HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

MAY, 1867.

MIND AND MATTER.

UNIVERSAL existence is composed of two hemispheres—the dual empire of Nature,—recognised by the terms *Mind* and *Matter*.

The study of mind has always been attended with difficulties. Its real essence is incomprehensible, and facts, though numerous, are inadequate to describe its nature and define its powers. Mind is in the possession of all, yet none can fully become acquainted with it. The peculiar qualities of mind are such as debar the investigator from approaching it as an entity demonstrable to the senses. It cannot be taken in hand and analysed as a piece of matter can; it eludes all attempts thus to individualise it, or detach it from the vague chaotic state by which it seems to submerge the efforts of the investigator in his own consciousness. The attempt has been made by many philosophers to analyse and record their individual perceptions, thoughts, feelings, emotions, and other mental operations, so as to arrive at a true estimate of the mental powers, and thus define the nature of man. These processes have been attended with insurmountable difficulties, inasmuch as the degrees and states of consciousness differ in each individual; and the philosopher, having no facts save those furnished by his own experience, is forced to conclusions different from those of others who have attempted the same labours. The results of such examinations, therefore, have ended in an infinite number of artificial and vague distinctions, which are appreciable to some minds, but undistinguishable to those of a different type.

The attempt has also been made to study mind through organisation, or in its connection with matter. In this manner mind ever manifests itself; and it is in this relationship that it can alone be truthfully and normally studied. Mind and matter are everywhere indissolubly united as active, passive; positive, negative; male, female; God, Nature;—mind acting, matter

acted upon. These two empires compose the universe, and underlie all phenomena and conditions of existence. But what is matter? A question as evasive of answer as What is mind? These fundamental propositions have never been determined, which has occasioned many forms of scepticism and philosophical negation. Those who have given the subject the most profound attention assert that there is no such thing as matter; others, again, with equal assurance, declare that there is no such thing as mind. The former party are spiritualists, holding that spirit or mind is all in all, and that matter is a condition thereof. The materialists, on the other hand, make matter the universal entity, and assert that mind is merely a condition of matter. Both of these views may be in some respects phenomenally true: they are arrived at by observing creation from opposite directions. One thing is certain: no experience of mind has ever been obtained without the presence of matter, and no matter has ever been discovered entirely isolated from the realm of mind. As to the eternity of these universal agents—have they had a beginning? will they have an end? It would be impertinent to speak dogmatically. That either can be created or destroyed goes beyond human comprehension, or that mind should be able to create matter. Mind has evidently infinite power over matter, and can modify its form so far as to annihilate its visible existence. Mind can render what are called opaque bodies transparent. Those substances termed solid may also be so far changed in condition as to pass through each other without leaving any mark or testimony of the fact. The processes of chemistry reveal many miracles of a similar kind, and the results of vital action present most striking transformations; but in the realm of psychology—which is a higher form of chemistry, or vital action—more remarkable instances can be adduced.

In looking around us, we only perceive phenomena and transient conditions of matter, not its essential nature or basic state. The words solid, fluid, gaseous, opaque, transparent, turgid, crystalline, heavy, light, dense, porous, and other terms, can have no real or eternal significance; they are merely used for convenience, to represent conditions that are undergoing continual transformation before our eyes. They are real only for a moment, and may be superseded by higher developments of the mind principle, and operations resulting therefrom. A slight transition from our present state or mental plane would entirely change the whole phenomena of existence, and render our present definitions of matter not only unnecessary but incomprehensible. In speaking, therefore, of mind and matter, it is well to be modest, and careful of the fact that all our knowledge concerning them is merely the infantile conceptions

of human babyhood, and must be entirely influenced by the experience and developments of the future.

We present the foregoing remarks not so much for the purpose of informing the world what we know as to convince it of our ignorance, and limit the enthusiasm of those who may have expected to find out what is to them, in their present organism, incomprehensible. Our demonstrations must be limited to phenomena cognisable by mankind. We will profit most by living the life and breathing the sunshine of the state in which we exist. By devoting ourselves to those things that are within our reach and comprehension, we may erect so much of a solid platform as will enable us to determine much that relates to the past, and project our prophetic ken into the future. We shall, therefore, give up the inquiry as to the eternity of matter or the primordial existence of mind, assuming it as a fundamental premiss that these two empires of nature at present exist—and may have ever existed—according to the testimony of our perceptions and reason.

The modes whereby mind manifests itself are distinct and unchangeable; and, by observing these modes, a code of laws may be compiled, elucidatory of the powers and qualities of mind. It is through these means we propose to enter upon the study of the nature of man.

Mind is the source of all power; matter is the receptacle of all power: hence the exponent of mind. Mind is a unit; matter is a unit. The various qualities of mind are portrayed in the diverse conditions of matter. Mind receives different distinctions according to its degree of development. Its lowest form may be called attraction of cohesion or the affinity of atoms, producing on an extended scale the phenomenon of gravitation, and the principle of motion. Mind in this state of development is motive or mechanical, and, being what may be called a primary condition, is the most universal, and the basis of all the others. It manifests itself purely through all those forms of matter which are only congenial to its exhibition. This development obtains throughout the inorganic and mineral kingdom of nature. All bodies, from the atom to the orb, have this state of being, and in so far possess mind and individuality. This motive principle also presents many different degrees of development which have not been determined or defined. Another name for mind is life, and the prime condition of life is change, so that no portion of the universe is entirely at rest, being subject to those transmutations which are everywhere inherent from the presence of mind, or the life principle. Mind does all the work of producing phenomena and carrying on processes, and by its operation matter progresses from stage to stage, and is able to exhibit higher manifestations of the mind power

This truth is made clear by geology. The speculations which precede the demonstrable in this science affirm that the matter composing our globe has passed through many diverse states, and from an uniform homogeneous mass, or nebulous chaotic cloud, there has been eliminated the numberless elements and proximate forms of matter which pervade the kingdoms of organic life. In this manner the mineral strata of the globe were capable of being resolved into chemical and atmospheric forms of matter. These, aided by that element, or sum of all elements—electricity—paved the way for the lower organic structures, exhibiting, for the first time, that phase of mind which is, in common language, designated life, or vital existence. A more extended application of the mind principle was thereby introduced, which enabled it to make more rapid advancement in the transmutation of matter. The lower organic forms were in due time followed by those of a higher and more complex grade, indicating the continued ascendancy of the mental over the material principle. Animated beings duly followed, which in course of time became so far advanced as to manifest individual consciousness, intelligence, affection, and thus dawned the era of mind proper. In man, mind became more fully incarnated, and its development is much more advanced in some individuals than in others. The work is at present going on in accordance with nature's unalterable modes, the active presence of mind in all cases being determinable by observing the state of the material organism.

The relationship of mind and matter does not culminate in the human physical form. They are known to present phenomena and produce conditions of existence of such a nature as to be unappreciable by the external senses. These more rarified productions are the most real and perfect, because in them we find that combination of the two empires which enables mind to have the most perfect manifestation. To what degree of perfection this union between mind and matter may arrive in the higher spheres of existence, it is beyond the present experience of the human intellect to determine. Matter seems to become so far mentalised as to lose its distinctive peculiarities, and merge its existence in the positive embrace of mind.

Affecting, then, the quality of activity Hari, the lord of all, himself becoming Brahma, engaged in the creation of the universe. Vishnu, with the quality of goodness and of immeasurable power, preserves created things through successive ages, until the close of the period termed Kalpa; when the same mighty deity, Janarddana, invested with the quality of darkness, assumes the awful form of Rudra, and swallows up the universe. Having thus devoured all things, and converted the world into one vast ocean, the supreme reposes upon his mighty serpent couch amidst the deep; he awakes after a season, and again, as Brahma, becomes the author of creation.—*Vishnu Purana.*

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE present is the heir of the past, and, consequently the possessor in trust, for the future, of whatever has been handed down from preceding generations. The totality of our existing knowledge, and the entirety of our institutions, customs, arts, and processes, constitute this hereditary and transmissible wealth —the collective heritage of our race. This vast aggregation is stationary neither in amount nor character, for it receives accessions from every age, and may be compared, indeed, to a mighty river, widening and deepening as it continues its mystic course down the vale of years. This is tradition taken in its widest acceptation, and as such, embracing the entire humanitarian scheme of things. Religions, polities, societies, languages, philosophies, literatures, and superstitions, are, consequently, parts of this tremendous whole, which extends back in unbroken concatenation through every era, till its beginning is merged in the misty clouds of primeval antiquity.

This is that foundation upon which every mental architect must build who would have his structure last out the storms of coming time, and endure, even for a few ages, the current of events, without being swept away by them. All institutions that have been legitimately developed from their antecedents as by a process of normal and vital growth, and which are consequently in harmony with the universal spirit of things, may be said to be founded on this rock of tradition. Such have been, in their day, the successive creeds, codes, and usages of the various races and empires whose fortunes are narrated in the pages of history. If carefully examined, they will all be found to represent some idea which had an antecedent existence, and of which they were but a more effective embodiment and manifestation, than the preceding constitution of things had supplied. They were, severally, the branches of the great trunk of humanity, and had ever flowing through them that living spirit, which could organise all the seemingly discordant elements of which they were formed, into harmonious membership with the other portions of the great mundane scheme.

Heirs are not always fully aware of the value of their inheritance. The mine destined to incalculably enrich some future possessor is often handed down from generation to generation unworked and unemployed, a superficial barrenness being the only quality in their land perceptible to the unenquiring and

ignorant proprietors. And it is thus with the invaluable wealth of tradition, some of whose richest veins are concealed behind the veil of those myths in which the profound and subtle genius of pre-historic antiquity delighted to hide, from the vulgar gaze, the priceless treasures of its wisdom and philosophy, wherein the lore of the primeval generations of our race still remains buried, and from which the renewed inspiration of a later age is yet destined to disentomb this sacred deposit, by the application of analogy for the solution of these psychic riddles, the sole remnants of faiths, whose form and fashion have utterly perished, and whose very existence is lost in the fathomless depths of a now forgotten past.

We shall, however, grossly misconceive the essential character of traditionary myths, if we suppose them to have been originally the designing inventions of priesthoods. They are, when genuine, rather to be considered as natural growths, the slowly ripened products of the mental activity of many generations, than as the single conceptions and finished results of individual genius. They are thus like all other natural productions, truthful, and may be said to derive their existence from the spontaneous activity of the collective mind of man, ever instinctively working to elaborate the germs of thought and the intuitions of inspired genius into the more complicated forms required for the instruction of ordinary minds. Myths are the cerements in which primeval truths have been embalmed and preserved for the use of later generations; or, under another aspect, they are the swaddling-clothes of young ideas not yet sufficiently vigorous to move in the unshackled liberty and independence of openly expressed and avowed principles.

In virtue of this humanitarian character, myths have a universality of application that renders them valuable in every age and under every form of faith. Being genuine births of the soul, they are integral parts of the great whole, which, in its entirety, embraces the past, the present, and the future of human destiny. Hence they are not only didactically or historically, but also analogically true; and thus, when rightly interpreted, are prophetic. This property results from their universality. As the allegorical embodiments of first principles, the truths which they adumbrate, if rightly understood, are ever applicable. As the cycles of the past, they will, if duly investigated, correctly indicate the epicycles of the future. They have ever a truth beneath their surface, and it is this pearl, from the ocean-depths of thought, for which the diver into antiquity should most carefully seek.

Their very preservation during so prolonged a period is, in itself, indicative of their importance; they are world-old teachers, providentially maintained in existence for the tuition

of the wise during every generation. It is the instinctive feeling of their mysterious importance, the inspired perception of their priceless worth which has thus ensured their uninterrupted transmission through the medium of so many languages and creeds, under each of which a transformation of their appearance, with a retention of their essence, has been effected. They have been spirits, undergoing a process of transmigration, and re-appearing in the successive eras of the world under the disguise of a new birth, while, at the same time, preserving their essential unity as traditionary ideas.

As the incarnations of primeval thought, and the remnants of early ages, they are not the special property of any particular race, nor are they confined to any locality. It is only some specific form that can be thus definitely assigned to a people or a faith. The principle is not thus to be limited, and we always find, upon further inquiry, that the idea which seemed so fixed, re-appears under other forms, at various periods, and in widely separated countries. Distinctly characterised races have, however, a tendency to impress the features of their peculiar mental constitution on the myths which have become their inheritance, and which may thus be said to reflect the psychic features of the especial family to which they belong. Thus the Indian, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Classic mythologies, with all their manifold legends, have distinctive traces of the national and racial characteristics of the people among whom they prevailed.

Even the Hebrew traditions, together with the later history of the Jews, as a distinct people in Palestine, with their code, and their practical and prophetical writings, so far from being exceptions to the principles of judgment and criticism laid down in the foregoing observations, are rather to be considered as the most magnificent example of them in existence. And they are so in virtue of their appertaining to the central line of theological development, whereby their relationship is wider and their influence more essentially mundane than that of any lateral and, if we may say so, derivative faith. The Shemitic race having pre-eminently the theological mission, and in virtue of this divine authorisation, having furnished the faith-forms of the foremost nations of the earth, there is a sanctity attaching to their traditions which renders them not only more interesting, but absolutely more important, as mystical yet authentic revelations, than any others now extant. We shall, therefore, in the following pages refer to them, in common with the classical and popular legends which have descended to us from the Hellenic, Teutonic, and other races, not under the idea of treating them with disrespect, but rather with the purpose of unfolding the vast array of sacred truths, whereof they are the sacred depository.

From the principles here unfolded, it must be obvious that many apparently independent myths will be found to have the same meaning, and to have a similar interpretation, and conversely that the same myth will, according to the light in which it is viewed, and the principles of interpretation adopted, be found to enfold several meanings, all truthful and legitimate, but nevertheless varying considerably in the degree of their importance, and bearing, indeed, the relationship to each other of higher and lower, of esoteric and exoteric interpretation of the same legend. It is then obvious that great liberty of interpretation must be granted in the attempt to explain these antique vestiges of primeval faith, so diversified in form, and yet so essentially one in spirit and purpose. We may even go farther, and say, that to every successive era there is granted, among other gifts, an especial spirit of interpretation, which is doubtless in accordance with its profounder tendencies and its more urgent necessities. In this way, the unbroken current of tradition proves an exhaustless fountain of living waters to all generations, but more especially to those true master-spirits who possess the key that can unlock the storehouse of these hidden treasures. To such, the myths of old are ever new, and continually repay meditation by sublime revelations of unexpected truth. The lapse of time does but enhance the real value of these venerable mementoes, for with it, the great drama of human destiny being more clearly developed as to its total plan and ultimate conclusion, much that was once inexplicable in the prophetic portion of our mythic lore is now cleared up by the course of actual events, and thus reliable data are afforded by a comparison of past prophecies with their fulfilment, for arriving at a correct judgment respecting the foreshadowment of things still behind the veil of the future.

Such a survey as that which we now propose to take will doubtless convince us that the spirit of prophecy, in its widest acceptation, was not confined to any one age, or people, or faith, but was, on the contrary, diffused with a bountiful liberality to all the families of man. In that aspect of its manifestation, under which we purpose to more especially investigate its claims, it seems rather to have been a collective than an individual endowment, and to be the result of the promptings of the universal mind, dimly oracular as to its forthcoming movements. That poets of illustrious name and commanding genius have been frequently instrumental in the immediate transmission, and even formal embodiment, of such tales and legends as those which will form the staple subject-matter of our remarks, affords no ground for argument against the truly humanitarian origin of mythic ideas generally, for it is the vocation of poetry not so much to originate as to adorn, not so much to birth as to idealise

the forms of superstition which it finds in existence already provided to its hand in all their grand outlines, without the necessity of conceiving anew other gods, demigods, or heroes, than those already enthroned in some past or present phasis of popular belief. Homer and Hesiod, Virgil and Ovid, have but transmitted to us the mythic deities and legends of antecedent times; they were the bards who sang, and not the prophets who revealed, the faith-forms of classic antiquity. Individual genius is ever liable to error, and is only truthful in proportion as it is the exponent and interpreter of the collective spirit of its time; but the faith of a people, the inspiration of an era, is not so liable to be mistaken, and when it becomes the faith and inspiration of races and ages, it speaks with that authority which attaches only to universality, and in virtue of which alone the *vox populi* is ever the *vox dei.* Now such, be it remembered, is the origin, and such, therefore, the authority of every genuine myth; when not so produced it is a foist, and fails to bring with it the credentials that should ensure its acceptance.

WHAT IS THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH?

(*From* "THE GREAT HARMONIA," *by* ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.)

THE philosophy of Death is the philosophy of change; not of change in the constitution or personality of the individual, but of change in the *situation* of the human Spiritual Principle; which instead of being situated in an earthly body, is placed in a spiritual organisation; and instead of living among the objects and personalities of the planet upon which the individual spirit was born, its situation is so altered as to fit it to live amidst more beauteous forms and in higher societies.

To the incurably diseased; to the oppressed and downtrodden; to those who are bowed even to the grave with grief; to those who are suffering and perhaps perishing in poverty; to those who are afflicted with the dread of coming death; to them, to all, I would say,—fear not, but follow Truth, tread boldly where she leads, and, with philosophic calm, and a majestic bearing, go on—through the seeming mysterious process of death; Truth still guides, with light revealing to the awakening and more interior senses, a habitation of harmony and blessedness.

Believe not that what is called death is a final termination to human existence, nor that the *change* is so thorough and entire as to alter or destroy the constitutional peculiarities of the individual; but believe righteously, that death causes as much *alteration* in the condition of the individual as the *bursting* of a rosebud causes in the situation and con-

dition of the flower. Death is, therefore, only an *event—only a circumstance*—in the eternal life and experience of the human soul.

