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THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

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ACTÆON.

THE SUPERCESSION OF THE TEACHER BY THE TAUGHT—THE MORTALITY OF FORM.

IN a certain sense every Actæon is eaten by his own hounds, every teacher is ultimately superseded by his disciples, and every leader is supplanted by his followers. We need not grieve over the inevitable. It is according to the law of progress. Without it the present could not stand upon the shoulders of the past, nor would the future tower magnificently over both. Master-spirits are no doubt very necessary—men standing like Saul, by a head and shoulders above their fellows. But it is also equally necessary that they should ultimately subside into comparative insignificance and even absolute oblivion, leaving us the priceless legacy of their labours and thoughts, without the encumbrance of their reputation. Probably no system, and every system is but the projection of a man upon the plane of time and space, ever bequeathed its greatest good to humanity till it had thus departed—devoured by the dogs of time—its individuality consumed by the ages; its integrity, like that of a thoroughly mouldered leaf, lost in the circumambient mass of homogeneous and productive soil. Then it is once more elemental, and so susceptible of the manifold and beneficent uses to which the elements are applied. Society has digested and assimilated it, and its several atoms have become once more the integral parts of a living and growing organism.

The condition of a mummy is not particularly desirable or especially honourable. It is simply a monstrosity, an exceptional and isolated thing, exempted for a season from the laws, and refusing to partake of the fortunes of its correlatives. It neither receives from or communicates to the ordinary tidal ebb and

flow of universal life. It is set apart, neither blessing or being blessed like its fellows, in unproductive dignity and useless splendour, an illustrious example of exalted perversity, too proud for the work, and too cold for the love of creation. It would have been much better buried in the ordinary way, and so made duly serviceable for the requirements of everchanging being in its endless round of kindly mutation. Cerecloth and spices are a human device, and not a divine intention. In a sense, they violate the purpose and arrest the action of Providence. They exile their subject from the genial sphere of nature, and needlessly transfer him to the harsher realm of art, and so end by converting him from a utility, of which the universe might be proud, into a curiosity, of which a museum makes a boast. Now, all mummies are not necessarily material, for some—and those, too, the most famous—are moral, such as reputations and institutions, preserved in form long after they have been defunct in fact, and so converted into the hindrances of all true life, the fatal opponents of all healthful growth.

All preservations, however, are not artificial, for some, like fossils, are in a sense natural, though always exceptional, for the law of nature is reabsorption into the elemental after the discharge of your duty in the special sphere. She makes sure, if not short work with the defunct. The stalwart oak, that has stood for a thousand years, ultimately topples over on some wintry night in the primeval forest, and in a few years, sooner or later, for it is a mere question of time and exposure, crumbles into undistinguishable mould, the fecund basis of a thousand oaks to come. Then the circuit is complete, and the individual is restored to the universal whence he emerged. Actæon is devoured and absorbed into junior organisations that grow by the steady assimilation of his liberated elements, and so may be said to flourish on his ruins and become great on his decline. It is thus that religions, empires, and philosophies arise out of the wrecks of their predecessors, absorbing into their vigorous and youthful organisation, the elemental forces which had previously conduced to the grandeur and power of their seniors.

Men, however, do not like this, and never act upon it, save by compulsion, for they are slow to admit that the life, and with it the uses, of a great and venerable institution have utterly departed. With pardonable affection they cling to the mere shadow of its waning grandeur, revering the contemptible present in consideration of its truly sublime and heroic past. And thus it is that we have so many mummies in our land, and so many fossils in our church. But there need be no fear, these venerable Actæons are merely waiting to be devoured. The bugle-echoes of destiny, calling the hounds to their work of predestined devastation, are already borne upon the blast. Of this

let us be fully persuaded, no timeform is immortal. There is no individuality but will be absorbed, no organisation but will be disintegrated, and, we may add, no splendour but will become dim, and no power but will some day wax weak. It is only in the Eternal sphere that immortality is possible, and perpetual youth attainable. Here Death is the universal king, from whose law of extinction there is no escape, save by the process of resurrection. Like some great conqueror, he makes us all pass under the yoke, as an acknowledgment of subjection. But thanks to the still greater power of Life, we emerge on the other, and, we may add, *higher* side, renewed in our strength and restored in our beauty, the inalienable heirs of an endless cycle of progress and perfection. And it is the same, let us repeat, with ideas and institutions, perishable in their forms but indestructible in their principles, and so assured of inevitable resurrection when the hour of their re-emergence has arrived, that is, when the requirements of the epicycle demand their presence amidst the things of time.

ÆSCULAPIUS—HYGEIA.

NATURE AS THE GREAT HEALER.

THE law of the cycle and epicycle is universal. It is inevitable that the dead should undergo a resurrection. Facts alone are mortal. Laws and principles are eternal. It is impossible to slay an idea. A thought may slumber, but it cannot die. You may crucify the promulgator, but you do not thereby destroy the system of which he was an exponent. All destruction is phenomenal. Death is simply a process of transition. Whatever is, exists in virtue of a spiritual cause, which is beyond the accidents of time. Hence the law of recurrence. Whatever has been will be again, the eternal roots sending forth fresh blossoms with the return of every spring.

It is doubtful if even the most advanced minds have yet formed anything like an adequate conception of the economy of mental force manifested in the process of creation. The more profoundly we investigate Nature, the more clearly do we perceive the unity of idea, out of which a multiplicity of phenomena have been ingeniously developed. Without irreverence be it said, the universe has cost less thought than was at first supposed. In truth, it is the realised intuition of a divine genius, who, as Architect, Sculptor, Painter, and Musician, has thus projected his conception of the beautiful into objectivity, evolving order out of disorder, and harmony out of discord, by the operation of a few laws, or rather of one law,—that of himself, as the parental centre of a circumambient creation, holding filial relation to its producing cause, and so ever advancing through successive phases of development into closer resemblance to its

eternal original. Thus in the study of organic type, and more especially when we come to institute a comparison of the animate scales with each other, or with the inanimate, we find repetition of form and reproduction of group the prevailing law, giving rise to correspondence and correlation of the most profound and intimate character, where, by the ordinary observer, no resemblance whatever, even of the slightest or remotest character, would even be suspected. Thus, for example, who would suppose that the canidæ or dogs were a reproduction among quadrupeds, of the corvidæ or crows among birds, or that the felidæ were, in a similar manner, a reproduction of the raptore? Yet we now know that all Nature is but a vast assemblage of these repeating cycles of form and function, adapted by various modifications to the special circumstances in which they are respectively placed.

So in the moral world the successive phases of civilisation or collective culture, with their several religions, empires, and philosophies, constitute repeating cycles, whereof the earlier are the premonitions and foreshadowments of the later. They are so, because ecclesiastical, political, and intellectual systems are in reality moral organisms, the product of forces susceptible of repeated manifestation. Thus, for example, all the great Aryan faiths, from Brahmanism to Christianity, are pantheistic and incarnational, as conversely the Semitic, from Judaism to Mohammedanism, are Unitarian and creational,—the profounder element of race underlying the comparatively superficial sphere of credal thought-forms. So in philosophy, the schools of Greece had their predecessors in India, as they have their successors in modern Europe. Pythagoras was simply the gifted exponent of principles that were cultivated before him, and will, at all befitting epochs, be cultivated after him to the end of time. As it has been well observed, all men are either Platonic or Aristotelian, spiritual or material, synthetical or analytical, in their mental constitution; and, although we have not always a Shakespeare or a Bacon to illustrate this, the principle is none the less operative, despite the occasional lack of adequately supreme instances for its due demonstration.

And thus, then, we are brought to the especial subject-matter of the present paper,—the revival in our own day of the Æsculapian worship of the past. Systems of medicine, like everything else, partake of the spirit of the age in which they flourish,—being gross or refined, more immediately, according to the temper and disposition of their disciples; more remotely, according to the tone and tendency of the time in which the latter flourish. To fully understand classic antiquity, we must remember that it was the child of a synthetic past—of an age of poetry and belief—that built up the Olympian creed, and

developed those germs of the ideal and the beautiful which afterwards ripened into the literature and art of Greece and Rome,—an age of profound religiosity of sentiment, that could believe in the actual presence and the virtual power of the unseen, and to whose modes of thinking the invisible was not necessarily the non-existent. To such an age, a cure was not the less real because the instrumentality that wrought it was mysterious and incomprehensible. It very philosophically accepted the accomplished fact. It perhaps rather unphilosophically attributed it to the beneficent offices of Æsculapius. To equally understand modern Europe, we must remember that it is the product of an age of analysis, that has protested against the creed and disintegrated the institutions of the time that preceded it,—an age of knowledge, not of faith; and so, while colossally great and powerful on the merely material, proportionately weak on the spiritual plane. To such an age, effects are incredible unless their causes are explicable. It despises the occult, and dislikes the wonderful. It is an age of reaction against the religious credulity of its devout predecessor. It believes in nothing that it cannot understand. It is broad, but it is not high. Even its very knowledge, while indefinitely extensible on a given plane, is limited in its altitude. It refuses to accept, and it dare not investigate, the cures of mesmerism or the facts of clairvoyance. It responds to the one with a sneer, and to the other with a denial—while boasting of discipleship to Bacon, and avowing submission to the strictest laws of induction!

This faithless age attained to the maximum of its power in the eighteenth century, and exploded in the French revolution, when a spiritual reaction commenced, which is now advancing with rapidly accelerating speed. Of this reaction, the manifold reforms successively inaugurated in medical science are a very important feature. They will all be found to consist in a return to Nature. Homœopathy reduces the drug dose to the vanishing point. Hydropathy, Kinesipathy, and Mesmerism wholly ignore it. While all combine to reject the murderous lancet and the cruel blister. This is only saying, in other words, that the orthodox or established system is eminently analytical and disintegrative, like the age to which it belongs. It attacks the disease through the constitution of the patient, generally wounding the latter in the process of destroying the former. Strictly speaking, it is not the science of HEALTH. It is satisfied with combating *disease*, which, under a most complex nomenclature, it seems to have exalted into a positive entity, though simply a derangement of normal function. Notwithstanding this, however, it has not existed in vain. Its anatomy is magnificent, and its surgery is beyond praise. Neither is it stupidly immutable. While strongly conservative, it is nevertheless steadily progres-

sive. The lancet and the knife are by no means such prominent instrumentalities as in the last generation; while even pill and potion are becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less." It trusts art less, and relies on nature more than heretofore. It is on the right road, and, at the worst, may be regarded as the rear guard of the great army; being cumbered, perchance, with the *impedimenta* of many traditions, and burdened with the weight of much respectability.

The great movement of return, however, is not here, but in the vanguard of heterodoxy, among the Homœopaths, Hydropaths, and Mesmerists. Of these, the two last are pure Æsculapians; that is, they practise the very processes used in the temples of Æsculapius, and universally prevalent in primitive times. In saying this of Hydropathy, we cannot, of course, be understood to vouch for the antiquity of all its modern processes; but the *principle* of the water-cure was well understood, and everywhere practically acted upon in the magnificent baths of the ancients, of which the so-called Turkish, though really Byzantine, is a traditional continuation. But Mesmerism, whether in its curative passes for the relief, or in its introvisional inspection for the cure of disease, is simply an Æsculapian art, revived in all its integrity, though not yet, we fear, in all its power.

Strange recovery of forgotten lore! Mysterious yet inevitable resurrection of buried knowledge! The age having become capable of its reception, the dry bones of a despised superstition once more stand forth as a living fact. The grave figment of "the laying on of hands" is found after all to be a still graver veracity, which Nature acknowledges! Yes, my clerical and medical friends, here—could you only prevail to see it aright—is the most astonishing part of the whole matter: that you, in uninquiring obedience to the spirit of a mechanical and materialistic age, consented to forego the time-honoured practices and ignore the long-accepted truths of an earlier, if not a nobler, era—practices based on the highest science, and truths eventuating directly in the most beneficent results. As clergymen, you taught a religion founded by a spiritual healer of the very highest order, of whom you have four presumably inspired and authentic biographies, three of which, at least, are little other than narratives of his truly wonderful cures; so that the impression left by their perusal on the mind of any unprejudiced reader, is that he has been reading the life, not so much of an eloquent preacher, as of a practical philanthropist, who went about **DOING** good, by relieving the sick and restoring health and strength to the decrepit. And not only was this the personal example bequeathed by this great teacher to posterity, but we find it, moreover, expressly stated that he sent forth his disciples to the

“healing” of the nations; and this, not only in a moral, but also in a physical sense. And he promised those who were faithful to their message, great powers for the accomplishment of these results—powers, indeed, so great, that their “works” were to transcend his own. And all these glorious prerogatives you have allowed to slumber, and all these precious promises you have despised, at the base dictates of an infidel age, whose shallow philosophy could not comprehend such profound wisdom, and whose selfish morality could not appreciate such wondrous beneficence. After such a dereliction of duty on your part, as the professed spiritual leaders and recognised religious teachers of the age, it is no wonder that the medical profession, while somewhat magniloquently styling themselves the sons of *Æsculapius* and the disciples of *Hippocrates*, should have utterly ignored the rites of the one, and neglected the practice of the other, whenever either transcended the low and limited range of their drug-ridden therapeutics.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

No II.

HIPPOCRATES carried the art of medicine as far towards perfection as it was, perhaps, possible for genius to do unaided by the light of anatomical knowledge. This light the superstitious prejudices of his age denied him. Doomed, therefore, to remain in ignorance of the organisation and functions of the human economy, his opinions concerning the origin and nature of abnormal conditions were necessarily conjectural, and in treating disease he was consequently forced to deal with symptoms rather than causes—a practice which has continued to be a reproach to medicine through all ages, and, despite our superior light, never more so than at the present time. He was, in a manner, compelled to favour popular delusions which then, as now, centred around the administration of Drugs, and thus the progress of medicine as a science was fatally impeded, while its practice gradually became more and more depraved.

Another influence that powerfully contributed to retard progress resulted from the speculative, vain, and superstitious character of the various systems of philosophy which obtained ascendancy in the Pagan world. Divided into numerous contending sects, the dominating principle of all the philosophic schools was to adopt an hypothesis, and then exercise the subtleties of metaphysical and dialectic art in explaining all things to harmonise therewith. Thus the human understanding

was led away from the observation of nature, and the diligent study of experience, to wander unprofitably in the regions of fanciful conjecture, enticing paradoxes, and superstitious beliefs. Medicine, as well as other intellectual pursuits, became largely impregnated with the "philosophy of the schools;" and, on the promulgation of Christianity, this philosophy was soon interwoven with and corrupted its simple and sublime truths.

"As the Eclectic philosophy spread," observes Enfield, "heathen and Christian doctrines were still more intimately blended, until at last both were almost entirely lost in the thick clouds of ignorance and barbarism which covered the earth; except that the Aristotelian philosophy had a few followers among the Greeks, and Platonic Christianity was cherished in the cloisters of the monks."* Thus Pagan philosophy, in combination with corrupted Christian theology, erected barriers against intellectual progress, and when the scholastic age ensued, every principle of sound reasoning was ignored or perverted. "The Aristotelian philosophy," as Hallam observes, "even in the hands of the Master, was like a barren tree that conceals its want of fruit by profusion of leaves. But the scholastic ontology was much worse."† It was a fruitless tree amid a barren waste, or rather, like the fabled Uphas, it created a waste by blighting wherever its poisonous shade extended. Disquisitions concerning the nature of angels, their modes of operation, their means of conversing, their variable mental states, and how many possibly could stand or dance on the point of a needle, were among the most sensible questions that perplexed and amused scholastic ontologists. These and analogous frivolities engaged the energies of the most acute and profound understandings from the 11th to the 16th century, during which dreary period not one metaphysical knot was untied, nor one unequivocal truth added to the domain of philosophy. The few superior and practical minds that arose, and sought to enlarge the sphere of science by experimental researches, new discoveries, and rational induction, were denounced and persecuted as heretics and magicians. At last the great revolution of the 16th century commenced the hallowed work of emancipating mind from the despotism of scholastic logomachies. A truer and freer spirit of inquiry was cultivated and encouraged. The mischievous absurdities of a vain philosophy, with the superstitions it engendered, were gradually superseded by the realities of exact science, and the awakened intellect of Europe was taught to investigate with a rational freedom, and in a reverent spirit to "look through nature up to nature's God."

