ̃rd hwich hj had jɔ̃st pronoúnst, hj wud pronoúns it agen, bɔ̃t with a sleit diferens. The mjr fakt ov hiz treiŋ tu pronoúns wel wud give tu hiz pronɔ̃nsieshon a konshɔ̃s and emfatik karakter. The prepozishon *of* iz pronoúnst bei most pipel *ov*, bɔ̃t if kros-ekzamind, meni wil sɛ that the pronoúns *ov*, bɔ̃t the *o* not ekzaktli leik *off*.

The konfiuzon bekɔ̃mz grɛtest hwen it iz atempted tu eidentifei the pronɔ̃nsieshon, sɛ ov a vouel in Jerman with a vouel in Inglish. Nɔ̃ tú Inglishmen and nɔ̃ tú Jermanz sjmd tu bj ebel tu agrj on hwot the herd with tɔ̃ɛr jrɔ̃z, or hwot the sed with ther tɔ̃ŋz; and the rezɔ̃lt in the end iz that nɔ̃ vouel in Jerman woz rjali the sɛm az eni ɔ̃ther vouel in Inglish. Tu tɛk wɔ̃n or tú instansez, from Mr. Ellis'z kj tu Palio-teip (Palcotype), ei kan hjr nɔ̃ diferens betwjn the *a* in Italian *mano*, Inglish *father*, and Jerman *mahnen*,

ʒnles ei restrikt mei obzerveshonz tu the ʒterans ov serten individualz; hweraʒ ei du hʒr a veri deseided, and jenerali adopted, diferens betwɨn the vouelz in Jerman *böcke* and French *jeune*. Mr. Ellis, tʒchin on the sem difikʒliti, remarks, "Mr. Bell's pronʒnsieshon, in meni instansez, diferz from thát hwich ei am akʒstomd tu giv, espeshali in foren wʒrdz. Bəʒ ov ʒs mɛ bɨ roɨ." Mr. Sweet remarks, p. 10, "Mr. Ellis insists stronɨli on the monoftonɨgal karakter ov hiz ʒn *eez* and *ooz*. Ei hʒr hiz *ee* and *oo* az distinɨkt diftonɨz, not ʒnli in hiz Inɨɨlish pronʒnsieshon, bʒt ʒlse in hiz pronʒnsieshon ov French, Jerman, and Latin." If fenetik reitɨn ment this miniút fotografi ov spʒken soundz, in hwich Mes. Bell and Ellis eksél; if eni atempt had ever bɨn mɛd tu emploi this her-splitɨn mashɨneri for a praktikal reform ov Inɨɨlish spelɨn, the objekshonz rezd bei Archbishop Trench wud bɨ kweit ʒnanserabel. Ther wud bɨ fifti diferent wez ov spelɨn Inɨɨlish, and the konfiuzon wud bɨ greter than it iz nou. Not ɨven Mr. Bell'z tertisiks kategoriz ov vouel sound wud bɨ sʒfishent tu render everi pekiuliariti ov vouel kwoliti, pich and kwontiti, with perfekt akiurasi. (Sɨ H. Sweet, "Histori ov Inɨɨlish Soundz," pp. 58, 68.) Bʒt this woz never intended, and hweil konsɨdɨn mʒch tu the Archbishop's arguements, ei mʒst not konsɨd tɨ mʒch.

Hwot ei laik in Mr. Pitman'z sistem ov spelɨn iz ekzaktli hwot ei nó haz bɨn found fʒlt wiʒa bei

ætherz næmli that hj dæz not atempt tu refein tu mæch, and tu ekspres in reitiŋ thez endles shædz ov pronænsiæshon, hwich mæ bj ov the grættest interest tu the stiuðent ov akoustiks, or ov fœnetiks, az apleid tu the stædi ov liviŋ deialekts, bæst hwich, for praktikal az well az for seientifik filolojikæl pærpøsez, mæst bj enteirli ignœrd. Reitiŋ woz never intended tu fœtoRAF spœken langwejez: it woz ment tu indiket, not tu pent soundz. If Voltaire sez, “L’écriture c’est la peinture de la voix,” hj iz reit; bæst hwen hj gœz on tu se, “plus elle est ressemblante, meilleur elle est,” ei am not serten that, az in a piktiur ov a landskep, sœ in a piktiur ov the vois, prj-Rafeleit miniútnes mæ not destroi the veri objekt ov the piktiur. Langwej djlz in brœd kælorz, and reitiŋ œt tu folœ the ekzampel ov langwej, hwich thœ it alouz an endles vareiti ov pronænsiæshon, restriktz itself for its œn pærpøz, for the pærpøz ov ekspresiŋ tœt in œl its modifikæshonz, tu a veri limited nœmber ov tipikal vouelz and konsonants. Out ov the larj nœmber ov soundz, for instans, hwich hav bjn katalogd from the veriæz English deialekts, thez œnli kan bj rekogneizd az konstituient elements ov the langwej hwich in, and bei, ther diferens from jch æther, konvœ a diferens ov mjniŋ. Ov sæch pregnant and tœt-konveinj vouelz, English pœzésez nœ mœr than twelv. Hwotever the meinor shædz ov vouel soundz in English deialekts mæ bj, the dœ not enrich the langwej, az sæch, thæt iz, the dœ not enebel the spjker tu konvœ mœr miniút

shēdz ov tōt than the twelv tipikal singel vouelz. Beseidz, ther jenerali iz hwot the French meit kōl a fōnetik solidariti in jeh deialekt. If wōn vouel chenjez, the ōtherz ar apt tu folō, and the men objekt ov langwey remenz the sēm trūout, nēmlī, tu prevent wōn wōrd from rōniŋ intu anōther, and yet tu absten from tū miniūt fōnetik distiŋkshonz, hwich an ordinari jr meit feind it difikōlt tu grasp. This prinsipel ov fōnetik solidariti iz ov grēt importans, not onli in ekspleniŋ the gradiual chenjez ov vouelz, bōt ōlsē sōch jeneral chenjez ov konsonants az wj sj, for instans, in the Jerman *Lautverschiebung*. Az sūn az wōn ples iz left vekant, ther iz preshur tu fil it, or sē mōch ov it az iz left vekant, bōt nō mōr.

Ther ar, in fakt, tū branchez, or at ōl events, tū kweit distiŋkt praktikal aplikeshonz ov the seiens ov Fōnetiks, hwich for wont ov beter nemz, ei designet az *filolojikāl* and *deialektikal*. Ther iz hwot mē bj kōld a filolojikāl stōdi ov Fōnetiks, hwich iz an esenshal part ov the Seiens ov Langwey, and haz for its objekt tu giv a kljr eidja ov the alfabet, not az riten, bōt az spōken. It trijs ov the matjrialz out ov hwich, the instruments with hwich, and the proses bei hwich, vouelz and konsonants ar formd; and after ekspleniŋ hou serten leterz agrj, and difer, in ther matjrial, in the instruments with hwich, and the proses bei hwich the ar prodiūt, it enēbelz ōs tu ōnderstand the kōzez and rezōlts ov hwot iz kōld

Fonetik Chenj. In meni respekts the most instræktiv trijment ov the jeneral tjori ov Fonetiks iz tu bj found in the Prâtisâkhyas; partikiularli in the öld-est (400 B. K.), thát atacht tu the Rig Veda.\* The the nûmber ov posibel soundz me sijn infinit, the nûmber ov rjal soundz yuzd in Sanskrit or eni øther given langwej for the pærpos ov ekspresij diferent shædz ov mjnijn, iz veri limited. It iz with thiz brød kategoriz ov sound aløn that the Prâtisâkhyas djl; and it iz for a proper ønderstandij ov thiz the Seiens ov Langwej haz tu inklqd within its sfjr a kerful stædi ov Fonetiks.

The deialektikal stædi ov Fonetiks haz larjer objekts. It wishez tu ekzøst øl posibel soundz hwich kan bj prodiúst bei the vøkål organz, litel konsernd az tu hwether thiz soundz okør in eni rjal langwej or not. It iz partikiularli yusful for the pærpos ov pentij, with the øtmøst akiurasi, the aktial pronønsiashon ov individualz, and ov fiksjn the fentest shædz ov deialektik vareieti. The most marveløß achjvment in this branch ov apleid fonetiks me bj sijn in Mr. Bell'z "Vizibel Spjch."

Thiz tú branchez ov fonetik seiens, however, shud bj kept kerfuli distijkt. Az the foundeshon ov a praktikal alfabet, leikweiz az the ønli sæf foundeshon for the Seiens ov Langwej, wj wont filolojikål or tjoretik Fonetiks. Wj wont an ønderstandij ov

\* "Rig-Veda-Prâtisâkhya, Das älteste Lehrbuch der Vedischen Phonetik, Sanskrit Text, mit Übersetzung und Anmerkungen, herausgegeben," von F. Max Müller, Leipzig, 1869.

thöz jeneral prinsipelz and thöz bröd kategoriz ov sound hwich ar trjted in the Prätisâkhyas ; wj du not wont eni ov the miniút deialektikal distinjshonz hwich hav no gramatikal pørpos and ar therfor out-seid the pel ov gramatikal seiens. Tq miniút distinjshon prodiqsez konfiuzon, and hwer it kan bj avoided, without a sakrifeiz ov akiurasi, it øt tu bj avoided. Hwer vegnes ekzists in rjaliti, and hwer netiur alouz a bröd marjin on either seid, it wud bj roy tu ignør thát latitiud. Akiurasi itself wud hjr bekøm inakiurasi.

Bæt hwen wj wont tu ekzøst øl posibel shedz ov sound, hwen wj wont tu fotograf the pekiuliaritiz ov serten deialekts, or mezur the djvieshonz in the pronssieshon ov individualz bei the møst miniút degrijz, wj then mæst avel ourselvz ov thát ekskwizit artistik mashjneri konstrækted bei Mr. Bell, and handeld with sø mæch skil bei Mr. A. J. Ellis, the fiu ønli wil bj øbel tu yqz it with rjal søkses.

Søm pipel sjm tu imajin that tæ pouer ov distingwishij miniút diferensez ov soundz iz a natiural gift, and kanot bj akweird. It mæ bj sø in kweit eksepshonal kesez, bæt ei nø az a fakt that a cheild that had, az pipel sè, nø jr for miuzik, and kud not sinj "God sev the Kwjn," gradualali akweird the pouer ov distingwishij the ordinari nøts, and ov sinij a tiun. Spjkiij from mei øn ekspjriens ei shud sè that a gud jr kømz bei inheritans, for, az loij az ei kan remember, a fols nøt, or, az wj yqst

tu kœl it, an impiur (*unrein*) not, woz tu mj fizi-kali penful.

Bœt this apleiz tu miuzik œnli, and it iz bei no mjnz jenerali tru, that pipel hq hav a gud miuzikal jr, hav œlse a gud jr for langwej. Ei hav nœn pipel kweit œnmiuzikal, pozœst ov a veri gud jr for langwej, and *vice versâ*. The tú natiural gifts, therfor, if natiural gifts the ar, ov distingwishiŋ riniút degriꝝ ov pich and kwoliti ov sound dũ not sjm tu bj the sem. The rjal difikœliti, houeever, hwich meks itself felt in diskœsiŋ miniút shedz ov sound, areizez from the insœfishensi ov our nomenklatiur, from the œlmœst irrezistibel influens ov imajineshon, and in the end, from the wont ov a fœnometer. A gud miuzishan kan distingwish betwjn *C sharp* and *D flat*, a gud fœnetishan betwjn a “lœ-bak-narœ” and a “lœ-mikst-narœ” vouel. Bœt the kanot œlwez translet ther sentiments intu definit langwej, and if the trei bei aktiual eksperiment tu imitet thjz tú soundz or vouelz, the imperfekshonz ov the jr and tœŋ, bœt in the spjker and the lisener, frikwentli render œl atempts at a miutiual œnderstandiŋ imposibel. Wj shal never areiv at seientifik presizœn til wj hav a fœnometer for kwoliti ov sound, nor dũ ei sj hwei sœch an instrument shud bj imposibel. Ei wel remember Wheatstone teliŋ mj, that hj wud œndertek tu rjprodiús bei mjnz ov an instrument everi shed ov vouel in eni langwej ov the wœrld, and ei shud tĩnk that Willis’z and Helmholtz’z eksperiments wud

sæplei the elements from hwich sœch a fœnometer meit bj konstitiuted. Az sun az wj kan mezur, defein, and rijprodiús, at plezur, hwot at prezent wj kan œnli deskreib in aprosimet termz, the seiens ov fœnetiks wil bekœm mœst frutful, and asiúm its lejitimet ples az a *sine quâ non* tu the stiudent ov langwej.

Ei hav sœmteimz bjn blend for haviŋ insisted on Fœnetiks bjŋ rekogneizd az the foundeshon ov the Seiens ov Langwej. Prof. Benfey and œther skolarz protested agenst the chapter ei hav devoted tu Fœnetiks in the Sekond Sjrjz ov mei "Lektiurz," az an œnnesesari inoveshon, and thez prœtests hav bekœm stil stronger ov let. Bœt hjr, tu, wj mœst distingwish betwjn tú tijnz. Filolojikál or jeneral Fœnetiks, ar, ei held, az stronli az ever, an integral part ov the Seiens ov Langwej; deialektik Fœnetiks me bj yusful hjr and ther, bœt the shud bj kept within ther proper sfjr; œtherweiz, ei admit az redili az eniwœn els, the obskiúr rather than revjl the brœd and masiv kœlorz ov sound hwich langwej yuzez for its ordinari wœrk.

If wj reflekt a litel, wj shal sj that the filolojikál konsepschon ov a vouel iz sœmtij tœtali diferent from its piurli akoustik or deialektik konsepschon. The former iz chjfli konsernd with the sfjr ov posibel verieshon, and the later with the piurli fenomenal individualiti ov jœch vouel. Tu the filolojist, the trj vouelz in *septimus*, for instans, hwotever ther ekzakt

pronŕnsiëshonz mē hav bĭn at diferent teimz, and in diferent provinsez ov the Roman Empeir, ar pētenshali wŕn and the sem. Wĭ luk on *septimus* and *ἑβδομος* az on Sanskrit *saptamas*, and ønli bei nœiŕ that *e*, *i*, and *u* in *septimus* ar øl representativz ov a short *a*, or that *optimus* standz for the mœr enshent *optumus* and *optomos*, dŭ wĭ tēk in at wŕn glans the høl histori and posibel veriëshon ov thĭz vouelz in diferent lanĝwejez and deialekts. Eŕven hwēr a vouel disapĭrz komplĭtli, az in *gigno* for *gigeno*, in *πίπτω* for *πιπετω*, the mental *ei* ov the filolojist disérnz and wez hwot nœ ĭr kan hĭr. And hwēil in thĭz kēsez the etimolojist, disregardiŕ the klĭrest vareieti ov pronŕnsiëshon, trĭts sœch vouelz az *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u* az wŕn and the sem, in øtherz hwēr tú vouelz sĭm tu hav ekzaktli the sem sound tu the deialektishan, the filolojist on hiz part persĭvz diferensez ov the grētest importans. The *i* in *fides* and *cliens* mē hav the sem sound az the *i* in *gigno* or *septimus*, the *u* ov *luo* mē not difer from the *u* in *optumus* or *lubens*, bœt ther intrinsik valiu, ther kepabilitiz ov grœð and deké, ar totali diferent in ĭch. Wĭ shal never bĭ øbel tu spĭk with enitiŕ leik rĭal seientifik akiurasi ov the pronŕnsiëshon ov enshent lanĝwejez, bœt ĭven if wĭ luk tu ther riten apĭrans ønli, wĭ sĭ agén and agén hou vouelz, riten aleik, ar historikali tœtali distĭŕkt. Grimm introduiúst the distĭŕkshon betwĭn *ái* and *aí*, betwĭn *áu* and *aú*, not bekœz it iz bei eni mĭnz serten that the pronŕnsie-

shon ov thiz diffoniz verid, bæt bekøz hj wisht tu indiket that the antesidents ov *ái* and *áu* wer different from thož ov *ái* and *aú*. In Gotik *faihu*, (Sk. pasu, pecu), *ái* iz a shortend tu *i*, and brøken befør *h* tu *ái*; in Gotik *váit* (Sk. veda, *oīda*), *ai*, iz radikal *i* streñtend tu *ái*. In Gotik *daúhtar* (Sk. duhitar *θυγάτηρ*), *aú* iz radikal *u* brøken tu *aú*; in *aúhna* æven (Sk. asna, *ιπνό=ιχνο=ἀχνο*), the *au* iz *a*, darkend tu *u*, and brøken tu *áu*; hweil in Gotik *báug* (*πέφευγα*), *áu* iz orijinal *u* streñtend tu *áu*. Hwen wj hjr *é* and *ó* in Gobik wj sj *á*, jæst az wj sj Dorik *ā* beheind Eionik *η*. Hwen wj hjr *c* in *canis*, wj sj Sanskrit *s*; hwen wj hjr *c* in *cruor*, wj sj Sanskrit *k*. Hwen wj hjr *γ* in *γένος*, wj sj Arian *g*; hwen wj hjr *γ* in *φλέγω*, wj sj Arian *z*.

