

THE OPEN COURT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

No. 460. (VOL. X.—25.)

CHICAGO, JUNE 18, 1896.

{ One Dollar per Year.
{ Single Copies, 5 Cents.

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THE STRENGTH OF BEAUTY.

BY PROF. WOODS HUTCHINSON.

I.

IF THERE be anything in the universe which is universally regarded as weak, fragile, and incapable of protecting itself, it is beauty. Beauty is the wing of the butterfly, the petal of the flower, which shrivels at a touch or a breath, and can only be preserved by packing in down or covering with a glass case; how, then, can it be said to have any connexion with "strength"? Moreover, it is essentially transitory, evanescent, here to-day, gone to-morrow, like the bloom upon the peach, or the blush of the rose, and what strength can there be without stability? Nay, so superficial and so fleeting is it that we are gravely warned against it by moralists of all creeds as something positively deceitful, a snare and a delusion to those who permit themselves to gaze upon it with pleasure. In short, nothing could be more universally and unanimously discredited officially, and yet—and yet—it drags everybody and everything at its chariot wheels, including the moralist himself.

By a strange inconsistency we decry it, and yet we desire it above all things. Which is genuine and well founded, our instinctive attraction to it, or our distrust of it? The former by all means, the latter is but a survival of the priestly distrust of everything in nature. From a naturalistic standpoint we do not hesitate to assert that beauty is one of the strongest and holiest influences in the world. It is nature's stamp of approval, her certificate of strength, of wholesomeness, and of purity. Whenever an object or organism reaches a certain degree of perfection, beauty inevitably results.

That beauty is a mark and sign of strength and vigor, needs but little illustration or defence. Of all that family of giants, the great elemental forces, the storm, the flood, the frost-king, midnight with its terrors, the avalanche, the forest fire, none can for a moment compare in strength with the sweet golden sunlight, the loveliest and the strongest thing in the world. And it is a singular coincidence that that metal which was first prized solely on account of its golden hue, wearing the colors of the sun-god, as it was believed, has since been proved by the univer-

sal experience of the race, to be the toughest and most indestructible of them all, not only the most beautiful but one of the most useful and most valuable of the metals. Next to the glamour of the sunshine, the most charming, the most grateful thing to the eye of man is the sweet green of the grass, as it robes the hillsides, and carpets the meadows, or gems the lawn. Nothing could appear more fragile, more exquisite than its host of tiny spears, rippling before every breeze, and shrivelling at the touch of the frost. "To-day it is—to-morrow it is cast into the oven," and yet its march is as irresistible as that of an army with banners—and its life-time longer than that of the granite rocks. It pushes itself everywhere that a patch of soil, the thickness of paper, is to be found, and tiny tho' it is, it slowly but surely strangles the giant weeds one after the other: the nettle, the burdock, the tare, nay,—even the thorn and the young oak or maple. Gentlest and loveliest of the herbs of the field, it is also the most irresistible, while without it the human race could not exist a single generation.

Literally "all flesh is grass," in a far wider sense than the one intended by the psalmist.

In the animal kingdom illustrations of this relationship abound. Among the fishes, for instance, any artistic eye can at once pick out in an aquarium the active, vigorous, courageous fishes, those that will fight to the death, "game" as the angler emphatically calls them, simply by the sheen of their scales, and the graceful, willowly curves of their outlines.

Take the silvery, crimson-spangled trout, the glittering salmon, the steel-barred mackerel, and the gorgeous muskallonge, and contrast them with the yellow cat-fish, the clumsy carp, the slimy eel and the flabby cod, and comment is unnecessary; no need to put them on the end of a line to see which is the most vigorous.

Walk out into the open country and watch our feathered cousins as they flit or swoop about on their various errands and see if the swiftest and strongest will not pick themselves out by beauty either of color or form. There goes into that flowering shrub one of those winged gems, a humming bird, looking like a flying green electric spark with a feathered dynamo attached. A drop of pure beauty, and yet no steam-

engine of ten times his bulk could begin to do his work, and even the lordly eagle would be utterly incapable of keeping himself suspended in his fashion the live-long day. Compare the iris-hued neck and vivid colors of the swift-flying pigeon and ringdove with the dull colors and pudgy forms of the short-flying hedge-birds, the thrush, the robin, the wren.

What a difference between the bright colors and graceful lines of the sparrow-hawk and the sombre tints and shapeless mass of the screech-owl, between the superb eagle and the disgusting vulture.