It will thus be readily understood how, from the age of

* History of Philosophy, preliminary observations.

† Europe during the Middle Ages, vol. ii., p. 488.

Hippocrates to the 16th century, rational medicine made no perceptible progress. As long as human anatomy was a proscribed study, it was hopeless to look for any serviceable improvement in medical practice. The priest-physicians of the Pagans, as well as of the Christians, encouraged feelings which made anatomy revolting in the estimation of the ignorant and superstitious. Indeed, among ancient nations generally, a great reverence prevailed for the dead, which was antagonistic to anatomical investigations. This reverence was not altogether unnatural on the part of the Hebrews who believed in the immortality of the soul, and in the literal resurrection of the body. The custom of embalming was observed by them, doubtless derived from the Egyptians, who believed that the soul of a body continued in existence as long as the body it inhabited was preserved from decay. Joseph "commanded his servants, the physicians, to embalm his father, and the physicians embalmed Israel," and when Joseph died they also embalmed him (Gen. l. 2, 26). But Calmet is of opinion that the custom never became general. The Hebrews, however, were at all times very careful about the burial of their dead, and considered deprivation of sepulchre one of the greatest dishonours that could befall any person. Besides, they esteemed the very touch of a dead body, or part of it, or of anything that had been in contact with it, a defilement that required a ceremonial ablution (Num. xix. 14, 16), and therefore they were not a people likely to regard anatomy with favour. The Persians anointed the bodies of their dead with wax to preserve them from decay. The Greeks burned their dead, and the Romans adopted the custom from them. Under the Emperors it became almost universal, but was afterwards gradually dropped upon the introduction of Christianity, so that it fell into disuse about the end of the fourth century.

This reverence for the dead was for a long period an insuperable obstacle to the proper study of anatomy. Comparative anatomy was practised. Animals of various kinds were dissected, and the knowledge thus obtained was, by analogy, applied in forming opinions concerning the internal structure and economy of the human frame. Very probably, indeed, some human bodies may have been dissected secretly by ardent and fearless students. Demetrius of Abdera, contemporary with Hippocrates, was accused of having done so, but there is no authentic evidence to show that human anatomy was publicly practised or taught before the time of Herophilus of Alexandria, who flourished nearly a century later than Hippocrates, or a little more than 300 B.C.

The city of Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great, 332 B.C., and in the division of the empire, which took place on

his death, Egypt devolved on Ptolemy Soter, its Governor, who made it the capital of his kingdom. He was an enlightened prince, deeply attached to literature, and for the encouragement of science he founded an academy, called the Musæum, and invited learned men from all countries to take up their residence in the city. In connection with the academy he established the famous library, to which his successors so bountifully added that it became the richest and most extensive in the world. The Alexandrian Academy, thus munificently founded, soon became illustrious. In its Medical School human anatomy was first openly practised and publicly taught, while the celebrity of its professors attracted pupils from every civilised country.

Herophilus and Erasistratus are most honourably distinguished for their devotion to the study of anatomical science, which they pursued under the protection of Ptolemy and his son and successor, Ptolemy Philadelphus.* The celebrated Galen says of Herophilus—"He was an accomplished man in all the branches of physic, excelling particularly in anatomy, which he learned, not from the dissection of beasts alone, as physicians usually do, but particularly from that of man." Celsus says "They dissected living criminals condemned to death, and dragged from their prisons for that very purpose." This, equivocally expressed though it be, does not sustain the accusation brought by Tertullian, the "Christian Father," against Herophilus of having been a vivisectionist, because the criminals may have been, and most probably were, taken from prison and executed as their bodies were required. But Tertullian, like the generality of his order in those ages, was no friend to anatomy, and with the temerity of a priest, and the acrimony of a theologian, he denounces the memory of Herophilus in these terms—"Herophilus, the physician, or rather butcher, who ripped up 600 men in order to become better acquainted with their nature; who hated man in order to learn the structure of his frame; could not, by these means, come to a more perfect knowledge of his internal structure, since death produces a great change in all the parts, so as to render their appearance after death different from what it was before; especially since they did not die a natural death, but expired amidst all the agonies to which the curiosity of the anatomist was pleased to subject them."†

* Ptolemy Philadelphus munificently supported the Academy, and considerably increased the library. He bestowed great rewards and encouragement on learned men. It is of him the fable is related of having paid some two millions sterling to procure the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures known as the *Septuagint*. Stackhouse properly considers the circumstantial narration of Aristæas "an idle story and romance," while Prideaux proves it so.—*Stackhouse's History of the Bible*, vol. i., ap. 88; *Prideaux's Connection*, &c., part ii., l. i.

† Tertullian lib. de anima, c. 10

It is sufficient to observe that there is not satisfactory evidence to sustain Tertullian's imputation. He wrote nearly 500 years *after* Herophilus, and Celsus some 300 years, while Galen, an abler man than either, and a far superior authority, wrote in the interval, and while bearing honourable testimony to the studies and accomplishments of Herophilus, makes no allusion whatever to his alleged dissection of *living* bodies. We can well imagine the sacred superstitions and deep-rooted prejudices that were scandalised by the open practice and teaching of human anatomy; while priest-physicians, we may be assured, regarded such encroachments on what they considered their exclusive domain, as warranting envenomed hostility and invective. Of these feelings Tertullian's tirade may be taken as faithworthy evidence, but otherwise it is valueless.

It is incontestible, however, that Herophilus and Erasistratus, by their anatomical researches, gave the first impulse in the right direction to the study of medical science. They made important discoveries concerning the nervous system, with which all their predecessors were very imperfectly acquainted, and, with an accuracy hitherto unknown, described the brain and its functions. They arrived at the conclusion that it was the seat of the vital principle. "We observe," says Erasistratus, "all the apophyses, or productions of the nerves which come from the brain; so that, to state all at once, *the brain is visibly the principle of everything that passes in the body.*" This is now more than two thousand years old; and can modern medical science give a more lucid explanation of the vital principle?

Galen states that Herophilus was the first who paid minute attention to the variations of the pulse, the importance of which had been overlooked even by Hippocrates. The works of these able men have not come down to us, and it is principally from the accounts of them by Galen, Cœlius Aurelianus, and Rufus, whose works have survived, that anything is known of their labours and merits. In the practice of medicine it appears they differed diametrically, for while Herophilus administered in profusion all the known Drugs of his day, purging and bleeding freely, Erasistratus followed an opposite course—reprobating drugging, and especially condemning bleeding and purgatives, while he warmly recommended diet, regimen, and topical applications.

It was about this period, 200 B.C., and presumptively in consequence of the successful labours of the Alexandrian School, that, as Celsus relates, the profession of medicine became for the first time divided into three distinct branches, which were followed as separate professions by different individuals. *First*, physicians, or nature students, as the name implies, who professed to study the various processes of nature in the human

body, and cure disease by the skilful direction of Diet and Regimen. *Second*, the surgeons, surgeons, or hand-workers, whose peculiar province it was to deal with bodily wounds or ailments which required manipulation or handwork. *Third*, the pharmacists, subsequently the apothecaries, who specially professed to treat and cure disease by the use of Drugs.

These distinctions, though they have been theoretically preserved to the present day, were never rigidly adhered to in practice. The modern "General Practitioner" combines all three, just as they were combined by practitioners in ancient times before the division took place. The division, indeed, exercised a most prejudicial influence on the progress of medical science, and powerfully conduced to create and foster the rank evils that have resulted from Drug Medication. For the physicians soon found it their interest to abandon what was natural and rational, and substitute for diet and regimen the more profitable but deleterious preparations of the pharmacist. A combination of interests was thus effected, hostile to Health and Life—a combination that to this day prospers by preying on the "credulity and weakness" of mankind, while the noble science of Surgery became so neglected, that its degenerate and despised practice passed into the hands of common barbers!

About this time the rival sects of Empirics and Dogmatists, which had for sometime existed among the Greeks, rose into importance and divided the medical world.* The contentions of these sects occupy for centuries a conspicuous position in medical history. The essence of the dispute between them related to the correct mode of studying and treating disease. The Empirics held that observation of the outward manifestations of disease, and a knowledge of remedies obtained from experience, constituted the sufficient and only reliable guide in practice. A knowledge of symptoms was to be acquired by careful observation, and then experience would supply a knowledge of such remedies as had been found efficacious in alleviating or removing those symptoms. Thus the essential nature of the Empirical system was *to treat symptoms apart from causes*, or in other words, to consider symptoms as the disease itself, overlooking causes altogether.

The Dogmatists, on the contrary, more rationally contended that, preliminary to the scientific treatment of disease, it was essential to be acquainted with the nature of the bodily condi-

* Subsequently other, but minor sects arose, and attained fleeting popularity. Chief among these the *Methodists* may be mentioned whose founder, Juvenal, has thus immortalised—

"Quot Themison ægros autumnò occiderat uno."

"How many sick in one short autumn fell.
Let Themison, the ruthless slayer, tell."

tion termed disease—that this knowledge could only be acquired by studying the changes produced by transitions from normal to abnormal states, and the effects of such transitions on the human economy generally, and that, having ascertained the causes of abnormal changes, of which symptoms were only the evidence or effect, then remedies should be applied to the removal of their causes, on the sound principle of *sublata causa tollitur, effectus*, when the cause is removed the effect must cease. As normal life is healthy existence, which consists in the perfect action of the human organism as designed by the Creator, so a departure from that action is productive of, or induces, an abnormal condition, which is properly distinguishable as disease, on the outward and visible signs of which Empiricism alone bestowed attention. Whereas rational treatment should aim at a retrocession from abnormal to normal states, which can only be effected by a scientific study of causation. Thus observation and experience are invaluable aids under the Dogmatic system, when enlightened and directed by knowledge gained from the diligent investigation of causes, otherwise they are deceptive lights that lead to the treatment of mere symptoms instead of disease itself.

It would have been well for mankind had the doctrine of the Dogmatists prevailed, and received scientific development and application, for it would have necessitated the study of Physiology, Morbid Anatomy, and Pathology, which made little sensible progress for two thousand years after this controversy arose. But the doctrine of the Empirics was too flattering to the vanity and ignorance of that and succeeding ages, not to gain ascendancy and maintain it. No scientific education, properly so called, was required, and thus the system accommodated itself to the meanest capacity. For it was not necessary that the Empiric practitioner should possess any knowledge whatever beyond the nomenclature of disease, and an acquaintance with the simple *materia medica* then in vogue. Hence their doctrine gained amazing repute, and held supreme, but disastrous, sway for centuries. Symptoms alone being studied, consequently effects were generally mistaken for causes, and thus a reckless game of “blind-man’s-buff” was played with disease, until at length medical practice became so treacherous, delusive, and destructive that the term “Empiric” attained the opprobrious distinction of signifying in our language a dealer in nostrums, a charlatan, a quack! Dryden notes pretty accurately the main distinction between these two sects when he says—

“ The illiterate writer Empiric-like applies
To minds diseased, unsafe, chance remedies ;
The learned in schools, where knowledge first began,
Studies with care the Anatomy of man ;

Sees virtue, vice, and passions *in their cause*,
And fame from Science, not from fortune, draws."

Yet although the name Empiric has become a term of reproach and contempt, the doctrine has survived, and is still followed with wonderful fidelity. "It is a singular proof," observes Dr J. S. Bushnan, "of the slow progress of medicine as a science, that the controversy which arose among the Greek physicians, two or three thousand years ago, known as that between the Empirics and Dogmatists, still exists."* But it is not surprising that medicine should have lagged so lamentably behind in the race of progression, when we reflect that its study has been almost exclusively Empirical, while in practice its *modus operandi*, in relation to disease, has been Drug Medication, necessarily conducted on Empirical principles.

Hence medicine in all ages has been, and in our own continues to be, a history of successive and contradictory changes, brought about by deductions from imperfect observations and immature experiences, the conjectures of ill-informed practitioners and reckless experiments on human life, combined too often with trading interests engaged in puffing into notoriety delusive nostrums. And such change, with its fatal consequences, must continue to be characteristic of medical practice, so long as Empirical doctrine holds ascendancy in our schools, and its inseparable concomitant, Drug Medication, finds favour with an infatuated public. A few superior minds will occasionally arise, and seek to base practice on nature, on scientific knowledge, and the inductive generalisations of enlarged and matured experience read by the lights of pathology; but till an educated and enlightened public interpose, Empiricism will continue to thrive, symptoms will be alone regarded by "the ruck and run" of practitioners, content to profitably skim the surface, merely observing and treating the outward manifestations of disease, while its latent causes are at work within, infecting unseen, unthought of, and uncared for.

For some 500 years after the foundation of their city, it would appear that the Romans enjoyed the singular felicity of living and prospering without the aid of medicine or the skill of a solitary physician! "Once on a time," says Herodotus, "in the land of the wise, there were no doctors." According to Pliny the art of surgery was introduced at Rome by Archagathus, a Greek, about 219 B.C. He was at first well received, and hospitably entertained by the Senate and people, until the alleged cruelty of his operations, and numerous deaths, excited the animosity of the populace, and caused his banishment. According to Cassius Hemina, quoted by Pliny, he was at first

* *Medical Times*, Feb. 11, 1865.

allowed a shop, and honoured with the title of healer of wounds (*vulnerarius*), but this appellation was soon changed to that of executioner (*carnifex*), on account of the sufferings which his operations caused.

“Whether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
Advanced its head in Grecian gardens nursed.”—*Dryden*.

And equally sure is it, that from the Greeks the Romans first imbibed a taste for learning and the arts. The early Romans, indeed, discouraged the cultivation of any kind of knowledge that they did not consider calculated to develope and strengthen the military character. Any other branch of learning they regarded as likely to enfeeble the spirit and corrupt the manners of their youth, and divert them from pursuing the glory of arms and of conquest. It was not until their intercourse with Greece became intimate, that, under the protection of the able commanders who had conquered that country, a taste for the arts and philosophy began to prevail, and Rome, says Enfield, “opened her gates to all who professed to be teachers of wisdom and eloquence.” Thus, as Horace observes—

“Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.

“Greece taken, took her cruel victors hearts,
And polished rustic Latium with her arts.”

Grecian mythology became largely incorporated with the Roman. Temples were erected to Æsculapius, and other Grecian medical divinities. The vanity and superstition of the Romans led them to borrow also from the Egyptians, while they added divinities of their own creation, so that they very soon had a profuse array of gods and goddesses presiding over every part and function of the human body. It is related that on a great pestilence occurring about 187 B.C., the Senate, alarmed for the safety of the population, invited several Greek physicians to reside at Rome. Cato, the censor, was strongly prejudiced against Grecian literature generally, and warmly opposed the importation of physicians from Greece. In a letter to his son, preserved by Pliny, he says, “You may depend upon what I am going to say as a certain prediction. If ever that nation (Greece) should impart to us their taste for letters we are undone; and especially if they send us their physicians. They have sworn among themselves to destroy all the barbarians with their art.”

