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THE PAST AND THE PERENNIAL ST. PATRICK.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

MARCH the seventeenth,—which devotees hold to be not only Patrick's deathday but his birthday,—this year finds Ireland more peaceful and comfortable than for many years past, perhaps because the prospects of Home Rule have become so dim. The Irish political camps, while celebrating the same Saint, exhibit the discords by which Home Rule has committed suicide. The old enthusiasms for the abstractions called "States" are yielding before the interest in beings who can hunger and suffer; the once illustrious Order of St. Patrick is now represented by the St. Patrick Benevolent Society, which for one hundred and twelve years has been taking care of poor Irish children in London. In London the Saint is associated with harmonies, concerts of Irish music and ballads being given on his day in various halls. It is a fact not generally known that there are more than two thousand and five hundred different Irish tunes, some of rare beauty being almost forgotten. St. Patrick is the only Saint of the calendar whose day revives the old melodies of his country.

It is a unique thing that any historical person should survive in commemorations fourteen centuries after his death. No mere individual greatness has ever lasted that long in popular enthusiasm: for such immortality the man must be deprived of much of his individuality, and of his family name, be made into a racial or sectarian figurehead, pictured on a flag. All that has been done for the Somerset gentleman, Mr. Sochet, now known as St. Patrick. Yet beneath this conventionalised figure—a virtual deity—there is discoverable an actual personality; a thing so unparalleled in hagiology that I suppose it may interest readers of *The Open Court* to follow some vestiges of the real man. His existence has been doubted, not without some grounds. In the same century (fifth) three St. Patricks (i. e., Holy Fathers or Patres) are traceable in the same region, and one of them called Senn Patrick looks in certain lights, so to say, as if he might have been the man of whom our Saint was the mythical ghost. But after considerable investigation I should rather conclude that Senn Patrick (i. e., Patrick Senior) may have been a sort of projection of the real

man back to the glorification of his father. However this may be, there seems to be no reason to doubt that a missionary in Ireland, who called himself Patrick, did in the fifth century write two brief tractates,—one entitled his "Confession," the other his "Letter to Coroticus." The sufficient antiquity of these works is unquestionable. That they were not forged by any Roman Catholic is rendered certain by the fact that they do not contain the faintest intimation of any connexion of Patrick with Rome, or of any papal commission, or of any observance by him of the mass. From the first it has been of great importance to the Catholic Church to associate Patrick with these things, but the two writings bear witness against such claims. As little can we suppose those writings forged by any Celtic disciple, for soon after their period biographies of Patrick began to appear, and they are all full of miracles, whereas the two compositions are totally free from any such miracles. The nearest thing to a miracle related by Patrick is his dream that he was to go on a ship, and his finding the ship two hundred miles away. He has visions and dreams but none of them are miraculous, and the absence of miraculous stories, as contrasted with the vast mythology with which he was invested in the century following, would alone stamp these simple writings as genuine. But apart from all this, the literary expert will at once recognise a genuine narrator in the works, from which I quote a few passages, selected mainly with reference to their autobiographical value. The "Confession," written at an advanced age, opens as follows:

"I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and the least of all the faithful, and most contemptible to very many, had for my father Calphornius, a deacon, a son of Potitus, a presbyter, who dwelt in the village of Bonnaven, Taberniæ, for he had a small farm hard by the place where I was taken captive. I was then nearly sixteen years old. I did not know the true God; and I was taken to Ireland in captivity with so many thousand men, in accordance with our deserts, because we departed from God, and we kept not his precepts, and were not obedient to our priests who admonished us for our salvation."

(The place of Patrick's birth has long been in dispute, and in the encyclopædias it is usually given as

Dumbarton, Scotland; but the only thorough investigation of the point ever made was that of the learned Irish scholars appointed some thirty years ago to edit the "Senchus Mor," or ancient Irish laws; and in the preface to the second of their four volumes may be found an exploration of the facts showing, conclusively as I think, that Patrick was born about A. D. 386, in a village called Nemphthur, surrounding a tower which still stands on a hill just outside of Glastonbury, that his father was a decurion, or town councillor, a man of high rank, and that the lad was carried off by the Irish from a point near Bristol. I must not occupy your space with the details of the Commissioners' argument, for which those interested in the point must refer to their invaluable work. I now proceed to further passages:)

"I thought of writing long ago, but hesitated even till now; because I feared falling into the tongue of men, because I have not learned like others who have drunk in, in the best manner, both law and sacred literature, in both ways equally, and have never changed their language, but have always added more to its perfection. For our language and speech is translated into a foreign tongue." . . .