* Among quadrupeds the rule still holds. The accepted emblems of strength, of ferocity, of fleetness are the horse, the tiger, the deer, and they are all three the most striking types of beauty, which can well be found. On the other hand, the recognised types of feebleness, of stupidity, and of slowness are the sheep, the ass, the sloth-bear, and here again the eye alone would promptly distinguish between the two groups. They look just what they are. Even in our own species, the superiority from a purely artistic standpoint of the Zulu over the Hottentot, the Arab over the Negro, the Anglo-Saxon over the Tasmanian is as marked as from a physical and an intellectual one.

In fact, in the bird or animal world, beauty *must* be strong and fleet to defend itself against, or escape from, the attention which it inevitably attracts and the desire which it excites.

The second thing that beauty stands for in nature's picture-writing is health and wholesomeness. Ruskin in a most brilliant passage has asserted the holiness of color, declaring it is a sign of sweetness and purity wherever found. And the Fifth Gospel emphatically supports his contention. The difference in significance between the clear, deep, sparkling blue of the cloudless sky with its promise of warmth and sunlight, of soft zephyrs and gentle dews, and that of the black, jagged storm-cloud or the dull, leaden pall which heralds the pitiless November rain is noticed by the merest child.

Take a handful of wet clay from the ruts of a country road in winter, and could anything be more unattractive, more depressing, more hopelessly useless? And yet, fuse that clay again and again in the crucible, each time rejecting the dross, subject it to high pressure and keep on refining until an absolutely pure, silicate of aluminium is reached, with every crystal of typical shape, and behold, instead of the muddy lump a clear, sparkling, blue gem of almost diamond hardness and value—the sapphire. Just as soon as absolute purity is reached, its “hall-mark” beauty appears, and with it hardness and value. Take a lump of dull black, grimy coal, and simply refine it

to its purest possible form, and behold, the diamond with its dazzling rays. Cover the fresh, green, wholesome grasses of the river-bottom by the muddy waters of the June freshet and you have in their place a reeking coat of slime, poisoning the whole air with its malarial vapors, and as offensive to both eye and nostril in its decay as it was attractive in its bloom. Let loose a bevy of children in a half-wild garden copse and they will come back with their little arms and chubby fists filled with roses and lilies, and stained with strawberries, leaving untouched with almost unerring instinct the nettles, the nightshades, and the toadstools.

The vast majority of edible and wholesome fruits are bright and attractive in coloring while the poisonous berries and fungi are usually dull and pale, if not actually repulsive in hue.

Nine-tenths of the bright-colored berries and fruits of our hedge-rows and copses are either edible or harmless; popular superstition to the contrary notwithstanding. Even in those families of plants which have poisonous members the color-line is the line of safety. Take, for instance, the Solanum family, and we have, on the one hand, the crimson globe of the tomato and the coral berries of scarlet solanum, both harmless and refreshing—and on the other hand, the dull-purple berries of the deadly nightshade with their leaden murderous hue, and the sickly, sallow, greenish-white of the poisonous potato-apple. Even in the tropics it is comparatively seldom that the traveller is lured to his destruction by the brilliant and seductive colors of strange fruits, although the general impression given by romantic literature is that the colors are there mainly for that special purpose. To such an extent has this theological prejudice been carried that a species was practically invented for the purpose of supporting it, and marvellous accounts are gravely related by the early Jesuit missionaries of a so-called “Upas tree,” with gorgeously attractive yellow and crimson fruit and shining, green leaves—but so intensely poisonous that not only was the mere taste of its fascinating fruit rapidly fatal, but even the odor of the tree itself, so that it was dangerous to sleep or even lie down under its shade. It is needless to say that while every region which it was declared to inhabit has been thoroughly explored, no such tree as the Upas or anything resembling it has ever been discovered by botanists, and yet this precious parable has been so industriously preached from the pulpit as a moral lesson upon the “deceitfulness of beauty,” that the name of this imaginary tree has become a household word and its Borgia-like reputation has done much to encourage, if not actually to cause that distrust of beauty which is so firmly rooted in the popular mind. Its true habitat, however, is the Garden of

Eden, of whose celebrated apple it is probably a lineal descendant.

In the animal kingdom the same rule holds, for while great beauty is often associated with ferocity, yet this latter is only occasional, and the habitual murderers, the professional assassins and liars-in-wait, like the alligator, the rattlesnake, the puff-adder, and the shark, bear the brand of Cain on every inch of their surface—in their dull, muddy, blotchy colors, uncouth or hideous shapes and general repulsiveness of appearance.