It would be irrational, however, to suppose that the Romans, so constantly engaged in warfare as they were, had not made, long previously, some rude attempts at surgical practice. There is

ample reason to believe that before the conquest of Greece had been accomplished, whatever their knowledge of simples may have been as employed in the alleviation of disease, they had attained considerable proficiency in the art of preparing poisons. Livy relates that about 200 years B.C., several persons of high distinction in the State having died suddenly, all exhibiting the same symptoms, suspicion was excited, and ultimately, through the disclosures of a female, it was discovered that a society of ladies, including some of the first families in Rome, had conspired together to poison their husbands. Upwards of 170 noble matrons were tried, convicted, and executed,* but some discredit has been cast on the story. Beckman favours a belief in its truth,† and so does Twiss in his edition of Niebuhr, who has not noticed the circumstance, regarding it, perhaps, with Voltaire, as entirely without foundation. But, as Twiss observes, "Voltaire rejects the story altogether, partly relying on the tone of uncertainty with which Livy narrates it, but he seems either to wish than to believe that it was fabulous, and partly considering such an event as irreconcilable with the austere morals of the age. Such events, however, are doubtless always to be viewed as great exceptions to the general condition of society. We can with difficulty account for the execution of more than 170 noble matrons, excepting on some dreadful charge either founded on a fact, or on a popular panic connected with a fact."‡ If the story be true, it certainly proves that a knowledge of poisonous pharmacy prevailed in Rome at a period anterior to the arrival of the Greek physicians. Subsequently, indeed, secret poisoning was practised at Rome for many centuries. The poisons were prepared from plants, or animal substances, as minerals were only made available at a comparatively modern date. Aconite, hemlock, and poppy were the favourite vegetable poisons, while the sea-hare, *lepus marinus*, the *aplysia depilans* of Linnæus, is represented as yielding the most terrible animal poison employed.||

Medicine did not make much progress at Rome for two or three centuries after the Greek physicians settled there. It was not at first esteemed honourable, and its practice was confined to Greeks, or other foreigners, slaves, and freedmen—no Roman citizen esteeming it befitting his dignity. The Augurs and Priests of the temples, though not following medicine ostensibly as a profession, turned its practice to their own purposes, and encumbered it with various superstitious rites and ceremonies.

Asclepiades is the first foreigner resident at Rome who figures conspicuously in history. He established himself in the

* Livy lib. viii. c. 18. † History of Inventions. Art. "Secret Poisons."

‡ History of Rome, vol. ii. p. 262.

|| Beckman's History of Inventions. Art. "Secret Poisons."

city about 96 B.C. as a teacher of Rhetoric, failing in which he betook himself to the Empiricism of Medicine, and acquired great repute. He ridiculed the labours of his predecessors, more especially of Hippocrates, treating with great contempt his sound idea of the *vis medicatrix nature*, and affirming that nature frequently did a great deal of harm, and therefore required human art to assist it, and keep it right—a doctrine seemingly in established repute among modern practitioners of this popular school, who retard, thwart, and destroy natural operations by their deleterious pharmacy.

Asclepiades, however, though a great charlatan, was observant and shrewd. He had no faith in such drugs as were then in use, and placed his chief reliance on diet, regimen, and frictions, while among his favourite prescriptions was the use of cold water internally and externally, and to him is ascribed the credit of having been the first to devise the Shower Bath. According to Galen he was also the first proposer of Bronchotomy, or cutting an opening into the windpipe in inflammatory diseases of the throat threatening suffocation, which is now generally termed Tracheotomy.

“He may be fairly characterised,” says Dr Bostock, “as a man of natural talents, acquainted with human nature, and possessed of considerable shrewdness and address, but with little science or professional skill. Ignorant of anatomy and pathology, he decried the labours of those who sought to investigate the structure of the body, or watch the phenomena of disease.”* In some respects he was the very *beau idéal* of the fashionable physicians of our day, who, sharing his ignorance of medical science, rely on his arts to obtain professional advancement. He studied carefully the *foibles of his patients*, flattered their prejudices and indulged their inclinations, allowing a liberal use of wine and affecting a great regard for their comfort—the real secret of many modern successes! He justified the free use of wine, even to the extent of intoxication, by declaring it necessary to produce sleep, while in cases of lethargy, with a diametrically opposite view, he administered it to rouse and stimulate—and this is still recognised orthodox practice!

Celsus, who flourished in the early part of the first century of the Christian era, was the first Roman who attained any reputable celebrity in medicine. He was a distinguished writer, and has been termed the *Latin Hippocrates*, but although an able commentator, he does not appear to have made any additions to the science of medicine. He did not study anatomy practically, and retained the superstitious notion about disease being directly referable to the anger of the gods—*morbos ad iram deorum im-*

* History of Medicine in Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine.

mortalium relatos esse, et ab iisdem opem posci solitam. He recommends sudden immersion in cold water as a cure for hydrophobia, and he was averse to the use of purgatives. We learn from him that the operation of lithotrity, or crushing the stone within the bladder to facilitate its extraction, originated with a Greek surgeon called Ammonius, hence surnamed "the Lithotomist."

During the first century the Alexandrian School, which continued to flourish, sent some able surgeons to Rome, among whom may be mentioned Soranus, a careful anatomist, who wrote an able work which has reached us, and also a life of Hippocrates. His cotemporary, Cœlius Aurelianus, has transmitted to us, says Dr Hamilton, "one of the best medical works which have descended from the ancients." Heliodorus wrote ably on the diseases of the bones and injuries of the head. Antyllus describes the delicate operation of cataract, and recommends bronchotomy in dangerous cases of cynanche. Aretæus wrote a general treatise on diseases which is still extant, and is considered one of the most valuable relics of antiquity. He is the first writer who has remarked on the influence exercised by mind over the health of the body, and the reaction of body upon mind. His merits gained for him the title of the "Incomparable Aretæus."

But though surgical science advanced considerably during this period, still the study of Anatomy and Pathology was not much favoured at Rome, and medical practice in the hands of the physicians and pharmacists sank to a very degraded state. Pliny gives a deplorable picture of their condition and conduct. He accuses them of avarice and depravity of manners, and holds their consultations up to ridicule. He quotes the inscription on a tomb which represents the deceased to have died *turba se medicorum periisse*, of a multitude of physicians. He complains that they are ill educated, and allowed to practice without undergoing proper examinations to test their qualifications—exactly similar complaints being made, and in terms fully as forcible in our own day. "They learn," he says, "the arts of physic at our hazard, and acquire experience at the price of our lives. No law punishes their ignorance, nor is there any example of its being chastised. *Only a physician can murder with impunity.*"*

Is not this unfortunately too true of the practice of our modern physicians who persistently, in despite of science and experience, continue to rely on Drugs as curative of disease? Murder is now committed wholesale with impunity by this maltreatment of disease. As Dr Frank, an eminent authority

* Pliny, l. 29, c. 1.

declares, "*thousands are annually slaughtered in the quiet sick-room. Governments should at once either banish medical men, and proscribe their blundering art, or they should adopt some better means to protect the lives of the people than at present prevail, when they look far less after the practice of this dangerous profession, and the murders committed in it, than after the lowest trades.*" Pliny has not written stronger nor more truly about the practitioners of his day, so that Drug Medication is just now what it has ever been, and must necessarily continue to be—an experimental and murderous art!

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.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN everything was finished, we sat down to wait; and Eleanore said, "Since last we filled these trunks we have lived enough for an ordinary life-time. I cannot get it all as one whole before my mind—the wreck, the escape, the boat-voyage—what a terror that was to me because of the boys—the landing, the happy days before I lost *him*, and the terrible ones since. When I think along the course of all these events, I feel that the Tempest must have been gone years instead of weeks, and that we must be grown old people, dear, since the cheerful, peaceful days we spent on her. And where are we going now?" I asked. "This vessel may be bound to China or Australia instead of eastward."

"Yes, it may; but it does not seem to me probable. Do you know I believe its being near us was revealed to me by the same means that Harry's death was foreshadowed to him? I was not looking for or thinking at that moment of a vessel; and I believe if any person had told me there was one there, I could not have seen it at that distance,

by the faint light; but when I lifted my eyes I knew exactly where to look for it, and just how it appeared. Harry," she continued, her voice growing husky and low, "saw his father twice after we left the ship; but it did not affect him then as it did the first time, so I said nothing to you about it; but I ought to have known that he was going to him when he was so firmly impressed with the idea himself."

"Was he?" I asked.

"Yes, you remember his appearance that last night, and his whispering to me?"

"Yes."

"Well, he told me then he had seen his father, and was going to him soon. Our wreck and subsequent safety enabled me day by day as we came along, to dismiss the fearful thought from my own mind in a measure, and partly to overcome it in his; but two nights before we reached land, he woke in the dark and whispered me again the same thing, and also here, in the tent, the second morning before his death. Dear child, he was not alarmed the last time; for he trusted firmly in me and my assurance that it was only a dream. If so terrible an experience should ever again be mine, I should open a view of the future to the child, and endeavour to prepare him for the change by familiarizing his mind with the beauty of that world—the pure joys—the love—the tenderness that await him there. I should give him the thought that to die was only to go to a pleasanter home in a world as real as this. I should feel less pain now if I had treated Harry so."

"He has gone very noble and pure," I said. "I cannot imagine a higher character in so young a child. Whatever the inherent power of that gift in colouring the immediate destiny of the future, he will have all that could belong to so immature a spirit."

"Yes, I know," she replied, "he was born noble. There was not a base atom in him. His father was pure, and conscientious, and loving. My children could not be ignoble, Miss Warren."

"I well believe you," I rejoined, "as my knowledge of you entitles me to. It is a growing belief, I think, that character is, in the main, more likely to be derived from the mother than the father. I fully entertain it myself; so fully that if I were offered the choice of a lot in life, I would rather be born of some mothers, in right circumstances to give their natural powers harmonious play and use, than Empress of all the Russias. Your children are eminently blessed in this respect, my dear friend, and, so far as a mother's grief can be mitigated by such a thought, I hope it will comfort your heart in the sad and heavy hours before you."

"There is great and noble consolation in it, Miss Warren, when

one can claim it. It is a Godlike joy to know that the being derived from our own is not vitiated or enfeebled by any act of ours; that the health and power which we have inherited, fortunate if they were in generous measure, we have transmitted to them, enlarged and strengthened by worthy use. Oh, not for worlds would I have it now to remember that I had ever deliberately, or consciously, or ignorantly, if the ignorance were not unavoidable, done an act that could diminish my power and value to my children as their mother."

We were interrupted by a distant shot apparently from over the water, and stepping outside, were joined by Mr Garth and the Colonel, with the glad tidings that the boat and ship had spoken each other; for the shot which was to be the signal of that event had just been fired. What intense and peaceful gladness we felt at every new assurance that deliverance had come. Both the gentlemen asked for Phil, as they had before, anxious each to communicate the glad tidings to him that the long expected big ship had come at last.

But his mother, prudent of excitements and loss of sleep, objected to rousing him till the boat should return. So, alternately, we sat and walked, and talked and were silent, till the banner of the coming day shook out its gorgeous folds in the eastern sky, and the great round moon began to fade, in the growing light, before the oars came dipping in the still water within the reef. There had been telegraphing by shouts between the men aboard and ashore, but now here they were, and our companions left us to get the news.

"From Hong Kong, bound to Callao," was the report, "three passengers on board, and our accommodations very indifferent for you, ladies," said the good natured first officer as he was introduced to us by Mr Watkins; "but we will do our best for you. You will not be difficult, I dare say, after all you have gone through."

We assured him it was needless to take thought for us in these respects. We were too thankful for the escape to consider the manner or comfort of it.

The orders were now to get ready for the boat. "The freight first, and the people next," Mr Watkins said. There was something almost melancholy, like the rude breaking up of a home, in the haste and confusion with which the place we had lived in was deserted, and the things displaced that had made us call it home.

Phil was roused, and in the joyous hurry, as neither Antonio nor Ching could be spared to dip him in the surf, the Colonel took him, and when he came back delivered him, a very little Cupid, to his mother, to be dressed; when he was "to doe wiz Turnel," he said, "to the big-big ship." Trunks were carried away, sailcloths gathered

up, tables recklessly knocked down, and tents struck; some full casks of stores were rolled to the beach; Ching's utensils hustled into an empty one; and at last, with infinite shouting and heartiness, the first boat was off. The remaining one, which Mr Watkins had ordered to be launched, was next got into the water, and by the time the sun was a hand's breadth above the horizon, the other had returned and we were all afloat, Phil in a state of intense satisfaction, at leaving "that bad little land," as he said, and his silent mother divided between joy in going and pain for what was left. How white and steadfast was her countenance, how dim her yearning eye, as she watched the receding land, where she was leaving forever that precious dust. How protecting the form and face at her side.

It had been to me also a heartfelt experience, but so crowded and confused, that I could not then review it. There was a future too to think of—a startling one, if I were to be landed thus destitute among strangers in a foreign country, whose language I could not speak, with only the few garments I had saved for the naked necessities of peril. Truly there was much to be considered in the future as well as the past.

The vessel we were approaching was the bark Garonne, scarcely half the size of our noble ship, and looking so much less beautiful on the water, that grateful, devoutly grateful as I felt for her presence, I could not avoid contrasting them. The mate told us they had seen our fire first, and was not a little amused at the idea of the men shouting so vehemently, when a rifle-shot, he said, would be heard over that smooth sea at least six miles. "They liked it," said Mr Watkins, "and I think you would, too, if you had been in our places."

We were very courteously received by Captain Dahlgren and his passengers and crew. The small after-cabin which he occupied contained three state-rooms besides his own, which their occupants vied with each other in their zeal of resigning to us. They were quickened to every imaginable sacrifice at sight of Mrs Bromfield and Phil, who walked about in a lordly contempt of his poor surroundings, and in spite of his mother's constant watchfulness, did more than once give broken utterance to disparaging comparisons between this and his "big fine ship;" for our lamented Captain, as well as the rest of us, had inflated his young soul, occasionally, by speaking of the Tempest as his ship, so that he now felt himself injured by the exchange which had been made without his choice.

Captain Dahlgren was a Swede—an educated man, who spoke our language, as well as the French and Spanish, very purely, but with a strong accent. He was a gentleman, with much of the manner of the

old school about him, and when he gave us courteous "good morning" at the table, with a friendly clasp of the hand, there was that in the ceremony which made the place brighter and more cheerful around us. Fortune had behaved liberally in sending him to our release.

His passengers were, a corpulent German of the middle class, who smoked and drank beer assiduously, but was good-natured, and two English gentlemen, both old residents of China, and men considerably past the middle period of life. The earnestness with which they insisted upon placing us at once in possession of their comfortable rooms, and making over for our use their boxes of bed-linen, towels, soaps, and other personal comforts, really touched our hearts. We would gladly have deprived them of but one room, leaving the other for their joint use, and making a temporary bed for Phil; but Mr Hart protested that he could not remain on such terms, and Mr Mackay declared that he should esteem himself unworthy the name of gentleman, if, after all our trials, he could selfishly appropriate to his own comfort any accommodation that would contribute to ours. With a slight tendency to pomposity in words and to make set speeches, with his hand on the well-filled organ that lay just below his heart—a mistake which doubtless originated in the negligence or ignorance of his anatomical instructors—this gentleman did, if it must be confessed, often amuse us, though he never forfeited our gratitude and respect in doing it.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS BROMFIELD was at once, notwithstanding the sadness which overpowered and oppressed her, assigned her natural position here, as everywhere else. Nature claimed it for her, when she did not for herself, and enforced the claim in all hearts. They laid their homage at her feet in silent deeds when words were inappropriate. And even her suffering, pallid face, did sometimes relax into a smile when Mr Mackay, with his right hand disposed as I have said, his left thrust gracefully beneath his coat-skirts, and his large round spectacles looking up to heaven from the top of his head, as if to attest the fervour with which he spoke, stood before her to deliver himself of some speech or sentiment wherewith his heart was big at that moment.

"The original Pickwick, Miss Warren," she said, in a whisper, one day after he had bowed himself out gravely from one of these performances; "a little thinned by the anxieties and perils of foreign travel, but with not a spark of his gallantry extinguished. Seriously, we are most fortunate to find people so kind, agreeable, and altogether satisfactory."

Phil was a treasure from stem to stern of the Garonne. Captain, officers, passengers, and crew, welcomed and petted him, till, with all his unconsciousness, he was in imminent peril—so Eleanore and I thought—of being brought to need discipline; not that he grew perverse or forward; but we felt rather than saw that a child could not bear such constant deferring to without being made wilful and exacting.