"But therefore be astonished, both great and small, who fear God. And ye rhetoricians, who do not know the Lord, hear and examine: Who aroused me, a fool, from the midst of those who appear to be wise, and skilled in the laws, and powerful in speech and in every matter? And me—who am detested by this world—He has inspired me beyond others (if indeed I be such), but on condition that with fear and reverence, and without complaining, I should faithfully serve the nation to which the love of Christ has transferred me, and given me for my life, if I should be worthy." . . . From Chapter II: "After I had come to Ireland, I daily used to feed cattle, and I prayed frequently during the day: the love of God and the fear of Him increased more and more, and faith became stronger, and the spirit was stirred; so that in one day I said about a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same; so that I used even to remain in the woods and in the mountain; before daylight I used to rise to prayer, through snow, through rain, through frost, and felt no harm. . . . And there indeed one night, in my sleep, I heard a voice saying to me, 'Thou fastest well; thou shalt soon go to thy country.' And again, after a very short time, I heard a response, 'Behold thy ship is ready.' And it was not near, but perhaps two hundred miles away, and I never had been there, nor was I acquainted with any of the men there. After this I took flight and left the man with whom I had been six years, and I came in the strength of the Lord, who directed my way for good, and I feared nothing, till I arrived at the ship. And

on that same day on which I arrived, the ship moved out of its place, and I asked the sailors that I might sail with them. And it displeased the captain, and he answered sharply and with indignation, 'Do not by any means try to go with us.' When I heard this, I left them for the hut where I lodged, and on the way began to pray; and before I ended my prayer I heard one of them calling loudly after me, 'Come quickly, for these men are calling you.'

From Chapter III: "I was in the Britains with my parents who . . . earnestly besought me that . . . after the many hardships I had endured I would never leave them again. And [after a few years] there I saw, in the bosom of the night, a man coming as it were from Ireland, Victoricus by name, with innumerable letters, and he gave one of them to me. And I read the beginning of the letter containing 'The Voice of the Irish.' And while I was reading it . . . I thought in my mind that I heard the voice of those near the wood of Foclut [in Ireland], close by the Western Sea, and they cried out to me . . . 'We entreat thee, holy youth, that thou come and henceforth walk among us.' And I was deeply moved in heart, and so I awoke."

In his letter to Coroticus, a Welsh prince who had piratically carried off from Ireland some of his converts, Patrick casually says that by voluntarily leaving his parents and friends for Ireland he greatly afflicted them, and "offended certain of my seniors. It was not my grace, but God, who conquered in me, and resisted them all; so that I came to the Irish peoples to preach the Gospel, and to suffer insults from unbelievers; that I should listen to reproach about my wandering, and endure many persecutions, even to chains; and that I should give up my noble birth for the benefit of others." This letter also says: "I, Patrick, a sinner, unlearned, declare indeed that I have been appointed a bishop in Ireland; I most certainly believe that from God I have received what I am. I dwell thus among barbarians, a proselyte and exile, on account of the love of God." The "wandering" for which he was reproached appears by another passage to have been some transgression of his boyhood, which was brought up against him, no doubt at Glastonbury, when he was appointed a bishop for Ireland. With reference to the "chains," it should be mentioned that this letter was written before the "Confession," in the earlier part of his mission, which began about the year 432. There is evidence that his persecutions by the Irish were brief, and he became dear to the kings even before they were converted. His chief opponents appear to have been some Christian priests. This opposition seems explicable only on the supposition that Patrick had come to Ireland without papal commission, to which he must surely