Thiz fiu ilæstreshonz wil eksplen, ei hœp the esenshal diferens in the aplikeshon ov fonetiks tu filoloji and deialektoloji, and wil shø that in the former our bræsh mæst ov nesesity be brød, hweil in the later it mæst bj fein. It iz bei miksinj æp tú separæt leinz ov reserch, jch heili important in itself, that sœ mæch konfiuzon haz ov let bjn okezond. The valiu ov piurli fonetik obzerveshonz shud on nœ akount bj ænderreted; bæt it iz nesessari, for thát veri rizon, that deialektikal az wel az filolojikál fonetiks shud bj konfeind tu ther proper sfjr. The filolojist haz mæch tu lern from the fonetishan, bæt hj shud never forget that hjr, az elshwer, hwot iz brød and

tipikal iz az important and az seientifikali akiuret az hwot iz miniút and speshal.

Hwot iz brød and tipikal iz often mör akiuret jven than hwot iz miniút and speshal. It meit bj posibel, for instans, bei a fètografik proses, tu represent the ekzakt pozishon ov the tʃɪ and the inseid wølz ov the mouð hweil wɪ pronóúns the Italian vouel *ì*. Bst it wud bj the grètest mistèk tu sʔpəz that this imej givz ʔs the ønli wə in hwich thát vouel iz, and kan bj, pronóúnst. The jch individual mə hav hiz øn wə ov pləsɪŋ the tʃɪ in pronóúnsɪŋ *ì*, wɪ hav ønli tu trei the eksperiment in order tu konvins ourselvz that, with sʔm efort, wɪ mə veri that pozishon in meni wəz and yet prodiús the sound ov *ì*. Hwen, therfor, in mei “Lekturz on the Seiens ov Langwej,” ei gev piktiurz ov the pozishonz ov the vøkal organz rekweird for pronounsɪŋ the tipikal leterz ov the alfabet, ei tuk gret kər tu mək them tipikal, thát iz, tu lɪv them rʔf skechez rather than miniút fètografz. Ei kanot beter ekspres hwot ei fɪl on this point than bei kwøtɪŋ the wərdz ov Hæckel:—

“For didaktik pʔrposez, simpel skɪmatik figiurz ar far mör yʔsful than piktiurz prezerviŋ the grètest fètfulnes tu nətɪur and karid out with the grètest akiurasi.” (“Ziele und Wege,” p. 37.)

[The following three letters, now introduced, will complete the Phonetic Alphabet—

ɔ      ɟ      ʃ,

for the sounds heard in—*then, cheap, she.*]

Tu retørn, after ðis digrefon, tu Mr. Pitman's alfabet, ei repjt ðat it rekomendz itself tu mei meind bei hwot æðerz kwl its inakiurasi. It jez its rjal and praktikal wizdom bei not atemptiņ tu fiks eni distiņkfonz hwię ar not absolutli nesesari. If, for instans, wj tek ðe gxtoral teniuis, wj feind that Inęliř rekogneizez wsn *k* ønli, wldø its pronnsiesfon veriz konsiderabli. It iz ssmteimz pronounst sø az tu prodiús wlmst a řarp krak; ssmteimz it haz a djp, holø sound; and ssmteimz a soft, læzi, *mouillé* karakter. It veriz konsiderabli akordiņ tu ðe vouelz hwię folø it, az enibodi me hjr, ne fiļ, if hj pronounsez in řaksefon, *kot*, *kul*, *kar*, *kat*, *kit*. Bst az Inęliř dšz not yuz ðiz diferent *kz* for the pšrpos ov distiņwifij wšrdz or gramatikal formz, wsn brød kategori ønli ov voisles gxtoral ğeks haz tu bj admited in reitiņ Inęliř. In ðe Semitik langwejez ðe kes iz diferent; not ønli ar *kaf* and *kof* diferent in sound, bst ðis diferens iz yuzd tu distiņwij diferent mjiņz.

Or if wj tek ðe vouel *a* in its oriĵnal, piur pronnsiesfon, laik Italian *a*, wj kan jzili persjv ðat it haz diferent kšlorz in diferent kountiz ov Inęland. Yet in reitiņ it me bj trięted az wsn, bekøz it haz bst wsn and ðe sem gramatikal intenfon, and dšz not konvé a niu mjiņiņ til it eksjdz its weidest limits. Gud spjkerz in Inęland pronouns ðe *a* in *last* laik ðe piur Italian *a*; wiđ æðerz it bekšmz brød, wiđ æðerz tin. Bst ðø it me ðšs osilet konsiderabli, it

mæst not enkrøç on ðe provins ov *e*, hwiç wud çenj its mjinij tu *lest*; nor on ðe provins ov *o*, hwiç wud çenj it tu *lost*; nor on ðe provins ov *u*, hwiç wud çenj it tu *lust*.

Ðe difikælti, ðerfor, hwiç Arçbiçop Trench haz pointed out iz rjali restrikted tu ðez kesez hwer ðe pronænsieçjon ov vouelz—for it iz wið vouelz çifli ðat wj ar træbeld—veriz sè mæç az tu øverstep ðe brødest limits ov wæn ov ðe rekogneizd kategoriz ov sound, and tu enkrøç on anæðer. If wj tek ðe wærd *fast*, hwiç iz pronouñst veri diferentli jven bei ediuketed pipel, ðer wud bj nè nesesity for indiketij in reitij ðe diferent sædz ov pronænsieçjon hwiç lei betwijn ðe sound ov ðe sort Italian *a* and ðe loç *a* herd in *father*. Bæt hwen ðe *a* in *fast* iz pronouñst leik ðe *a* in *fat*, ðen ðe nesesity ov a niu grafik eksponenst wud areiz, and Arçbiçop Trench wud bj reit in twitij fonetik reformerz wið sañkçjonij tú spelijz for ðe sem wærd.

Ei kud mençon ðe nemz ov trj biçops, wæn ov hum pronouñst ðe vouel in *God* leik *Gød*, anæðer leik *rod*, a ðerd leik *gad*. Ðe last pronænsieçjon wud probabli bj kondemd bei everibodi, bæt ðe æðer tú wud remen sañkçfond bei ðe heiest æðoriti, and ðerfor retend in fonetik reitij.

Sø far, ðen, ei admit ðat Arçbiçop Trench haz pointed out a rjal difikælti inhjrent in fonetik reitij; bæt hwot iz ðæt wæn difikælti komperd wið ðe difi-

kæltiz ov ðe present sistem ov Inġliſj spelliŋ? It wud not bi onest tu trei tu eved hiz ġarj, bei seiŋ ðat ðer iz bœt wœn pronœnsieŋ rekogneizd bei ðe yuzej ov ediuketed pipel. Ðát iz not sœ, and ðez hu nœ best ðe beioloji ov langwejj, nœ ðat it kanot bi sœ. Ðe veri leif ov langwejj konsists in a konstant frikŋon betwijn ðe sentripetal fors ov kœs-tom and ðe sentrifugal fors ov individual frijdom. Agenst ðát difikœlti ðerfor, ðer iz nœ remedi. Enli hjr agen ðe Arġbisop sijnz tu hav overlukt ðe fakt ðat ðe difikœlti belongz tu ðe present sistem ov spelliŋ njrli az mœġ az tu ðe fonetik sistem. Ðer iz bœt wœn rekogneizd we ov spelliŋ, bœt everibodi pronœunsez akordiŋ tu hiz œn idiosinkrasiz. It wud bi ðe sœm wið fonetik spelliŋ. Wœn pronœnsieŋ, ðe best rekogneizd, wud hav tu bi adopted az a standard in fonetik reitiŋ, ljiŋ tu everi Inġliſman hiz frijdom tu pronœuns az sijnœt ġud tu him. Wj jœd liz nœ-ŋiŋ ov hwot wj nou pozés, and œl ðe advantejez ov fonetik reitiŋ wud remen œnimperd. Ðe rjal stœt ov ðe kœs iz, ðerfor, ðis—Nœwœn defendz ðe present sistem ov spelliŋ; everiwœn admits ðe sjiœs injuri hwic it inflikts on naŋonal ediukeŋon. Everibodi admits ðe praktikal advantejez ov fonetik spelliŋ, bœt after ðát, œl eksklem ðat a reform ov spelliŋ, hweðer parŋal or kompljt, iz imposibel. Hweðer it iz imposibel or not, ei gladli ljiŋ tu men ov ðe wœrld tu deseid. Az a skolar, az a stiudent ov ðe histori ov langwejj, ei simpli menten ðat in everi riten lang-

weĵ a reform ov spelinj iz, suner or leter, inevitabel. Nø dout ðe ĵvil ðe mē bj put of. Ei hav litel dout ðat it wil bj put of for meni jeneresonz, and ðat a rjal reform wil probabli not bj karid eksept konkærentli wið a veiolent sejal konvæljon. Ænli let ðe kwestion bj argiud ferli. Let fakts hav sëm wet, and let it not bj sæpezd bei men ov ðe wærlð ðat ðeoz hu defend ðe prinsipelz ov ðe *Fonetik Niuz* ar ænli tjtøtalerz and vejeterianz, hu hav never lernd hou tu spel.

If ei hav spøken stronĵli in sæport ov Mr. Pitman's sistem, it iz not bekøz on øl points ei kon sider it siupjrior tu ðe sistemz preperd bei æðer reformerz, hu ar ðeli inkrijsinj in nember, bæt çĵfli bekøz it haz bjn tested sø larĵli, and haz stud ðe test wel. Mr. Pitman's *Fonetik Jsrnal* haz nou [1880] bjn pæblist tertiet yjrz, and if it iz nen ðat it iz pæblist wĵkli in 12,000 kopiz, ĵç kopi representinj at lĵst fer or feiv rjðerz, it mē not sĵm sø veri fuliĵ, after øl, if wĵ imajin ðat ðer iz sëm veital pouer in ðat insignifikant jerm.

V.

ON SANSKRIT TEXTS DISCOVERED IN JAPAN.

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, FEBRUARY 16, 1880.

IT is probably in the recollection of some of the senior members of this Society how wide and deep an interest was excited in the year 1853 by the publication of Stanislas Julien's translation of the "Life and Travels of Hiouen-thsang." The account given by an eye-witness of the religious, social, political, and literary state of India at the beginning of the seventh century of our era was like a rocket, carrying a rope to a whole crew of struggling scholars, on the point of being drowned in the sea of Indian chronology; and the rope was eagerly grasped by all, whether their special object was the history of Indian religion, or the history of Indian literature, architecture, or politics. While many books on Indian literature, published five-and-twenty years ago, are now put aside and forgotten, Julien's three volumes of Hiouen-thsang still maintain a fresh interest, and supply new subjects for discussion, as may be seen even in the last number of the Journal of your Society.

I had the honor and pleasure of working with Stanislas Julien, when he was compiling those large lists of Sanskrit and Chinese words which formed

the foundation of his translation of Hiouen-thsang, and enabled him in his classical work, the "Méthode pour déchiffrer et transcrire les noms Sanskrits" (1861), to solve a riddle which had puzzled Oriental scholars for a long time — viz., how it happened that the original Sanskrit names had been so completely disguised and rendered almost unrecognizable in the Chinese translations of Sanskrit texts, and how they could be restored to their original form.

I had likewise the honor and pleasure of working with your late President, Professor H. H. Wilson, when, after reading Julien's works, he conceived the idea that some of the original Sanskrit texts of which the Chinese translations had been recovered might still be found in the monasteries of China. His influential position as President of your Society, and his personal relations with Sir John Bowring, then English Resident in China, enabled him to set in motion a powerful machinery for attaining his object; and if you look back some five-and-twenty years, you will find in your Journal a full account of the correspondence that passed between Professor Wilson, Sir J. Bowring, and Dr. Edkins, on the search after Sanskrit MSS. in the temples or monasteries of China.

On February 15, 1854, Professor Wilson writes from Oxford to Sir John Bowring:—

"I send you herewith a list of the Sanskrit works carried to China by Hwen Tsang in the middle of the seventh century, and in great part translated by him, or under his supervision, into Chinese. If any of them, *especially the originals*, should be still in existence, you would do good service to Sanskrit literature and to the history of Buddhism by procuring copies."

*Chinese Translators of Sanskrit Texts.*

It is a well-known fact that, even long before the time of Hiouen-thsang — that is, long before the seventh century of our era — large numbers of Sanskrit MSS. had been exported to China. These literary exportations began as early as the first century A. D. When we read for the first time of commissioners being sent to India by Ming-ti, the Emperor of China, the second sovereign of the Eastern Han dynasty, about 62 or 65 A. D., we are told that they returned to China with a white horse, carrying books and images.<sup>1</sup> And the account proceeds to state that “these books still remain, and are revered and worshipped.”

From that time, when Buddhism was first officially recognized in China,<sup>2</sup> there is an almost unbroken succession of importers and translators of Buddhist, in some cases of Brahmanic texts also, till we come to the two famous expeditions, the one undertaken by Fa-hian in 400–415, the other by Hiouen-thsang, 629–645 A. D. Fa-hian's Travels were translated into French by Abel Rémusat (1836), into English by Mr. Beal (1869). Hiouen-thsang's Travels are well known through Stanislas Julien's admirable translation. Of Hiouen-thsang we are told that he brought back from India no less than 520 fasciculi, or 657 separate works, which had to be carried by twenty-two horses.<sup>3</sup> He translated, or had translated, 740 works, forming 1,335 fasciculi.

<sup>1</sup> Beal, *Travels of Buddhist Pilgrims*, Introd. p. xxi.; *Chinese Repository*, vol. x. No. 3, March, 1841.

<sup>2</sup> See an account of the Introduction of Buddhism into China, in *Journal Asiatique*, 1856, August, p. 105. *Recherches sur l'origine des ordres religieux dans l'empire chinois*, par Bazin.

<sup>3</sup> Stan. Julien, *Pèlerins Bouddhistes*, vol. i. p. 296.

I say nothing of earlier traces of Buddhism which are supposed to occur in Chinese books. Whatever they may amount to, we look in vain in them for evidence of any Chinese translations of Buddhist books before the time of the Emperor Ming-ti; and what concerns us at present is, not the existence or the spreading of Buddhism towards the north and east long before the beginning of the Christian era, but the existence of Buddhist books, so far as it can be proved at that time by the existence of Chinese translations the date of which can be fixed with sufficient certainty.

In the following remarks on the history of these translations I have had the great advantage of being able to use the Annals of the Sui Dynasty (589-618), kindly translated for me by Professor Legge. In China the history of each dynasty was written under the succeeding dynasty from documents which may be supposed to be contemporaneous with the events they relate. The account given in the Sui Chronicles of the introduction of Buddhism and Buddhist works into China is said to be the best general account to be found in early Chinese literature, and the facts here stated may be looked upon as far more trustworthy than the notices hitherto relied upon, and collected from Chinese writers of different dates and different localities. I have also had the assistance of Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio, who compared the names of the translators mentioned in the Sui Annals with the names as given in the K'ai-yuen-shih-kiao-mu-lu (Catalogue of the Buddhist books compiled in the period K'ai-yuen [A. D. 713-741]); and though there still remain some doubtful points, we may rest assured that the dates assigned to the principal Chinese trans

lators and their works can be depended on as historically trustworthy.

With regard to the period anterior to Ming-ti, the Sui Chronicles tell us that after an investigation of the records, it was known that Buddhism had not been brought to China previously to the Han dynasty (began 206 B. C.), though some say that it had long been spread abroad, but had disappeared again in the time of the *Khin*<sup>1</sup> (221–206 B. C.). Afterwards, however, when *Kang-khien* was sent on a mission to the regions of the West (about 130 B. C.), he is supposed to have become acquainted with the religion of Buddha. He was made prisoner by the Hiungnu (Huns),<sup>2</sup> and, being kept by them for ten years, he may well have acquired during his captivity some knowledge of Buddhism, which at a very early time had spread from Cabul<sup>3</sup> towards the north and the east.

In the time of the Emperor Âi (B. C. 6–2) we read that *Khin-king* caused I-tsun to teach the Buddhist Sûtras orally, but that the people gave no credence to them. All this seems to rest on semi-historical evidence only.

The first official recognition of Buddhism in China dates from the reign of the Emperor Ming-ti, and the following account, though not altogether free from a

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Edkins in his Notices of Buddhism in China (which unfortunately are not paged) says that Indians arrived at the capital of China in Shensi 7 217 B. C. to propagate their religion.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Edkins, *l. c.*, states that *Kang-khien*, on his return from the country of the Getæ, informed the Emperor Wu-ti that he had seen articles of traffic from Shindo. The commentator adds that the name is pronounced Kando and Tindo, and that it is the country of the barbarians called Buddha (*sic*).

<sup>3</sup> Kabul or Ko-fu is, in the Eastern Han annals, called a state of the Yüeh-ki.

legendary coloring, is generally accepted as authentic by Chinese scholars: "The Emperor Ming-ti, of the After Han dynasty (58-75 A. D.), dreamt that a man of metal (or golden color) was flying and walking in a courtyard of the palace. When he told his dream in the Court, Fu-î said that the figure was that of Buddha. On this the Emperor sent the gentleman-usher Tsâi-yin and *Khin-king* (who must then have been growing old) both to the country of the great Yueh-ki<sup>1</sup> and to India, in order to seek for such an image."