Of our fellow-sufferers we saw little more than of our new-found friends. Mr Garth rarely entered the cabin we occupied, and Colonel Anderson, while bestowing every attention and kindness which our situation demanded from him, as carefully withheld every possible expression of more than that. Knowing his impulsive nature as I did, and how his whole being hungered for the sound of her voice and the spoken word that should recognise him as in some relation nearer than that of a stranger, I wondered daily at his extreme and successful restraint of himself.

There was little opportunity for private conversation among us. The after-deck of the Garonne was small, and encumbered with two boats, and if we took the main-deck, as we were obliged to, for our walks, we were never without near neighbours or companions. This was the more annoying to me, because, in all the confidences which had been between Eleanore and myself, neither of us had communicated to the other the purpose which had led to this voyage. Before the days of our misfortune came, she, calm, self-centered, and self-contained, had never leant to the personal in our conversations. That was a world by itself, lying deep within—always interesting me, because never displayed; always commanding my respect by the visible rectitude and purity of her present life, as well as by the refinement and elegance which attested what it had been. After our trouble and sorrow, we seemed to let go of the external future, and there had not been a reference to the plans and hopes which now again came to occupy their old place in our minds. I, at least, returned to mine with renewed interest, after the long apathy to them. I had left my home for California with the resolute purpose of applying myself to money-making. I wished to enjoy leisure after I should be fifty, and I had yet eight years wherein to earn and husband the means of doing it. Thus I was, I hope in an honourable and worthy sense, a fortune-hunter.

But I could not judge that my friend was led by any such motive or need; for in everything that indicated her pecuniary condition, there had been before our calamity plenty, and even luxury. Everything worn by her was subordinate, indeed, to herself, and so would have been the jewels and robes of a queen, had she put them on; but it was

evident that her womanhood had never lacked externals befitting its nobility.

I began now to feel deeply interested in her future, and when we found ourselves alone one evening, on the starboard side of the main-deck, full of hope that the Captain would accede to our proposal to take us first to San Francisco, I asked her directly of her expectations on arriving there.

"I am going to an uncle, Miss Warren," she replied, "who has acquired a large fortune, and sent repeatedly for me to come to him. He is unmarried, and doomed to remain so; and he wished to adopt Harry and Philip. I refused his entreaties, which came by almost every mail for a year or more—for he was here before the gold was discovered, and was among the earliest enriched by that event; but at length I felt it best to put away my repugnance to the chaotic life of the country, and, for my children's sake, and something like compassion for my lonely relative, to come: somewhat of duty I owe to him, and much I *did* owe to them—an education and preparation for manhood, which I scarcely could expect to give them unaided. But now——"

She paused, and I said: "Yes, it is changed now, doubtless, since one is taken to God's higher school; but will you not be as likely to remain, for a time, at least, as if it had not been so?"

"I cannot tell, dear Anna. Very much will depend upon how and what I find my uncle to be. I have seen little of him since I was a young child, and men, in the strife and fret of the world, or the satisfaction of triumph, are so unapt to put themselves into their letters. I do not know my uncle, and until I do it is impossible for me to conjecture where another year is likely to find us—Phil and me."

Had this vagueness any reference to a possibility that was always in my mind in looking to her future? Did any shadow of that devoted and matchless lover fall upon the gray, misty field of conjecture whither she was looking?

There had been, as I have hinted, an application to Captain Dahlgren, by Colonel Anderson and Messrs Garth and Watkins, to change his course, and run first to San Francisco. We were then waiting a breeze, doing little or nothing, and often, when running a few miles a day, going wide of our course. It seemed to be our fortune to meet calms, or light baffling winds, but we waited patiently and hopefully now, for when a breeze should come, Captain D. said he would decide whether to go to Peru, or first to California. On the sixth evening out there was a prospect of wind. We were but little north of the latitude of Rescue Island, but had made a considerable line of easterly

departure. About nine o'clock, when the welcome ripple of water at the ship's side had become a three or four-hour old fact, Captain Dahlgren, accompanied by Colonel Anderson, entered the cabin where we were sitting, and after seating themselves, the former gentleman said: "It is necessary now to decide, ladies, whether we head for San Francisco or Callao; and I requested your fellow-sufferer and my good friend, Colonel Anderson"—waving his hand with stately politeness toward that gentleman—"to come in with me and speak to you on that subject. I am myself but part owner of the vessel, and I must act, in so important a matter as transcending orders, very advisedly, ladies—very cautiously." Here he paused.

Colonel Anderson's countenance betrayed both perplexity and chagrin, but with the admirable directness we always found in him, he came face to face with his difficulties at once.

"Under other circumstances," he said, "we should have settled the question and spared you this visit; but I act myself under embarrassments"—his clear eye lingered on Eleanore's as he spoke—"which need not now be mentioned, but which deprive me of the freedom and pleasure I should have felt in doing whatever was necessary without troubling you. Our good Captain Dahlgren very properly wishes to know his ground, and how far he can indulge his kind feeling toward us without doing injustice to his owners."

"You have stated it profoundly, or precisely—yes, precisely, my good friend."

"Then," continued Colonel Anderson, "it is necessary to know what compensation can be made him for doing us this great service. Watkins, Garth, and I, have proposed terms to him, which he is, I believe, disposed to accept, provided that you, ladies, are desirous or prepared to enter into a similar arrangement."

"Yes," said Captain D., "a similar one, or some other that I could entertain."

Eleanore spoke first. "For myself," she said, "Captain Dahlgren, I shall in any case be your debtor for kindness that is above reward; but for this further service, if you can do it, I should most thankfully pay any price that you ask. I have but an imperfect idea of what would be just compensation, but if you or Colonel Anderson will tell me, I shall most cheerfully and gladly engage to pay it on my arrival, if it exceed the amount I have with me here. In the hurried preparation for leaving our ship, I unfortunately omitted to put into my trunk a wallet containing my principal drafts, but I have with me one for five hundred dollars, on ——— & ———."

"The half of it will be sufficient," said Captain D., promptly.

"Remember," she said, while her usual paleness increased to a deathly pallor around her mouth, "there are two included in my—arrangement."

"No, no; Phil, God bless him, should go round the world and back with me without a dollar! Allow me that pleasure," he said, his face flushing with sympathy for her distress, and earnestness to mitigate it in some way."

"I will not refuse you," she answered; "your kindness forbids I should; but lest there should be somebody wanting means to reward you for the service we all shall share, please remember that I can, without the slightest inconvenience, be set down for the sum I have named. When I reach San Francisco I shall have ample means."

I glanced at Colonel Anderson, and his face was at that moment whiter than hers.

Blind man, I said, mentally, not to know, that, if it were any such thing as you are thinking of, she would be beheaded before she would allude to it.

It was my turn now, and I stated the simple truth,—that I had started with but two hundred dollars, intending to seek employment as soon as I arrived in the country; that this was in gold and silver—more than half in the latter—and that I had left it to go down with the ship, fearing to encumber myself with the weight, and thinking money of little value in that hour of peril. "What I have," I said, "I will freely give; and if I had justifiable means of assuming further responsibility immediately on my arrival, I would cheerfully do so; but I have no claims on any one there, and at present can only offer you what I have."

Eleanore had laid her hand on mine before I ceased speaking. "My dear friend," she said, "you grieve me, in acknowledging that you need assistance in your distress, while I am near you, and money, when I have it, after all the obligations, which one could never discharge with money. Pray, Captain Dahlgren, do not let Miss Warren empty her purse into your hand on landing in a strange city. This draft, by your statement, will satisfy for both of us—will it not?"

He looked at it. "Yes, madam, amply; set yourself at rest about that. And it is on a good house, too."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a smile, which just hinted that it was above all question. "I should scarcely have offered it to you if it had not been."

I was thus constrained to accept her generosity, which was enforced in so delicate and self-obliging a spirit that only the most

ungracious could have refused it; and I satisfied myself with simply saying: "I will be so much indebted to you, for the present, Mrs Bromfield."

Colonel Anderson was still very pale, and sat silent from the moment when he had laid the matter open before us. They now rose to leave us; or rather, Captain Dahlgren, the arrangement being completed, rose to give orders to stand northward. Colonel A. remained a few moments, speaking abstractedly in answer to our questions as to the probable length of the voyage, and other such matters; but the pain of his spirit was too great to be endured there. He had been stabbed as by a poisoned blade, and he went away carrying the barbed and cruel weapon in his heart.

Mrs Bromfield, observing his wretched looks, inquired, with a most unaffected concern, if he were not well; and being answered, "Quite so, thank you," offering him her hand with her good-night, as he was going.

"I am sure something ails or affects Colonel Anderson deeply," she said, after he was gone. "What can it be!"

"Shall I tell you?" I asked.

"Oh, no, no!" she replied, looking about her; "if it is—is—what we have already spoken of, don't name it here."

"There is no one here but ourselves. They are all on deck; and you shall know," I said, holding her hand, as she was about raising it in expostulation. "If you had had eyes, you could have seen it as well as I."

"Is it some especial fact or circumstance?" she asked.

"It is a horrible doubt, that is at this moment eating into his very heart. You said you should have ample means in San Francisco, and he has never heard of your having a relative there. Do you understand now?"

"Not his right——," she began.

"Right, dear Eleanore! What has right to do with a heroic man dying at the feet of a hard-hearted woman?" I asked, warmly. "Does love ever question its own right to suffer? I see now that almost your lip curls; but you know as well as I that only a strong, heroic soul can so love and so endure. And if I could believe you insensible to the manly passion and the womanly delicacy with which, among these common persons, he buries it from every eye, I certainly should love you less, and respect you less, too; for it would argue a lack of womanliness, which I should be slow to attribute to you without such proof."

Her eyes dilated while I spoke, their solemn gaze fixed full upon my

excited countenance, and so resting through a long pause, after I had done.

"Whether I am so insensible or not, dear Anna," she at length said, gravely, but kindly, "is not for any one—scarcely for myself—to know at this time. But I would not consciously inflict such pain upon any soul, much less that one; and if you can correct his misunderstanding without—observe now, dear—without referring to me in any way, simply by stating what you already know, pray do so at once."

"I cannot go alone to seek him," I said.

"I will go with you," she replied. "It is not too late to take a walk, though I did not intend to go out again to-night. I trust you, dear, with a very delicate mission, for he must by no means suppose that I feel any obligation to him in such matters."

"He shall not. Do not fear."

When we did not find Colonel Anderson on deck, I began to feel more sensibly the delicacy of my task. If I had to send for him, what should I say? Eleanore and I walked up and down two or three times, receiving polite greetings from Mr Hart, and ceremonious ones from Mr Mackay and the Herr Vogelbert, whose indefatigable pipe was on duty; and when we had got past all these little hindrances, she said: "I do not like this double-dealing. I seem to be here merely for a walk, and I must seem to know nothing of what you have to say to our friend; and yet I am not here for a walk, and I do know all about it. My heart scorns deceptions like these. Pray set about your mission, or diplomacy, or what not, as soon as possible, or I fear I shall take it in hand myself."

"I wish you would. It would be worth my doing it a hundred times over."

"But I wouldn't, if it were worth it a thousand times. There is Mr Watkins, is it not, coming this way?"

"Yes. I will ask him for Colonel Anderson, and—do not doubt me."

"What am I to do with myself meanwhile?" she fretfully asked.

"Go in, if you like."

"You are quite willing? Then good-by." And away she darted, with a quick, impatient motion, and fiery toss of the head, that I had not seen for many weeks before.

When Colonel Anderson came, I made a dishonest pretence of wishing to ask some further questions about our voyage; but I had not exchanged many words with him before I found, that, if I had her, restive and almost rebellious, on my hands, I had him in a state but little better. Of course he had forthwith proceeded, on the words he had heard, to argue and demonstrate to himself the agreeable truth that

he had madly and blindly committed himself to a pursuit which had brought him half way round the globe, involving loss of time, peace, and dignity, for a woman whom he was now accompanying to her bridal.

Yes, I said, mentally, while he was moodily answering my idle questions—yes, that is the argument you have made; and it is summed up, I have no doubt, in about these words: And a precious fool I have made of myself after all.

Seeing that he would not allude to the subject, nor to Mrs Bromfield, nor our arrival in San Francisco—that, in short, he had, for the hour, sublimely ignored all that he had lived for during the months of our acquaintance—I at last came boldly, and I flatter myself spiritedly as became a gratuitous meddler in other people's love affairs, to the question.

"Colonel Anderson," I said, "you have more than once honoured me with some confidence in an affair which I need not name here. I am now going to honour you with a little of the same. I saw you to-night, and I know what makes you moody and almost rude to me now. Nevertheless, you shall have the good I came to offer you. Eleanore is going to a rich bachelor—"

"Lover! I knew it, Miss Warren. It doesn't matter to me."

"Doesn't matter to you?" I said. "The Lord forgive your untruth, Colonel Anderson. I believe you would rather we were all sunk to the bottom to-night, than it was a fact."

"I shall love her no less—though she were a hundred times another man's wife. Heaven and earth cannot deprive me of that right. I shall now only learn to worship her at a distance, instead of living, as I have, in the hope of seeing her, some day, queen in my own happy home, and feeling—my God! Miss Warren, do not speak to me—do not stay to witness the agony I cannot always conceal!"

"But, my dear friend," I said, you—you mistake—it is not so; hear me, and take back your hope. She is not going to a lover, but an uncle—a rich bachelor uncle, I was going to say, when you interrupted me."

"Do you know this?" he asked, in an incredulous tone.

"I know it from herself. She told me several days since."

"Then she is the same star to my way that she was before. I will not thank you, Miss Warren. You have rolled a fearful darkness from my soul, and given me courage in place of despair. It is a blessed hand that comes twice to us with such a boon, and will have its guerdon some day."

I hastened in after a few more words, and Eleanore contented herself with the inquiry, "Is all well?" to which my affirmative response was received with unmistakeable satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE went on with a fair and steady breeze for many days after it commenced, without interruption—the Trades, they called it—and said it would take us to San Francisco without more delay; but they were mistaken; for the captain, from being unacquainted with the coast, or from not having charts for this unexpected part of his voyage, ran too far east, and found himself much nearer the land, several degrees south of San Francisco, than he expected or wished. Then there was a weary beating up—the desert-looking coast of Lower California sometimes in view—then Alta California, with its golden hills, rising into the soft, transparent light, occasionally dotted with green wood; and at last, toward sunset of a Sunday evening—the fourth that we had been on board of her—the Garonne dropped her anchor on the bar outside the Golden Gate, in fourteen fathoms water. Antonio came aft, and told us with delight our depth, and that next morning we should get in with the tide by day-break, and be ashore to breakfast.

Eleanore stipulated that I was to accompany her to her uncle's and remain there indefinitely: "at least, dear Anna, till you get some clothing made. Remember we are all very shabby. And Phil and I could not spare you at once, for then, I almost fear, we should be destitute in heart, as we are now in person."

I promised for a few days—at least a week or fortnight.

As always happens on reaching port, there was a good deal of gayety that evening on board. Captain Dahlgren, by way of rounding off his hospitalities handsomely, had ordered an especial dinner at six; whereat Ching, in a gorgeous white apron, officiated as extra, to the great delight of Master Phil, who had nearly laid down his royal title, since there had been so much sadness among us. There were, beside soup, fowls, fricasseed; two Kanaka turkeys, roasted; a German salad, without a green leaf in it; and endless fruits, puddings, and pastries for desert. There was, in short, much more dinner than appetite—with us, at least. Sad reminiscences of the past would steal through the gay conversation; and there was irrepressible anxieties for the future; tomorrow seemed formidable—if a happy day, it must also unavoidably be a trying one.