have referred, had he possessed it, in declaring his episcopate, in the passage just quoted. He asserts that he received his authority from God. Before Patrick's arrival after ordination, Pope Celestine had sent to Ireland Bishop Palladius, also entitled "St. Patrick"; but his mission had proved a failure, and he left the island, possibly driven out, the year before our Patrick came, to be assigned the title of his predecessor, and to succeed where Palladius had failed. Rome was thus left out of the movement altogether, and those priests who had been working with Palladius would naturally resent a success which implied no triumph for Catholicism. Although Patrick did found monasteries, no sacramental conditions are indicated, and such retreats were not exclusively Christian, and in his writings there is no assertion of any dogma or rite distinctively Catholic. Patrick was continually on his defence, and this will explain the apparent self-assertion in the passages I have quoted. Really he was a man of as much humility as self-reliance. He was particular about receiving presents, often refusing them, and calls on all and each to say whether he owes him anything. He will restore it fourfold. Women brought him gifts, or cast their ornaments on the altar. "I used to return these to them, although it offended them. It was in order to bear myself prudently in everything, so that the unbelieving may not catch me on any pretext, or the ministry of my service." He seems to have had a certain susceptibility to feminine graces. "There was one blessed Scottish maiden, of adult age, nobly born, very beautiful, whom I baptised. And after a few days she came to us for a reason, and intimated that she had received a response from a messenger of God . . . that she should be a virgin of Christ." Patrick states that it was chiefly on account of these "handmaidens" that his conscience would not permit him to journey abroad, as he longed to do, and visit the saints and teachers in Gaul.

In the "Senchus Mor," already mentioned, it is shown that between the years 438-441, a commission in Ireland collected and wrote out its ancient laws. This work was done by three "pagan" kings, two doctors (antiquarians), one poet, and three Christian prelates. Of the latter, Patrick was chief, and he brought with him a written code, from which the "pagans" accepted some laws, while Patrick sanctioned all of the old Irish laws which were not positively inconsistent with his Christianity. But his Christianity, whatever it may have been, evidently did not include the ecclesiastical provisions concerning women, for these ancient Irish laws, sanctioned by Patrick, are notably just to woman. The laws concerning women remained in force until about three hundred years ago, when English laws were substituted,

but recent reforms of these more modern laws have but recovered the large equality between husband and wife, which characterised the ancient laws of Ireland. The participation of Patrick in establishing such non-Catholic laws, and his friendly co-operation with "pagan" doctors and kings in such work, sufficiently explain priestly accusations against him, and also his deep hold on the Irish heart. He built up an independent Celtic Church; he became the Celtic Pope; indeed, within two centuries after his death, St. Cummian writes of some observance as "introduced into use by our Pope, St. Patrick."

* * *

When we turn from the real to the legendary Patrick, the man seems at first completely hidden under a motley mythology. But closer study may find in these fables indications of the forces which Patrick brought into action, and by which the Celtic Church was evolved. The miracles ascribed to St. Patrick present a remarkable combination of the Moses-myths and the so-called "Druidic" magic. The reader will at once recognise the significance of this combination. Moses not being a legitimately anointed priest, his "divine legation" had to be approved by Yahveh with signs and wonders. Patrick being in the same case, and not, like his predecessor Palladius, invested with papal authority, his Celtic establishment had to invent miracles proving the direct divine authentication of their founder. Patrick is described as contending with the "Druid" soothsayers, outdoing their miracles, as Moses with the magicians of Egypt. Like Moses, he works wonders with a rod (the *baculus* said to have been given him by Christ's own hand); the burning bush, the plague of darkness, and other Mosaic marvels have corresponding signs in the legend of the Irish law-giver. And it is especially remarkable that not only the biblical narratives of Moses were imported for Patrick, but bits of Eastern folk-lore. At Djizeh there was long shown a tree said to have grown from the staff of Moses, and at the village of "St. Patrice," in France, a winter-flowering prunella is still pointed out as having sprung from the staff of St. Patrick. He stuck his staff in the snow, and laid down expecting to perish, but the staff sheltered him with a canopy of blossoms. I know not whether this miracle, associated with Arimathean Joseph at Glastonbury, originated in Ireland; but Patrick, in many ancient pictures, is represented as holding a blossoming thorn, which, mythologically, is the blossoming of Aaron's rod. Moses sought out a lost lamb and carried it in his arms; Patrick does the same for a fawn. The most famous of Patrick's miracles, extermination of the snakes,—a story of which priests are ashamed,—is directly related to the Eastern folk-tale of Moses and Gadelas. Moses having healed Prince Gadelas (Pha-

raoh's son) of a serpent's bite, declared that wherever Gadelas should reign all serpents should disappear. And there is an Irish legend that Gadelas came to Ireland, bringing the rod of Moses. Moreover, Josephus reports a legend of Moses clearing a region of Ethiopia from snakes. Near St. Malo in France there is a large beach which at high water becomes an island. Some saint, whose name I forget, is believed to have cleared it of serpents, and Renan told me that the peasants still use a little of the sand as a vermifuge!