Further than this the physiologist and the biologist unite in asserting the sweeping dictum "No life without color"! In the plant world the universal emerald coloring-substance, chlorophyll, is not only the beauty but the very life-essence of the tissues. It is the powerful wizard through whose spells alone can the sun-god be conjured up to furnish the energy which we term "vital" and pile granule upon protoplasmic granule and cell upon cell. Life is simply embodied sun-light and *must* be beautiful like its source. The life-essence of the animal organism is ruby-red and its presence or absence is a well-known sign of health or of disease. We speak familiarly of "the ruddy hue of health" and the pale and sickly cast of delicacy or disease. The ashy cheek of the consumptive, the muddy, earthy hue of the skin in kidney disease or cancer, the sallow, saffron tints of jaundice, the sickly green of anæmia, speak for themselves to any eye that is not color-blind. The coloring of the healthy skin, hair, and eye is fresh, warm, and vivid, the tints of disease of every sort, of gangrene, of ulceration, of suffocation, the hues of death and decomposition, are dull, cold, and ghastly. Filth and famine, pestilence and decay, are all alike, either colorless or repulsive in hue. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness" is in its appropriate environment.

Browning goes not a whit too far when he declares:

"If you get beauty and naught else beside,
You get about the best thing God invents."

Beauty is God's own trade-mark, and they that bear it not in their foreheads, be they cowed inquisitor or filthy fakir, colorless nun, or sexless and shapeless monk, sadly-sober Puritan or harlequin Salvationist, haggard and sallow-cheeked Mammon-worshipper or flat chested and bespectacled female apostle of "Culture," are to that extent none of His. And yet not a few of His avowed children hold it a thing to be rigidly avoided in their dress, persons, and even surroundings. "Beauty is deceitful and favor is vain" is their cry. This ascetic denial of the holiness of beauty has led to as sad excesses as even its licentious deification in the Attic decadence.

So far we have been mainly considering beauty of color, as an index, but when we come to regard beauty of form, its significance is at once even more obvious and striking. The chief element in beauty of outline is symmetry, and symmetry simply means balance, equipoise, efficiency, and generally either speed or strength. The second important element is the curve, and the curve essentially denotes elasticity, movement, vigor.

A thoroughbred race-horse can almost invariably be picked out of a mob of ordinary horses, simply by the long and graceful curves of his neck, loin, and quarters, and the general beauty and symmetry of his figure. That beauty of form is usually associated with great speed, strength or intelligence, and generally with all three among the lower animals, will be readily admitted, but that the same rule holds true in our own species, even in these over-civilised days, will be equally promptly doubted, if not denied. And yet I venture to assert that a careful study of the elements which make for beauty in the human body as a whole and in its various parts, will amply prove this position.

Take the highest form of beauty of which our bodies are capable, the grace of carriage, of bearing, the poetry of motion, and it essentially consists of and depends upon the rippling, springy vigor of muscle, combined with the broad, deep chest of good lung-power, the thin flanks of endurance, the wide hips and well-rounded thighs of weight-carrying form, the straight back held in place by the powerful bow-string of loin-muscles. The woman who possesses the exquisite charm of a graceful bearing, the man who "carries himself well," will be found in nine cases out of ten to be possessed of distinctly greater strength, speed or endurance than their less attractive sisters and brothers of equal weight, age and training. We sometimes imagine that the tedious "setting-up drill" of all systems of military training is mainly for the purpose of giving the lines of the regiment a uniformly erect appearance upon parade, chiefly a matter of display, but this is far from the truth. On the contrary, it is insisted upon so invariably because the experience of countless generations has shown that the elements which make up an erect, "soldierly" bearing are the very ones which indicate the development of the highest possible degree of vigor, of speed and endurance.