The lower we descend into the depths of mankind's history, the more we find that death has been unjustly magnified and exaggerated. It is distorted to be made the central horror around which all other horrors congregate; and it is the inevitable *end* from which none can possibly escape. The theology of all nations tends to falsify the nature of death —even the Christian theology presents to the inquiring mind the "dark valley of the shadow of Death," and, also, the "Monster" who is terrible and gigantic even to the strongest intellect. But, as we ascend in the scale of human progress, we find already occasional illuminated minds that pass through a process so analogous to death as to be the same in all but its duration; and such minds uniformly testify that the transfiguration is interesting and delightful. I allude to those who have experienced the sensations which are wrought upon the human system by magnetic influences or who have otherwise had their spiritual perceptions sufficiently opened and expanded to behold some of the laws and universal tendencies of nature. In all ages of the world, and among all nations, there have lived such enlightened individuals; and with them are numbered Plato, Jesus, Swedenborg, Jacob Bemen, and every one who is sufficiently advanced to enter into the spiritual or interior state; (which state must not be confounded with the inferior exhibitions of somnambulism, and the mistermed clairvoyance of unprogressed minds;) and in consequence of the vast accumulation of experience and testimony thus flowing through intuitive and pure minds, the world is becoming gradually emancipated from the bondage which a false understanding of the nature and results of visible death has imposed upon it.

It is for the diseased and suffering, who feel and know that *death* is the only relief which they can expect from the character of their afflictions —I say it is for such especially, that the following disclosures are made; and yet they are addressed to all; for I know that the highborn and intelligent mind cannot gather much consolation or truth from the present doctrines and philosophies of the world—the world which is yet clad in the habiliments of Ignorance, and in which Error, fashionably draperied and masked, presides over the theologies which live, like useless plants, in the gardens of present civilised society.

Let us now turn to the investigation. As I have said, death is but an *event* in our eternal life. It is a change in the situation and in the condition of the individual. And as it is a law of nature that every true and spontaneous change is attended with an improvement and advancement in the condition and constitution of the thing which is changed; so is man's death to the outer world an important and valu-

able change in his situation and condition. In other language, death is simply a *birth* into a new and more perfect state of existence. Nature, which is the only true and unchangeable revelation of the Divine Mind, is replete with the most beautiful and demonstrative analogies, or with universal processes which perfectly correspond to the phenemenon of physical dissolution. Everything is being incessantly "born again," or changed from one state of being into another; and this change is being accompanied, accomplished, and confirmed by transitional movements or processes which mankind term *death*. For illustration—let us think of a little *germ* which lies hidden in the earth. First, it is warmed by the vivifying elements of nature, which invite its innate essences and principles to unfold themselves and display their legitimate tendencies. And forthwith the germ is changed—or, to keep the analogy prominently before the mind, it *dies* to its original *form* and *mode* of existence. Simultaneous with this death there comes forth from out of the germ new forms and organisations; that is, a new body, with many branches, are unfolded and developed. And so, likewise, by a constant and harmonious succession of *changes*—or *deaths*—or *births*, in the various ascending forms and forces of the germ, the perfect flower is ultimately unfolded in all its fair and beauteous proportions.

Everything which has motion, life, and sensation, and which has not attained the human form, is destined to alter its form and mode of being; and every alteration is accompanied with a *death* among some, or all, of the parts and portions of the living organism. But there is no extinction of life, no annihilation of the personality of any human organization or principle in all the interminable universe; it is merely the mode of man's existence that is changed by death; and which mode, in accordance with progressive principles, is thereby vastly improved and elevated.

Here I am impressed to repeat what I have already said, because I know that it will instruct the reader's mind in the physiology of death, and calm the unhappy and suffering individual. Every human intellect should understand, that as soon as the human organisation is perfected in its form, size, and general developments, and as soon as the period has arrived when the spirit exercises its full control over the body, the process of transformation commences. The change is imperceptible, yet it is incessant and progressive. The body is not dying for a few hours only, but for many years—during which time the faculties and powers of the inner being gradually release their proprietorship over the form, and the soul continues its aspirations toward the higher spheres.

When the form is yet a child, it manifests all the angular, eccentric, and irregular traits of character, inclinations, and movements. When

childhood advances to youth, the eccentricity gives way to more uniformity, and then is displayed the circular in every possible modification of that form. When youth ascends to manhood, the perfect circular and spiral make their appearance, and are uniformly displayed in the inclinations and characteristics of that progressed stage of development. At this period the process of dying or transformation commences. The spirit is continually developing and expanding its faculties, and putting them forth as *feelers* into the higher spheres. The tendencies of the spirit are no more descending, but ascending; and that, too, to an immensity beyond the power of language to express, or the most exalted intellect to comprehend.

And as manhood progresses to old age, the body gradually becomes incapable of performing the office required by the spirit. Hence, when people are aged, their faculties seem buried beneath the worn-out and useless materials of the body. They appear weak in intellect, imbecile, and unconsociable to all around them that is youthful, blooming, and seemingly perfected. One faculty after another withdraws from the material form, and their energy, brilliancy, and susceptibility seem to decline. The body, finally, is almost disconnected from the spirit which gives it animation; and then the body is a dweller in the rudimental sphere, and the spirit is an inhabitant of the inner life, or the spiritual world. And when the moment of dissolution occurs, the *sensation*, or clothing medium of the body, is attracted and absorbed by the spirit, of which it then becomes the *material form*. At this instant the body manifests faint and almost imperceptible movements, as if it were grasping for the life which had fled; and these are contortions of the countenance, spasmodic contractions of the muscles, and seeming efforts of the whole frame to regain its animating soul.

Such are the visible appearances connected with the process of death. But these are deceptive; for the process occurring in the *interior* is far more beautiful than it is possible to describe. When the body contracts its muscles and apparently manifests the most agonising and writhing efforts, it is merely an open indication of joy unspeakable in the inner being, and of ecstacy unknown to all but itself. When the countenance is contorted, pain is not experienced; but such is an expression of ineffable delight. And when the body gives forth its last possession, a smile is impressed on the countenance, which of itself is an index of the brightness and resplendent beauty that pervade the spirit's home! In the last moments of outer life the spiritual perceptions are greatly expanded and illuminated, and the spirit is thus rendered competent to behold the immense possessions of its second habitation.

It is given me to know these things by daily experiencing them, and

having them verified in the frequent transitions that occur within my being, from the outer to the inner world, or from the lower to the higher spheres. I speak, therefore, from personal experience, which is knowledge fully confirmed by the unvarying sensations and phenomena that occur.

The butterfly escapes its gross and rudimental body, and wings its way to the sunny bower, and is sensible of its new existence. The drop of water that reposes on the earth is rendered invisible by the absorbing invitations of the sun, and ascends to associate with, and repose in, the bosom of the atmosphere. The day that is known by its warmth and illumination, dispenses its blessings to the forms of earth, and sinks into repose in the bosom of the night. Night is, then, an index of a new day, which is first cradled in the horizon, and afterward perfected in its noontide light, beauty, and animation. The flower, being unfolded from the interior by virtue of its own essence and the sun, is variegated in every possible manner, and thus becomes a representative of light and beauty; but having attained its perfection, it soon begins to change its form, its colour, and its beauty of external being. Its fragrance goes forth and pervades all congenial and suitable forms, and its beauty is indelibly impressed upon the memory of its beholder and admirer, when the flower itself is no more. The foliage tinted with the breath of winter, no longer retains its outward beauty; but this is an index of new life and animation, which is perfectly exemplified in the return of foliage in the youthful season. As it is with these, so it is with the spirit. The body dies on the outer or rather, changes its mode of existence, while the spirit ascends to a higher habitation, suited to its nature and requirements.

Death is but a Door which opens into new and more perfect existence. It is a Triumphal Arch through which man's immortal spirit passes at the moment of leaving the outer world to depart for a higher, a sublimer, and a more magnificent country. And there is really nothing more painful or repulsive in the *natural* process of dying (that which is not induced by disease or accident) than there is in passing into a quiet, pleasant, and dreamless slumber. The truthfulness of this proposition is remarkably illustrated and confirmed by the following observations and investigation into the physiological and psychological phenomena of death, which my spirit was qualified to make upon the person of a diseased individual at the moment of physical dissolution.

The patient was a female of about sixty years of age. Nearly eight months previous to her death she visited me for the purpose of receiving a medical examination of her physical system. Although there

were no sensations experienced by her, excepting a mere weakness or feebleness located in the duodenum, and a falling of the palate, yet I discovered, and distinctly perceived, that she would die with a cancerous disease of the stomach. This examination was made about eight months previous to her death. Having ascertained the certainty of her speedy removal from our earth, without perceiving the precise period of her departure (for I cannot spiritually measure time or space), I internally resolved to be present and watch the progressive development of that interesting but much-dreaded phenomenon. Moved by this resolution, I, at a later period, engaged board in her house, and officiated as her physician.

When the hour of her death arrived, I was fortunately in a proper state of body and mind to induce the Superior Condition; but, previous to throwing my spirit into that condition, I sought the most convenient and favourable position, that I might be allowed to make the observations entirely unnoticed and undisturbed. Thus situated and conditioned, I proceeded to observe and investigate the mysterious processes of dying, and to learn what it is for an individual human spirit to undergo the changes consequent upon physical death or external dissolution. They were these:—

I saw that the physical organisation could no longer subserve the diversified purposes or requirements of the Spiritual Principle. But the various internal organs of the body appeared to *resist* the withdrawal of the animating soul. The muscular system struggled to retain the element of Motion; the vascular system strove to retain the element of Life; the nervous system put forth all its powers to retain the element of Sensation; and the cerebral system laboured to retain the principle of Intelligence. The body and the soul, like two friends, strongly resisted the various circumstances which rendered their eternal separation imperative and absolute. These internal conflicts gave rise to manifestations of what seemed to be, to the material senses, the most thrilling and painful sensations; but I was unspeakably thankful and delighted when I perceived and realised the fact that those physical manifestations were indications, *not of pain or unhappiness*, but simply that the Spirit was eternally dissolving its copartnership with the material organism.

Now the head of the body became suddenly enveloped in a fine—soft—mellow—luminous atmosphere; and, as instantly, I saw the cerebrum and the cerebellum expand their most interior portions; I saw them discontinue their appropriate galvanic functions; and then I saw that they became highly charged with the vital electricity and vital magnetism which permeate subordinate systems and structures. That is to

say, the Brain, as a whole, suddenly declared itself to be tenfold more positive, over the lesser portions of the body, than it ever was during the period of health. This phenomenon invariably precedes physical dissolution.

Now the process of dying, or of the spirit's departure from the body, was fully commenced. The brain began to attract the elements of electricity, of magnetism, of motion, of life, and of sensation, into its various and numerous departments. The head became intensely brilliant; and I particularly remarked that just in the same proportion as the extremities of the organism grew dark and cold, the brain appeared light and glowing.

Now I saw, in the mellow, spiritual atmosphere, which emanated from, and encircled, her head, the indistinct outlines of the *formation* of another head! The reader should remember that *these super-sensuous processes are not visible to any one except the spiritual perceptions be unfolded; for material eyes can only behold material things, and spiritual eyes can only behold spiritual things.*—This is a Law of Nature. This new head unfolded more and more distinctly; and so indescribably compact and intensely brilliant did it become, that I could neither see through it nor gaze upon it as steadily as I desired. While this spiritual head was being eliminated and organised from out of, and above, the material head, I saw that the surrounding aromal atmosphere which had emanated from the material head was in great commotion; but, as the new head became more distinct and perfect, this brilliant atmosphere gradually disappeared. This taught me that those aromal elements, which were in the beginning of the metamorphosis, attracted from the system into the brain, and thence eliminated in the form of an atmosphere, were indissolubly united in accordance with the divine principle of affinity in the universe, which pervades and destinates every particle of matter, and developed the spiritual head which I beheld.

With inexpressible wonder, and with a heavenly and utterable reverence I gazed upon the holy and harmonious processes that were going on before me. In the identical manner in which the spiritual head was eliminated and unchangeably organised I saw, unfolding in their natural, progressive order, the harmonious development of the neck, the shoulders, the breast, and the entire spiritual organisation. It appeared from this, even to an unequivocal demonstration, that the innumerable particles of what might be termed unparticled matter, which constitute the man's Spiritual principle, are constitutionally endowed with certain elective affinities, analogous to an immortal friendship. The innate tendencies, which the elements and essences of her soul manifested by uniting and

organising themselves, were the efficient and imminent causes which unfolded and perfected her spiritual organisation. The defects and deformities of her physical body, were, in the spiritual body which I saw thus developed, almost completely removed. In other words, it seemed that those hereditary obstructions and influences were now removed, which originally arrested the full and proper development of her physical constitution; and therefore, that her spiritual constitution, being elevated above those obstructions, was enabled to unfold and perfect itself, in accordance with the universal tendencies of all created things.

While this spiritual formation was going on, which was perfectly visible to my spiritual perceptions, the material body manifested, to the outer vision of observing individuals in the room, many symptoms of uneasiness and pain; but these indications were totally deceptive; they were wholly caused by the departure of the vital or spiritual forces from the extremities and viscera into the brain, and thence into the ascending organism.

The spirit arose at right angles over the head or brain of the deserted body. But immediately previous to the final dissolution of the relationship which had for so many years subsisted between the spiritual and material bodies, I saw—playing energetically between the feet of the elevated spiritual body and the head of the prostrate physical body—a bright stream or current of vital electricity. This taught me, that what is customarily termed *Death* is but a *Birth* of the spirit from a lower into a higher state; that an inferior body and mode of existence are exchanged for a superior body and corresponding endowments and capabilities of happiness. I learned that the correspondence between the birth of a child into this world, and the birth of the spirit from the material body into a higher world, is absolute and complete—even to the *umbilical cord*, which was represented by the thread of vital electricity, which, for a few minutes, subsisted between, and connected the two organisms together. And here I perceived, what I had never before obtained a knowledge of, that a small portion of this vital electrical element returned to the deserted body, immediately subsequent to the separation of the umbilical thread; and that that portion of this element which passed back into the earthly organism, instantly diffused itself through the entire structure, and thus prevented immediate decomposition.

It is not proper that a body should be deposited in the earth until after decomposition has positively commenced; for, should there be no positive evidences of such structural change, even though life seems surely to have departed, it is not right to consign the body to the grave. The umbilical life-cord, of which I speak, is sometimes not

severed, but is drawn out into the finest possible medium of sympathetic connection between the body and the spirit. This is invariably the case when individuals apparently die, and, after being absent for a few days or hours, return, as from a peaceful journey, to relate their spiritual experiences. Such phenomena are modernly termed, Trances, Catalepsy, Somnambulism, and spiritual Extasis. There are many different stages, or divisions, and subdivisions, of these states. But when the spirit is *arrested* in its flight from the body, and when it is held in a transitional or mediatorial state, for only a few hours or minutes, then the mind seldom retains a recollection of its experience—this state of forgetfulness, seems, to a superficial observer, like annihilation; and this occasional suspension of consciousness (or memory) is frequently made the foundation of many an argument against the soul's immortal existence. It is when the spirit entirely leaves the body—only retaining proprietorship over it, through the medium of the unsevered umbilical thread or electric wire, as it might be called—that the soul is enabled to abandon its earthly tenement and interests, for many hours or days, and afterward to return to the earth, ladened with bright and happy memories.

As soon as the spirit, whose departing hour I thus watched, was wholly disengaged from the tenacious physical body, I directed my attention to the movements and emotions of the former; and I saw her begin to breathe the most interior or spiritual portions of the surrounding terrestrial atmosphere. At first it seemed with difficulty that she could breathe the new medium; but, in a few seconds, she inhaled and exhaled the spiritual elements of nature, with the greatest possible ease and delight. And now I saw that she was in the possession of exterior and physical proportions, which were identical, in every possible particular—improved and beautified—with those proportions which characterised her earthly organisation. That is to say, she possessed a heart, a stomach, a liver, a lungs, &c., &c., just as her natural body did previous to (not her, but) *its* death. This is a wonderful and consoling truth! But I saw that the improvements which were wrought upon, and in, her spiritual organisation, were not so particular and thorough as to destroy or transcend her personality; nor did they materially alter her natural appearance or earthly characteristics. So much like her former self was she, that, had her friends beheld her *(as I did,)* they certainly would have exclaimed—as we often do upon the sudden return of a long absent friend, who leaves us in illness and returns in health —"Why, how well you look! how improved you are!" such were the nature—most beautifying in their extent—of the improvements that were wrought upon her.

I saw her continue to conform, and accustom herself, to the new elements and elevating sensations which belong to the inner life. I did not particularly notice the workings and emotions of her newly awakening and fast unfolding spirit; except, that I was careful to remark her philosophic tranquillity throughout the entire process, and her non-participation, with the different members of her family, in their unrestrained bewailing of her departure from the earth, to unfold in Love and Wisdom throughout eternal spheres. She understood, at a glance, that they could only gaze upon the cold and lifeless form which she had but just deserted; and she readily comprehended the fact, that it was owing to a want of true knowledge upon their parts, that they thus vehemently regretted her merely physical death.

The excessive weeping and lamentation of friends and relatives, over the external form of one departed, are mainly caused by the sensuous and superficial mode by which the majority of mankind view the phenomena of death. For, with but few exceptions, the race is so conditioned and educated on the earth—not yet having grown into spiritual perceptions—not yet progressed to where "whatsoever is hid shall be revealed"—realising, only through the medium of the natural senses, the nearness of the beloved—watching and comprehending only the external signs and processes of physical dissolution—supposing *this* contortion to indicate pain, and *that* expression to indicate anguish—I say, the race is so situated and educated that *death* of the body (to the majority of the earth's inhabitants) is equivalent to an annihilation of the personality of the individual. But I would comfort the superficial observer, and I can solemnly assure the inquirer after truth, that, when an individual dies naturally, the spirit experiences no pain; nor, should the material body be dissolved with disease, or crushed by the fearful avalanche, is the individuality of the spirit deformed, or in the least degree obscured. Could you but turn your natural gaze from the lifeless body, which can no longer answer to your look of love; and could your spiritual eyes be opened, you would behold—standing in your midst—a form, the same, but more beautiful, and living! Hence, there is great cause to rejoice at the *birth* of the spirit from this world into the Inner Sphere of Life—yea, it is far more reasonable and appropriate to weep at the majority of marriages which occur in this world, than to lament when man's immortal spirit escapes from its earthly form, to live and unfold in a higher and better country! You may clothe yourselves with the dark habiliments of woe, when you consign at the altar, a heart to a living grave; or when you chain the soul to breathe in an uncongenial atmosphere; but robe yourselves with garments of light to honour the spirit's birth into a higher life!