An earlier account of the same event is to be found in the Annals of the After (or Eastern) Han dynasty (25-120 A. D.). These annals were compiled by Fan-yeh, who was afterwards condemned to death as a rebel (445 A. D.). Here we read<sup>2</sup> (vol. 88, fol. 8 a *seq.*): "There is a tradition that the Emperor Ming-ti (58-75 A. D.) dreamt that there was a giant-like man of golden color,<sup>3</sup> whose head was refulgent. The Emperor wanted his retainers to interpret it. Then some said, 'There is a god (or spirit) in the West who is called Fo, whose height is sixteen feet, and of golden color.' Having heard this, the Emperor at once sent messengers to Tien-ku (*i. e.* India), to inquire after the doctrine of Buddha. Subsequently, copies of the image of Buddha were drawn in the middle country (*i. e.* China)."

The emissaries whom the Emperor Ming-ti had sent to India obtained a Buddhist Sûtra in forty-two sections, and an image of Buddha, with which and the Shâmans Kâsyapa Mâtanga and Kû-fa-lan, they

<sup>1</sup> Generally identified with the Getae, but without sufficient proof.

<sup>2</sup> Translated by Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio.

<sup>3</sup> The golden color or *suvarnavarnatâ* is one of the thirty-two marks of a Buddha, recognized both in the Southern and Northern schools (Bournouf, *Lotus*, 579).

returned to the East. When Tsâi-yin approached (the capital), he caused the book to be borne on a white horse, and on this account the monastery of the White Horse was built on the west of the Yung gate of the city of Lo to lodge it. The classic was tied up and placed in the stone house of the Lan tower, and, moreover, pictures of the image were drawn and kept in the *Khing-yüan* tower, and at the top of the Hsien-*kieh* hill.

Here we seem to be on *terra firma*, for some of the literary works by Kâsyapa Mâtânga and Kû-fa-lan are still in existence. Kâsyapa Mâtânga (or, it may be, Kâsya Mâtânga<sup>1</sup>) is clearly a Sanskrit name. Mâtânga, though the name of a *Kandâla* or low-caste man, might well be borne by a Buddhist priest.<sup>2</sup> The name of Kû-fa-lan, however, is more difficult. Chinese scholars declare that it can only be a Chinese name,<sup>3</sup> yet if Kû-fa-lan came from India with Kâsyapa, we should expect that he too bore a Sanskrit name. In that case, Kû might be taken as the last character of Tien-*kû*, India, which character is prefixed to the names of other Indian priests living in China. His name would be Fâ-lan, *i. e.* Dharma + x, whatever lan may signify, perhaps padma, lotus.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This name is written in various ways, Ka-shio-ma-tô-giya, Ka-shio-*ua-tô*, Shio-ma-tô, Ka-tô, Ma-tô. In the Fan-i-ming-i-tsi (vol. iii. fol. 4 a), is said "that K. was a native of Central India, and a Brâhman by caste. Having been invited by the Chinese envoy, Tsâi-yin, he came to China, saw the Emperor, and died in Lo-yang, the capital." Of Kû-fa-lan it is said (*l. c.* vol. iii. fol. 4) that he was a native of Central India, well versed in Vinaya. When invited to go to China, the King would not let him depart. He left secretly, and arrived in China after Kâsyapa. They translated the Sûtra in forty-two sections together. After Kâsyapa died, Kû-fa-lan translated five Sûtras.

<sup>2</sup> See Vasala-sutta (in Nipâta-sutta), v. 22.

<sup>3</sup> Fa is the Buddhist equivalent for friar.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. B. Nanjio informs me that both in China and Japan Buddhist priests adopt either Kû, the last character of Tien-*kû*, India, or Shih, the first character of Shih-*kia* — *i. e.* Sâkya — as their surname.

M. Feer,<sup>1</sup> calls him Gobharana, without, however, giving his authority for such a name. The Sutra of the forty-two sections exists in Chinese, but neither in Sanskrit nor in Pâli, and many difficulties would be removed if we admitted, with M. Feer, that this so-called Sûtra of the forty-two sections was really the work of Kâsyapa and Kû-fa-lan, who considered such an epitome of Buddhist doctrines, based chiefly on original texts, useful for their new converts in China.

It is curious that the Sui Annals speak here of no other literary work due to Kâsyapa and Kû-fa-lan, though they afterwards mention the Shih-ku Sûtra by Kû-fa-lan as a work almost unintelligible. In the Fan-i-ming-i-tsi (vol. iii. fol. 4 b), mention is made of five Sûtras, translated by Kû-fa-lan alone, after Kâsyapa's death. In the K'ai-yuen-shih-kiao-mu-lu catalogue of the Buddhist books, compiled in the period K'ai-yuen (713-741 A. D.), vol. i. fol. 6, four Sûtras only are ascribed to Kû-fa-lan:—

1. The Dasabhûmi, called the Sûtra on the destruction of the causes of perplexity in the ten stations; 70 A. D. This is the Shi-kû Sûtra.

2. The Sûtra of the treasure of the sea of the law (Dharma-samudra-kosha?).

3. The Sûtra of the original conduct of Buddha (Fo-pen-hing-king); 68 A. D. (taken by Julien for a translation of the Lalita-vistara).

4. The Sûtra of the original birth of Buddha (Gâtaka).

The compiler of the catalogue adds that these translations have long been lost.

<sup>1</sup> L. Feer, *Sutra en 42 articles*, p. xxvii. *Le Dhammapada par F. Hâ*  
*siwi du Sutra en 42 articles*, par Léon Feer, 1878, p. xxiv.

The next patron of Buddhism was Ying, the King of *Khû*, at the time of the Emperor Kang, his father (76-88). Many Shâmans, it is said, came to China then from the Western regions, bringing Buddhist Sûtras. Some of these translations, however, proved unintelligible.

During the reign of the Emperor Hwan (147-167), An-shi-kao (usually called An-shing), a Shâman of An-hsi,<sup>1</sup> brought classical books to Lo, and translated them. This is evidently the same translator of whom Mr. Beal ("J. R. A. S." 1856, pp. 327, 332) speaks as a native of Eastern Persia or Parthia, and whose name Mr. Wylie wished to identify with Arsak. As An-shi-kao is reported to have been a royal prince, who made himself a mendicant and travelled as far as China, Mr. Wylie supposes that he was the son of one of the Arsacidæ, Kings of Persia. Mr. Beal on the contrary, takes the name to be a corruption of Asvaka or Assaka — *i. e.* Ἰππασίωι.<sup>2</sup>

Under the Emperor Ling, 168-189 A. D., *Ki-khan* (or *Ki-tsin*), a Shâman from the Yueh-ki (called *Ki-lau-kia-kuai* by Beal), *Kû-fo-soh* (*Ta-fo-sa*), an Indian Shâman, and others, worked together to produce a translation of the *Nirvâna-sûtra*, in two sections. The *K'ai-yuen-lu* ascribes twenty-three works • *Ki-khan*, and two Sûtras to *Kû-fo-soh*.

Towards the end of the Han dynasty, *Ku-yung*, the grand guardian, was a follower of Buddha.

In the time of the Three Kingdoms (220-264)

<sup>1</sup> In Beal's *Catalogue* this name is spelt An-shi-ko, An-shi-kao, and Ngan-shai-ko.

<sup>2</sup> His translations occur in Beal's *Catalogue*, pp. 31, 35, 37, 38, 40 (*bis*), 41 (*bis*), 42 (*bis*), 43, 45, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51 (*ter*), 52 (*bis*), 54, 70, 88, 95 (*bis*). In the *K'ai-yuen-lu* it is stated that he translated 99 works in 115 fascicles.

Khang-sang-hui, a Shâman of the Western regions, came to Wû<sup>1</sup> with Sûtras and translated them. Sun-*khüan*, the sovereign, believed in Buddhism. About the same time Khang-sang-khai translated the longer text of the Sukhavatîvyûha.

In Wei,<sup>2</sup> during the period Hwang-*khü* (220-226) the Chinese first observed the Buddhist precepts, shaved their heads, and became Sang — *i. e.* monks.

Even before this, a Shâman of the Western regions had come here and translated the Hsiâo-pin Sûtra — *i. e.* the Sûtra of Smaller Matters (Khudda-kanikâya?) — but the head and tail of it were contradictory, so that it could not be understood.

In the period Kan-lû (256-259), Kû-shi-hsing (Chu-shuh-lan, in Beal's "Catalogue") went to the West as far as Khoten, and obtained a Sûtra in ninety sections, with which he came back to Yéh, in the Tsin period of Yüen-khang (291-299), and translated it (with Dharmaraksha) under the title of "Light-emitting Pragnâ-pâramitâ Sûtra."<sup>3</sup>

In the period Thai-shi (265-274), under the Western Tsin (265-316), Kû-fâ-hu<sup>4</sup> (Dharmaraksha), a Shâman of the Yüeh-*ki*, travelled through the various kingdoms of the West, and brought a large collection of books home to Lo, where he translated them. It is stated in the Catalogue of the Great *Kau*, an inter-

<sup>1</sup> Wû, comprising Keh-kiang and other parts, with its capital in what is now Sû-kau, was the southern one of the Three Kingdoms. Sun-*khüan* was its first sovereign.

<sup>2</sup> The northern of the Three Kingdoms, with its capital latterly in Lo-yang.

<sup>3</sup> See Beal, *Catalogue*, p. 5.

<sup>4</sup> This name, Kû-fâ-hu, is generally re-translated as Dharmaraksha. Kû is the second character in Tien-kû, the name of India, and this character was used as their surname by many Indian priests while living in China. In that case their Sanskrit names were mostly translated into two Chinese characters: as Fâ (law=dharma), hu (protection=raksha). — B. N.

lude in the dynasty of Thang (690–705 A. D.), that in the seventh year of the period Thai-khang (286) he translated *King-fa-hwa* — *i. e.* the *Saddharma-pundarîka* (Beal, “ Catalogue,” p. 14).<sup>1</sup>

About 300 A. D. *Ki-kung-ming* translated the *Wei-ma* (*Vimala-kîrtti*) and *Fa-hwa* (*Saddharma-pundarîka*).<sup>2</sup>

In 335 the prince of the *Khau* kingdom (during the Tsin dynasty) permitted his subjects to become *Shâmans*, influenced chiefly by *Buddhasimha*.<sup>3</sup>

In the time of the rebel *Shih-leh*, 330–333, during the Tsin dynasty, a *Shâman* *Wei-tao-an*, or *Tao-an*, of *Khang-shan*, studied Buddhist literature under *Buddhasimha*. He produced a more correct translation of the *Vimala-kîrtti-sûtra* (and *Saddharma-pundarîka*), and taught it widely; but as he was not an original translator, his name is not mentioned in the *K'ai-yuen-lu*. On account of political troubles, *Tâo-an* led his disciples southward, to *Hsin-ye*, and dispatched them to different quarters — *Fâ-shang* to *Yang-kâu*, *Fâ-hwa* to *Shû* — while he himself, with *Wei-yüan*, went to *Hsiang-yang* and *Khang-an*. Here *Fu-khien*, the sovereign of the *Fûs*, who about 350 had got possession of *Khang-an*, resisting the authority of the Tsin, and establishing the dynasty of the *Former Khin*, received him with distinction. It was at the wish of *Tâo-an* that *Fu-khien* invited *Kumârâgîva* to *Khang-an*; but when, after a long delay, *Kumârâgîva* arrived there, in the second year of the

<sup>1</sup> According to Mr. Beal (*Fahian*, p. xxiii.), this *Kû-fâ-hu*, with the help of other *Shâmans*, translated no less than 165 texts, and among them the *Āṣṭā-vistara* (*Pou-yao-king*), the *Nirvâna Sûtra*, and the *Suvarna-prabhâsa-Sûtra* (265–308). The *K'ai-yuen-lu* assigns to him 275 works, in 354 ascicles.

<sup>2</sup> Edkins, *l. c.* Beal, *Catalogue*, p. 17; 14.

<sup>3</sup> Edkins, *l. c.*

period Hung-shi (400 A. D.), under Yâo-hsing, who, in 394, had succeeded Yâo-khang,<sup>1</sup> the founder of the After *Khin* dynasty, Tâo-an had been dead already twenty years. His corrected translations, however, were approved by Kumâragîva.

This Kumâragîva marks a new period of great activity in the translation of Buddhist texts. He is said to have come from Ku-tsi, in Tibet, where the Emperor Yâo-hsing (397-415) sent for him. Among his translations are mentioned the Wei-ma or Vimala-kîrtti-sûtra (Beal's "Catalogue," p. 17); the Sad-dharma-pundarîka (Beal's "Catalogue," p. 15); the Satyasiddha-vyâkarana sâstra (Beal's "Catalogue," p. 80). He was a contemporary of the great traveller, Fa-hian, who went from *Khang-an* to India, travelled through more than thirty states, and came back to Nanking in 414, to find the Emperor Yâo-hsing overthrown by the Eastern Tsin dynasty. He was accompanied by the Indian contemplationist, Buddhahhadra.<sup>2</sup> Buddhahhadra translated the Fa-yan-king, the Buddhâvatamsaka-vaipulya-sûtra (Beal's "Catalogue," p. 9), and he and Fa-hian together, the Mo-ho-sang-ki-lin — *i. e.* the Vinaya of the Mahâsaṅghika school (Beal, "Catalogue," p. 68).

Another Shâman who travelled to India about the same time was *Ki-mang*, of Hsin-fang, a district city

<sup>1</sup> The Yâos subdued the Fûs, and ruled as the dynasty of the After *Khin*.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 208. He is sometimes called Balasan, or, according to Edkins, Palat'sanga, Baddala, or Dabadara. In the Fan-i-ming-i-tsi (vol. iii. fol. 6) the following account of Buddhahhadra is given: "Buddhahhadra met Kumâragîva in China, and whenever the latter found any doubts, the former was always asked for an explanation. In the fourteenth year of I-hsi (418 A. D.) Buddhahhadra translated the Fa-yan-king in sixty volumes." This Sûtra is the Ta-fang-kwang-fo-fa-yan-king, Buddhâvatamsaka-vaipulya-sûtra (Beal's *Catalogue*, p. 9). This translation was brought to Japan in 736.

of *Kâo-khang*. In 419, in the period *Yüan-hsi*, he went as far as *Pâtali-putra*, where he obtained the *Nirvana-sûtra*, and the *Saṅghika*, a book of discipline.<sup>1</sup> After his return to *Kâo-khang* he translated the *Nirvâna-sûtra* in twenty sections.

Afterwards the Indian *Shâman Dharmaraksha II.*<sup>2</sup> brought other copies of the foreign MSS. to the West of the Ho. And *Tsü-khü Mung-sun*, the king of North Liang, sent messengers to *Kâo-khang* for the copy which *Ki-mang* had brought, wishing to compare the two.<sup>3</sup>

When *Ki-mang's* copy arrived,<sup>4</sup> a translation was made of it in thirty sections. *Dharmaraksha II.* translated the *Suvarna-prabhâsa* and the *Nirvâna-sûtra*, 416–423 A. D. The *K'ai-yuen-lu* ascribes nineteen works to *Dharmalatsin* in 131 fascicles.

Buddhism from that time spread very rapidly in China, and the translations became too numerous to be all mentioned.

The *Mahâyâna* school was represented at that time chiefly by the following translations :—

<sup>1</sup> The *Sang-ki-liu*, rules of priesthood; i. e. the *Vinaya* of the *Mahâ-saṅghika* school.

<sup>2</sup> I call him *Dharmaraksha II.*, in order to prevent a confusion which has been produced by identifying two *Shâmans* who lived at a distance of nearly 200 years—the one 250 A. D., the other 420 A. D. The first is called *Kû-fû-hu*, which can be rendered *Dharmaraksha*; the second is called *Fâ-fâng* (law-prosperity), but, if transliterated, he is best known by the names *T'on-lo-la-tsin*, *T'an-mo-tsin*, or *Dharmalatsin*. He was a native of Central India, and arrived in China in the first year of the period *Hiuen-shi* of the *Tsü-khü* family of the Northern Liang, 414 A. D. He was the contemporary of *Ki-mang*, whom Mr. Beal places about 250 A. D., in order to make him a contemporary of *Dharma-raksha I.*

<sup>3</sup> *Mung-sun* died 432, and was succeeded by his heir, who lost his kingdom in 439. *Yâo-khang's* kingdom, however, was destroyed by the Eastern *Tsin*, at the time of his second successor, 417, not by *Mung-sun*.

<sup>4</sup> It is said in the tenth year of the period *Hung-shi* of *Yâo-khang* (better *hsing*), the copy arrived at *Khang-an*. But this cannot be, if *Ki-mang* went to India in 419. There must be something wrong in these dates.

The Vimalakirtti-sûtra (Beal, "Catalogue," p. 17.)	} Translated by Kumâragîva.
The Saddharmapundarîka-sûtra (Beal, "Catalogue," p. 15)	
The Satyasiddhavyâkarana-sâstra (Beal, "Catalogue," p. 80)	
The Suvarnaprabhâsa-sûtra (Beal, "Catalogue," p. 15)	} Translated by Dharmalatsin, or Dharmaraksha II.
The Nirvâna-sûtra (Beal, "Catalogue," p. 12)	

The Hînayâna school was represented by —

The Sarvâstivâda-vinaya by Kumâragîva (Beal, "Catalogue," pp. 67, 68).