The same will be found true of the various regions and parts of the body. We will begin with a region where the standards are supposed to be entirely at variance, the waist-line, whose flowing curves from arm-pit to hip are rightly regarded as forming the chief beauty of the trunk-outline. Fashion and popular taste demand simply a rapid inward slope to as

small a waist as possible, regardless of all other elements of the curve, which breaks abruptly below into a clumsy shelf-like projection. Physiology and hygiene denounce this as unhealthy and crippling. Beauty and health appear to be at loggerheads here. But it is only with a false ideal of beauty that there is any conflict. Call in the artist, the anatomist to decide the dispute, and he will instantly side with the physiologist. The ideas of "beauty" of the fashion-plate, the modiste, and Mrs. Grundy are often widely different from those of the artist, the architect, the naturalist, and it is with the latter only that we are concerned. We may well paraphrase Madame Roland and exclaim: "Oh Beauty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" In the vast majority of these conflicts between beauty and common sense the fault lies in a false ideal of beauty. The ideal waist of the artist is that of the Venus de Milo, and every line of it fulfils to perfection the demands of the hygienist for the highest lung-power combined with ease and vigor of movement.

Another similar instance of conflict between grace and efficiency is that between the popular and hygienic ideals of a beautiful foot. These differ widely indeed. The popular demand in a feminine foot is that it shall be a narrow-pointed, elongated body, curved, or, more accurately, humped into a nearly horseshoe-shaped arch, the pillars of which are within a few inches of each other and consist of the compressed tips of the inner toes and a high, narrow heel brought forward almost directly under the center of gravity. Its functions as an organ of support and locomotion are ruthlessly disregarded, and instead of a series of long, low, graceful arches it is distorted into the resemblance of a link of sausage pointed at one end, or a banana in convulsions.

The physician, the skilled pedestrian denounce it as deformed, useless, painful and almost disabled, and again the artist cordially unites in their attack and demands the very same outlines that they do.

The plan of the healthy, natural foot is an exquisite combination of arches, one long and low from the heel to the balls of the toes, the other short and high crossing this at right angles a little in front of the ankle joint. These are composed mainly of a number of wedge-shaped bones, but there is little that is "bony" or rigid about them, as their form is mainly preserved by the tension of three muscles of the leg whose tendons attach themselves to both the upper and under surface of their keystones in a most ingenious manner, if we may use such a term with becoming reverence. Thus the weight of the body is naturally supported upon the intersection of two graceful, yielding, living suspension-arches hung upon elastic cables of muscle, which by their expansion and con-

traction give a beautiful, springy elasticity to the gait. But in order to do this they must, like all other springs, expand so that the foot ought to become markedly both longer and wider when weight is placed upon it. For this change in form the modern "pretty" shoe makes absolutely no adequate provision, and not only this, but by throwing a ridiculous peg-shaped heel far forward, to give an appearance of shortness to the foot, the longitudinal arch is completely broken, the weight thrown directly upon the sensitive instep, and the centre of gravity of the whole body disturbed. The elasticity of the gait is destroyed, just as if a block of wood had been wedged between the flanges of a carriage-spring.

The physiologist demands a long, low, gently arching slope from heel to toes, with a broad, graceful, fan-like expansion across the ball of the foot, and this is precisely the form which has been immortalised by Du Maurier in "*les beaux pieds de Trilby*." Mechanically the human foot is one of the most exquisitely adjusted, effective, and enduring instruments in the world, it will run down and tire out any hoof, pad or paw that moves. Artistically for beauty of outline, harmony of curves, dimples and grace of movement it is equally unsurpassed. Here again beauty and strength go hand in hand, and fashionable deformity and feebleness.

The beauty of finely-moulded shoulders and rounded arms and tapering wrist is dependent not upon the form of the bones nor even upon the amount of adipose or fatty tissue—mere plumpness is not beauty, but upon the live contour and rippling grace of muscle.

So much so is this the case, that it is probable that our décolleté form of evening dress has in spite of the denunciations heaped upon it by both the moralist and the medical faculty been a most powerful influence in elevating the standard of vigor and improving the physique of the women of our better classes.

As for beauty of complexion, although universally decried as only "skin deep," in its natural and only truly attractive form, it forms one of the best and most reliable indices of health and vigor. It may be imitated, but no paints, cosmetics, or local "treatments" of any sort can begin to reproduce the rich, warm, vivid depth of coloring, the translucent, creamy whiteness, and the velvety gloss of the surface, which is as absolutely dependent upon pure blood and springy muscle as a red June rose is upon its vigorous stem and roots in a fertile soil. A fine complexion instead of a mere surface-finish is the exquisite blossom of health and purity throughout the entire body and literally "goes to bone," as its counterpart, "ugliness," is proverbially declared to do. An artificial complexion usually deceives nobody but its wearer. In that

important realm of decorative art, dress, the coincidence between beauty and healthfulness is no less striking. From the Greek chiton and the Spanish mantilla to the graceful Persian divided skirt and mantle which the celebrated Worth kept hanging upon the walls of his studio as his ideal of the beautiful in feminine costume—the lines of artistic beauty and of hygienic utility coincide almost absolutely.