I know no pleasure one shrinks from more in the hours that bring it, than the pleasure of terminating a sea voyage. You have desired, hoped, sighed, and prayed for the end: and now the end is come, you find the joy it brings clouded with many little regrets and concerns, as the far away, tranquil ocean of orange green in the sky to-night was dappled and shaded by those innumerable islets of scarlet and gold and purple which floated in it. The old ship is suddenly become dear and

pleasant, instead of disgusting and wearisome. You recall all the civilities and kindnesses by which officers and crew have endeavoured to mitigate your lot among them ; you think of parting with your companions ; of persons who have been so very much to you for such a length of time, becoming in twelve or six hours nothing at all, like the wind that wanders past and is lost to you for ever more. You look at the hurrying sailors—sturdy, manly fellows generally, on whose strength and endurance so much of your safety has depended—and in your gentle mood, you feel inclined to say to one or two who are idle for a few minutes, You have been good, faithful fellows on the voyage. We are all pleased that you have brought us safely to port. Now do not forget that a sailor's manhood is worth as much to him as any other man's. When you go ashore, do not say, Because I am only a sailor, I may as well get drunk, or fight, or go among the worst people, as not. You do not speak thus, though you feel tempted to, because the world would wonder if you did ; and the captain or mate, if they saw you, though your words should touch the hearts of the men, and perhaps be the most effective sermon they ever heard, would suddenly and sternly shout, " Lay forward here and heave at this windlass," though the windlass was already manned, perhaps, or would not be moved for half an hour.

You look about the cabins—the places where you have rested, read, talked, dreamed, wide awake to the accompaniment of rushing waters and roaring winds—eaten, slept, meditated, and prayed. You find in your heart an affection for them all, and only pleasant recollections of what they have contained. How blessed the power of that memory which clothes itself only in the light and smiles of the past !

When we left the dinner-table, the sun had just begun to dip in the purple water to the south of the Farallones, whose stern, ungracious forms rose ruggedly in the rosy air, and seemed to say : " It's all very fine, this ecstacy about those ragged patches of vapour up there ; but what would they be without the sun to dye them ? Nothing but gray, tiresome clouds. You would never know where or how you were to find them ; while we—we are always here—always the same—so many feet of solid, respectable rock—so many, and no more towers, standing up just here and just so, to shame these whiffling, changing clouds."

Alas, my reverend and respectable Farallones, it is not unchangeableness that we want in this world—in this or any other, I think. It jars me to hear God addressed as unchangeable. I do not crave unchangeableness, but harmony and growth in change—unity of purpose, and accord in the ultimations thereof.

Eleanore was very sad that evening ; naturally so, considering what

she had to remember since the voyage commenced ; the fear and peril, the suffering, and the island-tomb, to which, by no possibility, could she ever return. She and Colonel Anderson had a long *tete-a-tete*, on the after-deck, when the sunset spectacle was over, but there was no intelligible language in either face when they came from it. Mr Mackay was full of polite speeches about the dreariness to which we were leaving them for the remainder of their voyage ; and even the Herr Vogelbert did divorce his meerschaum and lips long enough to say that he "Ver' moech should want to see Mas' Feelip and the ladies."

The anchor was weighed next morning before we were up, and by the time we got on deck the bark was, as Mr Watkins said, "hauling the old Fort close." She entered the world-renowned Golden Gate just as the first rays of the sun, whose last evening's frolic had so glorified the air, earth, and ocean, came pouring over the summits of El Contra Costa, and thence ran gaily abroad on the ripened hills of Sancelito and Angel Island. How swift the current ! This is the entrance to Nature's richest treasure-house, and she says to all the weak and inefficient : "Stand back ! Enter not here : for this race is only to the swift—this battle is only to the strong. The Lord is not in either, and you are not sufficient."

Telegraph Hill, its station-house, then painted red, like the old farm-houses of our Dutch grandfathers ; the lesser hills around North Beach and Clark's Point, strewn with tents and canvas-houses among the dark-green, tree-like shrubs of the manzanita and low live-oak. No flowers except a small shrub, bearing at the top a cluster of yellow or very light brick-coloured blossoms. On the right hand, sand-hills, alternating with tracts of fertile soil, where the city is already planting its rambling feet ; on the other, ripened harvest-fields, of an exquisite softness of colour, such as have charmed our eyes along the coast, fenced by the ocean, the harbour, and the cliffs.

We have rounded Telegraph Point ; been boarded by two boats—one bringing a marine reporter, who proceeds forthwith to take the details of our case ; and now we are in front of the bustle, and profusion, and prodigality, and shamelessness of this youngest city of the age, who bids fair to outgrow, long before her majority is attained, many of her far-famed elder sisters. After leave-taking and a great deal of confusion, we, his waifs as Captain Dahlgren called us, were conveyed to the dusty shore in his boat. We touched California soil near the corner of Pacific and Montgomery Streets—a long, long walk to-day from where any boat can convey you—up Pacific to Kearney, along Kearney to Clay, and up that ascending avenue to a ginger-bread looking hotel, called the — House. Men gazed at us as we passed : some gladly

and kindly—others, impudently; and more than once a little hum arose in the groups which we approached, which threatened to swell into a shout, but was stifled before it reached that. Captain Dahlgren led the way, with Eleanore and Phil, while I was honoured with the attendance of Colonel Anderson and Mr Garth.

“By heaven, I should like to knock that fellow down!” said the Colonel, as a man walked past us, looking full into Eleanore’s face, and then into mine.

“It seems to be the pleasant custom of these people,” said I; “they all do it.”

“It is because a lady is so seldom seen,” said Mr Garth, apologetically. “Perhaps when we have been a year here we may be tempted to the same rudeness ourselves on meeting one.”

When we ascended the steps of the hotel, Eleanore’s face was flushed, and her eyes blazing palpable blackness. “I wouldn’t walk half a mile through these streets again,” she said, “for a fortune. Here we will inquire for my uncle, and send to him.”

We repaired to the parlour, while Colonel Anderson, at her request, went to the office to make inquiries. He was gone very long, we thought; so long that Captain Dahlgren, who had been sitting to keep us company till his return, rose and went out, saying that he would see what the delay meant. Mr Garth and Phil shortly followed, and there they all staid. It was at first unaccountable—unless, as we suggested, a messenger had been despatched to Mr Haydon, the uncle, to surprise us. But, even then, word ought to be brought us before this time.

“What can it mean?” exclaimed Eleanore, as, pacing up and down the room in a fever of impatience, she drew her watch forth for the third time. “That room is crowded with men, and we have seen enough of them on our way, certainly; but I cannot wait here much longer.”

She moved towards the door: “Don’t go yet, dear Eleanore,” I pleaded; for the very long delay began to impress me with a fear of something unpleasant. “Don’t go yet; they must come soon.”

And they did. By the time she had taken two or three more fiery turns over the gay, costly carpet, the door opposite ours opened—then ours—and the little procession entered, with dreary faces, which told of some misfortune before their tongues could name it.

Captain Dahlgren led the way, and spoke first: “My dear madam,” he began, “this unfortunate city has suffered very much from fires.”

“Fires!” she echoed. “It is not the city I care for now. It is my uncle, dear sir. My uncle, Mr Haydon—Richard Haydon.”

“But he—has—ma’am—has been, unfortunately”—

"In the name of human patience," she exclaimed, turning quickly to Colonel Anderson, "tell me, will you? what it is!"

"Yes, do tell her, sir," said Captain Dahlgren, apparently much relieved by her sudden appeal to the other.

"Your relative, Mrs Bromfield," said he, "lost his life in a great fire here, about six weeks since. He had a large amount of property exposed; and, in endeavouring to save it, it is supposed he was caught in a burning building too late to escape."

She sat down upon a chair near by while he was speaking, and when the last word was said, her gaze fell from the speaker to the floor, and tears sprung readily to her eyes. "Poor Uncle Richard! if I had been a little earlier, he might not have run the risk he did. But we will go to his house, Miss Warren and I. I will at least go where he has lived."

"Indeed," said the Colonel, "I wish you could; but his house was burned also."

"Then," she replied, suppressing with great difficulty, as I saw, her growing sense of desolation, "I can at least see some friend of his. He must have been well known: he was rich, and doing a large business. Such a man would have some friends, surely, whom it would be a satisfaction to see."

"Yes, doubtless," replied the Colonel; "if you will remain here, I will inquire at once, and bring some one to you."

He left us, and Mr Garth, having offered a few words of sympathy, and any service which he could render, followed, saying that he should stay at this house a few days, and if we wished it, he would send the clerk to us, that we might arrange for apartments.

"I think you would better," I said, speaking for both. "She will scarcely be able, for a few hours, to consider what is to be done."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

BY OUR COMMISSIONER.

SOME of your readers who are natives of Paris, and who have moved in select circles, will no doubt differ much from me in some of my conclusions, and maintain that the crowds who throng the Boulevards and lounge at the cafes are not the Parisians, but a motley concatenation of odds and ends, chiefly foreigners or strangers. Those who take this opposite view can be no nearer the truth than myself in thus taking the public aspect of the question. I did not come here to explore private houses or personal merits, but to have a look at life as it presents itself to all who have eyes to see. It is not the "upper ten thousand" who constitute the people of a country, but the million who saturate the

most reserved sanctuaries with their peculiar habits, virtues, vices, and other forms of thought and action. All history refutes the statement that a select few, entirely discredited from the mass, can have any positive influence in directing the national life. They surely, but perhaps unconsciously, float like straws with the current. Hence, the maxim of your commissioner, that if we would preserve the sweetness and consistency of the mass, we must see what kind of moral effervescence "leavens the whole lump." This reference to leaven reminds me to speak of the bread used in Paris, which is the worst I have ever eaten. It is, in my opinion, the veriest trash compared with the home-made bread of Yorkshire, which is the best form of fermented wheaten bread I have met with. Here, loaves are scarcely to be seen. The bread is all made in the form of rolls, in lengths from six inches to six feet and upwards. It is quite amusing to see a man going through the streets early in the morning shouldering a sheaf of bread-rolls the length of himself, tied together with a string like so many lathes or faggots. They may also be seen standing on their ends in the corners of eating-houses and hotels, ready to be chopp'd up for use like so much fire-wood. The bakers make part of it in fancy shapes, such as horse-shoes, circles, and semi-circles, &c., and these are strung up and exhibited in the door-posts, like old iron at a marine store dealer's. This bread is all crust, with scarcely a vestige of crumb. The smaller rolls, as supplied to the more respectable families and hotels, are made of finer flour, and have not so much insipid hard crust on them, and are thus more palatable than the six feet rolls, which are over-fermented, and very much browned in baking.

FOOD.—The dietetic habits of the people, as far as I can judge, are more on the side of vegetarianism than those of our own country. On walking the streets, the number of butchers' shops are very few when compared with the number to be seen in the towns and cities of England, whereas the number of fruiterers and vegetable shops is much greater. An excellent meal from the vegetable kingdom can be obtained at any of the restaurants, consisting of pottage *a la Jullien*, a vegetable soup or hodge-podge, composed of carrots, onions, &c., minced in small pieces. These soups are said to contain a certain amount of beef-juice, or gravy, but this component is exceedingly hard to distinguish. Potatoes are oftener fried than boiled; haricot beans are used both green and shelled. Fruit is always placed on the table as desert after dinner, and is plentiful and good. The meat seems to be the smallest part of the bill of fare. Wine is a never-failing adjunct, but it is the most harmless humbug of the kind in the world. It is a sour, unpalatable, red fluid, which disgusts the palate, leaves the mouth rough, and the head slightly muddled. It is usually drank with water, and is as cheap as small-beer with us. A dinner, including such wine, may be had for 7½d. Ah! you will exclaim—you must have tasted a very cheap and inferior kind. True, but the "superior" are more deleterious and unwholesome on account of the greater amount of alcohol they contain.

Fruit is everywhere good and plentiful, and cheap as well. Grapes may be had from 3d to 4d per pound, and large well-flavoured melons

from 8d to 11d each. Peaches, 1d each—delicious pears, three a penny. These are the retail prices, as they are sold in the shops and in the streets. In fact, fruit is sold everywhere; the fruiterers' shops are numerous, besides stalls at gateways and handcarts in the streets. The people engaged in this trade are mostly clean and neatly dressed, and seem to enjoy better circumstances than those similarly employed in England. Women for the most part are engaged in this business, also in selling vegetables, and, in fact, all eatables.

Vegetables are likewise exceedingly plentiful, excellent in quality, and cheap. Any one can live better and cheaper in Paris than in London, as money is of less value, and the prices are lower for articles really superior.

This abundance of well-grown vegetable food must have a very favourable influence on the organisation of the people. The great Exchange—the Halle Centrale—is the chief place for the sale of garden produce. It is an immense square shed, but very lofty, well lighted and well ventilated, and much surpasses Covent Garden Market, London. It is divided into various sections for vegetables, fruits, cheese, butter, poultry, eggs, etc., both wholesale and retail. There is a separate building for butcher meat, and the slaughter-houses are all outside of the city, and subject to the regulations of the police. In these respects there is no town in England but might learn an important lesson from these sanitary arrangements.

CLEANLINESS.—As far as I can judge, the French are a remarkably cleanly people; there is scarcely a dirty, shabby, slattering man or woman to be seen. The linens and clothes, as well as the skins of the people, seem to be efficiently subjected to the action of soap and water—in fact, it is only just to state that the habits of our countrymen and countrywomen as regards cleanliness is filthy in the extreme when compared with those of the French. Hence in their vices they enjoy an immunity from loathsome consequences by associating with them that which has been declared to be next to godliness.

If the Parisian has no Sunday, he makes up for it by enjoying a little of Sunday every day, and even makes his work a recreation, and never puts himself into a flurry over it. Just notice the steady, cool way in which the steamboats in the Seine are managed. While the French are bringing their boat to the pier, a London steamer would have discharged her passengers and be nearly out of sight. The same with the omnibuses, railway trains, and traffic in general. There is no hurry or risk incurred, and there is nothing great achieved, but that which is done is performed in a deliberate manner, and in the best way possible. The motto of the Parisian seems to be, Let's do "everything" as well as possible, and enjoy our circumstances, whatever they may be; hence, among their sanitary conditions the Parisians may be said to enjoy an easy mind. As soon as work is done, they wash, dress, and betake themselves to recreation, and in this respect the habit of such crowds attending the cafes and restaurants may not be looked upon as a positive evil, in so far as large numbers of them go there to participate in social enjoyment after the day's labour is over, and not so much for the purpose of drinking or sensuality. If you pass through

the streets of London, or any provincial town in England, you will constantly meet with men and women unwashed and reeking with the results of their employment, which may be a very dirty one. The women may also be seen sitting in the doorways idly killing time, and the men slouching about with their hands up to the elbows in their pockets, and with an old dirty burnt pipe smoking in their grimy faces. Such a sight is rarely if ever met with in Paris. The mechanics or artisans clean themselves and change their apparel, and then devote their leisure hours to company, enjoying such habits as may have been engrafted upon their natures. They thus refresh and recreate themselves, and suffer less harm from their tobacco smoke and sour wine than some British teetotalers do from the perennial layers of dirt that load their skins.

The civic arrangements and private enterprise afford ample facilities for bathing. The greater part of the river in some places is covered with baths and wash-houses. These washing establishments are built on the bed of the river, near the sides, and access is obtained to them from the bank. They are constructed of wood with floors above water level, and drying sheds over them. Some of them appear to float like barges. These are filled with thrifty housewives and their assistants, who are busy cleansing the family garments, and they lighten their labours by exchanging jocular remarks with the boatmen as they pass on the steamers.

Baths are in likewise situated on the river; there are numbers of them which occupy a large space. They are constructed in such a manner that the bather literally swims in the river, but protected by the bath, which allows the water to flow through it freely.