The period required to accomplish the entire *change*, which I saw, was not far from two hours and a half; but this furnishes no rule as to the time required for *every* spirit to elevate and re-organise itself above the head of the outer form. Without changing my position, or spiritual perceptions, I continued to observe the movements of her new-born spirit. As soon as she became accustomed to the new elements which surrounded her, she descended from her elevated position, which was immediately over the body, by an effort of the will-power, and directly passed out of the door of the bedroom, in which she had lain (in the material form) prostrated with disease for several weeks. It being in a summer month, the doors were all open, and her egress from the house was attended with no obstructions. I saw her pass through the adjoining room, out of the door, and step from the house into the atmosphere! I was overwhelmed with delight and astonishment when, for the first time, I realised the universal truth that the spiritual organisation can tread the atmosphere which, while in the coarser earthly form, we breathe—so much more refined is man's spiritual condition. She walked in the atmosphere as easily, and in the same manner, as we tread the earth, and ascend an eminence. Immediately upon her emergement from the house, *she was joined by two friendly spirits from the spiritual country;* and, after tenderly recognising and communing with each other, the three, in the most graceful manner, began ascending obliquely through the ethereal envelopment of our globe. They walked so naturally and fraternally together, that I could scarcely realise the fact that they trod the air—they seemed to be walking upon the side of a glorious but familiar mountain! I continued to gaze upon them until the distance shut them from my view; whereupon I returned to my external and ordinary condition.

O, what a contrast! Instead of beholding that beautiful and youthfully unfolded spirit, I now saw, in common with those about me, the lifeless—cold—and shrouded organism of the caterpillar, which the joyous butterfly had so recently abandoned!

The world was produced from Vishnu: it exists in him; he is the cause of its continuance and cessation; he is the world.—*Vishnu Purana.*

A red hot Reformer has projected a means for the efficient ventilation of MINDS, not "MINES." He says there is much explosive gas in some of the former, which a normal and adequate means of elimination can only prevent from being highly dangerous to the interior operators who are engaged in the excavation of thoughts and feelings. Others, again, are pervaded with a deadly "choke damp," which either utterly annihilates these indispensable explorers for the means of "enlightenment" and "comfort," or turns them out of the abyss horridly mutilated and irretrievably deformed. We hope our brother will lose no time in giving the world the benefit of the "variety of means" he has at his disposal for preventing such frequent fatal perturbations in the "bowels of the globe" of thought.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WODSON," ETC.

"We had experience of a blissful state,
In which our powers of thought stood separate,
Each in its own high freedom held apart,
Yet both close folded in one loving heart;
So that we seemed, without conceit, to be
Both one, and two, in our identity."—MILNES.

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CHAPTER IV.

I REMAINED long on deck, sometimes walking, sometimes sitting, and sometimes leaning over the rail, and wondering, as I looked into the great world of waters, if there were, indeed, nothing in all the immense, varied life of that world, to answer to the sentiment which bows down and lifts up, rends and heals, withers and ennobles the human soul. I remained long, but saw nothing of my friends. Mrs Bromfield was in her state-room, hearing Harry his afternoon lessons, and teaching King Philip the true interpretation of various pictures, in a gorgeous edition of the venerable Mrs Easy's works, which the Colonel had produced for him from his own room, after the discomforts of the first days were over.

With a wonderful reverence for his mother, and for everything she said, the child could not sometimes refrain from quoting the "Turnel's" different opinion. He had already a spark of man-erishness in his little, clear, budding soul, and could not readily accept a woman's authority against a man's, even though she was his perfect and adorable mother.

"But, mamma dear," I heard him say, as I was walking slowly up the cabin, "the Turnel do say 'at ole woman in 'e shoe have all dirls for her babies, an' 'at's why she whip 'em all when 'ey go to bed. Do mammas have to whip dirl-babies, mamma?"

I did not hear the reply, but I concluded—and it was like a woman, perhaps, so to conclude—that the question had hastened the adjournment of that session; for Phil very shortly followed me up the cabin, with his book in his hand, inquiring for the Colonel. In all probability he had determined upon a final settlement of the "dirl" question.

On deck he shouted for the "Turnel," and then Harry shouted gleefully, for the coolness of the delicious tropical evening was drawing across the still sea, and told him that Philip, the king, wanted him.

Mrs Bromfield left her room, and I could see that this call, which she dared not interdict, made her nervously uneasy. Doubtless she saw through it difficulties in the programme of the next few weeks, which she had not at first anticipated. The regal frost—" when next we meet, it will be as people who have never seen each other's faces"—with which she had parted from this man, would melt away in the sunlight of those children's hearts. He had them. He was indispensable to their daily eating, drinking, talking, and playing. She could not separate them from him without publishing to the common sailors, and even to almond-eyed Ching, that something had happened.

The Colonel soon made his appearance from somewhere, in answer to his titular dignity, whether from the main-top or not I cannot testify; but very shortly Phil's hammock was suspended, and he swinging in it, with an expression of such entire rest and contentment as quite moved me to behold, knowing, as I did, what a desperately agonised heart was beating beside him. For when I went on deck again (I was restless myself, and could not be still,) and when I looked into Colonel Anderson's face, and saw there the marble rigidity into which he had calmed or compelled his features, I began, first, to call in question Mrs Bromfield's right so to condemn and punish a man for any mere audacity. " True," I said, " it was a bold offence, but one must see that it was an act of irresistible worship; it was involuntary in him, and that should extenuate, if not excuse it. She ought not to be so merciless."

Mr Garth came along with Harry, and I thought he cast a peculiarly searching glance at, or rather into, Colonel Anderson's face. They walked back and forth several times—the boy and he—talking, and once again I saw the same questioning, almost angry look, which, however, fell unnoticed on the other. I stepped to the companion-way, and called Harry to me.

" Go down and bring your mother up, to take her walk before dinner, Harry," said I, wishing at the same time he would stop and ask me about her, that so I might learn whether he or Mr Garth had any notion of what had taken place.

" Is mamma ill?" he inquired.

" No, Harry; but I think she would be glad to have you invite her on deck."

He lingered yet, and at length I said: " What is it, Harry?"

" I want to know if Colonel Anderson said anything to mamma, this morning, that he oughtn't to, because ——."

" Well, because what, Harry?"

" Because Mr Garth and I, when we were on the forecastle, heard one of the sailors telling another, that, when he was at the wheel this

morning, the dark-eyed lady—and Mr Garth says that means mamma—told the Colonel something that was mighty unpleasant for him to hear, and that's the reason, the man says, that he's been in the main-top all the afternoon."

"So—so," thought I, "there was a man at the wheel, of course, with nothing in the world to do, in this still sea, but have eyes and ears open to everything."

I had been hoping that the strange interview was unknown to any but myself, and was not pleased to hear of this publication of it; but I set the child's mind at rest, charging him to say nothing of it to his mother, or any one, which he readily promised. And as the boys were remarkable, even at that early age, for clear perceptions, a high sense of honour, and thorough conscientiousness, I knew I could fully trust him.

His mother did not accept his invitation, however, and I already began to foresee many discomforts and miseries, for myself and those I was most interested in, from the disturbed relation of these our "first persons."

Colonel Anderson shortly lifted Phil from his hammock, and thereafter disappeared from the deck.

"Has he gone below?" I asked, mentally; but though I wished much to witness the first meeting, feeling assured of a most dainty, frosty, and at the same time, unmanifest piece of ceremony, to be then and there enjoyed, I did not go down, being resolved to wait the call of Ching's gong—a pleasanter instrument to me the farther I was removed from it.

At length it came, and after the last horrible vibration had died away, I descended with Mr Garth, who had been unburthening his mind to me of this affair, and little Phil, who had protested against the black eyes imputed to his mother. No one was yet at table—no one in the cabin but Ching, looking careful and important; the Captain, and Mrs Farley. Mr Pedes soon entered, then came Mr Wilkes, and next, my queen of tragedy, with bright, glancing eyes, and serious, calmly determined face.

"She will betray herself," I said, inwardly vexed at that great look, and feeling more keenly than before how much was at stake.

"What! the Colonel absent yet?" asked Captain Landon. "Is he gone ashore, Ching?"

"No serr, me no tink."

"Ah! here he is." And how intently I watched. "Now," thought I, "I shall judge of her good sense, more than of her heart, by the next three minutes."

He walked up the cabin, and, strong man as he was, I saw his face whiten in the progress; but she looked unconstrained, and when he came

opposite and took his seat, she raised her eyes—those eyes which commanded his—and said, very naturally:

"The boys had a hunt for you this evening, Colonel Anderson. I hope they did not disturb or interrupt you."

There, again, I clapped the hands of my spirit, and mentally reiterated, "Bravo! She sees the impossibility of adhering outwardly to her first purpose. She will treat him in public as an acquaintance, and will probably reserve those little pungencies of polite intercourse, with which she will avenge this necessity, for the more private passages which cannot always be avoided while we are confined to the space of a ship."

But I soon saw that she had finer weapons than I knew of—words that served the exigency of her spirit rarely, as flexible and tortuous as those of the most skilful diplomat; and subtle tones which would cement these needles of the tongue into a glittering barrier between them. I was infinitely vexed by this keen bearing of all that she said to him during our meal, and her conversation was little shorn of its usual freedom and charm. Yet I felt, rather than saw, how it agonized him; the ice-wall, I knew, went up and up, the sharp crystals pricking and chafing as they took their place in the glittering fabric. But I was proud and delighted, in the inmost depths of my heart, to see, that, while there was no mock gaiety in his defence, there was also no unmanly acknowledgment, in his voice or eye, that he felt the wounds.

"They are well matched for the battle," said I, mentally; but while it was going on, I thought, with a feeling of relief, "Every meal will not be such an ordeal. When she has fenced him off and shown him the limits of his traversable territory, she will sit quietly within her own, and throw him a nectarine or a peach now and then for those arrows she is now piercing him with."

Mrs Bromfield had certain old-fashioned ways, in which she was very fixed. Her children were never allowed to engross the conversation at table, as one so often sees the young people in our country do. Occasionally a word or a question, quietly put, but never reiterated, and above all, never a loud or noisy tone, exacting attention. At this dinner, however, the royal Philip ventured, in a moment's pause of his elders, to remark to the "Turnel," looking gravely at him across the table, that "Mamma did not think all 'at ole woman's chil'ens in 'e shoe were dirl-babies."

There was a laugh all round at this, and Colonel Anderson said: "Doesn't she, Phil? I am sorry to differ with such high authority as mamma is with you, my boy; but we'll argue the case after dinner—shall we?"

"Yes, sir," answered Phil, after a good long draught from his little

goblet, "on deck, when mamma is takin' 'er walk wis Harry and me. You'll come, too, Turnel, won't you?"

He had got through the whole speech, unusually long for him at table, before Mrs Bromfield could arrest his tongue. Her face flushed, and she turned her eyes rebukingly on the child, and said, thereby cutting the matter off from another word: "Philip must not talk at dinner. Mamma is not pleased with it." And addressing herself to the Captain in the next breath, she inquired if there were any signs of the calm breaking up soon.

"I think there are, ma'am," he replied. "There's a little scud on our larboard quarter that I hope means something for us beside lying here. The Tempest will certainly lose her reputation if we are to fare so much longer."

"Have we changed our position at all in the last five days?"

"Oh! yes; but unfortunately, in the wrong direction, ma'am; we have gone westward, when we would better have gone eastward. But let us have a breeze once more, and we'll soon set that all right," he said, rising and going forward.

We shortly followed him, leaving Mr Pedes in warm and dogmatic argument with Mr Wilkes on some question touching the univalves and bivalves of the Pacific islands, in which the latter gentleman, to our astonishment, stood sturdily to his first assertion in so self-reliant and clear a tone, that Mrs Bromfield declared, unhesitatingly, he must be in the right, even though the man of science was against him.

Colonel Anderson still sat, sipping with moody, abstracted look, a glass of wine, while Mr Garth, uninterested in either the men or the argument, retired to the deck, Harry and Phil following him, with a promise from mamma and me to come very soon. The children, so excellent, clear, sunny, and trustful—never doubting their cordial welcome to any heart or hand of those they loved—were an inexpressible treasure to us all. When older souls were clouded, their's were clear; when other tongues were silent, their's ran in merriment or music; when time was growing heavy and slow, they plumed his wings, and quickened them by their bright, affectionate fancies of the future. Happy children! blessed in being born of a mother whose mental and physical life had so richly endowed them; who rejoiced not in feebleness and fragility, but in strength and health, that were above price to them.

We soon joined them on deck for the accustomed evening walk and lounge before their bed-time came. Up and down, up and down, without ever a word on the one subject that I knew she was woman enough to be engrossed in, though her pride buried it from every eye but her own—and mine, which saw as deep as her's that evening. Colonel

Anderson was wont to join us at times in this stroll, crossing and re-crossing, stopping for a few words, or walking two or three turns with us, and then falling off with some one else. But to-night he did not appear.

"Surely," I said, "he will not give up so. He ought to have the pride and self-command of a man—and more, too, to match her's." I had almost a mind to go below and urge him up into her presence, but I questioned if I had the nerve for so brave a word as would be needful for that, and so stayed, until she called Harry from Mr Garth's side, where he stood, watching the moon and listening to a talk between him and Mr Pedes, to go down to bed. King Philip was already drowsy, and she took him up; but just as she was setting her foot upon the first step of the companion-way, Colonel Anderson's form rose up out of the dimness below, and the child flung himself forward into his extended arms.

Mrs Bromfield rarely reproved, and *never scolded* her children; but I think, judging from the quick, backward turn of the head—for it was too dark to see her face—that that act put her in a mood to have done one or other right heartily at that moment. I was just behind them, for I thought of offering to undress one of the boys as I often did; and I enjoyed seeing Phil borne up the saloon, his arms folded round Colonel Anderson's neck, and his delicate cheek resting upon the sturdy shoulder —his mamma following, with fiery look and chafing step.

At the door of her room the child and man parted with a clinging kiss—there was great love between them—and as the Colonel placed him on the carpet, he said: "I so dlad, Turnel, I ain't a dirl, so to be whipped 'fore I go to bed."

In spite of his pain, the man smiled, and said: "We must talk about that in the morning, Phil. Good night." And with a grave, courteous bow to the figure that stood beside the child, he retired to his own room.

No chance for a meeting on deck, then, that night. "Will the man part with all his courage?" I asked myself again. "Even for her, grand and complete as she is, I wouldn't do it if I were he." And yet I, a woman, sat and watched her emotions, and drank in her tones, with a sort of worship—at least, if you object to that—a fulness of satisfaction which no other being had ever given me.

The prayers were over, and the last kisses exchanged, and the last broken, sleepy words had been uttered by Phil's lips, just as the curtains of his eyes fell irresistibly down—for Phil was a child of ideas, and they would press out of him, even when sleep was crowding hard to drive them back—and when all this was done, Mrs Bromfield, stately and alone, came forth from her room, and said:

"Will you walk a little, my friend. I hope so much for a breeze to-night. I feel suffocated"—throwing the hair back in careless disorder from her temples. I knew, by their distended veins and by her dimmed eyes, that they were throbbing with the pent-up fire, which, I thought, if you are such a woman as I have accepted you for, you cannot much longer stifle there within. Tears or words must give it way soon.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs Bromfield was at least an inch taller than myself, and I was reckoned of full womanly stature before I drooped from my last illness; but so exquisitely was she proportioned that one would not willingly have lost an eighth of an inch from her height. Her figure had that unmistakeable elegance and bearing on which a common eye would dwell with delight. But it was in her motions and tones, in the language of her radiant, clear, calm eye, and the living light of her face, that the spiritual beauty which commanded people expressed itself.

I acknowledged it whenever she approached me, and I could feel the thrill with which others drank it in, in their intercourse with her; I could see it in their countenances, and in the glad alacrity with which the servants and seamen, when they were near, sought to please or serve her. She had the rare and happy gift of making her service a joy and privilege to those about her. Yet how blind she was to their pleasure in it! How seldom she indulged herself or others in receiving at their hands what they would so gladly have rendered. How quiet and self-helpful she was. As she rested her hand upon my shoulder in our walk, I felt how hopeless it was for Colonel Anderson, or any other man, to struggle against a genuine love for this woman. To endure it might be possible—to overcome it, never.

We walked, then sat and walked again, long, long; but neither *his* name or the excitement of the day was alluded to by either. Mr Garth joined us, and afterwards Mr Pedes, and both expressed some wonder that the Colonel was not out; but their remarks elicited from her only quiet and dignified replies, such as she would have made had the Captain or Mr Wilkes been their subject, instead of this mad, crushed lover—this newly caged lion, the key of whose prison had been given to her.

It was late when we went below, and already the sky was overcast in the south-west. At intervals there came to us airs from that dim, dreamy region, such as had not fanned our heated brows for many a day—welcome airs, freighted with hope—whispering courage to our hearts, imparting pleasure and life to our languid bodies, and by their mysterious touch moving the secret springs within to old, forgotten

harmonies. O glorious summer wind! pulse of the great moving heart of the universe! how all created things languish when thou withdrawest thyself—how the spirit of man, and the brute brotherhood, everywhere mourn and faint in thy absence! how they rejoice when again thou leavest the secret chambers of the heavens, and treadest unseen the fields of ether, sending bounties and blessing over the earth! How gratefully we wanderers on the deep hailed thy careless, fitful promise, when thou didst momentarily touch our slackened sails, coyly retreating, and again returning with firmer pressure on the canvas, that seemed to woo thy stay! Thrice welcome to our impatient souls—thrice freighted with blessing to us, of healthful pleasure for the present, of hope for the future, and of sweet, suggestive fancies, of the vast unknown whither thou wert journeying.