The corset, the bell-skirt with its street-cleaning attachment, the crippling multiplicity of petticoats and the ridiculous bustle are offences alike against the canons of art and the rules of health.

WITCHCRAFT AND MIRACLES.

A LATIN proverb says: "*Si duo faciunt idem, non est idem*" (if two do the same thing, it is not the same thing); and this is true not only of individuals, but also of nations and of religions. It is a habit common among all classes of people to condone the faults of their own kind but to be severe with those of others. The oracles of Delphi were divine to a Greek mind, but they were of diabolical origin according to the judgment of Christians. Jesus was a magician in the eyes of the pagans, while the Christians worshipped him as the son of God who performed miracles.

The priests of Pharaoh and Moses perform the same tricks, but the deeds of Moses alone are regarded as miracles, and the Israelites claim that he could accomplish more than the Egyptians. The Therapeutæ and other Gnostics practised the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands and by praying, in somewhat the same way as the early Christians did. Simon Magus and his disciples were believed by the early Christians to possess power over demons;¹ but Simon was a competitor of the Apostles, and therefore his deeds were not regarded as divine. Before an impartial tribunal the methods and aspirations of both parties would resemble one another more than the one-sided statements of Christian authors at first sight seem to warrant. The accusation made against Simon by Luke, of having offered money to the Apostles for communicating to him the Holy Ghost, is as unreliable as the charges of pagan authors hurled against the Christians.

Minucius Felix puts the common notions, which in his days prevailed in Greece and Italy concerning the practices of the Christians, into the mouth of Cæcilius who describes them as a desperate class of vulgar men and credulous women threatening the welfare of mankind. He states that they are atheists, for they cherish a contempt for temples, spit at the gods, and ridicule religious ceremonies; that their own cult is a mixture of superstition and depravity; that they possess secret symbols by which they recog-

nise one another; that they call themselves brothers and sisters, and degrade these sacred words by sensuality. Further, it is said, that they adore a donkey's head, and that their worship is obscene. The libel culminates in the assertion that the reception of new members is celebrated by slaughtering and devouring a child covered all over with flour, which is an obvious perversion of the Communion, but Cæcilius declares that it is done because partnership in guilt is the best means of securing secrecy. Lastly, he adds, that on festival days they celebrate love feasts which after the extinction of the lights end with sexual excesses.

Similar accusations are found in various authors, and even the noble-hearted and high-minded Tacitus speaks of Christians with contempt.

Justinus Martyr in his *Apologia* makes the asseveration that the Christians are innocent, but leaves the question open whether the heretics, such as the Gnostics, might not be guilty of these abominations (App. II., p. 70), and Eusebius directly claims that the practices that prevailed among the heretics were the direct cause of the evil rumors concerning the life of the Christians.

While we must bear in mind that the moral rigidity of the Gnostics leaves upon the whole no doubt about the purity of their life, we may grant the probability of the presence of black sheep among them. But the same is true of the Christians, as we know for certain on the good authority of St. Paul who in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, after an enumeration of such sinners as will not inherit the kingdom (5, 8-11—the passage remains better unquoted) says, "and such were some of you." Accordingly, there can be no doubt about it that there were abuses in the Church of Corinth. St. Paul believes the rumor of a sin, "that is not so much as named among the Gentiles," and the Second Epistle is the best evidence that the Corinthians did not deny the facts. They repent, whereupon St. Paul recommends charity toward the main offender (2 Cor., ii, 6-11), saying: "To whom ye forgive anything, I forgive also."

The various aberrations among the Christians which were very apparent in many of their most prominent leaders, such as Constantine the Great, must not astonish us, because Christianity originated in an age of unrest, and the new movement was the centre of attraction for all kinds of eccentricity. In spite of various excrescences, we cannot but say, that Christianity opened to the world new vistas of truth. Represented by such men as St. Paul, it tended toward purity of heart; but the same is true of the Gnostics and the Manichees. The accusations on both sides rest mainly upon partisan statements and cannot be trusted, or at least must be used with due reserve. But it is natural that here as always, the same things

¹ *Iren. adv. haer.*, I., 20-21; *Justin Martyr.*, App. II., pp. 69-70; *Epiphian. ad. haer.*, XXII., 1; *Euseb., H. E.*, II., p. 13.

are no longer the same when reported of people of another faith. Thus the virtues of the pagans are to St. Augustine only polished vices, and the heroism of Christian martyrs is mere obstinacy in the opinion of Roman prætors.