But if, on the one hand, the heirs of Patrick's independent Celtic Church had to claim heavenly signs and wonders, resembling those attending Moses, for their founder and Northern Pope, on the other hand, the sacred traditions of the "pagans" had to be conciliated. In a very ancient Irish prayer-book Patrick is pictured as an Arch-Druid, and many of the miracles ascribed to him are related to Celtic folk-lore. He dries up a flood, turns an unbelieving district into a marsh, makes a sacred stone float to bear a leper to Ireland, causes one magician to sink into the earth, another to be struck by lightning, makes a hideous dwarf tall and beautiful, makes a kettle boil with blocks of ice, sinks a hostile ship with the sign of the cross, calls up or appeases tempests.

These and other signs and wonders (I omit many) all mean the rod of Patrick swallowing up the rods of both Pope and pagan, and developing in Ireland not merely a Church, but a religion of its own. For gradually the whole Judaic-Christian system was Celticised. There was an Irish Cain and Abel, an Irish Deluge; and in Lough Derg a cavern with three gates opening respectively into heaven, hell, and purgatory. There was even something like an Irish Trinity: St. Patrick (the father), St. Finnian (the son, miraculously born), St. Columba (dove). St. Bridget filled the rôle of a Madonna, in spiritual exaltation. The Irish churches were all dedicated to Irish saints. Roman Catholicism had no authority in the island until the twelfth century, when an English Pope (Break-spere) and an English King, Henry II., forced on them the Romanism for which Cromwell so punished them. But Popery never really took root in Ireland, nor in the Irish heart. Whenever England has sought papal aid in governing Ireland, they have been confronted by the revived independence of St. Patrick and his non-Catholic Church. The Holy Father at Rome may receive formal respect and sentimental deference, but it is on a tacitly understood condition that he does not attempt to interfere with any movement, organisation, or purpose—political or social—of the Irish people. Any such attempt would be ineffective, and be laughed at. Roman Catholicism lasts in Ireland only because it is nominal. I believe that a like indifference to papal wishes is distinctive of the

rish in America, as compared with Catholics of other races.

But this does not imply the least tendency in Celtic Ireland towards Protestantism, so called. No Celtic community was ever Protestant. It is contrary to the genius of the race. There is a foolish notion among English sects that the conversion of Ireland to Protestantism is predestined—a question only of time. With such object-lessons in Protestantism at their door as Ulster Presbyterianism, and British Sabbatarianism with its locked museums and art galleries, it is to be hoped that Celtic good sense and taste will escape that Dismal Swamp. Protestantism will never make any headway in Ireland until it has a deity to carry there as fair and as great-hearted as St. Patrick. For Patrick is the supreme deity of Ireland. The Celtic mind is not sceptical; it is not philosophically speculative; it does not expend much thought on the abstract or the unknowable. It cherishes St. Patrick in heart and household; its prayers are confided to him as an intercessor, and many benefits are ascribed to his loving care. Thus the patron-saint has virtually become the eternal Father: it is his face the humble peasants see in the tender blue of heaven, his smile in the sunshine. The loving God whom Channing and Parker, the Unitarians and the theists, have been substituting for Jehovah, has for generations been the intimate deity of Ireland.