The Dirghâgama-sûtra, by Buddhayasas, 410 A. D. (Beal, "Catalogue," p. 36).

The Vinaya of the four Parts, by Buddhayasas.<sup>1</sup>

The Ekottarâgama-sûtra (Ânguttara), translated by Dharmanandin, of Tukhâra (Fa-hsi).

The Abhidharma disquisitions, by Dharmayasas,<sup>2</sup> of Kophene.

During the period of Lung-an (397–401) the Ekottarâgama (Anguttara) and Madhyamâgama-sûtras<sup>3</sup> were translated by Saṅghadeva of Kophene. This is probably the *Magghima Nikâya*, translated by Gotama Saṅghadeva, under the Eastern Tsin dynasty, 317–419.

In the period Î-hsi (405–418) the Shâman *Ki-fâ*-ling brought from Khoten to Nanking, the southern capital, the Hwâ-yen Sûtra in 36,000 gâthâs, and translated it. This may be the *Buddhâvatamsaka-sûtra*, called the *Ta-fang-kwang-fo-fa-yan-king* (Beal's 'Catalogue,' pp. 9, 10). This translator is not mentioned in the *K'ai-yuen-lu*.

<sup>1</sup> The four Nikâyas or Âgamas; cf. *Vinayapitaka*, vol. i. p. xl.

<sup>2</sup> *Sâriputrâbhidharma-sâstra*; cf. Beal, *Catalogue*, p. 80.

<sup>3</sup> Beal, *Catalogue*, p. 36.

In 420 the Tsin dynasty came to an end.

The Emperor Thai-wu (424-452), of the N. Wei dynasty, persecuted the Buddhists, 446 ; but from the year 452 they were tolerated. This dynasty lasted from 386 to 535, when it was divided into two.

In 458 there was a conspiracy under Buddhist influences, and more stringent laws were enforced against them.

In 460 five Buddhists arrived in China from Ceylon, *viâ* Tibet. Two of them, Yashaita, and Vudanandi, brought images.<sup>1</sup> In 502 a Hindu translated Mahâyâna books, called Fixed Positions and Ten Positions.<sup>2</sup>

During the dynasties of *Khî* (479-502), Liang (502-557), and *Khin* (557-589), many famous Shâmans came to China, and translated books.

The Emperor Wû of Liang (502-549) paid great honor to Buddhism. He made a large collection of the Buddhist canonical books, amounting to 5,400 volumes, in the Hwâ-lin garden. The Shâman Pao-khang compiled the catalogue in fifty-four fascicles.

In the period Yung-ping, 508-511, there was an Indian Shâman Bodhiruki, who translated many books, as Kumâragîva had done. Among them were the Earth-holding sâstra (bhûmîdhara sâstra?) and the Shi-ti-king-lun, the Dasabhûmika sâstra, greatly valued by the followers of the Mahâyâna.<sup>3</sup>

In 516, during the period Hsî-phing, the Chinese Shâman Wei-shang was sent to the West to collect Sûtras and Vinayas, and brought back a collection of 170 books. He is not, however, mentioned as a translator in the K'ai-yuen-lu.

<sup>1</sup> Edkins, *l. c.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Beal, *Catalogue*, p. 77; on p. 20 a translation of the Lankâvatâra is mentioned.

In 518 Sung-yun, sent by the queen of the Wei country from Lo-yang to India, returned after three years, with 175 volumes. He lived to see Bodhidharma in his coffin. This Bodhidharma, the twenty-eighth patriarch, had arrived in Canton by sea in 528, in the time of Wu-ti, the first Emperor of the Liang dynasty. Some Sanskrit MSS. that had belonged to him, and other relics, are still preserved in Japan.<sup>1</sup>

In the time of the Emperor Wû, of the Northern Kâu dynasty (561-577), a Shâman, Wei-yüan-sung, accused the Buddhist priests, and the Emperor persecuted them. But in the first year of Kao-tsu, the founder of the Sui dynasty, in 589, toleration was again proclaimed. He ordered the people to pay a certain sum of money, according to the number of the members of each family, for the purpose of preparing Sûtras (the Buddhist canon) and images. And the Government caused copies of the whole Buddhist canon to be made, and placed them in certain temples or monasteries in the capital, and in several other large cities, in such provinces as Ping-kâu, Hsiang-kâu, Lo-kâu, etc. And the Government caused also another copy to be made and to be deposited in the Imperial Library. The Buddhist sacred books among the people were found to be several hundred times more numerous than those on the six Kings of Confucius. There were 1,950 distinct Buddhist books translated.

In the period Tâ-yeh (605-616) the Emperor ordered the Shâman Ki-kwo to compose a catalogue of the Buddhist books at the Imperial Buddhist chapel within the gate of the palace. He then made some divisions and classifications, which were as follows :—

<sup>1</sup> See *Athenæum* August 7, 1880; and *infra*, p. 370.

The Sûtras which contained what Buddha had spoken were arranged under three divisions :—

1. The Mahâyâna.
2. The Hînayâna.
3. The Mixed Sûtras.

Other books, that seemed to be the productions of later men, who falsely ascribed their works to greater names, were classed as Doubtful Books.

There were other works in which Bodhisattvas and others went deeply into the explanation of the meaning, and illustrated the principles of Buddha. These were called Disquisitions, or Sâstras. Then there were Vinaya, or compilations of precepts, under each division as before, Mahâyâna, Hînayâna, Mixed. There were also Records, or accounts of the doings in their times of those who had been students of the system. Altogether there were eleven classes under which the books were arranged :—

1. Sûtra.	Mahâyâna	.	617	in	2,076	chapters.
	Hînayâna	.	487	"	852	"
	Mixed	.	380	"	716	"
	Mixed and doubtful		172	"	336	"
2. Vinaya.	Mahâyâna	.	52	"	91	"
	Hînayâna	.	80	"	472	"
	Mixed	.	27	"	46	"
3. Sâstra.	Mahâyâna	.	35	"	141	"
	Hînayâna	.	41	"	567	"
	Mixed	.	51	"	437	"
	Records	.	20	"	464	"
			1,962		6,198	

*Search for Sanskrit MSS. in China.*

It was the publication of Hiouen-thsang's Travels which roused the hopes of Professor Wilson that some of the old Sanskrit MSS. which had been car-

ried away from India might still be discovered in China.<sup>1</sup>

But though no pains were spared by Sir John Bowring to carry out Professor Wilson's wishes, though he had catalogues sent to him from Buddhist libraries, and from cities where Buddhist compositions might be expected to exist, the results were disappointing, at least so far as Sanskrit texts were concerned. A number of interesting Chinese books, translated from Sanskrit by Hiouen-thsang and others, works also by native Chinese Buddhists, were sent to the library of the East India House; but what Professor Wilson and all Sanskrit scholars with him most desired, Sanskrit MSS., or copies of Sanskrit MSS., were not forthcoming. Professor Wilson showed me, indeed, one copy of a Sanskrit MS. that was sent to him from China, and, so far as I remember, it was the *Kâla-Kakra*,<sup>2</sup> which we know as one of the books translated from Sanskrit into Chinese. That MS., however, is no longer to be found in the India Office Library, though it certainly existed in the old East India House.

The disappointment at the failure of Professor Wilson's and Sir J. Bowring's united efforts was felt all the more keenly because neither Sanskrit nor Chinese scholars could surrender the conviction that, until a very short time ago, Indian MSS. had existed in China. They had been seen by Europeans, such as Dr. Gutzlaff, the hard-working missionary in China,

<sup>1</sup> A long list of Sanskrit texts translated into Chinese may be found in the *Journal Asiatique*, 1849, p. 353 *seq.*, *s. l.* "Concordance Sinico-Sanskrite d'un nombre considérable de titres d'ouvrages Bouddhiques, recueillies dans un Catalogue Chinois de l'an 1306, par M. Stanislas Julien."

<sup>2</sup> Csoma Körösi, *As. Res.* vol. xx. p. 418. *Journal Asiatique*, 1849 p. 356.

who in a paper, written shortly before his death, and addressed to Colonel Sykes ("Journal R. A. S." 1856, p. 73), stated that he himself had seen Pâli MSS. preserved by Buddhist priests in China. Whether these MSS. were in Pâli or Sanskrit would matter little, supposing even that Dr. Gutzlaff could not distinguish between the two. He speaks with great contempt of the whole Buddhist literature. There was not a single priest, he says, capable of explaining the meaning of the Pâli texts, though some were interlined with Chinese. "A few works," he writes, "are found in a character originally used for writing the Pâli, and may be considered as faithful transcripts of the earliest writings of Buddhism. They are looked upon as very sacred, full of mysteries and deep significations, and therefore as the most precious relics of the founder of their creed. With the letters of this alphabet the priests perform incantations<sup>1</sup> to expel demons, rescue souls from hell, bring down rain on the earth, remove calamities, etc. They turn and twist them in every shape, and maintain that the very demons tremble at the recitation of them."

Another clear proof of the existence of Sanskrit MSS. in China is found in the account of a "Trip to Ning-po and T'hëen-t'hae," by Dr. Edkins. After he had arrived at Fang-kwang, he ascended the Hwaling hill, and at the top of the hill he describes a small temple with a priest residing in it. "Scattered over the hill," he adds, "there are various little temples where priests reside, but the one at the top is the most celebrated, as being the place where Che-k'hae spent a portion of his time, worshipping

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Beal, *Catalogue*, p. 66.

a Sanskrit manuscript of a Buddhist classic." On his return he arrived at the pagoda erected to the memory of Che-k'hae, the founder of the Thëen-t'hae system of Buddhism, in the Chin dynasty (about 580 A. D.). And a little farther on, situated in a deep dell on the left, was the monastery of Kaou-ming-sze. This is particularly celebrated for its possession of a Sanskrit MS., written on the palm leaf, once read and explained by Che-k'hae, but now unintelligible to any of the followers of Buddhism in these parts. The priests seemed to pay uncommon reverence to this MS., which is the only one of the kind to be found in the East of China, and thus of great importance in a literary point of view. It is more than 1,300 years old, but is in a state of perfect preservation, in consequence of the palm leaves, which are written on both sides, having been carefully let into slips of wood, which are fitted on the same central pin, and the whole, amounting to fifty leaves, inclosed in a rosewood box.

This may account for the unwillingness of the priests to part with their old MSS., whether Sanskrit or Pâli, but it proves at the same time that they still exist, and naturally keeps up the hope that some day or other we may still get a sight of them.

*Materials on which Sanskrit MSS. were written.*

Of course, it might be said that if MSS. did not last very long in India, neither would they do so in China. But even then, we might expect at least that as in India the old MSS. were copied whenever they showed signs of decay, so they would have been in China. Besides, the climate of China is not so destructive as the heat and moisture of the climate

of India. In India, MSS. seldom last over a thousand years. Long before that time paper made of vegetable substances decays, palm-leaves and birch-bark become brittle, and white ants often destroy what might have escaped the ravages of the climate. It was the duty, therefore, of Indian Rajahs to keep a staff of librarians, who had to copy the old MSS. whenever they began to seem unsafe, a fact which accounts both for the modern date of most of our Sanskrit MSS. and for the large number of copies of the same text often met with in the same library.

The MSS. carried off to China were in all likelihood not written on paper, or whatever we like to call the material which Nearchus describes "as cotton well beaten together,"<sup>1</sup> but on the bark of the birch tree or on palm leaves. The bark of trees is mentioned as a writing material used in India by Curtius;<sup>2</sup> and in Buddhist Sûtras, such as the *Karandavyûha* (p. 69), we actually read of *bhûrga*, birch, *mâsi*, ink, and *karama* (*kalam*), as the common requisites for writing. MSS. written on that material have long been known in Europe, chiefly as curiosities (I had to write many years ago about one of them, preserved in the Library at All Souls' College). Of late,<sup>3</sup> however, they have attracted more serious attention, particularly since Dr. Bühler discovered in Kashmir old MSS. containing independent rescensions of Vedic texts, written on birch bark. One of these, containing the whole text of the *Rig-Veda Samhitâ*<sup>4</sup> with accents, was sent to me, and

<sup>1</sup> The modern paper in Nepal is said to date from 500 years ago (Hodgson, *Essays*).

<sup>2</sup> M. M., *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 516.

<sup>3</sup> Burnell, *South Indian Paleography*, 2d ed. p. 84 *seq.*

<sup>4</sup> See *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. i., Upanishads, Introduction, p. xxviii.

though it had suffered a good deal, particularly on the margins, it shows that there was no difficulty in producing from the bark of the birch tree thousands and thousands of pages of the largest quarto or even folio size, perfectly smooth and pure, except for the small dark lines peculiar to the bark of that tree.<sup>1</sup>

At the time of Hiouen-thsang, in the seventh century, palm leaves seem to have been the chief material for writing. He mentions a forest of palm-trees (*Borassus flabelliformis*) near Konkanapura (the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Bühler (*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Bombay, 1877, p. 29*) has the following interesting remarks: "The Bhûrga MSS. are written on specially-prepared thin sheets of the inner bark of the Himalayan birch (*Betula Bhojpatr*, Wallich), and invariably in Sârâdâ characters. The lines run always parallel to the narrow side of the leaf, and the MSS. present, therefore, the appearance of European books, not of Indian MSS., which owe their form to an imitation of the Tâlapatras. The Himâlâya seems to contain an inexhaustible supply of birch bark, which in Kasmîr and other hill countries is used both instead of paper by the shopkeepers in the bazaars, and for lining the roofs of houses in order to make them water-tight. It is also exported to India, where in many places it is likewise used for wrapping up parcels, and plays an important part in the manufacture of the flexible pipe-stems used by hukâ smokers. To give an idea of the quantities which are brought into Srinagar, I may mention that on one single day I counted fourteen large barges with birch bark on the river. . . . The use of birch bark for literary purposes is attested by the earliest classical Sanskrit writers. Kâlidâsa mentions it in his dramas and epics; Sustuta, Varâhamihira (*circa 500-550 A. D.*) know it likewise. As is the case with nearly all old customs, the use of birch bark for writing still survives in India, though the fact is little known. Mantras, which are worn as amulets, are written on pieces of Bhûrga with ashfau gandhâh, a mixture of eight odoriferous substances — *e. g.* camphor, sandal, tumeric — which vary according to the deity to which the writing is dedicated. The custom prevails in Bengal as well as in Gujarât. Birch-bark MSS. occur in Orissa. The Petersburg Dictionary refers to a passage in the Kâthaka, the redaction of the Yajurveda formerly current in Kasmîr, where the word Bhûrga occurs, though it is not clear if it is mentioned there too as material for writing on. The Kasmirian Pandits assert, and apparently with good reason, that in Kasmîr all books were written on bhûrgapatras from the earliest times until after the conquest of the Valley by Akbar, about 200-250 years ago. Akbar introduced the manufacture of paper, and thus created an industry for which Kasmîr is now famous in India."

Western coast of the Dekhan),<sup>1</sup> which was much prized on account of its supplying material for writing (vol. i. p. 202, and vol. iii. p. 148). At a later time, too, in 965, we read of Buddhist priests returning to China with Sanskrit copies of Buddhist books written on palm leaves (*peito*).<sup>2</sup> If we could believe Hiouen-thsang, the palm leaf would have been used even so early as the first Buddhist Council,<sup>3</sup> for he says that Kâsyapa then wrote the Pitakas on palm leaves (*tâla*), and spread them over the whole of India. In the Pâli *Gâtakas*, *panna* is used in the sense of letter, but originally *parna* meant a wing, then a leaf of a tree, then a leaf for writing. *Patta*, also, which is used in the sense of a sheet, was originally *pattra*, a wing, a leaf of a tree. *Suvanna-patta*, a golden leaf to write on, still shows that the original writing material had been the leaves of trees, most likely of palm-trees.<sup>4</sup> *Potthaka*, *i. e.* *pustaka*, book, likewise occurs in the Pâli *Gâtakas*.<sup>5</sup>

Such MSS., written on palm leaves, if preserved carefully and almost worshipped, as they seem to have been in China, might well have survived to the present day, and they would certainly prove of immense value to the students of Buddhism, if they could still be recovered, whether in the original or even in later copies.

It is true, no doubt, that, like all other religions, Buddhism too had its periods of trial and persecution in China. We know that during such periods — as,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Burnell, *Indian Antiquary*, 1880, p. 234, shows that Koṅkanapura is Koṅkanahli in the Mysore territory.

<sup>2</sup> Beal's *Travels of Buddhist Pilgrims*, Introd. p. xlvii.

<sup>3</sup> *Pèlerin Bouddhistes*, vol. i. p. 158.

<sup>4</sup> Fausböll, *Dasaratha-jātaka*, p. 25.

<sup>5</sup> Sée, also, Albiruni, as quoted by Reinaud, *Mémoire sur l'Inde*, p. 305.

for instance, in 845, under the Emperor Wu-tsung -- monasteries were destroyed, images broken, and books burnt. But these persecutions seem never to have lasted long, and when they were over, monasteries, temples, and pagodas soon sprang up again, images were restored, and books collected in greater abundance than ever. Dr. Edkins tells us that "in an account of the Ko-t'sing monastery in the History of T'ian-t'ai-shan it is said that a single work was saved from a fire there several centuries ago, which was written on the Pei-to (Pe-ta) or palm leaf of India." He also states that great pagodas were built on purpose as safe repositories of Sanskrit MSS., one being erected by the Emperor for the preservation of the newly arrived Sanskrit books at the request of Hiouen-thsang, lest they should be injured for want of care. It was 180 feet high, had five stories with grains of She-li (relics) in the centre of each, and contained monuments inscribed with the prefaces written by the Emperor or Prince Royal to Hiouen-thsang's translations.