I had been two hours or more asleep, when I awoke with the lively rush of waters at the ship's side—a sound more welcome than any other could have been to us. I was delighted, and could not again compose myself to sleep for a long time. I heard four bells of the morning watch, then six, then eight, and the shout from away forward, "Eight bells. Starboard watch, turn out!"

The wind had increased from my first waking, and I was seaman enough to know, by the orders on deck, that it was "hauling fairer" every hour. "Square the yards" were the words from time to time, and the Tempest seemed really taking kindly to her old vocation of rocking into the seas again. It was refreshing and delightful to feel the living motion once more beneath us.

I lay, gladly hearing our wings stretch and fill with the careering wind, till presently I found myself dreaming that it was a gale, and that we were lashed to the masts and capstans to enable us to hold by the ship in the great seas that rolled over her. I awoke. It was full daylight, though not sunshine, as it had been the last days, and the Tempest was pitching as I had not felt her since we left the frozen seas of Cape Horn. Her cordage creaked, and the wind roared through her shrouds and sails like the voice of doom. We were on the weather side, and already I heard little fussy Mrs Farley pitching occasionally against the partition of our rooms; and the gleeful voice of Phil in the saloon, challenging mamma and the "Turnel" and "Mis'r Darf" to go up with him on deck and "see the wind."

He stumbled along to Colonel Anderson's door, and knocked, but there was no answer; and Phil was just about to raise an unkingly cry, when the cabin-door was opened, and the leonine voice and form rushed in together, as on the wings of the air.

"Holloa, Philip, my king!"

"Oh! Turnel, do, please, take me on deck; I want to see'e wind so much!"

"Yes, come with me;" and away they went, filled with new life, both of them.

And I thought: "We shall not see so tame a Colonel to-day, in a gale, as we had yesterday in the calm. There will be hands wanted to-day, where they were needless yesterday, and strong, masculine arms for emergencies on deck and elsewhere. We shall see now how it will be all through another sort of day;" and I rose in haste, and made my toilet, to be ready.

A sudden sea, following a calm, always brings to me, in the first hours, a little dismay—not fear, nor dread, but my mercury falls for awhile, like that of the barometer, when the silent breath of the advancing tempest lightens the air.

I was glad therefore, at breakfast, to hear the Captain and Colonel Anderson and Mr Pedes congratulating each other on the breeze, and prophesying what we should make that day; and, with the sanguineness of men to whom hope comes swiftly, foretelling all sorts of good luck and speed for the remainder of our voyage.

"Are you not still farther west than you would like to be, Captain Landon?" asked Mrs Bromfield.

"A very little, ma'am," said the old seaman, slightly nettled at her question. I think he would have preferred his lady passengers should not know whether they were in the Atlantic or Pacific or Indian Ocean. "We are a very little farther west than I would be if I had Aladdin's square of carpet; but a few hours of this wind will put us where we want to be."

Phil asked for and got a bit of broiled chicken this morning, on the ground, as he said, of the wind, and the hard work he should have to-day. It was astonishing how the motion raised our spirits, as the day wore on, and lifted us out of the little stagnant world which had contained us yesterday. Even the events that had so absorbed me till I went to sleep, became comparatively insignificant in view of a speedy arrival and the change and action that would be consequent thereon. Nevertheless I watched my two friends, as they met and passed here and there through the day—through that day and the next the wind still keeping up, and at times increasing uncomfortably for an hour or two.

On the third morning the Captain announced that we had passed a group of coral islands in the night, which he was glad to be leaving behind him, and all seemed to promise as fair as our most ardent wishes could demand.

Just before luncheon that day, Colonel Anderson came to me, on deck,

and said: "Miss Warren, I am about to ask a favour of you, which I hope you have the courage and candour to refuse if you feel the slightest reluctance to granting it;" and with the words, he drew from his breast-pocket a letter, and handed it to me. It was unsealed, and addressed to Mrs Eleanore Bromfield. I was struck with the name, for it was the first time I had known what it was, and how should he have learned it?

"Your presence in the cabin on Tuesday morning," he said, "brings me to you as a messenger to that lady. Have you any unwillingness to oblige me in this matter?"

"None, Colonel Anderson," I answered, after a moment's reflection; "but I should be loth to encourage you with a hope of reply."

"I have left the letter unsealed," he said, "in deference to her feelings. She would not suffer you to leave her at that mad meeting, and I have written nothing here which she might not, after what you have witnessed, leave to your perusal, if she choose. For God's sake," he added, already pale with his strong emotion, "go to her with it, and bring me some word or expression that will make me a man again!"

I hurried away, and following the sound of Phil's joyous voice, found her, with both the boys, in her room. The note was in my pocket, for I meant to be guarded in delivering it, and so waited till the boys were dismissed; Harry walking proudly away, entrusted with the safe delivery of King Philip on deck, to which end he summoned Ching at the cabin-door; but in another moment I saw the little form lifted with passionate fondness to another bosom than yellow Ching's, and so borne off.

"Mrs Bromfield," I said—I did not dare to let her begin, in her leading way, on indifferent topics, for then I could never have broken in with the one that had brought me to her—"Mrs Bromfield, I have been requested to bring you this note;" and I drew it from my pocket and laid it on her knee.

She did not know Colonel Anderson's writing, and as she slowly proceeded to draw the sheet from its envelope, she asked if we were getting up a complimentary card to the Captain—"or what is it?" she said, quickly, as her startled eye fell on the name at the bottom.

She laid it down a moment, and took breath and counsel of herself. Then she glanced at me, and turned her eyes straight before her. I did not speak, which was, perhaps, better than if I had: for, after a long pause, she took up the note and began reading it.

These were the words he had written her:—

"To Mrs Bromfield:

"If my offence is indeed too great for expiation or forgiveness, let

me bear the consequences—your indignant scorn and my own self-contempt.

" But you are too just to condemn me unheard. Had I so much as touched your garment with rude or irreverent hand, it were right that you should dismiss me with ignominy from your presence and acquaintance; but until you hear me, you cannot know, surely, that I am thus guilty, and you so injured.

" Therefore I pray you to hearken patiently to a few words. They shall be very few, and let the soul to which they are addressed not flame in consuming scorn upon him who utters them.

" You will better feel the earnestness of this prayer when you understand, that, for the last four months, I have lived but for one object—absolutely and entirely for one. And you will also feel how absorbing that must have become, to swallow up the whole of a life that has hitherto compassed—I may say it without vanity—many and various ones. Four months ago I went on board the Tempest, to see the quarters which a friend of mine was proposing to take for this voyage. While we sat in the room to which he had shown me, your boys came on board, and walked up the cabin, in my sight. I love children—God bless them!—and never was a pair seen that could so captivate a man's heart. I looked earnestly for their mother, for it is my belief, when I behold such children as Harry and Philip, that their mother will always be a woman worth looking at. And when you came slowly after them, glancing neither to the right nor left, and entered the room you now occupy, I only asked, 'Who is she, that woman and mother, who passed by?' I was told your name and condition, and that you had taken passage on this ship. An irrepressible desire to become known to you instantly possessed me; and as the choice of my destination was unfettered by any existing arrangements, my decision was promptly taken. That night I engaged the room my friend had given up, and the rest you know. I have never for a moment repented my precipitate voyage, nor do I now, though God knows my heart could not hold another agony at this hour.

" I was mad on Tuesday morning. I have enjoyed your reading but three times before; and at each have been, as I then was, an uninvited auditor. The sentiment of that poem, so noble and so wholly adopted as your own, by the voice and the swelling emotion that came forth with the words, made me forgetful of everything but that love like mine might also ask and claim its recognition. I kissed your forehead, as in my higher moments I bow down before my God—because it was the one and only act that could bear forth the life and passion of my soul. And I swear to you that I am not sorry for it; I was born into a new life by

it. But if I have therein mortally offended you, may God help me, for no human being then can! I shall live all my appointed time, such life as is left to me; but you will stand between me and Hope—between me and all manly work—between me and the salvation it brings. I have no hope of worthiness hereafter but in your sweet pardon. The precious treasure I have sought I will not again seek, by word or look, till we know each other better; but let me believe that I may come near to you, as I formerly have, without feeling you chill to stone at my approach.

"J. LEONARD ANDERSON."

I had glanced at the face which hung over this note more than once during its perusal. She generally read with great rapidity and quickness of apprehension, but this meaning seemed to lie deep, or her faculties were not on edge to sift and take it in. I was immeasurably encouraged by her lingering over it, and secretly delighted to see her deliberately turn back in my presence and read it a second time. Then she handed it to me with a trembling hand and a face white as marble. When I returned it she said, "Tell Colonel Anderson that I fully pardon his offence. God knows if we were merciless in rejecting such gifts, even though they come unsought and are abruptly thrust upon us, the world's garden would show bare rocks for many a bed of bloom that now glorifies it."

The tears sprang and overflowed as she spoke, but she turned her eyes to the door with an unmistakeable glance of dismissal, which I heeded promptly, feeling how keenly her subdued pride would demand leave to hide its defeat.

I found Colonel Anderson slowly moving up and down a narrow space on the main deck in front of the cabin doors, and I did but appear there when he came forward, evidently encouraged and uplifted by my long tarry, perhaps also by the glad sympathy of my face; for as he reached the spot where I stood awaiting him, he seized my hand, and said, in a low tone, that seemed to vibrate his whole being, "She forgives me, Miss Warren?"

"She does," I answered.

"Thank God!" he said devoutly, while his earnest eyes filled with tears.

I wished, oh how I wished that delicacy worthy the high character of my friend would have permitted me to add another word for the man's comfort; but it would not. I simply said, therefore, "You will see her now again on the old terms."

"Miss Warren, I thank you most gratefully," he said, clasping my hand again. "You have done me a service that it becomes me not now to speak of as I value it, but you shall find it is not forgotten if we

remain long within each other's knowledge. Pardon me now, I have need of being alone; and if you will permit me to advise you, I should say do not stand here; the wind and sea are increasing momently, as you may see by the spray that drenches the decks."

He was just turning to enter the cabin, when we heard the clear, bird-like voice of Master Phil calling to him, "Turnel Annerson, will you p'ease take me to my mamma? I feel so sick." And the pale, delicate face looked down upon us from the promenade deck.

"Yes Phil, come into my arms. Poor fellow," he said, as the child's head dropped upon his shoulder. "Miss Warren, would you be kind enough to go before us?" he asked; and I did. We waited at the door a full minute before it was opened to us, and then, though she stood there erect, the beautiful religious light that shone from her features convinced me that her last attitude had been the humblest and meekest we ever assume. I had never seen her face more radiant and tender and glowing, as by a light and life within. We entered a charmed circle in placing ourselves near her.

"Colonel Anderson has brought King Philip home sick, Mrs Bromfield," said I.

"He is very good, indeed," was her reply, and to him, "I owe you many thanks, sir, for your kindness at all times."

"You could not possibly owe me anything, dear madam," said he, at the same time laying Phil down on the sofa. "If, during the rough weather, I can in any way serve yourself or the boys, by means I do not see, I hope you will not hesitate to suggest them to me."

He took his leave with these words, and very shortly poor little Harry came reeling down, with Mr Garth's help, also pale as a ghost, and begging room to lie down immediately. They were soon asleep, and then Mrs Bromfield, putting on a light close bonnet that she had made for the voyage, and a linen sacque, went upon deck. I remained below, having been out enough for that day. She took much to the decks in rough weather, to keep off sickness and to accustom herself to meet and overcome difficulties. I never saw a woman so little apt to shrink, and take the easy side of a burden, and I have a right to know, as you will see by-and-by.

The wind continued to increase, but it gave us no alarm, for we had a staunch ship and plenty of sea-room, and we had been boarded too often by the great waves off Cape Horn, and the coast of Buenos Ayres, to tremble now when occasional seas broke over the forward deck, and showered the whole length of the vessel.

Why doesn't Mrs Bromfield come down? I thought. She stayed surprisingly, considering how rough it was getting. Poor Mrs Farley was

in her berth, notifying us by an occasional groan, of her discomfort —further we scarcely heard or thought of her; though I found, upon going in to see her before dinner, that Mrs Bromfield had been twice or thrice there in the course of the day, and had mixed the little lady's favourite doses with the docility of a child, though, for all belief in their efficacy, she, a disciple of Hahnemann, would sooner have offered her a crust of bread.

CHAPTER VI.

It was near dinner-time, very duskish and very rough, and I had heard for a long time no feminine footfall above. I wondered, and my wonder drew me out to find Mrs Bromfield, standing patiently there by Mr Garth —the only persons on deck save the two men at the wheel—listening to what I understood immediately, though I could not hear a word or tone of either voice. The sight of me seemed to remind her to move, and she came toward the companionway, saying: "Really, Mr Garth, I have lingered very long, speaking and listening; pardon me, now, for I must go below, to prepare for dinner."

He handed her down the steps, and they both followed me into the cabin.

"Are the boys still asleep, dear Miss Warren?" she asked.

"Yes. Philip, though, looks very pale," I said, taking the lamp from its bracket, and holding it near him.

"Dear little king, so he does!" she exclaimed, almost with alarm, as she bent over without touching him.

"Would you not better make ready for dinner?" I said, "and let us get Ching to call the Captain, so that that dreadful gong won't have to be sounded. It will wake them both, I am afraid."

"It will, to a certainty," she replied. "Do, dear, go to Ching at once. I dread to hear a peal at any moment, it is so late."

"I will tell him you wish it omitted," said I, "and that will settle it." She smiled on me in a saddened sort of acknowledgment of her power, to which I knew she had just been receiving fresh testimony, and I sought the potent Ching, who said, with great urbanity, when I mentioned Mrs Bromfield's name:

"Surtin, me him call coptane—no ring."

So we assembled with ominous silence to dinner—our last dinner on board the Tempest.

While we sat eating and talking—for though the gale was straining hard at our sails, and the great seas were rushing past and sometimes over us with devouring haste, no one was at all alarmed—King Philip called out, "Mamma, dear, I want to have some supper."

"Shall I bring him to you, Mrs Bromfield?" asked Colonel Anderson, rising.

"Thank you, no. He is hardly able, I think, to sit up. I will give him some toast and a little crust tea, Ching, if you please, in my room."

But Phil said he was well, and wanted the "Turnel" to take him to table, so, without further ado, Mrs Bromfield sat down and received her flower again from his arms.

"Dear, dood Turnel," said the boy, passing his hands fondly over the bearded face. "I love you, I do." What a dewy light sprang in the melting eye of the elder, at those words, and spread all over his fine features.

The child will unite them, I said, if there were no other bond. And he looked, as he sat by his worshipping mother, sufficient for any such holy mission. His delicate face, a little paler save for the deep rose-leaf on each cheek—his profuse wavy hair, moistened and tumbled by his sleep—his sweet, flexible mouth, playing with a tender, dreamy sort of smile, as if the skirts of some beautiful vision of shadow-land yet fell about him—his great brown eyes, shaded by their long, heavy lashes, made a picture of childish loveliness which I believe none of us ever forgot, even amid the horrors of the awful night that followed.

Harry did not wake. His suffering was always more obstinate, his mother said, than Philip's, and so Ching brought a plate of toast and a bit of salt dried fish, which was always his first meal, and placed them for use whenever he should wake.

Colonel Anderson had a bottle of Burgundy, and he sent Ching with it, and his compliments to me—after having filled a glass for Mrs Bromfield—then back to poor Mrs Farley, who always came near being forgotten in these little matters, and then to all the gentlemen. "To the Tempest," he said, raising his glass, "a speedy voyage and a happy termination of it to all on board."

Mrs Bromfield, Mrs Farley, and myself, very soon left the table, for Harry had called out ominously for Ching, and his mother also hastened to him.

I never saw a child whose peculiarities impressed me as Harry's did; and I speak of them here, because of the strange manifestation of one of the most striking of them, which we witnessed that night. In his common moods he appeared to be simply an earnest, quiet, thoughtful boy, very much like other good and sensible children; but there were times when he seemed another being—when he impressed those who saw him as looking out of his dreamy eyes into a distant world. He would sit by himself upon some coil of rope in an out of the way corner of the deck, and look into the water or the clouds, with a long, unbroken gaze,

which betokened both inquiry and rest in his mind; and when approached, he would seem to come back as from a trance. His mother more than once told me of startling and wonderful speech he had held with her on these occasions, of what he sometimes saw —"the angels' gardens," he said, "filled with more beautiful flowers than we ever had; and men and women, and little children, so handsome and good and loving, that if mamma could only dream his dreams about them, it would make her very happy."

"Do the angels have gardens, mamma?" he asked, after one of these dreams, in which he said he had seen a great bank of purple heliotropes —his favourite flower—blooming beside a little lake so clear—"so clear, mamma, that if there had been the tiniest little fish in it I could have seen it away down to the bottom."

Yet with this wonderfully spiritual life the boy combined a healthy, active nature: was full of playfulness, and physical as well as mental activity; had a keen love of practical jokes; and when he could get some innocent little trick upon one of the passengers or crew, whereby they were or appeared to be surprised, his spontaneous, clear, silvery laugh, would gush out of his young heart so joyously that every face around him smiled in pure sympathy.

I was impressed, perhaps wrongly, that Mrs Bromfield *loved* Phil best, but that she held Harry in a keen, almost painful sense of his being a rare and exalted treasure, which she might wake some morning to find flown away for ever. Her tenderness toward both was intense and untiring, but in their daily life, Phil, with his rogueries and graces, was besieging and taking captive her heart, while Harry was roaming far away in the celestial gardens, and defining in his dreamy fancy lovely islands in the blue and purple airs that bent over him.