One of the most characteristic features of the prescientific age is man's yearning for the realisation of that which is unattainable by natural means. The belief in magic will inevitably prevail so long as the dualistic world-conception dominates the minds of the people, and in that period of civilisation supernatural deeds are expected as the indispensable credentials of all religious prophets. It is the age of miracles and witchcraft.

Miracles and witchcraft possess this in common that both are supposed to supersede the laws of nature, but there is this difference that the miracle is believed to be the supernatural power of one's own religion, while witchcraft is the miracle of heretics. Miracle is anything contra-natural that is legitimate; and witchcraft is the same thing, but illegitimate; the former is supposed to be done with the help of God, the latter with the help of Satan; the former is boasted of as the highest glory of the Church, the latter is denounced as the greatest abomination possible.

Now we know that wherever contra-natural feats are believed, there the strangest events will be experienced by those who are under the suggestion of the belief; and then at once a competition will originate between those who represent the established religion and others who perform, or pretend to perform, similar deeds. The former are prophets and saints, and they work miracles; the latter are wizards and witches, and their art is called witchcraft.

It is natural that wizards and witches are always represented as obnoxious, and it is said that their art is practised to injure the welfare of mankind. Nevertheless, some very mean deeds are counted as miracles, while good deeds if only performed by believers in other gods are branded as witchcraft.¹ Moreover, all priests are unanimous in condemning the application of charms and spells, except those of their own religion, even though they be used for the best and purest ends. A faith-cure by heretics would not be countenanced by the Church, but official processions with prayers and sprinkling of holy water were still employed in French Canada during a late small-pox epidemic.²

The belief in magic is a natural phase in the evolution of mankind. The medicine-man who dispels diseases by spells; the prophet who by an appeal to

his Deity (be it Baal, or El, or Javeh) undertakes to cause fire to fall from heaven, and to make rain; the medium who vaticinates or foretells fortunes and calls the dead from Spirit-Land: they all attempt to practise magic, and a religion that proposes to accomplish the salvation of man by miracles, be it the miracles of their founders or the continued miracles of church institutions, such as sacraments, pilgrimages, sprinkling of holy water, mass-reading, or other rites supposed to possess other than a purely symbolical significance, is a religion of magic. In brief, a religion of magic is based on a belief in the contra-natural, and as soon as a religion of magic becomes an established institution, it will develop the notion of witchcraft by a discrimination between its own miracles and those of other people who are unbelievers.

How similar the notions of legitimate and illegitimate miracles are, may be learned from the writings of Agrippa of Nettesheim (1486-1535), one of the greatest sages and philosophers of the age of the Reformation, who proclaimed that the perfection of philosophy could be attained by magic, which in distinction to black magic he called "natural" or "celestial" magic, and which, he assumed, leads to a perfect union with God. His book, *De Occulta Philosophia*, written in 1510 but published only in 1531, exhibits his belief in the possibility of creating hatred and love by spells, of discovering thieves, confounding armies, making thunderstorms and rain, all of which he expects to accomplish by magic through a mystical union with God. Witches are frequently accused of the very same feats, only that they were said to have performed them through the assistance of the Devil. In spite of the resemblance which Agrippa unconsciously had discovered between witchcraft and miracles, he remained unmoled, for his views were at the time commonly accepted. Nor would he ever have excited the hostility of the Papal party had he not lectured with fervor, at the University of Dôle, Burgundy (1509), on Reuchlin's book, *De Verbo Mirifico*, and had he not, in 1519, when Syndic at Metz, ventured to save the life of a witch that had fallen into the hands of the Inquisitor Nicolas Savini.³

Agrippa's celestial magic is not different from black magic; for both kinds of magic consist in the hope of contra-natural accomplishments. When after years of various disappointments Agrippa discovered that there was no magic, be it black or white, he came to the conclusion that there was no science. As the agnostic who, after having wrongly formulated the problems of philosophy, and finding his mind hopelessly entangled in confusion, pronounces the

¹ There are miracles attributed in the Christian Apocrypha even to Jesus himself, which would be criminal.