*Search for Sanskrit MSS. in Japan.*

Being myself convinced of the existence of old Indian MSS. in China, I lost no opportunity, during the last five-and-twenty years, of asking any friends of mine who went to China to look out for these treasures, but — with no result!

Some years ago, however, Dr. Edkins, who had taken an active part in the search instituted by Professor Wilson and Sir J. Bowring, showed me a book which he had brought from Japan, and which contained a Chinese vocabulary with Sanskrit equivalents and a transliteration in Japanese. The San-

skrit is written in that peculiar alphabet which we find in the old MSS. of Nepâl, and which in China has been further modified, so as to give it an almost Chinese appearance.

That MS. revived my hopes. If such a book was published in Japan, I concluded that there must have been a time when such a book was useful there—that is to say, when the Buddhists in Japan studied Sanskrit. Dr. Edkins kindly left the book with me, and though the Sanskrit portion was full of blunders, yet it enabled me to become accustomed to that peculiar alphabet in which the Sanskrit words are written.

While I was looking forward to more information from Japan, good luck would have it that a young Buddhist priest, Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio, came to me from Japan, in order to learn Sanskrit and Pâli, and thus to be able in time to read the sacred writings of the Buddhists in their original language, and to compare them with the Chinese and Japanese translations now current in his country. After a time, another Buddhist priest, Mr. Kasawara, came to me for the same purpose, and both are now working very hard at learning Sanskrit. Japan is supposed to contain 34,388,504 inhabitants, all of whom, with the exception of about 1 or 200,000 followers of the Shintô religion,<sup>1</sup> are Buddhists, divided into ten principal sects, the sect to which Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio belongs being that of the Shinshiu. One of the first questions which I asked Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio, when he came to read Sanskrit with me, was about Sanskrit MSS. in Japan. I showed him the Chinese-Sanskrit-Japanese Vocabulary which Dr. Edkins had left with me, and he soon admitted that Sanskrit texts in the same al-

<sup>1</sup> See Letter to the *Times*, "On the Religions of Japan," Oct. 20, 1880.

phabet might be found in Japan, or at all events in China. He wrote home to his friends, and after waiting for some time, he brought me in December last a book which a Japanese scholar, Shuntai Ishikawa, had sent to me, and which he wished me to correct, and then to send back to him to Japan. I did not see at once the importance of the book. But when I came to read the introductory formula, *Evam mayâ srutam*, "Thus by me it has been heard," the typical beginning of the Buddhist *Sûtras*, my eyes were opened. Here, then, was what I had so long been looking forward to — a Sanskrit text, carried from India to China, from China to Japan, written in the peculiar Nepalese alphabet, with a Chinese translation, and a transliteration in Japanese. Of course, it is a copy only, not an original MS.; but copies presuppose originals at some time or other, and, such as it is, it is a first instalment, which tells us that we ought not to despair, for where one of the long-sought-for literary treasures that were taken from India to China, and afterwards from China to Japan, has been discovered, others are sure to come to light.

We do not possess yet very authentic information on the ancient history of Japan, and on the introduction of Buddhism into that island. M. Léon de Rosny<sup>1</sup> and the Marquis D'Hervey de Saint-Denys<sup>2</sup> have given us some information on the subject, and I hope that Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio will soon give us a trustworthy account of the ancient history of his country, drawn from native authorities. What is

<sup>1</sup> "Le Bouddhisme dans l'extrême Orient," *Revue Scientifique*, Décembre, 1879.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal Asiatique*, 1871, p. 386 seq.

told us about the conversion of Japan to Buddhism has a somewhat legendary aspect, and I shall only select a few of the more important facts, as they have been communicated to me by my Sanskrit pupil. Buddhism first reached Japan, not directly from China, but from Corea, which had been converted to Buddhism in the fourth century A. D. In the year 200 A. D. Corea had been conquered by the Japanese Empress Zingu, and the intercourse thus established between the two countries led to the importation of Buddhist doctrines from Corea to Japan. In the year 552 A. D. one of the Corean kings sent a bronze statue of Buddha and many sacred books to the Court of Japan, and after various vicissitudes, Buddhism became the established religion of the island about 600 A. D. Japanese students were sent to China to study Buddhism, and they brought back with them large numbers of Buddhist books, chiefly translations from Sanskrit. In the year 640 A. D. we hear of a translation of the *Sukhavatīvyūhama-hâyâna-sūtra* being read in Japan. This is the title of the Sanskrit text now sent to me from Japan. The translation had been made by Kô-sô-gai (in Chinese, Khang-sang-khai), a native of Tibet, though living in India, 252 A. D., and we are told that there had been eleven other translations of the same text.<sup>1</sup>

Among the teachers of these Japanese students we find our old friend Hiouen-thsang, whom the Japanese call Genziô. In the year 653 a Japanese priest, Dosho by name, studied under Genziô, adopted the views of the sect founded by him, — the Hossô sect, — and brought back with him to Japan a compila-

<sup>1</sup> Five of these translations were introduced into Japan; the others seem to have been lost in China. The translations are spoken of as "the five in existence and the seven missing."

tion of commentaries on the thirty verses of Vasubandhu, written by Dharmapâla, and translated by Genziô. Two other priests, Chitsû and Chitatsu, likewise became his pupils, and introduced the famous Abhidharma-kosha-sâstra into Japan, which had been composed by Vasubandhu, and translated by Genziô. They seem to have favored the Hînayâna, or the views of the Small Vehicle (Kushashiu).

In the year 736 we hear of a translation of the Buddhâvatamsaka-vaipulya-sûtra, by Buddhahhadra and others<sup>1</sup> (317-419 A. D.), being received in Japan, likewise of a translation of the Saddharma-pundarîka by Kumaragâtva.<sup>2</sup>

And, what is more important still, in the ninth century we are told that Kukai (died 835), the founder of the Shingon sect in Japan, was not only a good Chinese, but a good Sanskrit scholar also. Nay, one of his disciples, Shinnyo, in order to perfect his knowledge of Buddhist literature, undertook a journey, not only to China, but to India, but died before he reached that country.

These short notices, which I owe chiefly to Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio, make it quite clear that we have every right to expect Sanskrit MSS., or, at all events, Sanskrit texts, in Japan, and the specimen which I have received encourages me to hope that some of these Sanskrit texts may be older than any which exist at present in any part of India.

*The Sukhavatî-vyûha.*

The text which was sent to me bears the title of Sukhâvatî-vyûha-mahâyâna-sûtra.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See p. 192.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 192.

<sup>3</sup> The MSS. vary between Sukhavatî and Sukhâvatî.

This is a title well known to all students of Buddhist literature. Burnouf, in his "Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme" (pp. 99-102),<sup>1</sup> gave a short account of this Sûtra, which enables us to see that the scene of the dialogue was laid at Râgagrîha, and that the two speakers were Bhagavat and Ânanda.

We saw before, in the historical account of Buddhism in Japan, that no less than twelve Chinese translations of a work bearing the same title were mentioned. The Chinese tell us at least of five translations which are still in existence.<sup>2</sup>

Those of the Han and Wu dynasties (25-280 A. D.), we are told, were too diffuse, and those of the later periods, the T'ang and Sung dynasties, too literal. The best is said to be that by Kô-sô-gai, a priest of Tibetan descent, which was made during the early Wei dynasty, about 252 A. D. This may be the same which was read in Japan in 640 A. D.

The same Sûtra exists also in a Tibetan translation, for there can be little doubt that the Sûtra quoted by Csoma Körösi ("As. Res." vol. xx. p. 408) under the name of Amitâbha-vyûha is the same work. It occupies, as M. Léon Feer informs me, fifty-four leaves, places the scene of the dialogue at Râgagrîha, on the mountain Gridhra-kûta, and introduces Bhagavat and Ânanda as the principal speakers.

There are Sanskrit MSS. of the Sukhavatî-vyûha in your own Library, in Paris, at Cambridge, and at Oxford.

The following is a list of the MSS. of the Sukhavatî-vyûha, hitherto known : —

<sup>1</sup> See, also, *Lotus de la bonne Loi*, p. 267.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal of the R. A. S.* 1856, p. 319.

1. MS. of the Royal Asiatic Society, London (Hodgson Collection), No. 20. Sukhavatîvyûha-mahâyânasûtra, sixty-five leaves. Dated Samvat 934 = A. D. 1814. It begins: *Namo dasadiganantâparyant-lokadhâtupratishṭitebhyah*, etc. *Evam mayâ srutam ekasmim samaye Bhagavân Râgagrihe viharati sma*. It ends: *Sukhâvatîvyûha-mahâyânasûtram samâptam*. Samvat 934, kârttikasudi 4, sampûrnam abhût. *Srîsuvarnapanârimahânagare Maitrîpûrimahâvihâre Srîvâkvagradâsa vagrâkâryasya Gayânan-dasya ka sarvârthasiddheh*. (Nepalese alphabet.)

2. MS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris (Collection Burnouf), No. 85; sixty-four leaves. It begins, after a preamble of five lines, *Evam mayâ srutammekasmi samaya Bhagavân Râgagrihe viharati sma Gridhrakute parvvate mahatâ Bhikshusanghena sârddham*. *Dvâtrimsratâ Bhikshusahasraih*. It ends: *Bhagavato mitâbhasya gunaparikîrttanam Bodhisatvâmavaivartyabhûmipravesah*. *Amitâbhavyuhaparivartta*. *Sukhâvatîvyûha* sampurnah. *Iti Srî Amitâbhasya Sukhâvatîvyuha nâma mahâyânastûram samâptam*.<sup>1</sup> (Devanâgarî alphabet.)

3. MS. of the Société Asiatique at Paris (Collection Hodgson), No. 17; eighty-two leaves. (Nepalese alphabet.)<sup>2</sup>

4. MS. of the University Library at Cambridge, No. 1368; thirty-five leaves. It begins with some lines of prose and verse in praise of Amitâbha and Sukhavatî, and then proceeds: *Evam mayâ srutam ekasmim samaye Bhagavân Râgagrihe nagare viharati sma, Gridhrakûtaparvate mahatâ Bhikshusanghena sârddha*, etc. It ends: *iti srîmad amitâbhasya tathâ-*

<sup>1</sup> I owe this information to the kindness of M. Léon Feer at Paris.

<sup>2</sup> See *Journal Asiatique*, 3d series, vol. iii. p. 316; vol. iv. p. 296-298.

gatasya Sukhâvatîvyûha-mahâyânasûtram samâptam.  
(Nepalese alphabet, modern.)

5. MS. given by Mr. Hodgson to the Bodleian Library Oxford (Hodgson 3). It begins with: Om namo ratnatrayâyâya. Om namañ sarvabuddhabodhisattvebhyañ, etc. Then *Evam* mayâ srutam, etc. It ends with sukhavâtîvyûhamahâyânasutram samâptam. (Nepalese alphabet, modern.)

But when I came to compare these Sanskrit MSS. with the text sent to me from Japan, though the title was the same, I soon perceived that their contents were different. While the text, as given in the ordinary Devanâgari or Nepalese MSS., fills about fifty to sixty leaves, the text of the Sûtra that reached me from Japan would hardly occupy more than eight or ten leaves.

I soon convinced myself that this MS. was not a text abbreviated in Japan, for this shorter text, sent to me from Japan, correspond in every respect with the Chinese Sûtra translated by Mr. Beal in his "Catena," pp. 378-383, and published in your Journal, 1866, p. 136. No doubt the Chinese translation, on which Mr. Beal's translation is based, is not only free, but displays the misapprehensions peculiar to many Chinese renderings of Sanskrit texts, due to a deficient knowledge either of Sanskrit or of Chinese on the part of the translators, perhaps also to the different genius of those two languages.

Yet, such as it is, there can be no doubt that it was meant to be a translation of the text now in my possession. Mr. Beal tells us that the translation he followed is that by Kumâragîva, the contemporary of Fa-hian (400 A. D.), and that this translator omitted repetitions and superfluities in the text.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Edkins

<sup>1</sup> J. R. A. S. 1866 p. 136.

knows a translation, *s. t.* Wou-liang-sheu-king, made under the Han dynasty.<sup>1</sup> What is important is that in the Chinese translation of the shorter text the scene is laid, as in the Japanese Sanskrit text, at *Srâvastî*, and the principal speakers are Bhagavat and *Sâriputra*.

There is also a Tibetan translation of the short text, described by Csoma Körösi ("As. Res." vol. xx. p. 439). Here, though the name of the scene is not mentioned, the speakers are Bhagavat and *Sâriputra*. The whole work occupies seven leaves only, and the names of the sixteen principal disciples agree with the Japanese text. The translators were Pragnâvarman, *Sûrendra*, and the Tibetan *Lotsava Ya-shes-sde*.

M. Feer informs me that there is at the National Library a Chinese text called *O-mi-to-king*, *i. e.* *Amitâbha-sûtra*.<sup>2</sup> The scene is at *Srâvastî*; the speakers are Bhagavat *Sâriputra*.

Another text at the National Library is called *Ta-o-mi-to-king*, *i. e.* *Mahâ Amitâbha-sûtra*, and here the scene is at *Râgagrîha*.

There is, besides, a third work, called *Kwan-wou-liang-sheu-king* by *Kiang-ling-ye-she*, *i. e.* *Kâlayasas*, a foreigner of the West, who lived in China about 424 A. D.

<sup>1</sup> *J. R. A. S.* 1866, p. 136.

<sup>2</sup> Beal, *Catalogue*, p. 23. *J. R. A. S.* 1856, p. 319. Beal, *Catalogue*, p. 77, mentions also an *Amitâbha-sûtra-upadesa-sâstra*, by *Vasubandhu*, translated by *Bodhiruki* (*Wou-liang-sheu-king-yeou-po-ti-she*). There is an *Amitâbha-sûtra*, translated by *Chi-hien* of the *Wu* period — *i. e.* 222-280 A. D. — mentioned in Mr. Beal's *Catalogue of the Buddhist Tripitaka*, p. 6. The next *Sûtra*, which he calls the *Sûtra* of measureless years, is no doubt the *Amitâyus-sûtra*, *Amitâyus* being another name for *Amitâbha*. (*Fu-shwo-wou-liang-sheu-king*, p. 6). See, also, *Catalogue*, pp. 99, 102. Dr. Edkins also, in his *Notices of Buddhism in China*, speaks of a translation of "the *Sûtra* of boundless age," by *Fa-t'ian-pun*, a native of *Magadha*, who was assisted in his translation by a native of *China* familiar with Sanskrit, about 1000 A. D.

We have, therefore, historical evidence of the existence of three Sûtras, describing Sukhavatî, or the Paradise of Amitâbha. We know two of them in Sanskrit, Chinese, and Tibetan — one long, the other short. The third is known as yet in Chinese only.

Of the two Sanskrit texts, the one from Nepal, the other from Japan, the latter seems certainly the earlier. But even the fuller text must have existed at a very early time, because it was translated by *Ki-lau-kia-khai*, under the Eastern Han dynasty (25–220 A. D.) — *i. e.* at all events before 220 A. D.

The shorter text is first authenticated through the translation of Kumâragîva, about 400 A. D. ; but if the views generally entertained as to the relative position of the longer and shorter Sûtras be correct, we may safely claim for our short Sûtra a date within the second century of our era.

What Japan has sent us is, therefore, a Sanskrit text, of which we had no trace before, which must have left India at least before 400 A. D., but probably before 200 A. D., and which gives us the original of that description of Amitâbha's Paradise, which formerly we knew in a Chinese translation only, which was neither complete nor correct.

The book sent to me was first published in Japan in 1773, by Ziômîô, a Buddhist priest. The Sanskrit text is intelligible, but full of inaccuracies, showing clearly that the editor did not understand Sanskrit, but simply copied what he saw before him. The same words occurring in the same line are written differently, and the Japanese transliteration simply repeats the blunders of the Sanskrit transcript.

There are two other editions of the same text,

published in 1794 A. D. by another Japanese priest, named Hôgô. These are in the possession of Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio, and offered some help in correcting the text. One of them contains the text and three Chinese translations, one being merely a literal rendering, while the other two have more of a literary character and are ascribed to Kumâragîva (400 A. D.), and Hiouen-thsang (648 A. D.).

Lastly, there is another book by the same Hôgô, in four volumes, in which an attempt is made to give a grammatical analysis of the text. This, however, as Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio informs me, is very imperfect.

I have to-day brought with me the Japanese Sanskrit text, critically restored, and a literal translation into English, to which I have added a few notes.

#### TRANSLATION.

##### *Adoration to the Omniscient.*

This is what I have heard. At one time the Blessed (Bhagavat, *i. e.* Buddha) dwelt at Srâvastî,<sup>1</sup> in the Geta-grove, in the garden of Anâthapindaka, together with<sup>2</sup> a large company of Bhikshus (mendicant friars), viz. with thirteen hundred Bhikshus, all of them acquainted with the five kinds of knowledge,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Srâvastî, capital of the Northern Kosalas, residence of King Prasenajit. It was in ruins when visited by Fa-hian (init. V. Sæc.); not far from the modern Fizzabad. Cf. Burnouf, *Introduction*, p. 22.