"He will be a poet or seer," I think, said his mother one day, when we stood looking from a distance on his fixed eyes and rapt countenance. "God bless the dear child. It almost seems, at times, as if he belonged to some higher life than mine, and he makes me tremble lest I should have to let him too soon go from me."

When I went to them now his mother stood holding his beautiful head in her hand, and stroking the hair back from his pale brow. "My dear Harry," she expostulated, "do not make yourself so unhappy. Nothing has happened or is likely to. You have been dreaming, darling."

"But, mamma," persisted the child, "how the wind blows. Do you feel very sure that we are a great way off the land?"

"So far, dear, as to be quite safe, I have no doubt." Harry was already sailor enough, though he was but seven years old, to understand the value of sea-room in a gale.

"Mamma," he said, after a moment, "come close to me, will you? I want to whisper to you. Excuse me, Miss Warren, I want to ask mamma a question." And when she had bent over him a minute, she stood up with a puzzled, troubled expression, and said, "Yes, my darling, if you wish it so very much; but can you not wait till morning?"

"No, please do ask him now, mamma, I feel so badly."

She stepped into the cabin, and I heard her say, in those clear, frank tones, which I knew rung sweetly in the heart of the listener, "Colonel Anderson, Harry has waked in an unaccountable fright, which all my assurance fails to dispel, and he begs to see you. Will you do us the favour? It is quite ridiculous, but the child's fears seem so real that I cannot chide him."

"Pray do not, on any account," he said. "He thinks I am a famous sailor, and he will believe me when I tell him that we are perfectly safe. Will you not, Harry?" he asked, taking his hand. "We are all as right as possible, my boy—going on grandly. In a few days more, with such a wind, we shall see San Francisco, and then huy for shore. How glad you and King Philip will be then, won't you?"

But poor Harry could not be lifted out of his strange depression by the cheery words or voice of his friend. "His hands are very cold," he said, taking them in his warm, sympathetic clasp. "He must have had an alarming dream, which does not leave him. Have you not, Harry?" he asked, tenderly touching his lips to the child's pale, smooth cheek.

In answer to this question Harry again drew his mother's head to his pillow, and we heard the word "father," and some whispered question following it, to which she answered by a silent shaking of her head, and when she again stood up, her troubled face, as she regarded him, alarmed me.

Colonel Anderson said, "Shall I take you up, Harry, and carry you out a few minutes? You can then see how the old ship is ploughing the sea, just as she used to at Cape Horn, when you were not a bit frightened, although it was very cold there."

"Oh, please do!" answered the child, his chin quivering with nervous excitement and fear. "Mamma," lend me your warm shawl, will you?" But Mrs Bromfield seemed to be paralysed by Harry's last communication, and stood still, while the Colonel and I wrapped him up, and he was borne away to the great dark world outside the cabin doors.

"I fear he is going to be ill," she said to me, after they were gone. "I have never seen him so affected before. He must not remain out, for a sudden change of temperature might now be very dangerous." But there was no need to concern ourselves about his remaining, for he

had been unable, Colonel Anderson said, coming in with him, to bear the darkness and the wild rush of winds and waters a moment. It quite overcame him. He objected, too, to being undressed, and begged his mother to let him sleep in his clothes that night, an unheard of request, which was finally granted, with the greatest reluctance.

Colonel Anderson now left him with us, and walked out, saying he would return after a little and look in again. But as he was going little Phil roused himself from the sofa, and called out, "Dood night, Turnel, I aint afraid, 'ike Harry, I aint. I'm doin' to bed in night-down."

His mother smiled. It was rare to hear either of the children boast, and as the little braggart came toward her, with his good-night kiss from the Colonel fresh on his lips, she caught him up, and holding him to her heart, said, "Little boaster, to say that you are not afraid; why, what would you do if mamma were gone? You'd be afraid then, I think."

"No, I should *not*. I should doe wiz Turnel." There we had it again; and the Colonel, happy man, stood looking his satisfaction at the avowal.

Poor Harry grew physically quieter with his mother's potent hand upon his forehead, and an occasional kiss and word of encouragement murmured in his ear; but I was surprised, after an hour's absence in the cabin, to find him still awake.

Mrs Bromfield sat by him, looking distressed and alarmed. The boy did not complain, or make any childish moan, but he seemed so powerfully impressed that nothing could restore or wholly calm his spirit. I sat by him while his mother made her preparations for lying down beside him, which she did with a dressing-gown on, remarking that she might have to rise in the night. She seemed, I remember, particularly grateful for my little attentions, and honoured me with an unreserved kiss when we bade each other good night.

King Philip was sound asleep, and rosy and tempting as a beautiful bud one sees sometimes, and irresistibly plucks, though knowing well that it ought to remain and mature where the good Father placed it.

Blest above all women, thought I—with perhaps a little, a very little dash of bitterness, as I withdrew to my lonely room—with two such children—diamonds set in the crown of her womanhood—and so devoted and noble a lover to make smooth the earth before her feet, would she but permit him. And she will, I went on saying to myself; she will love him and return him measure for measure yet.

I laid down with pleasant thoughts, or rather waking dreams of these people, in a beautiful home where I saw them enjoying the heaven of each other's life—refinement a pervading presence everywhere in it—

her clear spirituality and idealism brought to anchor sometimes by his earnest and more practical hold upon the world; and his nobleness chiselled and polished by her artist hand—love making light the task—till it stood a fit presence for the first and highest anywhere. I heard his step overhead, quicker and lighter than it had been in the last few days, yet firm and decided, as of a man who says in his soul, "I see the Good and the Great, and all earth shall not turn me from the pursuit of them."

The wind seemed to increase and madden the sea more and more, yet the ship had a steadier motion than in the hours of light, and I knew we must be going a great many knots every hour. This was about my last waking thought.

LOST AND FOUND.

By Dr Le Gay Brereton.

Is it that I grow selfish, that my tears
Fall faster with the gathering months and years?
Is grief all sin? Doth God regard it thus?
Why did He weep, then, over Lazarus?
I do not wish thee back—my child, my child!
I weep, yet I am more than reconciled:
My tears and prayers from the same fountain flow.
I do not wish thee back, nor hence would go—
Not e'en to sing with thee before God's throne—
Till all He wills me here to do is done.
Here would I live for Heaven, where thou art,
Thou severed portion of the father's heart!
So shall we, parted, still not live apart.
Then welcome night, altho' thou bring'st not sleep!
Welcome, kind night, when none can see me weep!

Was ever child like mine? Not many grow
To manhood who such early beauties show.
And yet he seemed like one who could not die.
How brave his bearing! How he did defy
Death's savage onslaught with his patient eye!
Nathless, how often, when his pleading look,
And gentle touch, would lure me from my book,
To romp with him thro' sunshine and thro' shade—
My joyous playmate in the wooded glade,—
My heart misgave me: "How am *I* to rear,
With my sad knowledge, to his proper sphere,
A child so far above me? Will the strife
And disappointments of this cruel life
Be kind to him? O weary nights and morns
For thee, whose every step will be on thorns!"

Soon, ah! too soon, he learned the magic spell
Of thoughtful love. His sweet voice was a knell
Of swift decay: how should an angel dwell

On earth, of angel playmates all forlorn?
For he was like that fragile flower of morn
That opens its sweet eyes ere yet the moon
Hath paled in heaven, and dies before the noon—
Telling the first hour of the shepherd's clock
Of time-recording flowers, as forth he drives his flock.
Bright with the morning touch of God's own hand,
Our gentle darling sought the morning land.
Heaven speed the time when such sweet flowers may live
With us, and blessings take and blessings give!
For when they have their uses here below
More than above, Thou wilt not bid them go.
When go they must, we shall not miss them then,
When Thou hast made thy dwelling among men;
For we shall see them shining where they are,
And hold sweet converse with their happier star,
Near, very near, thro' Thee, albeit so far;
The veil that parts us Thou shalt rend in twain,
And what is one in Thee in Thine shall one remain.

And yet, how bright soe'er the truths we know,
How oft dark clouds engulf us from below,
Shutting out faith with demon shapes of woe!
Last night I stood upon the lonely wild,
And howled into the darkness for my child,
For then it seemed that only wrong had might,
In every breast the young buds of delight
Murdering or deforming in our sight.
In vain hope pleaded; conscience chid in vain:
"Is *this* your faith? You slay your child again.
For you he bled; to you the charge was given;
How have you robbed the world and thwarted Heaven!
God's handicraft of arcane wonders wrought
A little Christ—O! shall he die for naught?"
And when the tears broke forth, the bitter tears,
No hope there seemed for me thro' the long, lonely years.

"In the universe so wide
O! shall I ever find thee?
I look up among the stars
Till their 'wildering mazes blind me:
I know 'tis bright where'er thou art
By the gloom thou hast left behind thee.

"The night is wild, the clouds drive past,
My tears flow fast and faster:
Danger I've braved by sea and land,
And many a fell disaster,
But the grief I never knew till now
My spirit could not master.

"Each day, each hour, its loss brings round,
Keen arrows shooting thro' me;
All night, all day, O! cruel bliss,
Thy joyous smile doth woo me.
Smile on! smile on! my angel child,
Until thou win me to thee!"

But when the morning breeze began to stir
About each glossy shrub and spiky burr

A gentler voice in my sad breast awoke,
And thro' the morn thy morning spirit spoke:
"Dark, dark the night your earth so long hath borne!
But Christ awoke the shepherds ere the morn;
And ere the daylight breaks I come to thee,
To sing of sunshine that shall surely be.
I heard thee call upon me thro' the night,
But cannot speak through darkness: seek the light
That shines within on heaven's horizon-height!
Thy loss is thy salvation. Lo! the throng
Far up the heights of morning! Hear their song
Of joyous greeting!—'You have done us wrong;
Thro' the long night you would not hear us sing:
We come with songs of morning, flowers of spring.

"'Your long, long night of winter breaks at last,
For *we* can reach you now, and powers more vast
Shall follow in our wake: the night is past.
We are the buds you mourned—in our sweet prime
Of opening snatched away before our time.
For you God took us; you he could not reach
Except thro' us: no other form of speech
Could catch your ears across the widening breach
Betwixt your land and ours. He drew us here
All bright and sinless from your sinful sphere,
Yet warm with love for those who love us yet,
Who called us by sweet names we can't forget.
For you he took us; Heaven had been dull—
Your Heaven—of that blush too beautiful
For sin to breathe on and not tarnish, save
That He, whose presence lights the caverned grave,
Took us, while yet within our infant eyes
The undimmed radiance of lost Paradise
Shone, ready to reflect that brightest glow
Which angels can behold and God bestow.
The yawning chasm grows a shining lake;
Your children's heaven, for your children's sake.
Ye yet shall seek, and, seeking, surely find;
And long lost Eden, faded out of mind,
Again shall bloom upon your mortal shore,
And death be known among her sons no more.'"
One voice I did distinguish o'er the rest—
A sweet, sad voice,—yet I was more than blest:—

"Father, the cloud that hides thy form,
And with dark spells hath bound thee,
On me, e'en here, its gloom doth cast,
And dark, strange thoughts astound me:
Here, 'mid the flowery streams of Heaven,
With happy voices round me.

"O, rather let thy darling's voice
Of thy best hopes remind thee!
Follow the path that leads to God,
And thou shalt surely find me!
Gentle acts, and kindly words,
The track I left behind me.

"Narrow the frith that flows between,
Though to your eyes, benighted

With earth-born fogs, it seemeth wide!
Soon, soon shall all be righted;
Soon shall you blend your songs with ours,
Delighting and delighted."

And other voices heard I, but their song
Rose into raptures all too swift and strong
For mortal words to follow. Like to one
Who from a mountain top beholds the sun
Fire all the sky beyond the boundary rim
Of sable hills, and bringing day to him
While yet the under-world is swathed in night,
Yet see'th not beyond his range of sight
More than the dwellers in the vale below
Foredate the moment of their sunrise; so,
As from a sunlit peak in that high state,
Tho' almost looking in at Heaven's gate,
I saw and heard that only which he chose
Who did direct the vision to disclose;
And only so much of the future's glow
As sheds its lustre on the present, know.

Enough I saw to learn that pain is good,
Yea, best unto the best, when understood;
That love is over death, and doth compel
Into her cause e'en the assaults of hell;
Nor shall she rest until she break the chain
Of thraldom, even in its own domain—
Waking to music many a darkened plain.
She at the last shall open even there
A shaft of hope, and plant the Heavenward stair,
Aye brightening upward—every step a prayer.

PHRENOLOGY DEFENDED.

UNDER the title of "Science and Art," in the *Spiritual Republic*, Hudson Tuttle treats the reading world to an article on phrenology. He commences by referring to the use which phrenology and mesmerism have been to the humbug and charlatan, and deprecates the practice of "swarms of lecturers who, after reading 'Fowler's Self-Instructor,' feel fully qualified to teach the ignorant the true philosophy of mind." No doubt such practitioners are veritable humbugs, occupying a position similar to that of Mr Tuttle; who, apparently with far less reading on the subject than the Self-Instructor would furnish, and who, having no practical knowledge of phrenology—even to attempt the delineation of a character—makes bold to write an article in which he dogmatizes immoderately and pre-judges all experience upon one of the most profound investigations that can occupy the human mind.

Mr Tuttle does not understand phrenology, hence he is exceedingly smart and felicitous in denouncing it. Ignorance will tread with noisy trample where wisdom reverently enters with uncovered feet.

Our critic considers phrenology to be a "myth which started in a truth"—a rather illogical conclusion, to say the best of it; but he

asserts that "the crisis of the humbug is in the delineation," at the same time stating that "human nature is the same in its fundamental elements in all men." This latter clause is sound phrenology, and is the one grand reason why character can be delineated. Though the fundamental elements are the same in all men, yet the development and activity of these elements are different in each individual. No two men or women are exactly alike, and phrenology points out that difference to a nicety. Mr Tuttle, however, does not believe it is possible to do so; here he manifests his ignorance of a most positive fact, for it is daily done, even to shades of character which are scarcely known to the possessor, by those who are competent to undertake the task.

Our critic is as wide of the philosophy of phrenology as he is of its practice. He supposes that thickness of cranium, frontal sinuses, temporal muscles, and other obstacles, render phrenology not a science. It is very curious to note the self-sufficiency of a man who declares his inability to read character by denying the possibility of such a thing, pointing out those minor details to expert phrenologists, who are able to accomplish that which is so far beyond Mr Tuttle's reach. Does he really imagine that these physical conditions are beyond the searching scrutiny of men who are so much his superiors in critical acumen as to be able to delineate character? Phrenology does, indeed, take into account these external configurations, and its deductions do not allow any thick craniums, frontal sinuses, temporal muscles, or ragged sutures, to interfere with their truthfulness, which are founded upon the general harmony and distribution of brain. This latter principle is acknowledged by our adversary as a "*general* principle," but, like his previous statement, "though starting in a truth, it ends in a myth." Why so? because he has not explored the facts sufficiently to convince himself of them.

Of course, to him the temperaments are a vexed subject; he need not tell anybody how little he knows about them, nor how the activity of the brain depends on the temperaments. He confesses his inability to determine these physical conditions, and modestly assumes that no one else is equal to the task. But he acknowledges their existence, which is the prime element in their discovery, if coupled with sufficient genius and patience on the part of the true man of science, in whose vocabulary the word "impossible" cannot exist. Therefore Mr Tuttle has not proved that there is no such thing as a scientific explanation of these conditions of mind. He has only confessed his ignorance, which may be shared in by all, more or less, who have attempted the subject.

He finds fault with the marking out of the brain as exhibited on the bust, and gives the following "elements of uncertainty, even admitting the marking of the brain to be true—

"First, its relative development cannot be determined.

"Second, its activity can only be guessed at.

"Third, its organic structure is undeterminable."

To Mr Tuttle's mind, these points are unilluminated; hence he considers phrenology can lay no claim to the name of science. Now, each of these conditions exist, and consequently are determinable, in many cases quite readily, and often to the most superficial observer. The

relative developments are appreciable to simple observation; the activity of a part determines the activity of the whole, and the same is true of organic structure. "It has not been merely hinted at, but it has been absolutely proved that the presence of phosphorus in the brain is necessary to the proper activity and intensity of the functions of the mind." But is the presence of this phosphorus an uncertainty? and are the conditions upon which it is produced beyond the reach of discovery? The practical phrenologist and physiologist can, with much certainty, reply in the negative.

Mr Tuttle must be a strange mixture of credulity and scepticism. He pins his faith with the most perfect serenity to the findings of what he terms "scientific men," who have one and all discarded phrenology as taught by Gall and his school. But he at the same time doubts respecting the discoveries made in the "vague borderland of Hypothesis" by a number of equally patient, logical, penetrative, and "scientific men," who, in their desire to ascertain truth, have seen fit to depart from the orthodox and dogmatic course instituted by those who, before all the rest of the world, designate themselves, *par excellence*, "scientific men."

Our critic is evidently a book sciencist, and has no practical acquaintance with the matters upon which he so self-complacently gives his opinion. He writes:—

"Intelligence does not depend on size of brain alone. I have now in my mind three examples of large, *square*, high foreheads, containing brains, but half witted. I have noticed this conformation attending the *non compos*, as well as the typical idiotic form. If we look to comparative anatomy we find that size of brain is not the cause of man's superiority to animals. The human brain is not larger, absolutely or relatively to the body, than that of some animals. The large aquatic mammals, as the whale, dolphin, sword-fish, and the elephant among land animals, have brains weighing from two to three pounds. The small American monkeys, the *Sapajou*, *Sai*, and *Saimiri* have brains larger, in proportion to the weight of their bodies, than man. If the brain of man be estimated as proportioned to the body as one to thirty-six, the *Sapajou* is as one to thirteen, the *Sai* as one to twenty-four, and the *Saimiri* as one to twenty-five. (*Wagner*, *Vogt*, *lectures*.) Not in size, but it gains in depth and number of convolutions, and no animal approaches him in the extent of *brain surface*. It is claimed by the map makers that the convolutions correspond to the organs. This is incorrect, for although a general plan is followed by the convolutions, they are by no means permanent, nor are they the same on both sides, as will be seen by a moment's inspection of Wagner's magnificent illustrations."