The cult of St. Patrick has, however, serious drawbacks. For one thing he preserves too much the Clan spirit, and the ideal of chieftainship. The better tendency of civilisation is to make less of one's race, or even of one's State, and more of man as man. It is to be feared that St. Patrick still draws the eyes of Ireland too much backward. In their idealisation of their Past the Celts almost vie with the Jews. They look back to a Golden Age, when their guardian genius, their deity, walked with the patriarchal princes and the prophet-bards of Erin. All the enchanted Isles to which St. Brendan (the Celtic Ulysses) voyaged are gathered in the emerald fields, crystal lakes, happy villages, of St. Patrick's Erin-Eden. To this paradise the humble Celt fondly looks, believes it was lost through a Saxon serpent, and has been taught that it might be recovered when the Saint banishes the last "reptile" of that race.

But no paradise can be gained by a people whose eyes are at the back of their head. The "Saxon" is extinct and legendary. Even another Cromwell is impossible. There is little doubt that Ireland might readily be accorded local self-government by bodies resembling the County Councils of England. Such a system would give that island all substantial advantages of Home Rule; and no doubt the masses would be presently contented with anything that brought

them peace and prosperity; but unfortunately agitation becomes to some a profession, as we Americans saw in Secession times; and some of their leaders seem determined that the Irish people shall have no advantages, no real home-rule, which does not take the shape of that ideal dominion in the far past—ideal that never existed, and can never exist.

The St. Patrick on whom Ireland may be felicitated is not then the primitive clan-chieftain, not the Patrick of political and party banners, but the great-hearted religious genius, who folded "pagans" in his arms while the rest of Christendom was damning them, and who is still living with them as an invisible incarnation of a divine tenderness. His soul marches on; the mythical snake-exterminator still keeps out of Celtic Ireland many reptilian dogmas—hard, cruel, intolerant—which infest other Northern peoples. He has kept out of Ireland the paralysing Sabbath, and made the Irish Sunday a day of gladness. I like to think of him as he is pictured on some ancient church windows that I have seen,—a fine example being in the Marmoutiers Convent at Tours,—gentle, noble, humane, holding in his hand, not the shamrock with which he is said to have taught the Trinity, but the thorn that blossoms in winter, and said to have flowered from his staff. Christianity is still made a thorn in Scotland, and in Ulster, spiked with dry, dead piercing dogmas; it is still somewhat thorny in England, though budding under the humanitarian breath; but in Celtic Ireland, even amid its winter of poverty and discontent, the thorn still blossoms in Patrick's hand.

ROENTGEN'S RAYS AGAIN.

BY THOMAS J. McCORMACK.

WE present to our readers in the Supplement to this number of *The Open Court* another remarkable specimen of the new method of photography by Röntgen's rays. The market is full of these productions, but in the vast majority of cases the technical execution can hardly be said to be a success. We have certainly seen nothing that can compare in delicacy and distinctness to the work of the Hamburg State-Laboratory, and both we and our readers have every reason to feel indebted to Prof. Hermann Schubert for his thoughtfulness in promptly furnishing them to us.

The specimen of the present number is the picture of an African dove. To show the contrast of the two methods, an ordinary life-sized photograph of the dove, giving the exterior of the animal, is placed opposite the Röntgen photograph, which gives the interior, and notably the skeleton.

The Röntgen photograph is sometimes called a "skiagraph," a word improperly¹ formed after the analogy of "photograph," and meaning shadow-pic-

ture. As expressing the actual character of the process this term is good. The word "actinogram" may also be used. Like telegram, it is properly formed, and means ray-picture; it has the advantage of a suggested relationship with the actinic rays proper, but it is not so expressive as the first. "X-gram" and "X-picture" have also been suggested, as have also "actinography" and "radiography (the first is the best) for the process, and it will doubtless be long before the ingenuity of the word-makers is exhausted.

We may now pass on to the mention of a few simple facts about the new photography, concerning which the newspapers and people generally seem to be either confused or misinformed, and shall only stop to notice that a glance at the pictures of our Supplement seems to suggest a near limit to the use of the new method in medicine and surgery; for it will be observed that only the skeleton is visible in the dove, while the heart and lungs and other internal organs, owing to their high transparency to the rays, are unrecognisable.

The Röntgen rays are commonly referred to in the newspapers as *cathode* rays. Strictly viewed, and according to Röntgen's own opinion, this is an error. A cursory glance at the history of the discovery of the rays will elucidate this point.