<sup>2</sup> Sârdha, with, the Pâli saddhim. Did not the frequent mention of 1,200 and a half (*i. e.* 1,250), 1,300 and a half (*i. e.* 1,350), persons accompanying Buddha arise from a misunderstanding of sârdha, meaning originally "with a half" ?

<sup>3</sup> Abhigñânâbhigñâtaiḥ. The Japanese text reads abhigñâtâbhâgñâtaiḥ — *i. e.* abhigñâtâbhigñâtaiḥ. If this were known to be the correct reading, we should translate it by "known by known people," *notus a viris notis* — *i. e.* well-known, famous. Abhigñâta in the sense of known, famous, occurs in Lalita-Vistara, p. 25, and the Chinese translators adopted that meaning here. Again, if we preferred the reading abhigñânâbhigñâ

elders, great disciples,<sup>1</sup> and Arhats,<sup>2</sup> such as *Sâriputra*, the elder, *Mahâmaudgalyâyana*, *Mahâkâsyapa*, *Mahâkapphina*, *Mahâkâtyâyana*, *Mahâkaushthila*, *Revata*, *Suddhipanthaka*, *Nanda*, *Ânanda*, *Râhula*, *Gavâmpati*, *Bharadvâga*, *Kâlodayin*, *Vakkula*, and *Aniruddha*.<sup>3</sup> He dwelt together with these and many other great disciples, and together with many noble-minded Bodhisattvas, such as *Mañgusrî*, the prince, the Bodhisattva *Agita*, the Bodhisattva *Gandhastin*, the Bodhisattva *Nityodyukta*, the Bo-

*tailh*, this, too, would admit of an intelligible rendering — viz. known or distinguished by the marks or characteristics, the good qualities, that ought to belong to a Bhikshu. But the technical meaning is “possessed of a knowledge of the five *abhiġñâs*.” It would be better in that case to write *abhiġñâtâbhiġñânaiġ*, but no MSS. seem to support that reading. The five *abhiġñâs* or *abhiġñânas* which an Arhat ought to possess are the divine sight, the divine hearing, the knowledge of the thoughts of others, the remembrance of former existences, and magic power. See Burnouf, *Lotus*, Appendice, No. xiv. The larger text of the *Sukhavatîvyûha* has *abhiġñânâbhiġñaiġ*, and afterwards *abhiġñâtâbhiġñaiġ*. The position of the participle as the *uttara-pada* in such compounds as *abhiġñânâbhiġñâtaiġ* is common in Buddhist Sanskrit. Mr. Bendall has called my attention to the Pâli *abhiññâta-abhiññâta* (*Vinaya-pitaka*, ed. Oldenberg, vol. i. p. 43), which favors the Chinese acceptance of the term.

<sup>1</sup> *Mahâsârâvaka*, the great disciples; sometimes the eighty principal disciples.

<sup>2</sup> *Arhadbhiġ*. I have left the correct Sanskrit form, because the Japanese text gives the termination *abhiġ*. Hôgô's text has the more usual form *arhantaiġ*. The change of the old classical arhat into the Pâli *arahan*, and then back into Sanskrit *arhanta*, *arahanta*, and at last *arihanta*, with the meaning of “destroyer of the enemies” — *i. e.* the passions — shows very clearly the different stages through which Sanskrit words passed in the different phases of Buddhist literature. In Tibet, in Mongolia, and in China, Arhat is translated by “destroyer of the enemy.” See Burnouf, *Lotus*, p. 287; *Introduction*, p. 295. Arhat is the title of the Bhikshu on reaching the fourth degree of perfection. Cf. *Sâtra* of the 42 Sections, cap. 2. Clemens of Alexandria (d. 220) speaks of the *Σεμνοί* who worshipped a pyramid erected over the relics of a god. Is this a translation of Arhat, as Lassen (“*De nom. Ind. philosoph.*” in *Rhein. Museum*, vol. i. p. 187) and Burnouf (*Introduction*, p. 295) supposed, or a transliteration of *Samana*? Clemens also speaks of *Σεμναί* (*Stromat.* p. 539, Potter).

<sup>3</sup> Names of Disciples in Sanskrit, Pâli, Chinese, Tibetan, and Japanese MSS. Beal, *J. R. A. S.* 1866, p. 140: —

dhisattva Anikshiptadhura. He dwelt together with them and many other noble-minded Bodhisattvas, and with Sakra, the Indra or King<sup>1</sup> of the Devas, and with Brahman Sahâmpati. With these and many other hundred thousands of Nayutas<sup>2</sup> of sons of the gods, Bhagavat dwelt at Srâvastî.

JAPANESE MS.	SANSKRIT.	CHINESE.	TIBETAN.	PÂLI
	(Burnouf, <i>Lo-</i> <i>tus</i> , pp. 1 and 126.)	(Beal, <i>Catena</i> , p. 373.)		
1 Sâriputra	Sâriputra	Sâriputra	Sharihi-bu	Sariputta
2 Mahâmaud- galyâyana	Maudgalyâyana	Maudgalyâyana	Mougal-gyi-bu	Moggalâna
3 Mahâkâsya- pa	Kâsyapa	Kâsyapa	Hodsrungs- ch'hen-po	Kassapa
4 Mahâkap- phina	Kapphina	Kapphina (?)	Kâtâyâhi-bu	Kappina
5 Mahâkâtâyâ- yana	Kâtâyâna	Kâtâyâna	Kapina	Kakkâyana
6 Mahâkaush- thîla	Kaushthîla	Mahâkottihîla	Gsus-poch'he	Kottihîta
7 Revata	Revata	Revata	Nam-gru	Revata
8 Suddhipan- thaka (Su- di, MS.)	(Mahâpantha- ka?)	Srutavimsati- kotî	Lam-p'hran- bstan	Mahâpantha- ka
9 Nanda	Sunanda?	Nanda	Dgah-vo	Nanda
10 Ânanda	Mahânanda	Ananda	Kundgahvo	Ânanda
11 Râhula	Râhula	Râhula	Sgra-gchan- hdsin	Râhula (Kumâra)
12 Gavâmpati	Gavâmpati	Gavâmpati (Pindoda; Pindola?)	Balang-bdag	Gavampati  (Pindolabhâ- radvâga)
13 Bharadvâga	Bharadvâga	Bharadvâga	Bharadhwa	Bhâradvâga
14 Kâlodayin	Kâlodayin	Kâlâditya	Hch'har-byed- nagpo	Kâla (tthera)
15 Vakkula	Vakkula	Vakula	Vakula	Vakkali
16 Aniruddha	Aniruddha	Aniruddha	Mahgags-pa	Anuruddha (tthera)

<sup>1</sup> Indra, the old Vedic god, has come to mean simply lord, and in the Kanda Paritta (*Journal Asiatique*, 1871, p. 220) we actually find Asu-  
vinda, the Indra or Lord of the Asuras.

<sup>2</sup> The numbers in Buddhist literature, if they once exceed a Kotî or Kotî — *i. e.* ten millions — become very vague, nor is their value always the same. Ayuta, *i. e.* a hundred Kotîs; Niyuta, *i. e.* a hundred Ayutas; and Nayuta, *i. e.* 1 with 22 zeros, are often confounded; nor does it matter much so far as any definite idea is concerned which such numerals convey to our mind.

Then Bhagavat addressed the honored *Sâriputra* and said : O *Sâriputra*, after you have passed from here over a hundred thousand Kotis of Buddha-countries there is in the Western part of a Buddha-country, a world called *Sukhavatî* (the happy country). And there a *Tathâgata*, called *Amitâyus*, an *Arhat*, fully enlightened, dwells now, and remains, and supports himself, and teaches the Law.<sup>1</sup>

Now what do you think, *Sâriputra*, for what reason is that world called *Sukhavatî* (the happy)? In that world *Sukhavatî*, O *Sâriputra*, there is neither bodily nor mental pain for living beings. The sources of happiness are innumerable there. For that reason is that world called *Sukhavatî* (the happy).

And again, O *Sâriputra*, that world *Sukhavatî* is adorned with seven terraces, with seven rows of palm-trees, and with strings of bells.<sup>2</sup> It is inclosed on every side,<sup>3</sup> beautiful, brilliant with the four

<sup>1</sup> *Tishthati dhriyate yâpayati dharmam ka desayati*. This is evidently an idiomatic phrase, for it occurs again and again in the Nepalese text of the *Sukhavatîvyûha* (MS. 26 b, l. 1. 2; 55 a, l. 2, etc.). It seems to mean, he stands there, holds himself, supports himself, and teaches the law. Burnouf translates the same phrase by, "ils se trouvent, vivent existent" (*Lotus*, p. 354). On *yâpeti* in Pâli, see Fausböll, *Dasaratha-jâtaka*, pp. 26, 28; and *yâpana* in Sanskrit.

<sup>2</sup> *Kiîkinîgâla*. The texts read *kañkanagalais ka* and *kañkanîgalais ka*, and again later *kañkanîgalunâm* (also *lû*) and *kañkanîgalânâm*. Mr. Beal translates from Chinese "seven rows of exquisite curtains," and again "gemmous curtains." First of all, it seems clear that we must read *gâla*, net, web, instead of *gala*. Secondly, *kañkana*, bracelet, gives no sense, for what could be the meaning of nets or string of bracelets? I refer to read *kiîkinîgâla*, nets or strings or rows of bells. Such rows of bells served for ornamenting a garden, and it may be said of them that, if moved by the wind, they give forth certain sounds. In the commentary on *Dhammapada* 30, p. 191, we meet with *kiîkinikagâla*, from which likewise the music proceeds; see Childers, *s. v. gâla*. In the MSS. of the Nepalese *Sukhavatîvyûha* (*R. A. S.*), p. 39 a, l. 4, I likewise find *svarna-ratnakiîkinîgâlâni*, which settles the matter, and shows how little confidence we can place in the Japanese texts.

<sup>3</sup> *Anuparikshipta*, inclosed; see *parikkhepo* in Childers' *Dict*

gems, viz. gold, silver, beryl, and crystal.<sup>1</sup> With such arrays of excellences peculiar to a Buddha-country is that Buddha-country adorned.

And again, O Śâriputra, in that world Sukhavatî there are lotus lakes, adorned with the seven gems, viz. gold, silver, beryl, crystal, red pearls, diamonds,

<sup>1</sup> The four and seven precious things in Pâli are (according to Childers: —

1. suvannam,	gold.
2. raġatam,	silver.
3. muttâ,	pearls.
4. mañi,	gems (as sapphire, ruby).
5. veġuriyam,	cat's eye.
6. vaġiram,	diamond.
7. pavâlam,	coral.

Here Childers translates cat's eye; but *s. v.* veġuriyam, he says, a precious stone, perhaps lapis lazuli.

In Sanskrit (Burnouf, *Lotus*, p. 320): —

1. suvarna,	gold.
2. rūpya,	silver.
3. vaidûrya,	lapis lazuli.
4. sphaṭika,	crystal.
5. lohitaṃṃkti,	red pearls.
6. asmagarbha,	diamond.
7. musâragalva,	coral.

Julien (*Pèlerins Buddhistes*, vol. ii. p. 482) gives the following list: —

1. sphaṭika,	rock crystal.
2. vaidûrya,	lapis lazuli.
3. asmagarbha,	cornaline.
4. musâragalva,	amber.
5. padmarâga,	ruby.

Vaidûrya (or Vaidûrya) is mentioned in the Tathâgatagunâgnânakintya-vishayâvatâranirdesa (Wassilief, p. 161) as a precious stone which, if placed on green cloth, looks green, if placed on red cloth, red. The fact that vaidûrya is often compared with the color of the eyes of a cat would seem to point to the cat's eye (see Borooh's *Engl. Sanskrit Dictionary*, vol. ii. preface, p. ix.), certainly not to lapis lazuli. Cat's eye is a kind of chalcedony. I see, however, that vaidûrya has been recognized as the original of the Greek βήρυλλος, a very ingenious conjecture, either of Weber's or of Pott's, considering that lingual *d* has a sound akin to *r*, and *ry* may be changed to *ly* and *ll* (Weber, *Omina*, p. 326). The Persian billaur or ballûr, which Skeat gives as the etymon of βήρυλλος, is of Arabic origin, means crystal, and could hardly have found its way into Greek a so early a time.

and corals as the seventh. They are full of water which possesses the eight good qualities,<sup>1</sup> their waters rise as high as the fords and bathing-places, so that even crows<sup>2</sup> may drink there; they are full of golden sand, and of vast extent. And in these lotus lakes there are all around on the four sides four stairs, beautiful and brilliant with the four gems, viz. gold, silver, beryl, crystal. And on every side of these lotus lakes gem trees are growing, beautiful and brilliant with the seven gems, viz. gold, silver, beryl, crystal, red pearls, diamonds, and corals as the seventh. And in those lotus lakes lotus flowers are growing, blue, blue-colored, of blue splendor, blue to

<sup>1</sup> The eight good qualities of water are limpidity and purity, refreshing coolness, sweetness, softness, fertilizing qualities, calmness, power of preventing famine, productiveness. See Beal, *Catena*, p. 379.

<sup>2</sup> *Kâkâpeya*. One text reads *Kâkâpeya*, the other *Kâkâpeya*. It is difficult to choose. The more usual word is *kâkapeya*, which is explained by Pânini, ii. 1, 33. It is uncertain, however, whether *kâkapeya* is meant as a laudatory or as a depreciatory term. Boehtlingk takes it in the latter sense, and translates *nadî kâkapeyâ*, by a shallow river that could be drunk up by a crow. Târânâtha takes it in the former sense, and translates *nadî kâkapeyâ*, as a river so full of water that a crow can drink it without bending its neck (*kâkair anatakandharaiḥ piyate; pûrnodakativna prasasye kâkaiḥ peye nadyâdan*). In our passage *kâkapeya* must be a term of praise, and we therefore could only render it by "ponds so full of water that crows could drink from them." But why should so well known a word as *kâkapeya* have been spelt *kâkâpeya*, unless it was done intentionally? And if intentionally, what was it intended for? We must remember that Pânini, ii. 1, 42 schol., teaches us how to form the word *tîrthakâka*, a crow at a *tîrtha*, which means a person in a wrong place.

It would seem, therefore, that crows were considered out of place at a *tîrtha* or bathing-place, either because they were birds of ill omen, or because they defiled the water. From that point of view, *kâkâpeya* would mean a pond not visited by crows, free from crows. Professor Pischel has called my attention to *Mahâparinibbâna Sutta* (*J. R. A. S.* 1875, p. 67, p. 21), where *kâkapeyâ* clearly refers to a full river. *Samatitṭhika*, if this is the right reading, occurs in the same place as an epithet of a river, by the side of *kâkapeya*, and I think it most likely that it means rising to a level with the *tîrthas*, the fords or bathing-places. Mr. Rhys Davids informs me that the commentary explains the two words by *samatittikâ ti samaharitatâ, kâkapeyâ ti yatthatatthakî tîre thitena kâkena sakkâ patum ti*.

behold ; yellow, yellow-colored, of yellow splendor  
yellow to behold ; red, red-colored, of red splendor  
red to behold ; white, white-colored, of white splendor,  
white to behold ; beautiful, beautifully-colored, of beautiful splendor,  
beautiful to behold, and in circumference as large as the wheel of a chariot.

And again, O Sâriputra, in that Buddha-country there are heavenly musical instruments always played on and the earth is lovely and of golden color. And in that Buddha-country a flower-rain of heavenly Mândârava blossoms pours down three times every day, and three times every night. And the beings who are born there worship before their morning meal<sup>1</sup> a hundred thousand Kotis of Buddhas by going to other worlds ; and having showered a hundred thousand of Kotis of flowers upon each Tathâgata, they return to their own world in time for the afternoon rest.<sup>2</sup> With such arrays of excellences peculiar to a Buddha-country is that Buddha-country adorned.

And again, O Sâriputra, there are in that Buddha-country swans, curlews,<sup>3</sup> and peacocks. Three times every night, and three times every day, they come together and perform a concert, each uttering his own note. And from them thus uttering proceeds a sound

<sup>1</sup> Purobhaktena. The text is difficult to read, but it can hardly be doubtful that purobhaktena corresponds to Pâli purebhattam (*i. e.* before the morning meal), opposed to pakkhâbhattam, after the noonday meal (*i. e.* in the afternoon). See Childers, *s. v.* Pûrvabhaktikâ would be the first repast, as Professor Cowell informs me.

<sup>2</sup> Divâ vihârâya, for the noonday rest, the *siesta*. See Childers, *s. v.* vihâra.

<sup>3</sup> Krauñkâh. Snipe, curlew. Is it meant for Kuravîka, or Karavîka, a fine-voiced bird (according to Kern, the Sk. karâyîkâ), or for Kalaviñka-Pâli Kalavîka? See Childers, *s. v.* opapâtiko; Burnouf, *Lotus*, p. 566. I see, however, the same birds mentioned together elsewhere, as hamsakrauñkamayûrasukasâlikakokila, etc. On mayûra see Mahâv. *Introd.* p. xxxix.; *Rv.* I. 191, 14.

proclaiming the five virtues, the five powers, and the seven steps leading towards the highest knowledge.<sup>1</sup> When the men there hear that sound, remembrance of Buddha, remembrance of the Law, remembrance of the Assembly, rises in their mind.