Connected with each bathing establishment is a "school of natation" for men and women, who have separate baths for the practice of swimming. There are also many baths in the city, but not on so extensive a scale as those in the river. I have visited several, and I find the shower and douche to be the most popular. There are also plunge baths and vapour baths, but hot baths are more rarely to be met with at this season of the year. The proprietors of several of these establishments entitle their mode of applying water *hydropathy*, or cold water cure, and thus may be considered medical institutions. I have several times visited that of Dr Brand, in Rue de la Chassée d'Antin. With bathing he associates gymnastics, and a good number of cures are performed by these joint agencies, which baffle the usual medical practice. He is often called to visit patients out of the establishment. He uses a steam-engine and pump to get force of water. The bathing processes are conducted as follows:—There are a number of dressing-rooms, but only one bathing-place, and each bather has one of these dressing-rooms to himself. Having undressed, the bather is conducted to the bath-room. A gutta percha cap is placed on his head, which prevents the force of the water from exciting the capillaries of the brain. A shower-bath, falling from a considerable distance, comes with great force on the back and shoulders, simultaneous with which the bath-man takes a flexible tube, such as is used by firemen, and directs a powerful stream of water

against the lower limbs and muscular parts of the trunk, separating the water into spray, more or less, by placing the point of his finger partly over the jet. While the shower is falling fiercely on the shoulders, breast, arms, and back, this powerful stream from the jet is being directed to the hips, thighs, legs, and feet. This combined process has a favourable tendency on the circulation. The head being protected by the cap, no reaction takes place in the brain while this energetic action of the water, by means of the shower-bath and douche, excites cutaneous action so highly as to cause the bather to glow with a pleasurable warmth, even though the water be perfectly cold. The next process is to sit on a circular brass pipe for the ascending douche, which further determines the blood from the head towards the lower part of the body, the bather is then subjected to the spray-bath, which is constructed of perforated pipes arranged in circles, extending from the ankles to the shoulders. The bather stands in the centre, whilst the water is showered upon all parts of the body simultaneously.

This is the most chilling part of the process, and persons with a poor circulation had better not subject themselves to it.

A rough sheet is then thrown over the bather, and a rather good rubbing is applied to the outside of the sheet by the attendant. This produces a most stimulating glow all over the body. The head is clear, spirits buoyant, the muscles elastic. The sensations I have experienced after this process are similar to those produced by the use of the Turkish Bath. A cooling of this kind in the morning enables a person to walk briskly in the hot sun all day without much perspiration or fatigue.

The gymnasiums are conducted upon the old principle of heavy weights, iron dumbbells, immense clubs, ladders, horizontal bars, and other appliances. The *light gymnasties* are not known.

I visited a large gymnasium in Rue de Martyrs, it occupies a beautiful hall similar to Mr Halley's of Liverpool; the classes meet for exercise at seven in the morning, three days in the week. Special classes also meet at other hours of the day.

On one side of the large hall are baths and lavatories for men, on the other side the same conveniences for women. It seems to be the rule observed by those who frequent those establishments, to unite gymnastic exercises with bathing. The results, as regards health and physical development, are of the most favourable kind. I was introduced to several individuals whose constitutions were wonderfully improved by a few weeks of this treatment. When shall we have a bathing and gymnastic establishment in every town in Great Britain? Their establishment would be a great and practical work for health and social reform.

TIDINGS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

MR HOME'S MANIFESTATIONS.

SIR,—I have again to record some interesting facts in connection with the subject of spiritual manifestations, and which have occurred since I

last addressed you. The seances to which I now allude were held at my house ; and I need hardly add that deception, or even self-delusion, are quite out of all question. At the first of the seances, and at which, as well as at those subsequently held, Mr D. D. Home was present, I had invited a friend of mine to attend, who had to be more than ordinarily satisfied of the truth of the manifestations, owing to his scepticism. The manifestations commenced. Whilst we were seated at the tea table in the dining room, the table was unexpectedly moved, and this was followed by loud, sonorous raps. The fire-screen behind Mr Home's chair was removed, laid on the floor, and glided towards Mrs ——. The sceptical guest had in the meantime arrived, and we soon found ourselves seated round a square table in the drawing room. Raps and tilting of the table soon manifested themselves. Sentences were spelt out : the names of near relatives of one of those present. Mr Home had now gone off into a trance state. Whilst in this condition, he said he saw a spirit form standing next to a gentleman present. The form, character, and past history were so accurately detailed, that the identity was unmistakably established—much to the surprise of the gentleman, whose departed friend had been quite unknown to Mr Home. A few sentences were spelt out, and the manifestations thereafter ceased.

At a subsequent seance, the physical demonstrations of spirit power were very marked. On this occasion six in all sat down to a seance. Raps, very gentle at first, but gradually increasing in strength, were heard ; then the table tilted. After a while the curtains began to be moved, as though by a hand from the window, pushing them into the room. This phenomenon was repeated several times. The semi-grand now showed signs of movement. On three or four occasions this heavy piano was bodily raised quite an inch off the ground, and carried from the wall two to three feet into the room. Raps were then heard in and on the semi-grand. The table next to Mrs — (not the one we were seated at) was now gently and elegantly raised, and suspended in the air from eighteen inches to two feet off the ground, as far as I could judge. It remained in this position for one or two minutes,—time enough to allow one of the party to lie down under the table, and make certain that no mechanical means had been used. This manifestation was repeated three or four times. The accordion was now taken by Mr Home ; and whilst held by him with one hand, a very beautiful hymn was played, and some pieces of sacred music. I noticed distinctly the movement of the keys of the accordion, which, as the instrument was now horizontally suspended in the air, with the finger-board end towards the lights, I was enabled to see. The keys were moved regularly, as though pressed by the fingers of a hand. In answer to a question how many spirits were present, the table tilted twelve times. This was repeated for several minutes, the twelfth tilt being marked by a loud rap or knock. Finally, the sentence was spelt out that they could do no more—that they had no more power : the word “power” being spelt by movement of the end of the semi-grand.

SPIRIT SEEING—SPIRIT VISIONS.

I have also to record several very characteristic instances of spirit visions of Mr D. D. Home's. On the occasion I am now narrating the

friends present had only casually met, and had seated themselves round the drawing room table. Suddenly Mr Home, who had all the while been engaged in conversing with the ladies, changed the expression of his face, rose, and having played a few chords on the piano, returned to resume his seat; but now in a state of trance, his face rigid, hands cold, and the fingers extended. He steadfastly looked across to where Mrs — was seated, and said, "L— S— is standing between you and Mr —. I see her as she was in life—mark, not as she is, but as she was when on earth." Mr Home accurately described the person of the spirit. So marked and clear were the traits he delineated, that no doubt as to identity was possible. He said that a child, which had passed away in early infancy, was standing next to L— S—, adding that L— S— was much pleased, and anxious to communicate with Mrs —, whom she had loved on earth; and, to prove identity, recalled a conversation that had taken place years ago between the two friends. He then said that L— S— wished to say that, since passing away, her views had much changed—that she had first to unlearn in order to learn. The spirit then impressed Mr Home to remind Mrs — of a conversation she had recently held with her husband. I may state that Mr Home was a perfect stranger to the deceased person, whose name he had never even heard. We have here, then, a proof of the presence of spirits of the departed; for we have name, description of person, and marked incidents in past life all given, establishing an identity beyond dispute or cavil.

Visions of spirit forms I have become tolerably familiar with since I followed the inquiry of spiritual phenomena; and what has added to the deep interest in this subject, is the conviction, confirmed by proof, that the departed again visit us to solace, soothe, warn, as we travel onward to the boundary line of the unknown world. I could render other instances that have come under my notice of spirit visions; but, for this time I will not ask for more space in your columns. Possibly, in my next, I may be able to give you some further account of the extraordinary phenomena we are constantly witnessing. The suit now pending in the Courts of Chancery so completely occupies Mr Home, that, except at friends' houses, he is rarely to be seen. This suit, one of the most interesting that has for the last century been before the public, is now rapidly coming on for a hearing. The history, incidents, the course of the proceedings, are all of an unusual character; and will form, when on record and allowed to be published, one of the most interesting phases in the history of Spiritualism. That all who have investigated the question of spiritual manifestations look forward to this trial with the utmost interest, I need hardly tell you. We feel that the day has arrived for vigorously testing the truth of what we know to be the fact, and applying the inexorable logic of actual observation. Testified to in a court of law, I reject the word "belief;" for it is not an acceptance of the existence of the unseen, but the admission of the seen, and heard, and evidenced to our external sensibility of an objective fact, that we contend for. No severer test can be applied than that brought in by judicial inquiry, when every statement will have to be proved and substantiated. I repeat that the suit now to be heard will indeed prove

of a high order of interest. The mistake the public makes is that of mixing up some crotchet of a belief with the inquiry as inseparable from Spiritualism. Now nothing is more erroneous. All that is contended for is, that the fact of certain physical phenomena is true, and that neither deceit nor self-deception have aught to do with it. I had intended to add some few remarks of my own, but space will not allow my doing so this time. When next I address you, and you will grant me space, I will endeavour to render my theory of the cause of some of the phenomena I have been recording, more especially in reference to the vision power of mediums.—I remain,

HONESTAS.

November, 1867.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

GOUPY ON "GOD."

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

LET us examine, as we examine ourselves, the universe, that is to say, 1st, the worlds, in other terms, the nebulae, the comets, the planets and their three kingdoms; 2ndly, the fixed stars or suns; 3dly, the immensity which seems to us void. We shall see the necessity of recognising, that in the worlds, it is matter which dominates, and that it dominates in the state of gas in their atmospheres; for, if it were not so, our blood would not be retained in the body, as far as the limits of the terrestrial atmosphere extends, when we rise in a balloon. That, in the suns, it is electricity which dominates; for, if it were not so, it would not be from our sun, from whence light, heat, and life is imparted. That, in space, there is nothing apart from the worlds, the suns, and their gyrations but electricity in its passage and almost no matter; for, at the confines of our atmosphere, our blood escapes, which proves excessive rarification of matter; and if, not being able to go further, we form a diminution of the ether by excluding air, *i.e.*, making a void in a sphere of hollow glass, we shall see at every instant lightning appear and disappear in this sphere, however little we shake it, forcibly traversing its pores through the electricity of the air, proving that this electricity does not remain there.

It must become evident, then, to us that, in the entire universe, there are, as in ourselves, but three substances or elements; that what is called intelligence in us, is in the universe the ether, which, impalpable, imponderable, invisible, and penetrating all things, is cognisant of the sensations of the worlds and the suns, and communicates to them its will with instantaneous rapidity, by the means of electricity, just as, by the means of electricity, our intelligence is cognisant of our sensations and directs our actions; that, as a necessary consequence, the Eternal Being, the Supreme Being, the Being from whence all proceeds, God, in a word, is the universe—an immense Trinity in which are alone limited, the one by the other, those three elements of which it

produces, by unequal portions, all things, and in which intelligence occupies the high position of infinite space, whilst electricity and matter occupy but points only in space. Hence the superiority of intelligence, from which results God's perfection, is a superiority infinite beyond conception. And now, why this incessant working of the universal intelligence, which is the ether, over the universal matter, which are the worlds, by the means of the universal electricity, which are the suns? Why these perpetual transformations of gas into nebulae, into comets, into planets, or minerals, from and through these planets into vegetables, into animals, and thence into gas? It is that, to all appearance, this grand being, the Universe, finds its beatitude in this perpetual activity of its intelligence, of its matter and of its electricity; or, because its matter appearing to it unworthy of its intelligence, it experiences a perpetual need to perfectionate it; or perhaps, moreover, there passes within itself, between the ether, the electricity, and the matter, combats resembling those which pass in ourselves, between our part of intelligence, our part of electricity, and our part of matter, and that it (the intelligence) modifies these two principles, the one by the other, without relaxation, to the end that these combats, which *se sont produits* are themselves products, produced themselves, and which will continue probably for ever, should not exist.

The rev. gentleman who furnishes the foregoing translation says, "I have lately come across an incident that reminds me of Andrew J. Davis's very interesting account of his spiritual vision of the departure of a soul from the body, which I translate:—'M. Chardel, in his *Psychologie Physiologique*, tells us that a somnambulist present at a death, saw a kind of slight flame disengage itself from the solar and cardiac plexus, mount from thence to the brain, then from the brain into the air at the moment of death; apparently the soul of the dying person united to its intelligence.' The idea of Minerva having emanated from the brain of Jupiter might have originated from some such ancient knowledge."

Referring to M. Goupy's definition of God, the translator observes:—"I believe that God is throughout all ether, electricity, and matter, and that he works with and by them; but is not ether, electricity, and matter, but one God only, the Eternal Spirit filling all space. I agree with Mackintosh, who says, 'It is electricity which animates and conducts the whole universe *under the orders of God*, just as all our members are under the orders of our will.'"

MAGNETISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

MAGNETISM is the element by which spirit is quickened, and its right application should be studied. It raises the spirit from its lethargy, and trains it to learning of a high order. All things can be quickened or blighted by its influence. Trees can be withered or vegetation blest by its application. It has been proven of great use in curing diseases of men, and would be equally useful in the cattle plague if it were tried. There is no limit to its application except the ignorance of man. Spiritualists, above all others, should study the laws and force of this singular element, as they have the most to do with its application.

They can do nothing without it; for it is the force by which all physical and psychical manifestations are produced, which form, as it were, the ground work of Spiritualism. Without Magnetism the spirit is never quickened in this life, and goes to Hades in a stupor, and lives over again another life of vice and ignorance quite as bad as what we find here. No amount of earthly propensity could in any wise prepare the spirit to escape this destiny. I suppose we may consider this element the same as the primitive Christians designated the "spirit," and which the church made into a God. They found that people were quickened by its influence, and so they worshipped it. Now, it is neither a god nor an intelligence, but a subtle power capable like any other gas of doing either good or harm as it is rightly or wrongly applied.

Animal Magnetism is generated through the physical organism, and some men are powerful batteries for its production, others are feeble. All animals generate it less or more, so do spirits in Hades. It is a product of life, as gas is a product of coal. It is the glory of Mesmerists, and the hobby of amateur Spiritualists. So wonderful are some of the purposes to which it has been applied that it may be considered as the next link in the chain that leads to Spiritualism. Let it be clearly understood that Magnetism is a natural force generated by man. Generally speaking, men are mere animals and don't make any intelligent use of this power they have, and it is to them a waste product. In many cases it is used for evil, and in some cases for good. Spiritualism is the science which will teach the right application of Magnetism as it has already given many indubitable signs that it can be used aright. When it is used to draw men to believe in false doctrines—then its application is to be deprecated, for that is the only use the churches ever make of it. When it is used to lead men to crime and immorality—it is to be feared as an agent, for that is the use the world would make of it if the world knew how. Now, how do we account for all the phenomena of Spiritualism? and why do they not happen to the church now as they did formerly? They are dead, *i.e.*, they are not magnetically quickened, and some Spiritualists are. Who is it that has quickened the Spiritualists? There is a movement in that direction, and they have quickened themselves, and aided one another. Many of them have used their magnetic power to such a degree, that their spirits are quite at home outside of the body altogether, and often, in some cases, far away. Such men are either mediums—so called—personally, or by proxy. I reckon we are about the beginning of Spiritualism when we can go a thousand miles away without being seen by any one, or talking of the exploit as something very wonderful. To take a stroll into Hades daily, I consider the second stage in progressive Spiritualism. This is how some spiritual men occupy their time. Others are fond of shewing their talents to the world, and they become famous as physical mediums, and the things they do are very amusing to many. We must always bear in mind that such mediums are developed in the spirit, *i.e.*, their spirits can leave their bodies. Now, when a man is born again, his spirit is no longer dead or asleep, but is alive and looks out for a job of some sort. The first thing he has to consider is the circumstances the outward man is placed in. If they are favourable to the

exercise of physical mediumship, he likely goes into that sort of exhibition. If he feels independent, he does as he has a mind, and very likely takes to travelling in the spheres, or where he is wanted. When the spirit is born it is always very troublesome to the mind, and there is terrible work before a reconciliation takes place, particularly so among people who have been educated in the church. Hence, the plausible theory of spirits coming down from the spheres to make raps and do wonders of all sorts. Hence, the devil theory, and angels, and gods among the ancients. I am a believer in the development theory, which leaves the spirits to do as they have a mind. The first thing a Spiritualist has to do is to mind his own business, and then if any spirits come to him he will know. But all the mediums I ever saw were quite capable of doing any thing they ever did of themselves. I don't say that spirits don't come from the spheres; I only say they don't need to come to do any physical manifestation that ever is done, for the mediums are quite prepared for all that by previous development. I am liable to be opposed even by mediums, because some of them are possessed of seven spirits, and they are all named and labelled according to order. Make sure, friend, that you are not a mimic in the spirit, and a follower of the Americans in the mind. Could you be so dull of comprehension as to believe that foreign spirits were making a trumpet of you, or that you were shoved out of your own body to make way for a man you knew nothing about? Many are so simple I know, but the times will mend, and simple science will win the day.