It was early noticed that the increase or diminution of the atmospheric pressure of a closed receiver affected the character of the disruptive discharge between the two poles of an electrical machine—the passage of sparks with which every one is familiar. But most peculiar were the effects induced by a *diminution* of the pressure of the intervening gas. The diminution was accomplished by means of vacuum-tubes, which contained only very small quantities of highly rarefied air, and in which, carefully sealed, platinum discs with protruding platinum wires were inserted. To the latter the ends or electrodes of a powerful induction-coil, which is simply a machine for generating electric currents, are connected; and when the discharge is made, a fluorescent spot is developed *on the glass* of the tube opposite the negative electrode, the so-called cathode. The position of this spot is not determined by the position of the positive electrode, that is, the phenomenon is not developed necessarily in the line of passage of the disruptive discharge between the two electrodes, as can be proved by altering the position of the positive electrode, which yet does not change the position of the fluorescent spot. The fluorescent spot seems to be produced by a bundle of streamers proceeding in *straight lines directly from the cathode*, and its shape is determined by the shape of the disc of the cathode, being outlined by the orthogonal trajectory of the same. If a light-running paddle-wheel of non-conducting material be

¹ "Skiagram" would be better.

placed in the path of the discharge, it will be set in rotation, exactly as if it were subjected to a hail of minute projectiles. This circumstance, and the production of heat at the fluorescent spot, seem to have led Professor Crookes to the hypothesis that the above-mentioned streamers, which are the cathode rays proper, are the paths of rapid movement and bombardment of tiny material particles.

This may be made clearer by the help of a diagram. Let the adjoined circle represent the cross-section of a closed glass receiver containing rarefied air. Let *A* be the anode, or positive pole, and *B* the cathode, or negative pole. The actual line of the electric discharge, which in the rarefied air is almost totally invisible, is between *A* and *B*, while the fluorescent spot appears opposite *B* in *C*. Here the line of the electric discharge is distinct from the line of the cathode rays, which is not the case if anode and cathode stand directly opposite. Suppose that *C* be the positive pole, and *B* the negative pole; the fluorescent spot would then coincide with the anode, and the electric discharge would take place along the same line with the cathode rays. If the little paddle wheel be properly placed between them, it will rotate in the direction of the cathode rays, that is, from *B* to *C* in the direction from the negative to the positive electrode.

It is important also to note that if a conducting obstacle, say a cross of aluminium, be interposed in the path of the cathode rays, its shadow will be outlined on the wall opposite, as an interception of an equivalent area of the phosphorescent spot.

Such, then, are the *cathode* rays. As to the *x*-rays, their seat of origin is the spot where the *cathode rays* strike the glass. For the cathode rays can be deflected within the tube by means of a magnet, and Professor Röntgen showed that when this was done, the *x*-rays always proceeded from the *new* point of incidence—i. e., from the end of the cathode rays.

Furthermore, the *x*-rays, unlike the cathode rays, cannot be deflected by a magnet, and this is Röntgen's chief ground for concluding that they are not identical with the cathode rays. Another reason for this conclusion is that the cathode rays are very rapidly absorbed by the air and other bodies, and can only be carried a short distance from the tube, while the *x*-rays can be made to produce the fluorescent effect at a distance of two metres from the tube.

This point being clear, we may briefly repeat,¹ in conclusion, the chief properties of Röntgen's rays, as

distinguished from the common luminous, thermal, and electric rays, taking Röntgen's own exposition of the matter and not that of others.

In the first place, the rays do not affect in any way the eye; the eye sees nothing when exposed to the rays. But they affect the photographic dry-plate, even through the protecting shutter; and this affords us a means of recording the phenomena. Again, their power of permeating objects depends mainly on the density and thickness of the object; hence, their casting of shadows and the practicability of photography by this means. Further, the rays are incapable of regular reflexion and refraction, and consequently they cannot be concentrated in a lens. All shadow-pictures, therefore, are approximately life-size. Lastly, the *x*-rays show no interference-phenomena, and cannot be polarised.

It was on these grounds, which exclude the possibility of their being ultra-violet (transverse) vibrations, that Röntgen concluded they were the longitudinal vibrations of the ether; for that they are affections of the ether and have thus some kinship with light-rays is evident from their throwing shadows and their production of fluorescence and other chemical phenomena.