Now, do you think, O Sâriputra, that these are beings who have entered into the nature of animals (birds, etc.)? This is not to be thought of. The very name of hells is unknown in that Buddha-country, and likewise that of (descent into) animal natures and of the realm of Yama (the four apâyas).<sup>2</sup> No, these tribes of birds have been made on purpose

<sup>1</sup> Indriyabalabodhyaṅgasabda. These are technical terms, but their meaning is not quite clear. Spence Hardy, in his *Manual*, p. 498, enumerates the five indrayas, viz. (1) sardhâwa, purity (probably sraddhâ, faith), (2) wiraya, persevering exertion (vîrya), (3) sati or smirti, the ascertainment of truth (smṛiti), (4) samâdhi, tranquillity, (5) pragnâwa, wisdom (pragñâ).

The five balayas (bala), he adds, are the same as the five indrayas.

The seven bowdyānga (bodhyaṅga) are, according to him: (1) sihi or smirti, the ascertainment of the truth by mental application, (2) dharma-wicha, the investigation of causes, (3) wîraya, persevering exertion, (4) prîti, joy, (5) passadhi, or prasarabdi, tranquillity, (6) samâdhi, tranquillity in a higher degree, including freedom from all that disturbs either body or mind, (7) upekshâ, equanimity.

It will be seen from this that some of these qualities or excellences occur both as indriyas and bodhyaṅgas, while balas are throughout identical with indriyas.

Burnouf, however, in his *Lotus*, gives a list of five balas (from the *Vocabulaire Pentaglotte*) which correspond with the five indriyas of Spence Hardy: viz. sraddhâ-bala, power of faith, vîrya-bala, power of vigor, smṛiti-bala, power of memory, samâdhi-bala, power of meditation, pragñâ-bala, power of knowledge. They precede the seven bodhyaṅgas both in the *Lotus*, the *Vocabulaire Pentaglotte*, and the *Lalita-Vistara*.

To these seven bodhyaṅgas Burnouf has assigned a special treatise (Appendix xii. p. 796). They occur both in Sanskrit and Pâli.

<sup>2</sup> Niraya, the hells, also called Naraka. Yamaloka, the realm of Yama, the judge of the dead, is explained as the four Apâyas—i. e. Naraka, hell, Tiryagyonî, birth as animals, Pretaloka, realm of the dead, Asuraloka, realm of evil spirits. The three terms which are here used together occur likewise in a passage translated by Burnouf, *Introduction*, p. 544.

by the Tathâgata Amitâyus, and they utter the sound of the Law. With such arrays of excellences, etc.

And again, O Sâriputra, when those rows of palm-trees and strings of bells in that Buddha-country are moved by the wind, a sweet and enrapturing sound proceeds from them. Yes, O Sâriputra, as from a heavenly musical instrument consisting of a hundred thousand Kotis of sounds, when played by Âryas, a sweet and enrapturing sound proceeds, a sweet and enrapturing sound proceeds from those rows of palm-trees and strings of bells moved by the wind. And when the men hear that sound, reflection on Buddha arises in their body, reflection on the Law, reflection on the Assembly. With such arrays of excellences, etc.

Now what do you think, O Sâriputra, for what reason is that Tathâgata called Amitâyus? The length of life (âyus), O Sâriputra, of that Tathâgata and of those men there is immeasurable (amita). Therefore is that Tathâgata called Amitâyus. And ten Kalpas have passed, O Sâriputra, since that Tathâgata awoke to perfect knowledge.

And what do you think, O Sâriputra, for what reason is that Tathâgata called Amitâbhâs? The splendor (âbhâs), O Sâriputra, of that Tathâgata is unimpeded over all Buddha-countries. Therefore is that Tathâgata called Amitâbhâs.

And there is, O Sâriputra, an innumerable assembly of disciples with that Tathâgata, purified and venerable persons, whose number it is not easy to count. With such arrays of excellences, etc.

And again, O Sâriputra, of those beings also who are born in the Buddha-country of the Tathâgata Amitâyus as purified Bodhisattvas, never to return

again and bound by one birth only, of those Bodhisattvas also, O Śāriputra, the number is not easy to count, except they are reckoned as infinite in number.<sup>1</sup>

Then again all beings, O Śāriputra, ought to make fervent prayer for that Buddha-country. And why? Because they come together there with such excellent men. Beings are not born in that Buddha-country of the Tathāgata Amitāyus as a reward and result of good works performed in this present life.<sup>2</sup> No, whatever son or daughter of a family shall hear the name of the blessed Amitāyus, the Tathāgata, and having heard it, shall keep it in mind, and with thoughts undisturbed shall keep it in mind for one, two, three, four, five, six, or seven nights, that son or daughter of a family, when he or she comes to die, then that Amitāyus, the Tathāgata, surrounded by an assembly of disciples and followed by a host of Bodhisattvas, will stand before them at their hour of death, and they will depart this life with tranquil minds. After their death they will be born in the world Sukhavatī,

<sup>1</sup> Iti sankhyām gakkhanti, they are called; cf. Childers, s. v. sankhyā. Asankhyeya, even more than aprameya, is the recognized term for infinity. Burnouf, *Lotus*, p. 852.

<sup>2</sup> Avaramātraka. This is the Pāli oramattako, "belonging merely to the present life," and the intention of the writer seems to be to inculcate the doctrine of the Mahāyāna, that salvation can be obtained by mere repetitions of the name of Amitābha, in direct opposition to the original doctrine of Buddha, that as a man soweth, so he reapeth. Buddha would have taught that the kusalanūla, the root or the stock of good works performed in this world (avaramātraka), will bear fruit in the next, while here "vain repetitions" seems all that is enjoined. The Chinese translators take a different view of this passage, and I am not myself quite certain that I have understood it rightly. But from the end of this section, where we read kulaputrena vā kuladuhitrā vā tatra buddhakshetre kittaprānīdhānam kartavyam, it seems clear that the locative (buddhakshetre) forms the object of the pranīdhāna, the fervent prayer or longing. The Satpuruṣas already in the Buddhakshetra would be the innumerable men (manuṣyās) and Bodhisattvas mentioned before.

in the Buddha-country of the same Amitâyus, the Tathâgata. Therefore, then, O Sâriputra, having perceived this cause and effect,<sup>1</sup> I with reverence say thus, Every son and every daughter of a family ought to make with their whole mind fervent prayer for that Buddha-country.

And now, O Sâriputra, as I here at present glorify that world, thus in the East, O Sâriputra, other blessed Buddhas, led by the Tathâgata Akshobhya, the Tathâgata Merudhvaga, the Tathâgata Mahâmeru, the Tathâgata Meruprabhâsa, and the Tathâgata Mañgudhvaga, equal in number to the sand of the river Gangâ, comprehend their own Buddha-countries in their speech, and then reveal them.<sup>2</sup> Accept this repetition of the Law, called the "Favor of all Buddhas," which magnifies their inconceivable excellences.

Thus also in the South, do other blessed Buddhas, led by the Tathâgata Kândrasûryapradîpa, the Tathâgata Yasaḥprabha, the Tathâgata Mahârîskandha, the Tathâgata Merupradîpa, the Tathâgata Anantavîrya, equal in number to the sand of the river Gangâ, comprehend their own Buddha-countries in their speech, and then reveal them. Accept, etc.

Thus also in the West do other blessed Buddhas, led by the Tathâgata Amitâyus, the Tathâgata Ami-

<sup>1</sup> Arthavasa, lit. the power of the thing; cf. Dhammapada, p. 388, v. 289.

<sup>2</sup> I am not quite certain as to the meaning of this passage, but if we enter into the bold metaphor of the text, viz., that the Buddhas cover the Buddha-countries with the organ of their tongue and then unroll it, what is intended can hardly be anything but that they first try to find words for the excellences of those countries, and then reveal or proclaim them. Burnouf, however (*Lotus*, p. 417), takes the expression in a literal sense, though he is shocked by its grotesqueness. On these Buddhas and their countries, see Burnouf, *Lotus*, p. 113.

taskandha, the Tathâgata Amitadhvaga, the Tathâgata Mahâprabha, the Tathâgata Mahâratnaketu, the Tathâgata Suddharasmiprabha, equal in number to the sand of the river Gangâ, comprehend, etc.

Thus also in the North do other blessed Buddhas, led by the Tathâgata Mahârîskandha, the Tathâgata Vaisvânaranirghosha, the Tathâgata Dundubhisvaranirghosha, the Tathâgata Dushpradharsa, the Tathâgata Âdityasambhava, the Tathâgata Galeniprabha (*Gvalanaprabha* ?), the Tathâgata Prabhâkara, equal in number to the sand, etc.

Thus also in the Nadir do other blessed Buddhas, led by the Tathâgata Simha, the Tathâgata Yasa, the Tathâgata Yasaḥprabhâva, the Tathâgata Dharma, the Tathâgata Dharmadhara, the Tathâgata Dharmadhvaga, equal in number to the sand, etc.

Thus also in the Zenith do other blessed Buddhas, led by the Tathâgata Brahmaghosha, the Tathâgata Nakshatrarâga, the Tathâgata Indraketudhvagarâga, the Tathâgata Gandhottama, the Tathâgata Gandhaprabhâsa, the Tathâgata Mahârîskandha, the Tathâgata Ratnakusumasampushpitagâtra, the Tathâgata Sâlendrarâga, the Tathâgata Ratnotpalasri, the Tathâgata Sarvâdarsa, the Tathâgata Sumerukalpa, equal in number to the sand, etc.<sup>1</sup>

Now what do you think, O Sâriputra, for what reason is that repetition of the Law called the Favor of all Buddhas? Every son or daughter of a family who shall hear the name of that repetition of the Law and retain in their memory the names of those blessed Buddhas, will all be favored by the Buddhas, and

<sup>1</sup> It should be remarked that the Tathâgatas here assigned to the ten quarters differ entirely from those assigned to them in the *Lalita-vistara*, book xx. Not even Amitâbha is mentioned there.

will never return again, being once in possession of the transcendent true knowledge. Therefore, then, O *Sâriputra*, believe,<sup>1</sup> accept, and long for me and those blessed Buddhas !

Whatever sons or daughters of a family shall make mental prayer for the Buddha-country of that blessed *Amitâyus*, the *Tathâgata*, or are making it now or have made it formerly, all these will never return again, being once in possession of the transcendent true knowledge. They will be born in that Buddha-country, have been born, or are being born now. Therefore, then, O *Sâriputra*, mental prayer is to be made for that Buddha-country by faithful sons and daughters of a family.

And as I at present magnify here the inconceivable excellences of those blessed Buddhas, thus, O *Sâriputra*, do those blessed Buddhas magnify my own inconceivable excellences.

A very difficult work has been done by *Sâkyamuni*, the sovereign of the *Sâkyas*. Having obtained the transcendent true knowledge in this world *Saha*, he taught the Law which all the world is reluctant to accept, during this corruption of the present *Kalpa*, during this corruption of mankind, during this corruption of belief, during this corruption of life, during this corruption of passions.

<sup>1</sup> *Pratīyatha*. The texts give again and again *pattīyatha*, evidently the Pāli form, instead of *pratīyatha*. I have left *t ha*, the Pāli termination of the 2 p. pl. in the imperative, instead of *ta*, because that form was clearly intended, while *pa* for *pra* may be an accident. Yet I have little doubt that *pattīyatha* was in the original text. That it is meant for the imperative, we see from *sraddadhādhvam*, etc., farther on. Other traces of the influence of Pāli or Prakrit on the Sanskrit of our Sūtra appear in *arhantāih*, the various reading for *arhadbhīh*, which I preferred; *sambahula* for *babula*; *dhriyate yāpayati*; *purōbhaktēna*; *anyatra*; *saṅkhyām gakkhanti avaramātraka*; *vethana* instead of *veshāna*, in *nirvethana*; *dharmaparyāya* (*Corp. Inscript.* plate xv.), etc.

This is even for me, O Śāriputra, an extremely difficult work that, having obtained the transcendent true knowledge in this world Saha, I taught the Law which all the world is reluctant to accept, during this corruption of mankind, of belief, of passion, of life, and of this present Kalpa.

Thus spoke Bhagavat joyful in his mind. And the honorable Śāriputra, and the Bhikshus and Bodhisattvas, and the whole world with the gods, men, evil spirits, and genii, applauded the speech of Bhagavat.<sup>1</sup>

This is the Mahâyânasûtra  
called Sukhavatîvyûha.

<sup>1</sup> The Sukhavatîvyûha, even in its shortest text, is called a Mahâyânasûtra, nor is there any reason why a Mahâyâna-sûtra should not be short. The meaning of Mahâyâna-sûtra is simply a Sûtra belonging to the Mahâyâna school, the school of the Great Boat. It was Burnouf who, in his *Introduction to the History of Buddhism*, tried very hard to establish a distinction between the Vaipulya or developed Sûtras, and what he calls the simple Sûtras. Now, the Vaipulya Sûtras may all belong to the Mahâyâna school, but that would not prove that all the Sûtras of the Mahâyâna school are Vaipulya or developed Sûtras. The name of simple Sûtra, in opposition to the Vaipulya or developed Sûtras, is not recognized by the Buddhists themselves; it is really an invention of Burnouf's. No doubt there is a great difference between a Vaipulya Sûtra, such as the Lotus of the Good Law, translated by Burnouf, and the Sûtras which Burnouf translated from the Divyâvadâna. But what Burnouf considers as the distinguishing mark of a Vaipulya Sûtra, viz. the occurrence of Bodhisattvas, as followers of the Buddha Śākyamuni, would no longer seem to be tenable,\* unless we classed our short Sukhavatî-vyûha as a Vaipulya or developed Sûtra. For this there is no authority. Our Sûtra is called a Mahâyâna Sûtra, never a Vaipulya Sûtra, and yet among the followers of Buddha, the Bodhisattvas constitute a very considerable portion. But more than that, Amitâbha, the Buddha of Sukhavatî, another personage whom Burnouf looks upon as peculiar to the Vaipulya Sûtras, who is, in fact, one of the Dhyâni-buddhas, though not called by that name in our Sûtra, forms the chief object of its teaching, and is represented as coeval with Buddha Śākyamuni.† The larger text of the Sukhavatîvyûha would

\* "Les présence des Bodhisattvas ou leur absence intéresse donc le fonds même des livres où on la remarque, et il est bien évident que ce seul point trace une ligne de démarcation profonde entre les Sûtras ordinaires et les Sûtras développés." Burnouf, *Introduction*, p. 112.

† "L'idée d'un ou de plusieurs Buddhas surhumains, celle de Bodhisattvas créés par eux, sont des conceptions aussi étrangères à ces livres (les Sûtras simples) que celle d'un Adibuddha ou d'un Dieu." — Burnouf, *Introduction*, p. 120.

This Sûtra sounds to us, no doubt, very different from the original teaching of Buddha. And so it is. Nevertheless it is the most popular and most widely read Sûtra in Japan, and the whole religion of the great mass of the people may be said to be founded on it. "Repeat the name of Amitâbha as often as you can, repeat it particularly in the hour of death, and you will go straight to Sukhavatî and be happy forever;" this is what Japanese Buddhists are asked to believe: this is what they are told was the teaching of Buddha. There is one passage in our Sûtra which seems even to be pointedly directed against the original teaching of Buddha. Buddha taught that as a man soweth so shall he reap, and that by a stock of good works accumulated on earth the way is opened to higher knowledge and higher bliss. Our Sûtra says No; not by good works done on earth, but by a mere repetition of the name of Amitâbha is an entrance gained into the land of bliss. This is no better than what later Brahmanism teaches, viz. "Repeat the name of Hari or of Krishna, and you will be saved." It is no better than what even some Christian teachers are reported to teach. It may be that in a lower stage of civilization even such teaching has produced some kind of good.<sup>1</sup> But Japan is surely ripe for better things. What the worship of Amitâbha may lead to we can learn from a description given by Dr. Edkins in his "Trip to Ning-po and T'heen-t'hae. "The next thing," he writes, "shown to us was the prison, in which about a dozen

certainly, according to Burnouf's definition, seem to fall into the category of the Vaipulya Sûtras. But it is not so called in the MSS. which I have seen, and Burnouf himself gives an analysis of that Sûtra (*Introduction* p. 99) as a specimen of a Mahâyâna, but not of a Vaipulya Sûtra.

<sup>1</sup> See H. Yule, *Marco Polo*, 2d ed. vol. i. pp. 441-443.

priests had allowed themselves to be shut up for a number of months or years, during which they were to occupy themselves in repeating the name of Amida Buddha,<sup>1</sup> day and night, without intermission. During the day the whole number were to be thus engaged; and during the night they took it by turns, and divided themselves into watches, so as to insure the keeping up of the work till morning. We asked when they were to be let out. To which it was replied, that they might be liberated at their own request, but not before they had spent several months in seclusion. We inquired what could be the use of such an endless repetition of the name of Buddha. To which it was answered, that the constant repetition of the sacred name had a tendency to purify the heart, to deaden the affections towards the present world, and to prepare them for the state of Nirvâna. It was further asked whether Buddha was likely to be pleased with such an endless repetition of his name. To which it was answered, that in the Western world it was considered a mark of respect to repeat the name of any one whom we delighted to honor. The recluses seemed most of them young men; some of whom came out to the bars of their cage to look at the strangers, but kept on repeating the name of Buddha as they stood there. It appeared to us that nothing was more calculated to produce idiocy than such a perpetual repetition of a single name, and the stupid appearance of many of the priests whom we have seen seems to have been induced by some such process."