² Thus, in 1521, a physician of Hamburg was executed for witchcraft because he had saved the life of a babe which the midwife had given up as lost. See Soldan, *Hexenprocesse*, p. 326.

³ The idea and name of black magic originated from a corruption of the word necromancy into nigromancy.

⁴ *De Vanitate Scientiarum*, Chap. 96; *Epist. libr.*, II., pp. 38-40, quoted by Soldan, *Hexenprocesse*, p. 325.

dreary doctrine of the impossibility of knowledge, so Agrippa of Nettesheim began to despair not only of magic, but also of science; and he wrote, in 1526, his "Proposition about the Incertitude and Vanity of the Sciences and Arts; and about the excellence of the word of God."¹

All in all, we find that a religion of magic involves a belief in witchcraft. Where sacraments are employed as exorcisms, every attempt at exercising extraordinary powers is regarded not as impossible but as a lack of loyalty. Hence heresy and witchcraft are always declared to be closely allied, for witchcraft is nothing but the performance of miracles without the licence of an established Church, which claims to have a monopoly in supernaturalism.

The belief in and the prosecution of witchcraft are the necessary result of a firmly established religion of magic. All the religions of magic are naturally intolerant. As soon as one of them triumphs over its rivals, as soon as it is worked out into a systematic creed and organised in an institution such as the Church, it will, like all combinations or trusts, with all means at its command insure and perpetuate its supremacy. Considering that the mediæval Church was practically a religion of magic, witch prosecution was the inevitable result of the Pope's ascendancy, and it continued in Protestant countries as an heirloom of the Dark Ages so long as the belief in magic was retained.

The belief in witchcraft ceased naturally with the ascendancy of science. The more Christianity became imbued with the scientific spirit of the eighteenth century, the rarer became the fagot, and the fires were at last extinguished forever. Nothing could stop the terrible mania for burning witches, neither the fear of future punishments for the tortures inflicted upon many innocent victims, nor the pangs of conscience that were now and then felt by the judges, nor Christian charity and love—there was only one remedy, viz., a clear insight into the nature of things revealing the impossibility of witchcraft; and that one remedy afforded an unailing cure.

Those who doubt the religious import of science need only consider what science has done for mankind by the radical abolition of witch prosecution, and they will be convinced that science is not religiously indifferent, but that it is the most powerful factor in the purification of the religions of mankind. P. C.

THE BUDDHA GAYA CASE.

MR. H. DHARMAPALA, the fervid Buddhist and secretary of the Maha-Bodhi Society, has published a pamphlet in which he complains of the persecution that Buddhists have to suffer at

the hands of the British Government in India. It is difficult for us to understand the case, for the policy of the British Government has always been to enforce in religious questions a rigorous impartiality, and there is little probability that the English would unnecessarily increase the number of complications that they have on hand now. We quote a few passages without further comment.

There is a condensed statement of the case on page 6 which reads as follows:

"The Buddhists who visit Buddha-Gaya are put to great inconvenience for want of accommodation. There is no proper Rest-house, and to avoid all inconveniences the Maha-Bodhi Society decided to purchase the Maha-Bodhi village from the Tikari Raj. Since 1893 negotiations were carried on between our accredited representative and the Tikari Raj. Mr. Dharmapala appealed to the Buddhists of Siam, Japan, Burma, and Ceylon for funds. The sale of the land was advertised in the *Calcutta Gazette* of August 14, 1895, but it was postponed again for 20th January, 1896. The Buddhists of Siam raised a lac (100,000) of rupees and the Foreign Minister of Siam telegraphed to the Acting Siamese Consul in Calcutta to ascertain whether the land was for sale. The Siamese Consul inquired from the Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal whether the land was for sale, and the Siamese Consul was informed that there was no truth in the report, and the Consul telegraphed to the Siamese Foreign Minister that there was 'No truth in the report.' Having given this incorrect information to the Siamese Foreign Minister, immediate steps were taken by the Chief Secretary to coerce the Tikari Raj Manager to break off the transaction and prevent the sale."

The Japanese had sent a Buddha statue to be deposited in the Bodh-Gaya temple, but for some reason, unknown to us, it has now to be removed. This is the letter which contains the direction:

"To H. Dharmapala, Esq. Sir: Under instructions of the Commissioner of the Patna Division, I have the honor to request you will remove the Japanese Image of Buddha, now in the Burmese Rest-house in Bodh-Gaya, from that place, and from the precincts of the Bodh-Gaya Temple.