BUDDHISM AND THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

In comment on the editorial "Goethe a Buddhist," Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman writes as follows:

"I wish you had said that Goethe was a positive, scientific, humanitarian Monist. As to Goethe being a 'Buddhist,' pray remember that the law of evolution applies to religions and culture, and that ages lay between these two exponents of perception, feeling, and thought. No Asiatic in modern times, much less of old, ever did or could, or now *does*, have any *real* conception of what Goethe was trying to express or realise. They had not his *Past*, and had no science nor conception of the scientific or objective method, and no humanity beyond their race, tribal creed, or caste integrations.

"Excuse this from me; for I have been living in the patient hope that you would recover from this 'Asiatic mildew,' and spend no more of your most valuable time in pouring our new wine into those old bottles, where it is hopelessly corrupted or lost. The *historical* and even symbolic value of these old-world views is very great, but in our Present, and practically applied, this old dry-rot of occultism is fatal to all healthy life and activity. See Hamlet's soliloquy. We have a cloud of that fog now darkening New York, and I have been hoping for your help to sweep it out to sea with a healthful breeze from the West, I hope yet to hear it coming—and from you?"

Lest my articles on Buddhism be misunderstood I wish to make the following statements.

My preference for Buddhism must not be interpreted as an abandonment of the Religion of Science; and it is based upon that same opposition to occultism which Mr. Wakeman makes; for I, too, regard occultism as "fatal to all healthy life and activity."

Buddhism is frequently identified or classed in the

¹ See No. 441 of *The Open Court*.

same category with the various Oriental mystifications ; but if rightly understood, it will be seen to be the very negation of all mystification in both religion and metaphysics. Buddha is, so far as we know, the first positivist, the first humanitarian, the first radical free-thinker, the first iconoclast, and the first prophet of the Religion of Science. The more I became acquainted with the original writings of Buddhism, the more I was impressed with the greatness of Buddha's far-seeing comprehension of both religious and psychological problems. To be sure, he had not the same scientific material at his disposal that we have to-day, but the fundamental problems in philosophy, psychology, and religion, are much simpler than our philosophers would make us believe. Buddha saw in great outlines the solution of the religious problem, and while he rejected the Brahmanical solution so similar to that held by dogmatic Christians of to-day, while he denied the divine inspiration of the Vedas and the authority of Brahmanical priests and sages, he did not rest satisfied with mere negations. His denial of the existence of the *âtman* was only the negative side of his world-conception. He pronounced boldly a religion which stood in contradiction to all that which by Brahmins was considered as most essential to religion. In a word, he pronounced a religion based upon facts which should replace a religion based upon the assumptions of belief.¹

It is true that "ages lie between Buddha and Goethe," but the more remarkable is their agreement. What Mr. Wakeman says concerning Asiatics in general is certainly untrue of Buddha, that there is "no humanity beyond their race, tribal creed, or caste integrations." There is no better ally in the world against "the old dry rot of occultism" than Buddha and genuine Buddhism.

Buddha's religion appears to me valuable for three reasons.

1. His religion is the religion of enlightenment, which is but another word for Religion of Science. His principle of acquiring truth is to rely upon the truth and upon the best methods man can find of investigating the truth. In his dying hour he urged his disciples to rely upon their efforts in finding the truth, not upon the Vedas, not upon the authority of others, not even upon Buddha himself, and he added : "Hold fast to the truth as a lamp."

2. Buddha anticipated even in important details the results of a scientific world-conception. Nor did he shun the unpopularity to which his message to the world was exposed, because liable to be misrepresented as a "psychology without a soul."

¹ We intend to bring out in another article this contrast between Brahmanism, as the religion of belief in assumptions, and Buddhism, the religion of facts which rejects all assumptions.

3. While he was bold and outspoken in his negation, he proclaimed, at the same time, the positive consequences of his philosophy. The negation of the *âtman*-soul shows the vanity of man's hankering after enjoyment, be it in this world or in a heaven beyond, and Buddha taught that by cutting off the yearning for a heaven in any form, be it on earth or beyond the clouds, man will annihilate those conditions which produce the hell of life. When the idea of an independent self is done away with ; when we understand that man's character is the form of his being as shaped by, and finding expression in, deeds ; finally, when we learn that according to our deeds this form continues in the further development of soul, bearing fruit according to the nature of our deeds, the irrationality of all hatred, envy, and malevolence appears, and room is left only for the aspirations of an unbounded and helpful sympathy with all evolution of life.