<sup>1</sup> In China, as Dr. Edkins states, the doctrine of Amitâbha is represented by the so-called Lotus school (Lian-tsung) or Pure Land (Tsing-tu). The founder of this school in China was Hwei-yuan of the Tsin dynasty (fourth century). The second patriarch (tsu) of this school was Kwang-ming (seventh century).

Is it not high time that the millions who live in Japan, and profess a faith in Buddha, should be told that this doctrine of Amitâbha and all the Mahâyâna doctrine is a secondary form of Buddhism, a corruption of the pure doctrine of the Royal Prince, and that if they really mean to be Buddhists, they should return to the words of Buddha, as they are preserved to us in the old Sûtras? Instead of depending, as they now do, on Chinese translations, not always accurate, of degraded and degrading Mahâyâna tracts, why should they not have Japanese translations of the best portions of Buddha's real doctrine, which would elevate their character, and give them a religion of which they need not be ashamed? There are Chinese translations of some of the better portions of the Sacred Writings of Buddhism. They exist in Japan too, as may be seen in that magnificent collection of the Buddhist Tripitaka which was sent from Japan as a present to the English Government, and of which Mr. Beal has given us a very useful Catalogue. But they are evidently far less considered in Japan than the silly and the mischievous stories of Amitâbha and his Paradise, and those which I know from translations are far from correct.

I hope that Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio and Mr. Kasawara, if they diligently continue their study of Sanskrit and Pâli, will be able to do a really great and good work, after their return to Japan. And if more young Buddhist priests are coming over, I shall always, so far as my other occupations allow it, be glad to teach them, and to help them in their unselfish work. There is a great future in store, I believe, for those Eastern Islands, which have been called prophetically "the England of the East," and

to purify and reform their religion — that is, to bring it back to its original form — is a work that must be done before anything else can be attempted.

In return, I hope that they and their friends in Japan, and in Corea and China too, will do all they can to discover, if possible, some more of the ancient Sanskrit texts, and send them over to us. A beginning, at all events, has been made, and if the members of this Society who have friends in China or in Japan will help, if H. E. the Japanese Minister, Mori Arinori, who has honored us by his presence to-day, will lend us his powerful assistance, I have little doubt that the dream which passed before the mind of your late President may still become a reality, and that some of the MSS. which, beginning with the beginning of our era, were carried from India to China, Corea, and Japan, may return to us, whether in the original or in copies, like the one sent to me by Mr. Shuntai Ishikawa.

With the help of such MSS. we shall be able all the better to show to those devoted students who from the extreme East have come to the extreme West in order to learn to read their sacred writings in the original Sanskrit or Pâli, what difference there is between the simple teaching of Buddha and the later developments and corruptions of Buddhism. Buddha himself, I feel convinced, never knew even the names of Amitâbha, Avalokitesvara, or Sukhavatî. Then, how can a nation call itself Buddhist whose religion consists chiefly in a belief in a divine Amitâbha and his son Avalokitesvara, and in a hope of eternal life in the paradise of Suknavatî ?

POSTSCRIPT : *Oxford, March 10, 1880.*

The hope which I expressed in my paper on "Sanskrit Texts discovered in Japan," viz. that other Sanskrit texts might still come to light in Japan or China, has been fulfilled sooner than I expected. Mr. A Wylie wrote to me on March 3 that he had brought a number of Sanskrit-Chinese books from Japan, and he afterwards kindly sent them to me to examine. They were of the same appearance and character as the dictionary which Dr. Edkins had lent me, and the Sukhavatî-vyûha which I had received from Japan. But with the exception of a collection of invocations, called the *Vagra-sûtra*, and the short *Pragñâ-hridaya-sûtra*, they contained no continuous texts. The books were intended to teach the Sanskrit alphabet, and every possible and impossible combination of the Devanâgarî letters, and that was all. Still, so large a number of books written to teach the Sanskrit alphabet augurs well for the existence of Sanskrit texts. There was among Mr. Wylie's books a second Chinese-Sanskrit-Japanese vocabulary, of which Mr. Kasawara has given me the following account: "This vocabulary is called 'A Thousand Sanskrit and Chinese Words,' and it is said to have been arranged by I-tsing, who left China for India in 671, about twenty-seven years after Hiouen-thsang's return to China, and who is best known as the author of a book called *Nanhae-ki-kwei-kou'en*, on the manners and customs of the Indian Buddhists at that time.

"This vocabulary was brought from China to Japan by Zikaku, a Japanese priest, who went to China in 838 and returned in 847. It is stated at the end of the book, that in the year 884 a Japanese priest of

the name of Rioyiu copied that vocabulary from a text belonging to another priest, Yûikai. The edition brought from Japan by Mr. Wylie was published there in the year 1727 by a priest called Jakumio."

The following curious passage occurs in the preface of Jakumio's edition : " This vocabulary is generally called ' One Thousand Sanskrit and Chinese Words.' It is stated in Annen's work, that this was first brought (from China) by Zikaku. I have corrected several mistakes in this vocabulary, comparing many copies ; yet the present edition is not free from blunders ; I hope the readers will correct them, if they have better copies.

" In the temple Hôriuji, in Yamato, there are treasured *Pragñâpâramitâhridayasûtram*, and *Sonshio-dhârani*, written on two palm leaves, handed down from Central India ; and, at the end of these, fourteen letters of the ' siddha ' are written. In the present edition of the vocabulary the alphabet is in imitation of that of the palm leaves, except such forms of letters as cannot be distinguished from those prevalent among the scribes at the present day.

" Hôriuji is one of eleven temples founded by the prince Umayado (who died A. D. 621). This temple is at a town named Tatsuta, in the province Yamato, near Kioto, the western capital."

Here, then, we have clear evidence that in the year 1727 palm leaves containing the text of Sanskrit Sûtras were still preserved in the temple of Hôriuji. If that temple is still in existence, might not some Buddhist priest of Kioto, the western capital of Japan, be induced to go there to see whether the palm leaves are still there, and, if they are, to make a copy and send it to Oxford? F. M. M.

SECOND POSTSCRIPT: *Oxford, August 2, 1880.*

At the end of my paper on "Sanskrit Texts in Japan" I mentioned in a postscript (March 10) that I had received from Mr. Wylie a copy of a vocabulary called "A Thousand Sanskrit and Chinese Words," compiled by I-tsing, about 700 A. D., and brought to Japan by Zikaku, a Japanese priest, in 847 A. D. The edition of this vocabulary which Mr. Wylie bought in Japan was published by Jakumio in 1727, and in the preface the editor says: "In the temple Hôriuji, in Yamato, there are treasured Pragñâpâramitâhridaya-sûtram and Sonshio-dhârânî, written on two palm leaves, handed down from Central India."

Hôriuji is one of eleven temples founded by Prince Umayado, who died in A. D. 621. This temple is in a town named Tatsuta, in the province Yamato, near Kioto, the western capital. I ended my article with the following sentence: "Here, then, we have clear evidence that in the year 1727 palm leaves containing the text of Sanskrit Sûtras were still preserved in the temple of Hôriuji. If that temple is still in existence, might not some Buddhist priest of Kioto, the western capital of Japan, be induced to go there to see whether the palm leaves are still there, and, if they are, to make a copy and send it to Oxford?"

Sooner than expected this wish of mine has been fulfilled. On April 28 Mr. Shigefuyu Kurihara, of Kioto, a friend of one of my Sanskrit pupils, Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio, who for some years had himself taken an interest in Sanskrit, went to the temple or monastery of Hôriuji to inquire whether any old Sanskrit MSS. were still preserved there. He was told that

the priests of the monastery had recently surrendered their valuables to the Imperial Government, and that the ancient palm leaves had been presented to the emperor.

In a chronicle kept at the monastery of Hôriuji it is stated that these palm leaves and other valuables were brought by Ono Imoko, a retainer of the Mikado (the Empress Suiko), from China (during the Sui dynasty, 589-618) to Japan, in the thirty-seventh year of the age of Prince Umayado — *i. e.*, A. D. 609. The other valuable articles were:

1. Ni ô, *i. e.*, a cymbal used in Buddhist temples ;
2. Midzu-game, a water vessel ;
3. Shaku-jio, a staff, the top of which is armed with metal rings, as carried by Buddhist priests ;
4. Kesa (Kashâya), a scarf, worn by Buddhist priests across the shoulder, which belonged to the famous Bodhidharma ;
5. Haki, a bowl, given by the same Bodhidharma.

These things and the Sanskrit MSS. are said to have belonged to some Chinese priests, named Hwuisz' (Yeshi) and Nien-shan (Nenzen), and to four others successively, who lived in a monastery on the mountain called Nan-yo (Nangak), in the province of Hăng (Kô) in China. These palm-leaf MSS. may, therefore, be supposed to date from at least the sixth century A. D., and be, in fact, *the oldest Sanskrit MSS. now in existence.*<sup>1</sup>

May we not hope that His Excellency Mori Arinori, who expressed so warm an interest in this mat-

<sup>1</sup> See page 191.

ter when he was present at the meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, will now lend us his powerful aid, and request the Minister of the Department of the Imperial Household to allow these MSS. to be carefully copied or photographed ?

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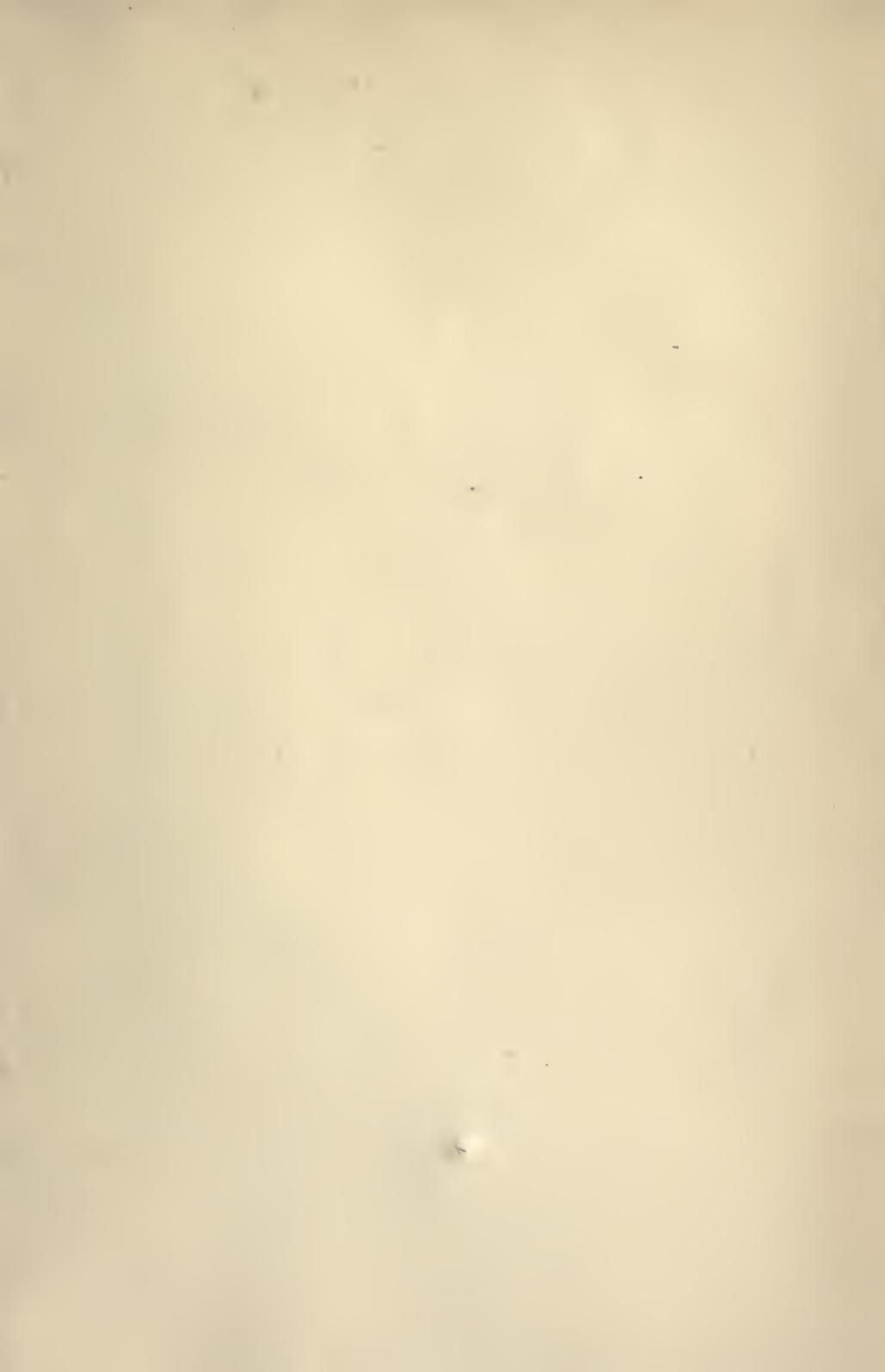
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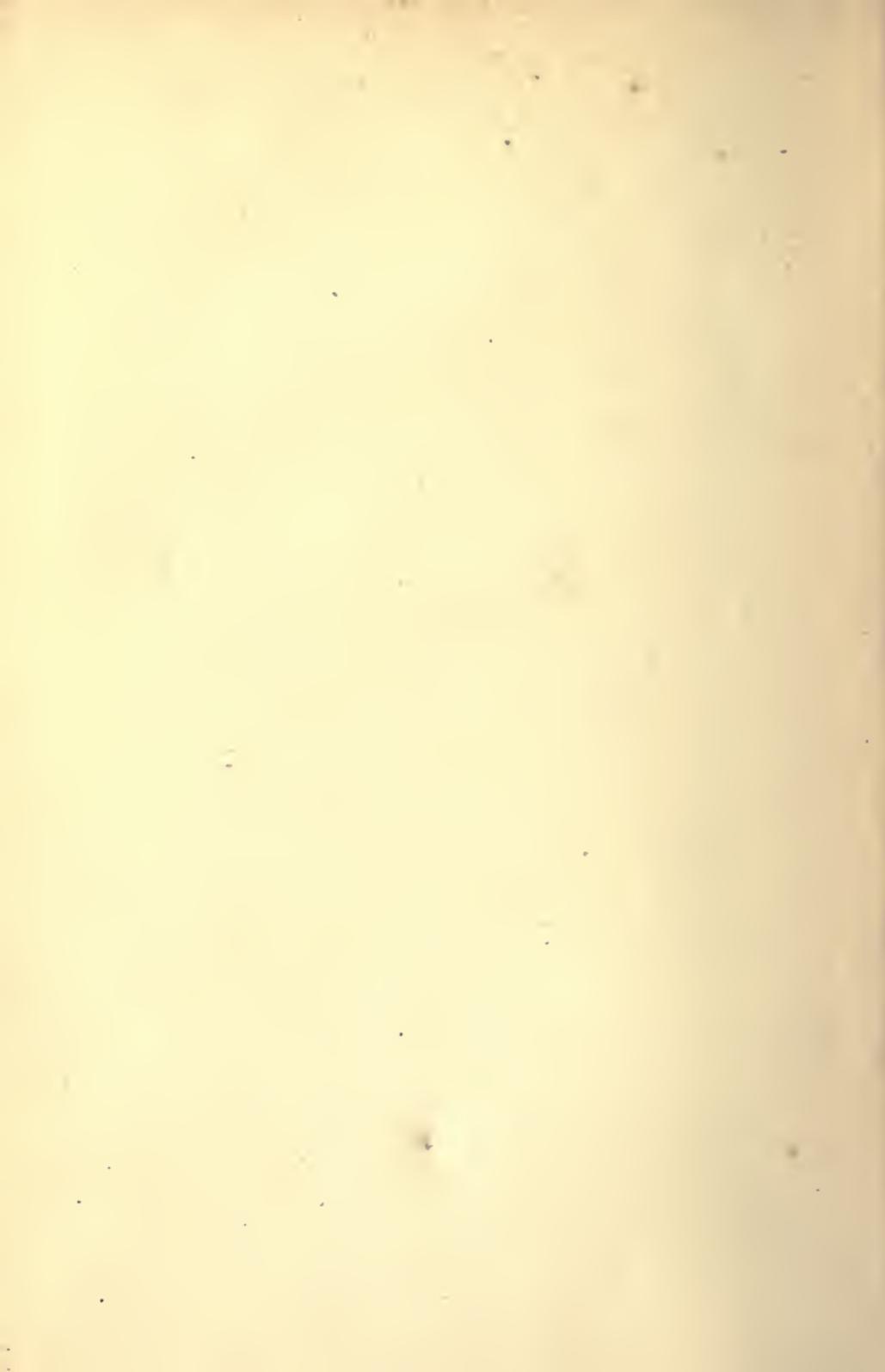
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