These facts are well known to the phrenologists, and it is they who can make the best use of them; but it is not true that the "map makers" entertain any reference to the correspondence of the convolutions with the organs. The general distribution and development of brain is not thereby affected. We suppose our critic would divide the alimentary canal into Duodenum, Jejunum, Illium, Colon, Rectum, etc., and he would observe a difference of form and function in all of these parts, which he would find convenient to designate by arbitrary terms,

or perchance in map or engraving; but in any of these respects it would be hard for him to state the exact line or inch in all cases where the one organ terminated and the other began: let him apply the same law to the brain, and he will have a more accurate conception of the "map making" of phrenologists.

"Phrenology has utterly failed to supply the system of metaphysics it proposed, which was to overthrow all predecessors, and in place of their endless word-wrangle give us a clear insight into the workings of the mind. Accidentally it has performed a great work in cutting loose from the past a large class of honest thinkers and setting them in the right direction. The doctrine, flowing from correct physiological knowledge, that mind depends on organisation, that we think as we are organised to think, has a breadth, power, and moral force which is incalculable. This much is certainly gained, not by phrenology, but physiology, that the manifestation of thought depends on the brain, and this knowledge sweeps the darling dogmas of free-will and moral accountability to oblivion."

Our writer is rather impatient. If phrenology "has set a number of honest thinkers in the right direction," they must come to a truthful conclusion as a logical necessity. Why does Mr Tuttle not give them time to complete their pilgrimage? Instead of this he seems anxious to apply the rein to their mouths and bring them to a sudden standstill. Phrenology has indeed supplied many important corrections to the metaphysics which existed before its advent; and as mind is a reality, and phrenology the facts concerning it, we may expect to have the thing complete if our patience aud efforts deserve success. "The doctrine, flowing from correct physiological knowledge, that mind depends upon organisation, that we think as we are organised to think, has a breadth, power, and moral force which is incalculable." Exactly so; and to discover the law whereby mind depends upon organisation, is the function of phrenology. Does Mr Tuttle believe that we think as we are organised to think, and yet that this proccss is not subject to exact and determinable law? This much, he affirms, is certainly gained, not by phrenology but by physiology. What does he mean? What is phrenology, and what is physiology? how should terms so effectually obstruct the mental digestion of a scientific critic? All organisation is the instrument of mind. The knowledge of the laws whereby mind manifests itself vitally and mechanically, through the viscera and mechanical apparatus, is termed "physiology," *i.e.*, physical phrenology, or the physical modes by which mind expresses itself. When mind exhibits its functions in the phenomena of thoughts and feelings, this process constitutes another department of physiology—namely, the physiology of thought as manifested through the cerebral apparatus, appropriately termed "phrenology," or the science which treats of the action of mind on the mental plan. Hence with certain arbitrary limitations, phrenology and physiology are convertible terms: physiology is physical phrenology; and phrenology is mental physiology.

Our critic infers from this organic law that there is no "free-will" or "moral accountability." As we do not know what he means by these terms, we will for the present dismiss the subject as not affording

sufficient ground for discussion, but may take it up independently at some future time in a separate article.

It seems that some special obfuscation has laid hold of Mr Tuttle in the delivery of this article, or he might have seen and reasoned differently. He is an author we have long respected, and whose works we have much admired; but an exhibition like that which is given in the paper we now examine, should teach all investigators to be exceedingly careful of being led very far beyond their consciousness or experience by the performances of professional book-makers.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

If individuals or movements would be thriving and powerful, they must be subjected to healthy conditions, external and internal, and be regulated by such motives as will tend to their development and perfection. To maintain individuality, a defensive or militant attitude must be continually exhibited towards surrounding and aggressive influences, otherwise the peculiarities of a man or movement will be swallowed up in the general mass. When the temperance question assumed the form of a popular movement, it was radical, even revolutionary, in its spirit and tendencies. Its firm philosophy was, there is no possible good in alcoholic drinks, either as a diet, luxury, or medicine; hence its motto was, "touch not, taste not, handle not;" and its practice, total abstinence, under all circumstances, without extenuation or exception. This was the secret of the inauguration and primary success of teetotalism. It was so distinct, so thorough, so certain in its principles, action, and results, that the hoary abuses which it came to overthrow, were vanquished wherever its banner was unfurled. Looking back on its career of about one-third of a century, its success as a social movement has been unparalleled, but we question whether all this prosperity has been conducive to its health, strength, morals, or sanity. It has become so respectable as to be able to secure patronage. It receives the assistance of the socially distinguished, who discourse on the evils of intemperance, while not one sentence have they to utter respecting the personal practice or principles of temperance. It is anxious to be on good terms with ecclesiastical powers and dogmas, and share their good offices. The positive evidences upon which alone its foundation can exist, are thus supplanted by a sandy bottom, composed of immoral morals and hollow expediencies. It has eminent professors, doctors, and chemists, for its honorary officers and ornamental appendages, dangling at its neck like green glass seals on a fop's watch-guard, and therefore it must break its pledge at the dictum of a murderous system of anti-physiological falsehood. Glorious temperance! existence was not conferred upon thee that thou mightest be drugged by the poison of quacks, but that their mystic and damnable arts might be overthrown, and the world set eternally free from the scathing wrongs they have so long inflicted upon

mankind. But temperance has also been seduced by the crafty politician. He has whispered to her that she may amiably resign one of her arms to him, and endeavour to grapple with Bacchus as hitherto, with the other. He argues that his efforts will be an assistance to her, and that she will be strengthened by his company. But he is mistaken; and she is deceived, for it is in her that his strength lies, and not according to his statement. If she succeeds, his work will be easy of accomplishment, or unnecessary; therefore, we advise him to leave that fair arm to do its divine work unfettered. Alas for temperance, she has become so respectable, so like everybody else, that in a few years it will be impossible to distinguish her. The sores and infirmities of those whom she came to heal are manifested in her system. We will point out a few.

At a large and influential meeting held in London this winter, a champion of temperance spoke to the following effect:—If the Bible commanded the use of alcoholic liquor, he was ready at any time to throw overboard his allegiance to total abstinence, after having been a professed teetotaller for 35 years. This man seems to have no appreciation of the truth of the principle, and his traitorous example is one that in certain circles is almost exclusively imitated. Another case—A certain eminent London doctor, in addressing a meeting in the provinces, had, in the heat of his eloquence and enthusiasm, let slip some of the truth respecting the relations between alcohol and the human body. The organ of the institution on whose behalf he laboured, apologised for him in a subsequent issue, and said, that no doubt, if the doctor had revised the report of his observations, he would have qualified the obnoxious allusion he had made against their good friend King Alcohol.

Temperance (so-called) organisations now-a-days, look on alcohol pretty much in the same light that Christian ministers do the devil. They are anxious to uphold the personalities and functions of these two infernal spirits, that their occupations may be spared to them. We would impeach all such proceedings as we have just referred to, as high crimes and misdemeanours against the true progress of temperance. It is already undermining the whole fabric, by ignoring the only principles upon which temperance can rest.

Now-a-days, the temperance secretary may sell British wines and cherry brandy; the temperance president may grow apples to make cider, and barley for the distiller; our influential vice this-and-that, may have shares and direct interests in shipping the "fiery demon" to foreign countries, and otherwise maintain their respectability from the chief arteries of the traffic; and thousands of habitual drinkers, for a shilling a year, less or more, by some patent means, propose to do the work independent of temperance. If the temperance movement means to live, it must be purged of all these diseases and weaknesses. What does it exist for, and depend upon? What is temperance? The solution of this question must entirely decide the course of action. The conventional meaning of the term refers to the use of alcoholic liquors, which habit has given rise to a condition of the system recognised by the opposite term intemperance. But there must be a broad and natural principle by which it can be made clear beyond all contro-

versy, as to what is absolutely temperance or intemperance. Drinking is an act of the vital organism, and temperance may be defined as the normal, healthy, or moral use of those organs whereby man sustains life and perpetuates his physical existence. Eating and drinking are the means of supply, and these acts should be exercised only on behalf of the vital necessities of the individual. Certain substances are appropriate as food; first, because they chemically contain elements which the body requires to sustain vitality and build up its fabric; secondly, because they are in a state of combination which renders them digestible and capable of assimilation with the tissues and natural secretions of the body. Another important point is, that these substances should be taken with strict regard to the requirements of the system, as to times of eating and quantity of food. Temperance therefore includes the whole range of dietetics, or the relationship which exists between the vital requirements of the body and the numberless substances in external nature which are capable of ministering to these necessities. It teaches man to distinguish between that which is proper and that which is hurtful, and, in fact, all that is necessary for him to know, in order that he may maintain life and health continuously, and enjoy the greatest amount of happiness. Temperance teaches man how to discriminate as to the most suitable articles of food, and prompts him to engage in their production. It regulates the course of commerce and industry, in reference to the distribution of provisions; it directs and harmonises all the personal and social acts of life as far as they connect themselves with alimentation or subsistence, and lays the only solid foundation for individual and national prosperity. The nutritive function is the basis of existence, and upon its integrity depends the comfort, health, and development of the individual. Its misdirection is the prime source of all the immoralities, miseries, and evils, that afflict society; around it cluster many legions of demons under the guise of false appetites and personal habits. The virtue and delicacy of taste and appetite are entirely effaced by abnormal practices, and man, instead of being regulated by pure instinct and reason, in the use of his vital organism, is governed by artificial habits and sensations. Herein lies the source of intemperance. It would be as impossible for an educated vital organism to swallow alcohol, as it would be for an angel child to murder its mother.

Alcoholic intemperance is the legitimate consequence of a numberless army of other forms of gustatory dissipation and immorality. What, then, is the duty of the temperance reformer? Why! to begin at the beginning; to investigate the nature of man's vital necessities; to determine the relation between food and the body; to teach an observance of the laws of dietetics thus discovered and arranged for human guidance; and to promote such knowledge and practice throughout society, as widely and fully as possible.

'It has already been determined by numerous experiments, that alcohol has no relationship whatever to the vital system, hence the pledge of abstinence is an indispensable step in all temperance teaching and practice, and formed a very appropriate starting point from which to originate the temperance reformation. But the advocates of this movement have failed in widening their platform, and giving temper-

ance that sphere of action which it logically and legitimately demands, hence the cause throughout the country is comparatively at a stand still, and seeks to associate itself with popular retrograde ideas, for want of that stability and basis which can only be obtained by the processes we have just pointed out. Thus its salaried orators evade the real question, and found their arguments upon external testimonies and side issues, the truth of which must stand or fall with the absolute or natural truths of temperance.

The legislator may indirectly aid virtue by the repression of vice, hence he may embody the results of temperance teaching by making laws from time to time, as public opinion will permit, for the repression of facilities for intemperance. But where does he get his light to guide him in his repressive acts? and how can he obtain public opinion to enable him to enforce his measures? Why! from temperance as existing in the intelligence and practice of the people.

If the manufacture and sale of alcohol was entirely abolished, without possibility of a single drop being obtained, there would yet be an indispensable need for temperance teaching and practice amongst the people. The mere fact that alcohol was not procurable, would not prevent the ignorant and undeveloped populace from contracting diseased conditions of the vital apparatus by inappropriate habits. Hence, the teaching of physiological truth will never go out of fashion, and the success of temperance principles must ever rest on a basis of education, not on an airy superstruction of agitative declamation or legislative repression.

It might fairly be asked, how did intoxicating liquors come into vogue amongst mankind? It is absurd to suppose that these drinks existed before man, and thus degraded him to the level of intemperance. No! it was the unhealthy, undeveloped, and inharmonious conditions of the human organism that prompted the desire to invent means for the production of alcoholic excitement. It was intemperance that first sought out alcohol, and not alcohol that primarily produced intemperance. Such badly balanced and unfortunate minds seek other stimulants when debarred by their pledge from partaking of alcohol. They smoke tobacco, drink inordinate quantities of tea or coffee, indulge in gravies, pickles, spices, and condiments; stuff themselves to a state of indigestion with diverse kinds of artificial foods, while some few get their wounds healed, and mount into the sphere of true temperance. The greater portion, however, of those who sign the pledge go back to their cups, even after years of abstinence, because of their abnormal lives and beclouded intellects.

Another branch of the subject is, the treatment of disease, and abolition of all kinds of quackery. The great question now under discussion in this connection is, that of alcoholic medication. The fact that such a discussion exists, and protracts its weary length through so many ponderous volumes, pamphlets, and newspaper columns—furnished for the most part by medical practitioners, and other "eminent" and "educated" minds—shows that the medical faculty have not yet discovered the great natural principles upon which temperance and dietation depend, and cannot be expected to teach the truth to the people.

In fact, the people must teach the doctors, as they have done all along. The business of the doctor arises from the ignorance and consequent physiological vice of the people. The popular modes of treatment are also in harmony with the darkened state of the profession as to the maintenance of health or condition of true temperance, which would at the same time teach the cause and consequent remedy for disease. Such consummate nonsense as the "physiological action of alcohol," the "medicinal uses of alcohol," and temperance substitutes for alcohol, exhibit imbecility and ignorance, enough to swamp a universe laden with the most advanced truths.

The only hope, then, of rescuing society from its ignorance and attendant intemperance, is to educate the people physiologically. Spend the money now lavished upon "temperance" institutions, in establishing agencies for the diffusion of sound information, and the temperance movement would take strides such as never have been dreamed of by its most enthusiastic advocates. But let temperance be a principle, a natural truth, an enlightened mind, and a virtuous life, and not an institution with "moral suasion," "legal suasion," and other party issues — mere gibberish, meaningless exclamations, and sectarian watchwords, serving to raise a hideous din in the ears of society, and distract mankind from a consideration of the real merits of the question.

LIFE IN THE FACTORIES.

On the evening of Saturday, March the 23rd, Messrs Ashley and Company, of Great Horton, near Bradford, gave an entertainment on the occasion of a young gentleman of the family having attained the age of twenty-one. All the hands employed, numbering upwards of 300, and some 60 friends, were invited to what is called a "substantial knife and fork tea," after which a partner of the firm took the chair, and the remainder of the evening was spent in speeches, good wishes, recitations, and singing. The entertainment was a temperance one, and the leading friends of the movement in the village were invited. Most of the speeches breathed a decidedly temperance spirit, and there was much connected with the whole proceedings to gratify the philanthropist and social reformer. The young Mr Ashley, in whose honour the festival was held, made a very suitable reply to the complimentary resolutions which were proposed respecting him. He is very intimately connected with the practical workings of the firm; he gets credit for being very fraternal and affable, even to common people, as any other human being would, but which is to some extent a rare phenomenon in a young master in the manufacturing districts. He is a total abstainer, and is personally interested in social reform. A lady partner of the firm made a very nice speech, mentioning the personal interest which she felt in all the hands. How sorry she was to hear of any inconvenience or individual hardship to which any of them might be subjected in the administration of business, or by the severity of the

overlookers. These utterances had a very soothing influence on the jaded minds of the operatives, and the meeting separated much pleased with their entertainment. One portion of the factory was set apart for physical recreation, and during the evening, conveniences for gymnastic exercises were placed at the disposal of the guests, and a variety of pleasant pastimes were engaged in.

Such unions are a pleasing feature in social life under any circumstances, and lend a grace and beauty to the relations that exist between the various strata of society, but they are no remedy for the life-destroying evils which prevail in the manufacturing districts. They rather serve as a plaster to cover the unsightly sore that festers in these localities. They perpetuate the disease rather than produce any satisfactory remedy.

Little is known by the bulk of the people, of the unblushing slavery which the prosecution of our various manufactures entail. The operatives themselves are so thoroughly ignorant and sunk in the degradation involved by their position, that they really do not know how much they are wronged. Ill health and mental prostration are the rule, and not the exception. The factories are ill lighted and badly ventilated, especially in the Bradford districts. There are some honourable exceptions, in which the walls are pierced with large windows, the flats lofty and commodious, and the ventilating respectably good; but in the majority of cases, the contrary is painfully prominent.

The operatives often have to perform their labour in rooms of a high temperature, in which there is an insufficiency of daylight and fresh air, and where the atmosphere is contaminated by the effluvia from machinery, oil, and textile fabrics. Children of eight years of age are subjected to this life on half-time. Every alternate week they are roused up soon after five in the morning, to work in the mills. A father considers he is a rich man if he has five or six children able to earn a few shillings per week. Many look upon parentage as a speculation, so that they may live upon the proceeds of infantile slavery. Young men and young women have scarcely enough muscular power to carry them decently along the roads, and their minds soar no higher than the gratification of their animal natures. Where the religious sentiment prevails, many passively give way to its excitement. Yet, the abominable terms in which young people of both sexes salute each other on the streets, shows the real tendency of their minds when out of the Sunday school. Drunkenness, gluttony, and lewdness, are the popular pastimes of the great majority. The temperance movement has done much for individuals in certain districts, and many honourable cases of mental and moral culture can be pointed out.

The circulation is universally unbalanced. The heart and capillaries act imperfectly; the extremities are cold, and the head feverish. The skin and excretory functions are dormant and perverted; the digestion is consequently in a fearful state, nor are the dietetic habits calculated to remedy it. The lungs are small; the chest contracted; the shoulders bent forward, and the gait stooping.