It has always been the desire of *The Open Court* "to sweep out to sea the fog of irrational, unhealthy vagaries," be they Asiatic, European, or American ; but for that very reason we welcome the alliance of the greatest Asiatic thinker. We do not mean to sink the Religion of Science into Buddhism, but on the contrary, understanding that Buddhism in its noblest conceptions is in strong agreement with the principles of the Religion of Science, we set forth Buddhistic doctrines because they anticipated some of those important truths which we are in need of emphasising to-day in the face of the dogmatic assertions of traditional religion.

P. C.

NOTES.

The kingdom of Siam, one of the small Asiatic States of the Malay Peninsula, as weak as Venezuela, if not weaker, and as helpless as a child if attacked by European powers, has suffered of late great curtailment. It loses on its western frontier a stretch of valuable land to England, while almost half of its eastern territory has been ceded to France. The arrangement was agreed upon amicably and peaceably by France and England. Siam's compensation for the lost territory consisted in a promise that she should keep the remainder of the kingdom.

The death of Octavius Brooks Frothingham is a great loss to the cause of progress in the domain of religion. Having been excluded by the Unitarians in 1863 he founded an independent society and was identified with the free religious movement as a speaker and author. Rationalism was the ideal for which he aspired. The last article that he wrote was a contribution to the *Free Church Record*, where it appeared under the title of "The Next Step." He says :

"The sectarian is concerned for his party only ; to spread it and make it prevail, to define and establish its creed ; to beautify its tabernacle, or increase its influence. This requires no love of truth, no appreciation of doctrine, no wide view of belief, no active faith, no confidence in ideas. . . . The rationalist is a lover of truth, the whole truth ; not the partial truth of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Christianity, but the truth-plight of creation. . . . For my part I am deeply persuaded that a reverent examination into the world of mind will result in a fresh influx of light and power that will make life rest in faith."

MAKE THE TEMPEST SERVE.

BY VIROE.

Two crafts went out across the bar
 From land-locked bay to ocean brine,
 Both steering for one port afar,—
 One craft my friend's, and one was mine.

The sun-breeze smiled, the night-wind laughed;
 The white-flecked sky, the foam-decked sea
 Beckoned and welcomed sail and craft,
 Beckoned and welcomed friend and me.

So side by side we sailed and sailed,
 Fair wind behind, fair port before,
 Till port forgot and wind that failed
 Left both adrift twixt shore and shore.

A sea that steamed, a sky that clouded,
 A sullen silence calm as death,
 Then o'er the changing ocean howled
 Full in our face the wild wind's breath.

Then brave I held the tiller straight,
 I fronted storm and foam of sea;
 I called, O friend, we'll wait, we'll wait,
 The port will come to you and me.

But far across the wid'ning way
 Between the craft of friend and mine
 I heard his cheery trumpet say,
 And saw his starry pennon shine.

His helm he held not straight as I,
 Not towards the port his course was cast;
 Coward I cried, to fail and fly,
 Nor seek the port, nor face the blast.

Next morn, for mornings come how'er
 The dark may brood or gales may blow,
 Far towards the port I saw appear
 The craft of him who left me so.

What devil's work, I sneered, is this
 That thus requites my steadfast grip,
 That he should gain what I must miss,
 That his should be the nobler ship?

But now upon the stagnant sea,—
 Despite the helm that never swerved,—
 Clear comes the clarion call to me:
 I took the tempest when it served.

Blow north or south, blow east or west,—
 No matter how God's winds may blow,—
 The port comes not to them who rest;
 They find the port who bravely go.

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West-African Dove (*Chatoepelia afra*). Natural size. Photographed in the usual manner by common sunlight.



The same, a West-African Dove (*Chalcophaps indica*), photographed by Röntgen's X-rays in the Physical State-Laboratory of Hamburg, February 13, 1896. Distance of the plate from tube, 20 centimetres. Time of exposition, 10 minutes.