A. GARDNER.

[Our correspondent throws out a challenge which will no doubt astonish many. Let this theory be discussed freely. Too little is known of these matters to allow of dogmatism.]

CASES OF UBIQUITY.

Chelsea Cottage, Birmingham,
October 19, 1867.

THE subject of the "double," or instances of individuals having been seen in two places at once, namely, their body in one place and their spirit at some distant place, is becoming increasingly interesting, and these times are fertile with tests of its truth. This subject is ably treated by Mr Etchells in the papers he read at the two last Conventions of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists, in which he records some startling proofs of the reality of this phenomenon in connection with Mr Green and Miss Chapman of Huddersfield. In these papers he endeavours to trace the laws which govern these novel manifestations, and I believe a comparatively short time will prove many of the propositions he has laid down, and the various conclusions he has arrived at by inductive reasoning, to be sound. I beg to relate a few facts which have occurred to myself and a few friends within the last three weeks, and although they are not of a very startling character, yet they may assist as further testimony on this novel topic.

On one of the last days of September, as Miss D—— was sitting in her room alone, mentally endeavouring to attract a spirit, named James,

with whom she, as a medium, is in communication, for the purpose of asking him an important question, instead of attracting Mr James, a living person of the name of Baldwin stood before her. His body being distant at business, she, of course, thought it strange, but determined at once to ask him the question, upon which he answered intelligently with three nods of his head, meaning yes; in the same manner he answered several other questions, yes and no, by three nods and one nod respectively. She described to him afterwards the dress he had on, even to a hole in the apron he wore, which exactly corresponded with the dress he was wearing at that time. Mr Andersen has also been seen several times by the same medium, but without showing any outward manifestations of intelligence. I ought to state that the answer given by Mr Baldwin's double to the question intended for the spirit of Mr James necessitated a visit being made by the medium to a certain house, when affairs turned out to correspond exactly with the answer given; the matter is of a private nature, therefore I forbear stating it. On Saturday evening, October 12, as Miss Taylor about 12 years of age, was wending her way to a circle in the centre of Birmingham, she saw Mr Baldwin coming down the street, and as he came nearer she turned to speak to him, but he had passed her some distance, and as she looked back to see where he went he disappeared, she knew not where. As there was no street to turn up or passage, she concluded it was his spirit, as was confirmed by him when told of it, by the fact that he was two miles distant at the time in the body.

On another occasion, about a fortnight back, as Miss Taylor was sitting at home with her aunt and cousin at tea, she told them she could see Mr Baldwin quite distinctly stand at the corner of the table at which they were seated. It is plain that if she had not known he was not there she should have thought it had been his physical body. On this occasion there was no indication of intelligence with the exception of a smile. At the time every thing in the room was clear to her sight, and she saw nothing but his body apparently standing out in the room, therefore, as I should conclude, entirely distinguishing it from a case of clairvoyance. Just a few days after this, as the same people were sitting at home for spiritual manifestations, Miss Taylor again said she could see Mr Baldwin in the house, upon which Miss Cross, her cousin, asked for a test of his identity. Immediately he stepped across the room, took possession of Miss Taylor's arm (who is a writing medium) and wrote out his name in full; again Miss Cross asked for another test, and said if it was him would he write in full a request he had made of her, the last words he said the night before, and at once it was written verbatim. A Mr Gill of Birmingham has also been seen once or twice by the same young lady, but unaccompanied by any acts of intelligence.

We have also had several remarkable instances of natural clairvoyance lately by this same medium. When I say natural clairvoyance, I mean that she retains the use of her faculties in their normal state, the manifestations frequently occurring when she is busy at work at her home duties. Under such circumstances she has described rooms and people at a distance and what they were doing, all of which has been

corroborated by the parties referred to when questioned afterwards as to what they were doing at that particular time.

In conclusion, I must state that there is a difference between these cases and those Mr Etchells has given, inasmuch as the cases I now describe have occurred when it would seem to necessitate two intelligences belonging to the person seen, namely, the one visible to the medium, and the body, or other self which has been at the same time awake and at work elsewhere. In Mr Etchells' instances the spirit has been seen and the intelligence has been manifested while the physical body has been entranced by another spirit or deep in sleep; and it must be said that such cases seem most probable, but here are the facts, the correctness of which are vouched for by the parties concerned, and occurring under such conditions that it would seem contrary to reason to suppose they were imagination. They are strange; but I give them nevertheless, believing the parties are sincere who have experienced them, and could have no object in deceiving. If such are facts, then they are governed by a natural law which may be demonstrated, and discover a power in the human organism hitherto unknown. I have heard of similar experiences elsewhere, and it seems very desirable that all such should be recorded, as by a study of facts we may arrive at a knowledge of the laws which govern them. I have trespassed considerably upon your valuable space; but if it lead to these strange phenomena being better understood I shall not have written in vain.

AQUILA BALDWIN.

THE THEORY OF EVIL.

MR SMITTON begins his paper by premising that the non-existence of sin does not form a fundamental doctrine of Spiritualism; indeed, that no doctrine does. The only distinguishing feature of it is the recognition of a fact—the fact of a future existence and the ability of communication with earthly existences, according to fixed laws. Now I cannot help thinking that this cry, to be heard so prevalently in our day, of “No creed, no creed,” is carried a little to far—is both unnecessary and inconsistent; for there does not seem, so far as I can judge, to be any human being, much less any intelligent one, without a creed of one kind or another. Though it is evident enough that Mr S. refers to a theological creed, when he says spiritualists have “no creed;” and likewise it is evident enough that it is only *as spiritualists* that he thus speaks of them, yet his words almost immediately after seem to contradict his statement. “In thus allowing each man to think and speak for himself, in thus giving the fullest scope to individual and independent thought, we”—that is, we spiritualists, “have no fear of the result either to truth or virtue.” For why? “God himself will and does take care of these, though none else may.” After all, then, spiritualists according to Mr S. have a creed—and not only a “creed with a defined number of dogmas,” or at least with one defined dogma, viz.,—the doctrine that spirits exist after the change called death, and

that they commune, also thereafter, with spirits still embodied in tabernacles of flesh,—but they have also a *theological creed*. One of the theological dogmas of Spiritualism appears, from Mr Smitton's words at least, to be, the existence of God—an active, intelligent, and good being, who both can and will take care of truth and virtue. Another seems to be the existence of God as a person, "God-himself." If the creed which I think I have shown spiritualists to believe in (taking Mr Smitton's words for my data) is to be the means of "fossilizing and destroying all the life that may originally belong" to Spiritualism, there must surely be something very anomalous in the elements of its being. Fossilize and destroy the life! Why, what is it that has inspired the very life and soul of every religious movement since the world began?—what was it for example that inspired the Crusaders, and even their Paynim opponents with the chivalry of religious ardour? What was it that fired the Reformers of the 16th century with a zeal that shook Europe, yea, the world, from centre to circumference? What is it that bears up and leads on the missionary, the minister, the Sister of Mercy, with such self-sacrificing, though it may be, oftentimes deluded zeal? It is but a *creed*—a conviction that the dogmas they believe are true. Little knowledge of the different phases of Spiritualism as I possess, I think I have enough to convince me at least, that the possession of a creed by spiritualists, will not result in the fossilizing and destroying of its life, but the very opposite.

I cannot but feel that Mr S. has disposed very summarily of the free-will controversy in its relation to "sin" or "evil." No doubt he has stated his theory very concisely, but he has entirely refrained from giving us the reasons on which that theory is based. For my part I cannot get over, for example, the facts—the mountain-barrier looking facts of *my consciousness*, which tells me that I have not only *not* the power to "carry out the promptings of my nature," in very many cases, but that *I have* the power to act, and that I *do* act oftentimes, very opposite to the promptings of my nature. And from observation of other men around me, these facts seem to be complemented by other facts of the same nature enforcing the very same idea. In a sense I admit I never do, and no one else does, act contrary to the promptings of nature, for no doubt the choice which a man makes when he acts, is always made from amongst a variety of natural, though it may be opposite promptings. And then, again, they are *only promptings*—*not necessities* of his nature. Mr S. will very likely ask me, why does a man make this choice, which is in accordance with this part of his nature? What was the predisposing *cause* of his so doing? Possibly I may be referred to the consideration of his peculiar phrenological constitution, or on the other hand to the metaphysics of the question. Was the strongest motion presented to his mind not the predisposing cause of his making such a choice—was it not in fact all-powerful, and necessary? I answer that, if such is the case, my own consciousness, and that of hundreds of my fellow-men, if I can credit their testimony, belies me. I cannot, but maintain, until I see more evidence, that I am free to follow or to reject *any* motive, however strong or however weak. If I choose to follow a wrong course, I can aid *myself* by the promptings of

my nature—the “sinful,” or the “evil” side of it—by voluntarily and *consciously* closing my eyes to the real value or force of the good or righteous promptings or motives; or I can smooth over and paint up a bad motive in the same manner. When a man chooses a wrong course, without doing so voluntarily and *consciously*, he is universally regarded, and rightly so, in common every-day life, as being fit for an asylum. There is only another alternative with which I am acquainted, and that was suggested to me by reading a recent article in “Good Words,” by a writer, so far as I am aware, outside the ranks of spiritualists, but of undoubted ability—William Gilbert—on the “English Demoniac.” It was there shown with considerable force, that many men and women do wrong, not *freely*, though quite *consciously*, and upon what hypothesis? Spiritual *demoniac possession*! This in “Good Words!” It is a very rational conclusion to my mind, and one quite familiar to spiritualists. But then cases of this kind are only exceptional, just as lunacy is only an exceptional condition of humanity. So that in this line of inquiry (and there are many others) I feel shut up to regard the necessitarian theory of the human will as not the true one.

Taking this freedom of the will then, until I have better reasons for disbelieving the doctrine, as an article of my creed, I am not free to leave the view of “sin” or “evil,” which results from a consideration of its nature and uses in connection with the will, so summarily as Mr S. does. I am bound to consider the fact of that freedom in its bearing on the question—whether there is a distinction between natural and moral evil. It does not appear to me at all logical to argue that because evil in the physical world is natural and necessary, therefore it is so in the mental or moral world too. As illogical does it appear to me to argue that because “the infant, which knows not the right hand from the left, does what is called moral or contrariwise immoral,” naturally, and for aught we know necessarily, “therefore it is as naturally and necessarily done by the man or woman of mature years.” (Here let me again remark that I do not in the least object to the phrase “naturally” being employed, for a man to act immorally, is to act in accordance with some of the dictates or promptings of his nature, and that according to natural laws, though not involuntarily or necessarily.) It is in this very article of intelligence wherein the distinction between an infant and a man lies. It is on account of the man’s knowing what he *ought* to do, that he deserves and receives blame; while the infant does not know what it ought to do, and consequently deserves and receives no blame. When once the inspiration of intelligence enters, then begins to dawn on the young spirit the sense of the *ought* and the *ought not*; very possibly at first only produced by a sentiment of fear, but as the intelligence expands, the idea of duty is developed too, and by and bye the Will, or rather the MAN, attains supremacy, conscious of power to act in accordance with, or in opposition to the Law of Right—in accordance with the dictates of some parts of his nature, or against them and in accordance with others.

Must we not then regard the deviations of man from the Law of Right (from whatever source we derive our knowledge of it,) as being a “curse” and a “misery”? a curse to man himself, a curse to all within the

sphere of his influence—a curse and a misery so long as such deviation lasts, and even for ages afterwards. Assuming the existence of a wise, beneficent, omniscient, and omnipotent God, must we not believe that all such deviation must be supremely hateful to Him—supremely vexing to Him? If man with all his blunt susceptibility to appreciate the extent, the awful extent of evil in its various forms, simply for want of omniscience and perfect holiness, shudders when he contemplates some of its phases, what must the feelings of the Great Perfect One be, since he can trace *all* evil from its most minute to its most extended ramifications!

Or must we regard evil in a different light altogether, and does God regard it as he does all his *other* works, (if work of his this be)—with supreme satisfaction? Mr Smitton says, “While the one party regards them (the phenomena usually termed evil) as the evidence of depravity and wickedness, the other only regards them as the evidence of undevelopment and inharmony.” Now, allow me before proceeding further to ask, if there does not appear in these words a manifest contradiction of Mr Smitton’s former words, two or three paragraphs preceding—in which he reaches the conclusion by two steps—viz., that since God is *perfect*, so must his works be too; and since God is perfect, omniscient, and omnipotent, no imperfection can exist in his presence, or in his plans—an argument which he triumphantly deems impregnable. In the words quoted above, however, what does he say? That in his view the true theory in regard to the phenomena of evil, is—that these are but the evidences of undevelopment and inharmony, a natural result of certain conditions of being. Undevelopment and inharmony! If I understand the true meaning of these terms, both of them mean *at least, imperfection*. If so, wherein is the imperfection? Not in God, for he is perfect. Not in man, for *he and all his actions* are the works of God;—“it is illogical (says Mr S.) to maintain that his work is in its nature unlike or different from himself,—is in other words imperfect and impure. The idea in my opinion involves an absurdity.” Wherein then, lies the imperfection? Sincerely I say it—I am at a loss to conjecture, if Mr Smitton’s theory be the true one, in which all evil, physical or moral, must be as perfect and good as its real author—God.

Passing by this however, which appears to me to be a slip in Mr Smitton’s logic—let it now be considered whether the view which regards what is usually termed moral evil, as undevelopment or inharmony, possesses any inherent value. It is a view that fits equally well, nay, better, into the non-necessitarian theory. Believing as I do, that the human will is free in its choices either of good or evil, free to follow either the good or the evil desires of the heart, which are the promptings of a man’s nature, I can at once accept this view and say with Mr S. that the man who persistently follows what we term an evil course, is in a state of undevelopment. He needs to be drawn onwards and upwards by a continued course of suffering, or punishment if you choose to call it—and it may be, suffering increasing in intensity until the crisis is reached which will ultimately lift him to higher platforms of the true, the beautiful, and the good. I would go still further, however, and say that so long as a man follows an evil course, and thus entails

suffering, so long is that man swerving from the law of right, and consequently hindering the designs of his Creator with him. I do not wish to be understood as meaning that when a man suffers it is because he sins, but that when he sins he suffers. The existence of suffering where there is comparatively little, if any, moral evil is to be accounted for in a very different manner. In this phase of evil, I can see in it only a means of discipline and advancement to higher planes of knowledge and happiness, and this can be said without in the least infringing on the freedom of the human will. When God inflicts suffering on his creatures, he does not in the least degree cause them to deviate from the law of right, but his whole design is to persuade his intelligent creatures by means of conviction wrought in their minds through his infinite variety of channels, that there is a higher condition to be attained, and that can only be attained by following his laws.