The head of the factory operative exhibits peculiar developments occasioned by close confinement within the walls of the factory. The

perceptive region is in an undeveloped and infantile state, for want of contact with the world and society. Their life presents no scope for observation. The recollective faculties are also represented in embryo, exhibiting an utter want of cultivation in youth, and further inharmony is entailed, by the isolated musing state in which the mind is kept by their duties. The daily task of tending machinery, and scrutinising the processes of manufacture, produces a too active development of the reflective powers, especially comparison, hence the character is dreamy, vague, and impractical, with scarcely sufficient power of expression to communicate the most commonplace thoughts intelligibly. Cautiousness, destructiveness, and acquisitiveness, are generally large, while combativeness, self-esteem, firmness, hope, and the religious and spiritual faculties are exceedingly small. Thus the mind is restrained, timid, and abject, and incapable of relieving itself from its impediments. It is all work, earn money, and spend it in gross indulgences. The developments of overlookers are slightly different. In them, self-esteem and firmness are often exhibited in towering strength, which, united with their active combativeness, destructiveness, and nervous dyspeptic temperaments, must make them fearful scourges to the infantile slaves who writhe and groan under their iron administration.

The relative developments of these two classes—overseers and operatives—speak in unmistakeable eloquence, the language which explains the unnatural and despotic relations which exist between them.

The whole factory system requires to be remodelled. The object of its prosecution is the most savage selfishness on the part of the masters. The interests of the concern should not be centred in one or two individuals. The co-operative system is urgently required in this department of industry, so as to make the vested or individual interests, and industrial necessities of all, alike. At present, the profit of the master is the degradation and ruin of the operative. Inspectors should be employed, who have enlightened and independent minds, to see that factories are properly constructed and managed. No persons should enter the factory till they have reached maturity. It is the right of every human being to grow upon the soil and in the open air. Industrial farming and gardening on the co-operative principle should be united with manufacturing, so that the families of operatives, who would thus be their own masters, could make a change between in-door and out-of-door labour, and procure for the young those opportunities for development, which are absolutely necessary for true health and manliness.

The unnatural position of the operative renders him or her habitually dirty. Suitable houses are not provided for them to live in. Few mill-owners take any trouble to see how their hands are housed and fed. Many of these people have to travel several miles before six o'clock every morning. Some families live in houses with stone floors, which if washed, will remain damp for nearly a week afterwards, and the tenure of land will not admit of opportunities for building suitable cottages to replace these hovels.

A few practical improvements would very much mitigate the condition of the manufacturing classes. Connected with each mill, there

should be erected ample baths and dressing rooms, which could be heated without any expense, by the waste steam from the engine and boiler. All hands employed should be required to leave their working dresses in these rooms when they finish their labour; and wash themselves thoroughly with soap and tepid water, taking the advantage of a few minutes' perspiration in a hot room when considered necessary. After being properly cooled by the shower bath and exposure to the air, according to their temperamental necessities, they should dress in clothing that has never been inside the factory, and thus spend their evenings free from the contaminating atmosphere and perspiration which their clothes otherwise carry home with them. This course would wonderfully improve the health, elevate the morals, and purify the tastes of this useful class. Factories that are situated at a distance from the residences of the workers, should be furnished with dining-rooms and cooking apparatus, and a dinner could be got up daily, on the co-operative system, at about one half the cost of single meals. At present, the staple diet of many consists of tea reheated several times during the day, and fermented white bread and butter, ruining the digestive powers and robbing the system of those elements which it demands for its development. The duration of labour should not be so long by about twelve hours per week, so that more time might be given for meals and relaxation. We feel certain that quite as much work would be done in the time thus abridged, and it would save much fuel, and tear and wear of machinery. The operative often gets so jaded as to be unable to do much more than incur waste of material.

As the manufacturing business is at present carried on, it is a shame and a disgrace to our couutry, and an unparalleled injury to those who subsist under it. No slave is so helpless as the factory operative. He is doomed to privations, of which the savage negro cannot complain, viz., want of fresh air and sunshine. Till the radical defects of this iniquitous system are altered, we feel that gluttonous suppers and "mutual admiration meetings" are only opiates to induce the victims to submit to further injury, and thus postpone the day of re-administration and retribution.

CHOLERA.

Dr Haughton, who seems to be on exceedingly intimate terms with the dark and shadowy monarch Cholera, in a recent lecture, informs the public that this dreaded potentate intends paying us another visit during the ensuing season. Such an occurrence is not only possible, but quite probable. He did not make his acquaintance with us previously, without sufficient reason for so doing, and if the necessity for his presence exists, he is bound, as all kings are, to do his duty and be faithful to his loyal subjects. We do not believe that cholera is such an unmitigated evil after all; we believe that it is nature's means of convincing us that error is being perpetrated. It is a flag of distress which filth-submerged vitality exhibits to the sanitary and hygienic

reformer. The maintenance of health depends upon correctly defined conditions, which are for the most part within the reach of society as a whole, the most essential being attainable by all individuals.

The various atmospheric and other theories of cholera are now being exploded, from the fact that it does not assail all individuals, nor with equal severity those who are attacked. In many cases, whole districts are scourged by this disease from very obvious and simple causes, as in the case of a town in one of the Channel Islands, where the disease exhibited great virulence, occasioned by the use of water from wells to which sewage and other fœcal matter had free access. We thus perceive the prime cause of cholera to be the presence of fœcal, waste, or effete matters within the system. In fact, this is the cause of all disease, which is merely the effort of the vital powers to rid the system of these foreign matters. This truth has been so far received, that newspapers and medical authorities all over the land, urge the necessity of giving immediate attention to such sanitary reforms as will relieve towns from the effects of foul drains, filthy streets, overcrowded courts, and impure water. This is all right and proper, but these sanitary measures require to be carried a step further. They should not be limited to the surroundings of the individual merely, but they should be enforced in the persons of the people. If cleanliness is good for health when applied to the atmosphere, streets, and drains, it must be pre-eminently desirable when effected in our bodies.

If fœcal or waste matter will occasion cholera when admitted into the system, the same consequences will also ensue if the elimination of analogous substances from the system is prevented. The vital functions are constantly producing this cause of cholera and other diseases; and the only sensible way of preventing disease, especially cholera, is to see that all organic impurities are got rid of as soon as they are formed. What steps therefore should be taken in view of the certain prevalence of cholera during the ensuing or subsequent summers? Why! that the people be taught to feed upon the purest and most highly organised food, such as ripe fruit and grains, in as nearly the natural state as possible. All animal matters, alcohol, sugar, condiments, and unassimilable substances should be assiduously avoided, because they only produce that loading of the system which occasions necessity for the scavenger—disease. During last summer, the press almost unanimously denounced the use of fruit, on account of the prevalence of cholera. Such denunciation is not only erroneous, but decidedly injurious to the interests of society. Fruit eaters or vegetarians, have always been singularly exempt from cholera and all kinds of bowel complaints, and total abstainers from intoxicating liquors also enjoy special immunities from this and other diseases. Another preventive is, to keep the digestion and circulation active, by eating moderately and at stated times. Fruit should always form part of a meal. Nothing should be eaten during the interval. Overloading the stomach, especially when the system is exhausted, produces inability on the part of the digestive organs to get rid of the food, which at once unbalances the circulation, determines it to the bowels, causes diarrhœa, and otherwise promotes a tendency to cholera. As long as

society feeds itself on rotten cheese, shop butter, dead pig in various stages of decay, and the carcasses of other animals also undergoing organic decomposition; adipose matters and offal, such as lard, suet, liver, lights, tripe, kidneys, fish; artificial and deleterious messes, such as pastry, as commonly made; all sweetmeats, cakes, condiments, preserves, fermented bread made of fine flower; hot drinks—tea, coffee, and alcoholic liquors, it must expect to be reminded of its offences against natural laws, not only by cholera, but by a host of other grim functionaries.

Numerous remedies have been propounded for cholera, which, with one or two exceptions, are as worthless as any other quack nostrums can possibly be. When successful, they are merely palliatives and do not remove the cause or instruct the people as to the prevention of disease. They are not educational, but exert a contrary influence by inducing society to remain in that state of ignorance and carelessness which makes people depend upon nostrums instead of doing their duty as intelligent human beings.

Mr Wallace, of Belfast, has published a work* which gives much information respecting the history, nature, and symptoms of cholera, and the success attained by the various forms of treatment which have been tried. The allopathic remedies quoted, are the most atrocious that could well be conceived of. No assassin could be guilty of more well devised blood-thirsty cruelty than is exhibited in the "scientific" poisonous combinations of the drugging trade. The results of this murderous practice are beautifully in harmony with what the scientific mind would expect. Of course, if we administer poison, death must be looked for, which is proved beyond doubt or equivocation, by the experience of allopathy in the treatment of cholera. Many statistics can be cited to show that the "let alone" treatment produced lower rates of mortality than the combined efforts of first-class medical practitioners.

Mr Wallace cites statistics from many hospitals on the Continent and in Great Britain, to show the relative mortality attending the homœpathic and allopathic treatment of this disease. In Edinburgh, the deaths were, allopathic 66 per cent., while the homœpathic were only 25 per cent. A similar proportion is obtained from the statistics furnished from other places.

Mr Wallace designates his mode of treatment, "the specific remedy;" he professes to have discovered a number of drugs, chiefly tinctures, administered in homœpathic doses, and which, under all circumstances, will cure the diseases for which they are "specific remedies." He clearly exposes the unscientific position of the various medical schools who, for want of such a system, have no dependence on their various drugs and poisons, but are obliged to try experiments, by substituting one drug when another fails. Mr Wallace's system precludes the necessity for such a course, as he asserts that he is sure to obtain the desired effect, by the administration of the true specific, tested by repeated provings under a variety of circumstances. The remedy for

* "Cholera: Its Cause and Cure," Price 1s. Belfast and Progressive Library.

cholera is, *coffea cruda*, or tincture of raw Mocha coffee. It is so simple in preparation that any one may make the medicine for themselves. As a prophylactic, he recommends a cup of strong coffee to be taken every morning. This we would consider a worse disease than a visitation of cholera, both of which may be much easier avoided than experienced. We are not sufficiently acquainted with this specific system, either to defend it or assail it, further than by the general argument that all such efforts are merely palliative, and to a certain extent, premiums for indulgence in physical vices. Yet it may be argued that these vices do exist entailing certain disease, misery, and death, and that it is desirable to render all means available that may tend to mitigate human suffering. We have no objections to see humanity made healthy and happy by any means whatsoever, and of all the systems of medicine—so called—which we have ever heard of, Mr Wallace's is certainly the least objectionable, and if his statements are true, the most scientific and certain. He says he has tried the coffee specific in numberless cases of cholera, with entire success. With his system, he unites magnetism or "hand-rubbing," dietetics, rejecting white or fermented bread, tea, coffee, alcoholic liquors, and animal food. He even says, he has remedies for the "animal food disease," the "tea disease," and other abnormal conditions caused by the use of unnatural substances.

We now turn to the hygienic method of treatment, which has been foreshadowed by the causes, prevention, and symptoms of cholera referred to in the previous portion of our remarks. Dr Barter has produced a work* on this natural system of cure, which is the most rational and complete that has come under our observation. It states the cause of cholera, and of disease in general, and with much lucidity, points out the means of prevention under all circumstances, and goes minutely into the successful treatment of the disease without any medicine whatever. Instructed by this work, any intelligent person might at once take charge of a cholera hospital with confidence and success. Dr Barter argues thus:—The symptoms are an absence of circulation in the cutaneous surface, accompanied by too much action in the mucous membrane of the intestines, causing the serous portions of the blood to be discharged by the bowels, and leaving it so thick as to be incapable of circulation. There is external coldness and cramp, whilst there is internal heat and thirst. His simple remedy, then, is to place the patient in the early stages in a Turkish bath, or other heated atmosphere, by which the blood will be determined to the surface, producing circulation and necessarily effecting a cure. In the blue stage, he recommends hand friction with cold affusion, because the circulation in the capillaries being suspended heat would not have a beneficial, but contrary effect. In certain eastern countries, this rubbing with cold affusion is universally adopted, and when employed, deaths from cholera are rare, whereas without it the deaths would be both sudden and numerous.

Dr Hunter, of the Bridge of Allan, has also published his experi-

* "The Prevention and Treatment of Cholera on Rational Principles," by Dr Barter, Price 6d. London: J. Burns, Camberwell.

ence.* His treatment is very similar to that of Dr Barter, with the exception that he uses heat at a later stage of the disease. Dr Hunter's process for producing perspiration is exceedingly portable and easy of application, consisting of a flexible tube which can be fixed to a gas-burner and placed under a chair upon which the patient is seated. In this way, sweating baths may be obtained at any time, where gas is used. Were it not that these publications are so easily attainable, we would be tempted to give large extracts from them. We recommend all philanthropists to exert themselves in the extension of knowledge on the subject of health, and to be exceedingly careful to practice the same in their own families and persons. Our safety depends to a great extent upon the state of others. Filthy localities, dirty families, and intemperate individuals, depreciate the quality of the atmosphere, both in a moral and physical sense, and every true lover of health and moral progress will at once perceive that his own safety and advancement depends very much upon the conduct of others. We are glad to notice that Dr Barter's admirable work has reached a second edition, and if the public were aware of the important matters which it contains, it would not only be universally canvassed, but its teachings carefully practised.

The use of stimulants in disease can find no favour in enlightened quarters, capable of appreciating the views we have just referred to. Yet, the experience of Dr Nicolls, medical officer of Longford Union, Ireland, who has discarded the use of stimulants in the hospital for the last 18 years, is worthy of notice. He says, in respect to cholera:—

"The first cases were admitted on the 17th December, 1866, and the latest discharged on the 19th January, 1867. There were—extern cases, 20, intern, 2—22. Of those there recovered 15, died, 7—22; being at the rate of about, recovery 68, mortality 32, per 100. Of those deaths, four occurred in one family of six, a woman and her five children, named Wheelan, who had suffered great destitution, and were in a hopeless condition when admitted; indeed, the recovery of any of them was very improbable, as they were the first cases admitted, and it was with difficulty attendants were got to take charge of them.

"This contrasts favourably with the result of the cholera of 1849, when 77 cases were treated in the wards under my care, with the following results:—Recovered, 12, died, 65—77. Of the first 50 cases there were—recoveries, 3, deaths, 47—50; or, recoveries, 6, deaths, 94, per 100. Those were treated with a liberal allowance of alcoholic stimulants and warmth, both internally and externally. I felt dissatisfied with this result, and determined to change the mode of treatment, which I did in the following 27 cases; withdrew alcoholic stimulants, and discontinued heat internally and externally. Immediately the improvement became visible, as the result was—recoveries, 18, deaths, 9, or recoveries, 67, deaths, 33, per 100. This convinced me that the former treatment was erroneous, and the latter correct and rational, and from that time to this I have ceased to use alcoholic stimulants in the treatment of contagious or infectious diseases, such as are usually admitted into fever hospitals and cholera wards. The difference in the death rate in the former attack of cholera where alcoholic stimulants were used, and the latter where they were excluded, is very

* "Cure for Cholera and other Diseases of the Bowels, by means of the Vapour Bath and other Hydropathic Applications," ½d. Progressive Library.

large, in the former 94, in the latter 32, per 100. It may be said that the cholera latterly was not so malignant as formerly, but it is generally considered by medical men and clergymen, that in proportion to the number of cases, the death rate in this and the neighbouring towns during the recent visitation, was higher than in the former. If I am not much mistaken, I have seen it stated in the public papers, that in Dublin and the neighbourhood, though the number of cholera cases was fewer, the mortality was proportionately greater than on former occasions. At all events, in a moral as well as a sanitary view, I am well satisfied I discontinued the use of alcoholic stimulants in the hospitals under my care."

Dr Nicoll's experience is remarkably corroborative of hygienic teaching. Warmth in the latter stages is seen to be decidedly injurious, especially hot drinks, but the vigorous application of heat to the surface in the early stages is quite another matter, and leads to very different results.

MR A. HAGARTY.

It is upwards of two years since this gentleman arrived in England as lecturer on Phrenology, Physiology, Psychology, and Delineator of Character. He is from Upper Canada, where he received his first impressions of phrenology from O. S. Fowler, who was lecturing and examining in Mr Hagarty's native district. He has since youth devoted himself to the study of man, and is now on a lecturing tour in this country.

After his arrival he was considerably embarrassed on account of ill health, but he has lately been enabled to develope an originally weak constitution into one of practical availability and usefulness. Since the termination of the first winter with us he has been continually increasing in popularity, and he now commands large and respectable audiences wherever he goes. His labours have been confined for the most part to the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. He has also visited Birmingham, and some of the adjacent towns.

His abilities as a lecturer are popular and entertaining. He has a powerful memory, ample flow of language, ease and taste in delivery, and a salutatory and fraternal manner of exhibiting himself. He is not recognised as an original investigator or bold thinker, but as a public teacher and demonstrator of practical truths he is very successful. His delineations of character are comprehensive, useful, and exceedingly correct. He gives much attention to physiology and the laws of health. His lectures comprehend the subjects of Digestion, Food, Circulation, Phrenology in its many aspects, Social Life, National Pecularities, Psychology, Mesmerism, and various other phases of human existence. He has published two charts since his arrival in England. The first was taken chiefly from Mr Fowler's "Phrenological Register," but is now out of print, and superseded by a more comprehensive work* adapted for the purpose of a full examination. It consists of a table for recording the developments of the organs, followed by 40 pages explanatory of the markings. It is modelled upon the system taught by the Fowlers in their Self-Instructor, and other works, but on an abridged scale. The latter portion of the pamphlet is occupied with three lectures by Mr Hagarty—the first on Digestion, the second on Food. These lectures give a great amount of miscellaneous information on the subjects to which they refer. But we notice a want of system or definite

* Price 6d. Wild, Oldham, and Progressive Library.

principles as to the management of the vital organism and choice of food. There is a disposition to tell the truth, and at the same time a seeming desire to conciliate the prejudices and abnormal appetites which prevail in society. This will render the book more popular, but not so radical and useful as a more definite teaching would render it. Some conclusions and opinions respecting man having "tearing" teeth and an omnivorous disposition, might be discussed with profit, both as regards the true nature of man, as a matter of science, and what diet will most efficiently enable him to develope his powers. The lectures are supplemented by a "food table," in which is enumerated the many products, alimentive and otherwise, which society consigns to its stomach. We suppose the column headed "avoid" will receive a mark in respect to many of the chemical and mineral products that are recognised as foods by the public mind, such as tea, coffee, wines, spirits, malt liquors, and condiments generally. A definite principle as regards the law of diet would sweep from the table many articles that surreptitiously obtain a place there, and would question the admissibility of many others on account of their condition, such as sugar, cheese, butter, milk, eggs, fish, bacon, artificial products, and animal remains generally.