"2. If you do not comply with this request within one month from this date, the Government will take possession of the Image, and will deposit it in the Indian Museum in Calcutta, where it will remain until it is reclaimed on such conditions as the Government may think fit to impose. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"H. SAVAGE, District Magistrate, Gaya."

While we are sorry for the disappointment of Mr. Dharmapala in his endeavor to create a center of Buddhism in Buddha Gaya, that would be what Rome is to the Roman Catholics, Benares to the Hindus, and Mecca to the Mohammedans, we cannot help thinking that his failure will be for the best of the future of Buddhism. Religion does not consist in keeping sacred certain days, or places, or relics, or in making pilgrimages to holy shrines. There is little use in holding a historically sacred place which is situated in a country of unbelievers. The Christians can tell a story about this which ought to open the eyes of enthusiasts. The Crusades were a useless sacrifice of much money and blood for a phantom—the possession of Jerusalem as the most sacred spot of Christianity. While the restoration of Palestine under present conditions would be a comparatively easy affair to the Christian powers, it is not done and will never be done, because civilised mankind has outgrown the idea that there is any religious merit in pilgrimages. The possession of historically noteworthy spots is a matter of fancy and must be classed in the same category with the passion for making collections of curiosities.

¹De Incertitudine et Vanitate Scientiarum et Artium, atque Excellentia Verbi Dei Declamatio. Published in 1530.

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Should Buddhists be anxious to do something for their religion that would restore to it its pristine glory and preserve its future vitality, they should found an institution for the education of Buddhist preachers. If our advice were sought, we should propose to invest the money destined for the restoration of a spot of soil near the Buddha Gaya, in stipends to be given to promising youths willing to study Buddhism in the light of Western philosophy and modern criticism. It would not be expensive to buy or rent a little cottage in one of the best American university towns (for instance in Cambridge, Mass., where Professor Lanman at present holds the chair of Páli) and to provide for the reception of Buddhist students who would avail themselves of the advantages of Western science. Buddhists should at the same time study Christianity in its most advanced form, its tendencies and methods, its mode of worship by sermons, and songs, and charitable and social institutions, together with its missionary propaganda. Least of all should a study of the natural sciences be neglected, especially psychology and all those branches that bear on the doctrine of evolution.

Should Buddhist students from Japan, Ceylon, or Siam live in a Buddhist home, they would be able to preserve their home habits, and yet imbibe all those influences which would infuse new life and higher aspirations into the Buddhist religion. They would be missionaries of Buddhism to Christians, and would take back to their various Buddhist countries the spiritual blessings of Christian nations.

NON-EXISTENCE.

BY CHARLES SLOAN REID.

One single, awful second—
And mighty ages roll,
The dusts of many million years,
Through nature's staid control,
Pass and re-pass from earth to life,
And pay successive toll.

One painless, blissful second—
And aged swans have sung
Ten thousand thousand farewell songs
To their succeeding young:
And still that blissful second lasts,
While systems fall, unstrung.

NOTES.

The Sanghamitta Girl's School is a college for Buddhist girls and it is the only one that gives them a higher education in Ceylon. It has been established six years, and is supported by contributions from Buddhists who sympathise with the cause of female education. The Principal, Louisa R. Ratnaweera, calls for help from those who sympathise with the cause of woman's education, and will be pleased to receive contributions for this purpose. Communications may be addressed to the President of the Women's Educational Society of Ceylon, Mrs. Mallika Hevavritama (Mr. Dharmapala's mother), or to H. S. Perera, Esq., Manager of *The Buddhist*, 61 Maliban street, both Colombo, Ceylon.

Some time ago we mentioned the Musaeus School and Orphanage for Buddhist Girls of Colombo, Ceylon, conducted by Mrs. Mary Higgins, a native German lady, née Musaeus, who is a descendant of a patrician Frankfort family, the same to which the well-known poet Musaeus, the author of the Musaeus Fairy Tales, belongs. Mrs. Higgins devotes her whole life to the education of Buddhist girls and is now publishing a little magazine entitled *Rays of Light* bearing the motto, "Be just and fear not." We must add that the anti-vivisectional tendency is unduly prominent. Subscription terms, 1s 6d. or Rs. 1.25.

Important Biological Works.

ON GERMINAL SELECTION. AS A SOURCE OF DEFINITE VARIATION. By Prof. August Weismann. Pages, xii, 61. Price, 25 cents.

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