The lecture on Memory is most instructive, giving many vivid glimpses of the philosophy of mind, and the relation of memory thereto. The various signs whereby the state of the memory may be distinguished in individuals are also pointed out, rendering it at the same time useful to the student of human nature, and those who are desirous of improving their own memory.

Mr Hagarty usually spends one or two weeks in each place he visits. His mesmeric experiments and psychological explanations are highly entertaining and instructive, and cannot fail to serve the cause of truth and education, if the lecturer has only boldness and integrity to tell all he knows on these subjects. The friends of progress will do well to induce Mr Hagarty to visit their neighbourhoods, and aid him all they can. His permanent address is "Post Office, Heywood, near Manchester."

THE NEXT CONVENTION.

We hope the attention of our friends in town and country is being directed towards the business to be transacted at the Convention of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists, which is proposed to be holden in London during Whit-week. The facilities afforded by the different railways will enable our friends in the provinces to visit London economically and convienently. We would suggest that the sittings of the Convention be arranged in harmony with the time allowed for the return tickets of the various railways that will, during that week, give special facilities for visiting the metropolis.

This Convention must be a successful one, hence a useful one. It should be the means of inspiring many with energy for prosecuting the great work of human progress, and also inform others as to the principles involved in progressive efforts, and the best means of making them subservient to the education and development of society. To effect this desirable result, many minds must act in harmony; the best thoughts of all progressive men and women are solicited on the numerous topics that engage the attention of the Spiritual reformer.

It will also be expedient to institute such arrangements as will make these thoughts as available as possible. The matters to be discussed should be divided into sections, which may be brought before the Convention in succession, beginning at some radical point involving a basis for what may

follow. The amount of business will not be such as to require the necessity of more than one section being discussed at the same time, as all the members will doubtlessly desire to be present at all the proceedings. We would therefore suggest that certain topics should constitute the programme for each day. Two days is not sufficient time for the business of a Convention; the greater part of the week would be much more satisfactory to members, and give opportunity for the thorough consideration of important topics. The sessions might appropriately commence with a series of Sunday services in London at one point, such as one of the large public halls, or at various local points of minor importance. If at one central place the exercises might be maintained by several speakers during a considerable portion of the day, thus bringing a variety of thoughts and principles before those who might choose to attend. The Convention might conclude with a conversazione or social gathering, at which various works of interest could be exhibited connected with the phenomena of Spiritualism and Human Nature generally, and at which friends could consolidate the intimacies formed during the previous proceedings.

This final gathering might be made exceedingly interesting and influential, by securing the attendance and co-operation of the wise and famous minds connected with progressive principles. A committee should be at once formed to carry out these suggestions, if thought desirable, and patrons secured to contribute specimens of spirit writing, drawing, works of art, and other objects illustrative of spiritual science. Such a gathering would, in a powerful degree, consolidate and unite the many minds interested in spiritual development, and promote that unanimity which is so very desirable, but rarely to be met with. We would take the liberty of making a suggestion to the investigators of Spiritualism on the continent. We need not say that their presence at the Convention would be hailed as a valuable possession by every British Spiritualist. We would take it kind if the editors of continental journals would be obliging enough to throw out the invitation thus expressed, for as many continental Spiritualists as may find it convenient to attend the London Convention, and enrich the proceedings with their contributions. It is quite probable that America may furnish distinguished visitors, who will be as hitherto heartily welcomed.

Since the above was in type, we have received a circular announcing the Third Convention:—

"The Third Annual Convention of the British Association of Spiritualists is appointed to be held in Bedford Hall, Chenies Street, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C., on the following days, as under, in Whit Week, 1867: Tuesday, June 11th; Wednesday, June 12th; Thursday, June 13th; Friday, June 14th. Sessions commencing at Ten in the Morning, subject to such alterations during the Sittings as shall best suit the convenience of members and friends.

"Friends who have prepared, or are engaged in preparing, papers to read at the Convention, will please to notify the same to the Secretary, or his assistant, at least a week before the first day of assembly.

"Dr Hugh McLeod, *Hon. Secretary.*
"Mrs Sarah McLeod, *Assistant Secretary.*"

These extracts from the "Call" give all the necessary information it contains. We are glad in being able to place this announcement before our readers.

Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural.—In reply to numerous inquiries, we have much pleasure in stating that Mr Wallace intends republishing his late popular work with the above title, with many additions and improvements. It will no doubt be some time before the work is ready for delivery.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE TRUTH SEEKER. Edited by JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Monthly, Price 3d. London: C. Fox, 66 Paternoster Row.

A WIDE and catholic spirit pervades every page of this very readable and truly progressive periodical, there is great breadth and versatility of conception apparent in its management. Though it may be considered by some an exponent of advanced Unitarian Christianity, yet it would be unjust to designate the "*Truth Seeker*" as an organ of any special creed or party. Some of its articles devoted to the discussion and investigation of scriptural facts and dogmas, partake rather strongly of the negative or sceptical tendency, but these features are redeemed in numerous instances by a spontaneous aspiration towards the great truths which characterise a spiritual philosophy and religion. The object of the editor seems to be to place religion on the firm and incontrovertible basis of truth wherever it may be found, and fearlessly to sift all objectionable tenets from the belief or philosophy of the true religionist, assuming thereby, that religion is real and positive enough to stand all attacks on its own merits, and defended by truth alone. On several occasions, able articles on the Spiritual philosophy have appeared in this monthly, and its general tone is such as would be favourable to Spiritualism or any other great truth, advantageous to the cause of true religion and human progress. The editor, John Page Hopps, resides near Manchester, and is a preacher and lecturer of wide reputation.

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC. Chicago, Weekly, 15s per annum. London: J. Burns, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

THIS is a weekly periodical, issued by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, Chicago. Its forerunner, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, was commenced in autumn 1865 and terminated with 1866. The *Spiritual Republic* immediately succeeded it as a new series. We beg to present the following extracts from its prospectus:—

"The Spiritual Republic," as its name indicates, is a journal of spiritual philosophy. It comprehends the *soul* and *body* of American ideas.

Having a heart in every reform, it is the medium of inspired truth in the reconstructive work of the 19th century.

Independent of sect and party, it criticises men and their policies without compromise, demanding equal rights to all.

Radical in character, it demolishes oppressive institutions, and builds anew in harmonious proportions.

Select in literature, scientific in investigation, cosmopolitan in spirit, it revolutionises public sentiment for a grand eclecticism of religion and politics.

Resident Editors—F. L. Wadsworth, J. Osgood Barrett.

Corresponding Editors—Mary F. Davis, Selden J. Finney, J. S. Loveland, Hudson Tuttle, Emma Tuttle.

Contributors—H. H. Marsh, G. B. Stebbins, E. Case, M.D., J. B. Harrison, L. Judd Pardee, Emma Hardinge, Mrs H. F. M. Brown, Albert Brisbane, Mary A. Whitaker, H. T. Child, M.D., C. B. Peckham, Kersey Graves, H. C. Wright.

"The Spiritual Republic" is a large octavo, printed on good paper with plain new type.

It is a well conducted journal. It gives many beautiful poetical pieces; a serial tale of high merit; original essays on the various aspects of human nature; articles on physiology, phrenology, health, hygienic medication, and philosophy of vital existence. Its leading articles are comprehensive and philosophical; it criticises the progressive topics of the day with much penetration and fairness. Its tone is slightly altered since the commencement of the present series. There is an apparent desire to conciliate the prejudices, and respect the opinions of those who may occupy an opposite position to the leading principles of the journal. This is all very well and highly commendable under any circumstances, but it requires to be kept within limit.

The *Republic* is rendered interesting by the many news paragraphs, personal and incidental, which lighten up its heavier portions. There is free scope given for discussion and correspondence; reviews of progressive works and periodicals are furnished; and as a whole, it is a liberal, comprehensive, and truthful mirror of the state of progressive ideas in "New America," more particularly the Western States. It is rapidly gaining favour in this country, and as its merits become more widely known, we feel sure it will be correspondingly appreciated.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET: Edited by Mrs H. F. M. Brown—Is a monthly publication also issued by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association. It is exclusively devoted to the interests of children and youth, and is a special advocate of children's lyceums. It contains eight pages, full of suitable and interesting matter for the young, amply illustrated with woodcuts. The series from the commencement contains a course of illustrated instructions for conducting the gymnastic or physical exercises of children's lyceums. We hope the era of lyceums for the young is about to be inaugurated in this country; already they are in successful operation in several towns and cities. Nothing will better stimulate and direct the friends of progress in their establishment and management, than the regular perusal of this very pleasing and instructive periodical. It aims at the development and cultivation of the moral, religious, and spiritual elements of mind in the young, which it effects in such a way as to be acceptable to their pure intuitions, and consistent with the high purposes for which these faculties were given to mankind. We recommend our readers to procure sets, and put them in the hands of their children, nor would they be unacceptable to those of a larger growth.

A NEW MAN IN THE FIELD.—We are glad to hear of the successful *debut*, as a lecturer and examiner, of Mr James Burns, of London. The English papers speak warmly of this new candidate; and, from personal acquaintance, we predict for him a most useful future. Mr Burns was the associate and assistant of John B. Gough in his grand lecturing tour through Great Britain and Ireland. He was a member of our private professional classes in London, attended our public lectures in Exeter Hall, and for years he has been a close observer and attentive reader, and is now a good lecturer and delineator of character.—*American Phrenological Journal.*

HOW TO OBTAIN FUNDS.

GREAT HORTON, near Bradford, is a manufacturing village, with a population of from 10,000 to 12,000. A few friends of social progress, numbering perhaps a dozen, had a desire to have the various questions connected with Human Nature discussed in their locality. They were chiefly members of the Temperance Society, Primitive Methodists, and other Dissenting bodies. Most of them were teachers in Sunday Schools, and otherwise leaders in matters of education and public instruction. They engaged the services of J. Burns, of London, to give a course of lectures on the "Science of Human Nature." They used all their influence to popularise these meetings by issuing cheap course tickets, and taking other means for securing their sale amongst inquiring minds in the district. The lectures occupied the evenings of one week. The first was entitled, "How to read a man like a book," and was a general review of the human organisation and its connection with the mind as indicating capabilities, disposition, and character—Mr Councillor Snowden in the chair. The meeting on Tuesday evening was under the presidency of Mr Joseph Wilson; subject—"How to make the most of life and its advantages," pointing out the uses of the digestive system, how to maintain its health and integrity, and the kinds of food best adapted for enabling man to make the most of this life and prepare him for the next. On Wednesday evening Mr Councillor Turner presided, and the lecturer introduced "A new and comprehensive Reform Bill for the enfranchisement of all to health and happiness," in which he pointed out the causes and purposes of disease, with the most natural mode of assisting nature in regaining a state of health. On Thursday evening, "Go-aheads and Slow Coaches" was the topic—W. Prest, Esq., of Bradford, in the chair. The lecturer pointed out the organic conditions which cause the great diversity of individual character prevailing in society. On Friday Mr Cephas Wilson presided. The subject was—"Love, Courtship, and Marriage." The nature and use of the love feelings were pointed out, and directions given for their true guidance and development, so as to enable them to perform their high offices in the social economy. On Saturday evening Mr W. Craven, Secretary to the Bradford Phrenological Society, presided, and the whole evening was spent in reading the characters of strangers from the audience. This was done by the lecturer from an examination of their organisations, and was recognised as being remarkably faithful. These lectures were largely attended, listened to with great attention, and formed an important era in the education of all who heard them. The committee who originated the lectures were much gratified at the result of their labours, inasmuch as the public were highly satisfied with the information and entertainment they had received, and there was a surplus fund equal to purchasing a parcel of books, at library prices, value £10. The experience of the Great Horton friends may be useful to others in different parts of the country, who may have a desire to spread information, and secure the means for forming an institution or library. The amount of popular sentiment created by the lectures produces a call for such a library, and the funds derived from the lectures are sufficient to endow one on a small scale.

J. Burns remained in Great Horton the following week, and gave two free lectures to the ladies, on the care, management, and education of children. The hall was crowded, on each occasion the audience numbering over 500. He concluded his visit by giving a "gymnastic entertainment," which was a lecture on the muscular system, interspersed with several series of graceful exercises, accompanied by suitable music. Many of the inhabitants availed themselves of the lecturer's professional services in prescribing for their physical and mental necessities.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

BIRMINGHAM.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Agreeably to your invitation in the first number of "*Human Nature*," I venture to forward a short report of progress at Birmingham.

On my business journey lately to Scotland and the North of England, I took occasion to see as much of Spiritualists and their operations as I could, and was highly gratified, especially by witnessing the astonishing results of the painting medium, Mr Duguid, at Glasgow. I held many interesting, and I hope useful conversations with leading Spiritualists at Glasgow, Newcastle, Darlington, Huddersfield, Liverpool, &c., on the subject of co-operation for propaganda purposes.

With only one or two exceptions, I found it to be thought very desirable that the Spiritualists of Great Britain and Ireland should cordially co-operate, first and chiefly for the support of a journal which should fairly and adequately represent *all the sections* of Spiritualists in this country. It was felt that if this was done, such a journal would live and be self-supporting, by sheer circulation; and further, that neither "Orthodox" nor "Progressive" Spiritualists need fear for any TRUTH which either section holds, for truth must necessarily live and triumph by its own inherent might, and any error set forth beside it would the sooner fade and die, from the superior attractive force of truth diverting the vitality otherwise given to error.

If these aggregate opinions of Spiritualists in the north have any weight with you, you will know how to apply them in the conducting of "*Human Nature.*" Co-operation was farther felt to be needed in employing one or more advanced mediums or lecturers who might be willing to give up regular secular employment, and devote themselves wholly to spreading the knowledge of our divine science. While at Huddersfield I was privileged to attend the very advanced circle of which Brothers Etchells, Green, and Varley, with Sister Chapman, are the members. What I witnessed there exceeded all my previous experience of the vivid reality and instructive character of Spiritual communion. I thought I saw in Sister Chapman a medium of such ease, power, and variety for trance speaking, lecturing, singing, &c., that if she could be prevailed upon to devote herself wholly to missionary work, she could be made a powerful instrument of good to the societies of the country, and to the public generally.

Our society at Birmingham approved my suggestion; Miss Chapman was invited to Birmingham for two or three weeks as an experiment; she has been with us now ten days, and the results have been truly wonderful and very delightful. The attendance at our meetings has been trebled. The spirits controlling Miss C. have generally requested to be questioned, and the answers have been of such high quality, and the intercourse generally of that vivid and realistic character, as to largely increase our faith in the facts and utility of such communion.

As a mere entertainment, the seances with Sister Chapman are highly attractive—the singing of Malibran, and the sparkling vivacity, wit, and humour of a certain Hindu maiden, "Omelia" by name, being very charming.

The high value of the seances are, however, chiefly due to the scientific explanations of the spirit "Zoma," and the high moral and religious teaching of his "right-hand man" "Polly."

We no longer wonder at the rapid progress of the Huddersfield circle, taught by spirits of so high an order.

On Sunday, the 14th April, we had a lecture by "Zoma," through Miss

C., on "Spiritualism: the Past, the Present, and the Future," to which about 140 persons listened with rapt attention.

Miss C. has been to Wolverhampton one week, will stay with us probably three weeks, is invited to Derby and Uttoxeter, and is open to invitation from any other society or circle afterwards.

On behalf of the Birmingham Society of Progressive Spiritualists I have great pleasure in recommending Miss Chapman to any other society wishing to progess in Spiritual knowledge.

Any communications for Miss C., sent to this address, will reach her in due course.—I am, dear Brother, yours faithfully,

ROBT. HARPER, President.

142 Irving Street, Birmingham, April, 1867.

[We heartily rejoice at the success of Miss Chapman's efforts, and concur in the suggestion of Mr Harper as to the employment of missionary mediums. —Ed. *H. N.*]

JUVENILE MUSEUMS.

WE beg to direct the attention of our readers to the valuable suggestions contained in the following paragraphs. The study of nature should form the groundwork of all education. Every boy and girl should keep pace with the season in making a collection of natural products, especially plants.

„ In order to promote the study of different branches of Natural History among the young people of Northumberland and Durham, a committee of gentlemen has resolved to offer the following prizes for the best collections of specimens in the departments enumerated, viz:—

1. The best collections of marine, freshwater, and land shells, named and classified.
2. The best collections of marine algæ (sea weeds), named, prepared, mounted, and classified.
3. The best collections of ferns and wild flowers, named, dried, mounted, and classified.
4. The best collections of fossils, named and classified.
5. The best collections of butterflies and moths, named, mounted, and classified.

THE CONDITIONS ARE—

1. That each youth (male or female) competing shall not be more than seventeen years of age.
2. They shall themselves gather the objects exhibited for competition.
3. All objects exhibited to be gathered during the present year.
4. Each group of objects exhibited to be accompanied by a document, containing the following information:—when, where, and by whom the objects were found.
5. Each specimen to be mounted on paper or cardboard, and to be labelled with the name of the specimen, the place where, the date when, and the name of the person by whom it was collected.
6. Any competitor may compete in any single department or in all departments.
7. All objects exhibited to be obtained within the area of Northumberland and Durham, or off their coasts.

As it is desirable to discourage the practice of reducing the number of small birds consequent on nest robbing, no prizes will be given for birds' eggs. Mr Barkas, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is secretary."