We find ourselves in attempting to fit this view of evil into the necessitarian theory, landed in a whole host of difficulties. The practical working of a belief in this doctrine of necessity would seem to me to be most disastrous. It would first of all affect our idea of the divine perfections. It would consequently produce corresponding effects on the worshippers of God—in whatever manner he might be worshipped; for no being can have an object of worship without in some degree partaking of the nature of that object. It would more than anything else tend to infuse into mankind a spirit of indolence and carelessness as to their future development, for since with God alone would rest the issues of life and immortality, what need, what use for exertion. Time would fail to tell, in my opinion, all the calamitous effects of a true belief in this doctrine of necessity.

It may be objected now that the *existence* of moral evil is not accounted for. Mr Smitton says that the only possible ground on which to account for such phenomena, is that of necessity—that necessitarianism alone cuts the knot. What knot, I may be allowed to ask, does it cut? Not surely, the existence of moral evil. As I have tried to show, it cuts it only to tie a congeries of more inextricable knots. But admitting the divinely constituted freedom of the human will, what knot needs to be cut? Not surely, the existence of what we call moral evil. It does not seem to be any very high mystery after all, as to how it comes that man deviates from the moral law. There does not seem any necessity to suppose the existence of the eternal evil being. Neither does there appear any necessity for tracing it to the fall of man. Is it not a sufficient explanation to say that God willed the existence of a being higher in the scale of life than brutes, endowed with freedom of will to choose between good and evil—capable of being led onwards and upwards, and even *downwards*, until persuaded to to return up on a journey of eternal progression. Mr Smitton admits that the free will view might meet the facts of the case, so far as man is concerned, but that it miserably fails when applied to the case of the lower animals. But why apply a theory based upon free will to beings not possessed of free will? No one so far as I am aware supposes that the lower creation is endowed with such capacity of choosing between the *ought* and the *ought not*; consequently all nature, including the

lower animals, may be "bound fast in fate," though the human will be left free. Apply the principle of necessity where it should apply—and the like with the principle of *liberty*, and what knot remains to be cut?

The nature of moral evil, then, seems to be a voluntary and conscious deviation from the laws of God. Its uses—none at all, but a hindrance to the wise and good designs of God, a thing hateful alike in his eyes and all who are in any degree "developed." The *possibility* of its existence is quite a different thing, for without this, the higher state of being could not exist. Physical evil is also quite another thing. It has uses both for the mental and the merely physical world, *ad infinitum*.

Apologising for the length of this letter, and hoping that there may be *something* in it worth the consideration of your readers and also of Mr Smitton, I close by requesting the reader to turn to the last three paragraphs of Mr Smitton's paper, and to consider them as fully endorsed by me in every word.

A. K., *Dunfermline*.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

"DIRECT SPIRIT MESMERISM."

(*To the Editor of Human Nature.*)

THE very interesting account given by Mr Jencken in your September Number of "Direct Spirit Mesmerism," induces me to send you the following extract, respecting a cure said to have been performed by the spirit of Edward the Confessor on the unfortunate Harold the Second. He had an attack of gout while preparing to march against the Norwegians; and instead of applying to the Saxon leeches, he invoked spiritual aid. His decease followed shortly after at the memorable battle of Hastings.

"When Harold, King of England, hears it,
Wrath has he in heart—he had not ever more.
He causes to be assembled all his people
Of the kingdom in common;
But when he sought to advance with his army,
Then he has grief on all sides.
The gout in his thigh seizes him
Fiercely, so that he cannot go a step.
King Harold is in anguish;
He knows not what he can do,
For his thigh is much swollen,
And his leg is now festering.
Devoutly to St Edward he prays,
That he be his counsel and aid;
All the night he laments and weeps,
And says, 'For the kingdom I am anxious—
No matter if I perish.'
At length St Edward appeared,
Who had regard to his desire ;

Who now fails not at his need,
And makes King Harold entirely well."

From "*La Estoire de Seint Ædward*," in *Life of Edward the Confessor*;
and also in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association* for
June last, at page 163.—Yours obediently,

Bayswater, 7th October, 1867.

THOS. SHERRATT.

THE HOME OF THE SPIRIT.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following few lines for Spiritual circles,
to the music of "Home, sweet home :"—

"In the bosom of our God
Let us seek our home !
Raised from sin, and no more sad,
Oh sweet celestial home !
Where spirits are made pure above,
Pure and heavenly home !
And angels all are filled with love,
Serene and peaceful home !
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
Oh where is there such a home—
So sweet, so sweet a home !

T. B.

VISIT OF EMMA HARDINGE TO GLASGOW.

In last month's *Human Nature* we had occasion to express a fear that the ardour of our Glasgow friends in the good cause had somewhat abated—that opposition and ignorance had proven too strong, and resolve and knowledge too weak. This suspicion it now, however, affords us great pleasure to learn, from the most satisfactory of all evidence—the evidence of facts—turns out to be groundless, the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists being at the present time in a more flourishing condition than it has been since its commencement ; while the members' zeal for the spread of the loving light of Spiritualism is more intense to-day than at any previous period. As indicating this healthy state of affairs, we are informed that the great advocate of Spiritualism, Mrs Emma Hardinge, has been visiting Glasgow, and, under the auspices of the Association, been proclaiming the grand truths of our beautiful philosophy. A correspondent favours us with the following account of this lady's labours among the hard-headed citizens of St Mungo :—

Unquestionably the most important step which the Glasgow Spiritualists have yet taken towards extending to their fellow-citizens a knowledge of the consoling and elevating facts of spirit communion, has been that which, during the past month, has engaged their whole time and energies—viz., the engagement of the accomplished and eloquent exponent of Spiritualism, Mrs Emma Hardinge. This lady, whose distinguished labours in and devoted self-sacrifice for the cause of Spiritualism, are too well known to need rehearsal here, has been

delivering a series of five lectures on that subject in our good city to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. These lectures were given in the Merchants' Hall, a building capable of accommodating about 600 persons. The hall was comfortably filled on each occasion, except on Sunday, when it was disagreeably crowded, there being besides hundreds who were unable to obtain admission. The following were her subjects with the dates of their delivery :—

Wednesday, 6th Nov.—“What is Spiritualism?”
 Thursday, 7th Nov.—“Ancient and Modern Spiritualism.”
 Saturday, 9th Nov.—“Philosophy of Miracles.”
 Sunday, 10th Nov.—“Foregleams of Immortality.”
 Monday, 11th Nov.—“Philosophy of Inspiration.”

The concluding lecture, which was on “The Freedom of the Nations, with special reference to the Italian Liberator, Garibaldi,” was spoken in the City Hall on Thursday evening, 14th Nov., and upwards of 2000 persons assembled to listen to her impassioned eloquence.

Of course, in the necessarily limited space allowed us, it will be impossible to do anything like justice to these magnificent specimens of the purest oratory, and the strictest argument. Those whose good fortune it has been to have experienced the spell which Mrs Hardinge throws around her auditors will readily understand the difficulty of attempting to convey to the reader an idea of her lectures, a verbatim report doing her but scant justice, as language cannot carry to the mind the impression of her deep-souled earnestness, or photograph the chaste and harmonious gestures which lend additional force to the already forcible utterances which, unrestrained, pour forth like a mighty and invincible flood, sweeping in its progress every obstacle before it. Nevertheless, although the full conception can only be realised by him who sits enchanted at her feet, we can scarcely permit the opportunity to pass without offering a few remarks. Naturally these remarks must be of the slightest and most sketchy character.

On Wednesday evening, 6th Nov., Mrs Hardinge made her first appearance before a Glasgow audience. Mr James Marshall, President of the Association, occupied the chair, and in a few choice and appropriate sentences, introduced the lecturer. In reply to the question, “What is Spiritualism?” the subject announced for the evening's lecture, Mrs Hardinge first noticed how opponents would answer it, and reviewed the various hypotheses which had been advanced as sufficient to account for the spiritual phenomena. The imposture, (under which came the highly ingenious one of the dislocation of joints! What a pity that facts are so irreverent as overturn the charitable conclusions of our opponents!) involuntary muscular, magnetic, electric, mesmeric, odyllic, etc., etc. theories were all subjected to a searching criticism, and dismissed as incompetent to explain the manifestations, nothing save the acknowledgment of a spiritual intelligent agency being capable of covering the entire range of the phenomena. Mrs Hardinge thereafter proceeded to speak, first, of “The Science of the Phenomena;” and secondly, of “The Deductions to be drawn from these Phenomena.” Under the first head she described the different methods

by which spirits seek to communicate with and influence man—pointed out the analogy between the rapping manifestations and the electric battery and telegraphic wire—powerfully exposed the shallowness and inconsistency of such objectors as deemed physical movements “undignified,” and urged alike on the man of science and religious teacher, the duty and necessity of making themselves acquainted with the subject, alleging that in Spiritualism the former would find himself entering on the grandest and most alluring field of investigation ever opened to the human mind; while the latter would perceive in these presently despised manifestations the most powerful incentive to a holy life he had yet discovered. That it was worthy of the most honest and patient examination she averred was certain, supposing that no higher motive was alleged than that in 20 years its converts had gone on multiplying at the most unprecedented rate, until they now, on the continent of America, numbered about 11,000,000 persons, amongst whom men and women famous in every department and walk of life could be found. She also witheringly condemned that self-satisfied flippancy which could coolly assume that these 11,000,000 who had investigated were deceived, while the opinions of those who had not done so were worthy of respect and credit. Mrs Hardinge afterwards answered the *cui bono*—showed the marvellous influence of Spiritualism in restraining sin, and in subduing the sinner. On this head she pointed triumphantly to its wonderful reformatory effect amongst the rough miners of California. She asked the mother who, comfortless, stood wailing the loss of her child, on whose life her best and brightest hopes had been based—the wife whose husband had taken his departure into the silent land, leaving her friendless and cheerless—whether these could discover no use in sweet converse with the beloved ones. She spoke of the flood of light which it poured on the nature and condition of the after life which again afforded the surest guidance for the life on earth, and remarked that Spiritualism was the only demonstration of the immortality of the soul. At the conclusion of the lecture, which was listened to with marked attention by an appreciative and delighted audience, several questions were asked, to which Mrs Hardinge replied in the most satisfactory manner.

On Thursday, 7th Nov., the subject selected was “Ancient and Modern Spiritualism.” Like its predecessor, this was a most successful effort. The histories of the ancient races—Chinese, Hindoo, Parsee, Egyptian, etc., were all examined and found to be prolific in the spiritual. The mythologies of the early Greeks and Romans were shown to be but embodiments of this element, while the Old and New Testaments of the Hebrews were but one continuous record of spiritual phenomena. From the ancient the lecturer passed to the more modern days, tracing the appearance of the spiritual from the first centuries of the Christian era, down through the dark and middle ages, until she arrived at the recent outburst which is popularly known as Modern Spiritualism. A narrative of the first noted phenomena known as the Rochester knockings was then given; and an account of the persecutions to which the early mediums were subjected—the unworthy suspicions by which their characters were maligned, and finally their

triumphant vindication in the conversion of the most bitter of their opponents, were listened to with much interest by the audience, who, as on the previous evening, testified their sympathy with the accomplished lecturer by repeated and hearty cheering.

On Saturday, 9th Nov., Mrs Hardinge lectured on the "Philosophy of Miracles, with certain phases of Mediumship," and on Sabbath 10th Nov., she conducted a religious service, and delivered a discourse on "Foregleams of Immortality." We can characterise both of these lectures no better than to say that they were worthy of her inspiration.

Thus far had matters proceeded smoothly, nothing having occurred to disturb the harmony and unanimity of our meetings. Any growlers present, (and the genus is not yet extinct, as the history of our movement can testify,) if they growled at all, in obedience to the instinct of their natures, must have done so in secret, as we heard no open dissatisfaction expressed. But in accordance with a wise ordination of Providence, by which it is provided that the deficiencies of one time shall be compensated for by the overabundance of another, this check to the exercise of their favourite luxury was not to remain to the end. The suppressed growl of the first four evenings was amply made up in its being developed into its most mature form—the screeching howl—on Monday night. On that evening the society had rather incautiously announced the "subject to be arranged by a committee selected from the audience." As a result of this unlimited announcement, several parties present were led to the idea that Mrs Hardinge would speak on *any* subject that might be chosen for her, whereas she only professed to discourse within a certain given range. This position of our speaker was communicated to the committee, consisting of five gentlemen, who, in accordance with the arrangements, had been chosen by the audience, and before they retired to consider their subject, the chairman requested that it should be one of general interest, so that the whole audience could be fit judges as to whether she rendered it satisfactorily or not. In defiance, however, of this instruction, the committee, on their return to the hall, through their spokesman, the Rev. Robert Craig, M.A., stated that they had adopted the following as a test of Mrs Hardinge's inspirational powers: "Explain minutely and in detail the astronomical facts and principles, and the mathematical processes by which we may determine approximately the weight of the sun." This ridiculous demand, all the more inexcusable coming as it did from a committee with a rev. gentleman as their guide, was of course refused by the chairman, who repeated his request that the subject chosen should have some bearing on psychology. On this refusal, a perfect storm arose—the committee, backed by a minority in numbers, but a majority in lung power of the audience, continued to clamour for the subject selected; while the chairman and Mrs Hardinge both declined to acknowledge it. During the height of the disturbance, Mr Craig—we assume he acted ignorantly not wilfully—proposed a second subject, "Green's Philosophy," and asked that Mrs Hardinge should give an account of the contents of a work bearing that title, which was published in London in 1854. In stating this subject, the rev. gentleman, with wit as scanty as his ignorance was extreme, remarked

that, as the lady professed to be guided by the spirits of the departed, she could summon to her aid the spirit of the philosopher Green, who had died about three years ago. This astonishing cleverness on the part of the rev. divine, was honoured, as he no doubt expected it would, with a perfect yell of frantic laughter, which must surely have satisfied the dignity of his cloth. To this proposal, however, as to the first, Mrs Hardinge refused compliance, and thereupon the most ungenerous conduct was displayed by the rev. spokesman—conduct which even he must have felt heartily ashamed of when once the demon spirit with which he was possessed had had time to subside and enable him to review his treatment of a most gifted lady and a stranger to boot—who insisted that the lecturer should proceed with either of the subjects he had named. One remarkably sage individual from the body of the hall represented the question in an aphoristic form. “If,” he said, “the subject was beyond the lady’s comprehension she could not be inspired, and if she was inspired she should be able to bring any subject within the comprehension of intelligent human beings.” How supremely dull we spiritualists must be after such a declaration, not to see the absurdity of our position, and how provokingly perverse too when we venture to suggest that his own case was a fitting example of the point at issue, seeing that Mrs Hardinge, with all her undoubted inspiration, was unable to bring to his comprehension a knowledge of the nature and extent of inspiration which, once understood, would have forbade the choice of such foolish subjects.

After fully an hour had been lost in this profitless noise and confusion, the committee at length retired to the body of the hall, and Mrs Hardinge, at the request of a gentleman in the audience, delivered an address on “The Philosophy of Inspiration.” Despite the ungracious treatment she had received, Mrs Hardinge seemed to rise superior to every disturbance; and, in the opinion of all who heard her, her effort this night was even more successful than on the previous occasions. She defined the nature and extent of inspiration—pointed out its various conditions and illustrations—showed that the peculiar idiosyncrasies of individuals were not destroyed by it, but could be traced even in its sublimest exhibitions. It was not the province of inspiration, she declared, to communicate that which could easily be acquired by natural means—it did not—never did and never could—teach men science—for proof of which statement she referred to the admitted false science to be noticed in holy writ. This scientific error did not, however, demonstrate the inspiration spurious which conveyed it—all it did prove was simply the fact that no inspiration goes beyond the limit of the individual’s capacity. Altogether her lecture was a thorough refutation of the ignorant barbarism which had prompted the rev. gentleman and his fellow members of committee to hound on their equally ignorant followers to the commission of a most grievous insult. When Mrs Hardinge had concluded, Mr Craig rose and seconded a vote of thanks to her, remarking in doing so that, with at least one half of her address he could agree, as only the preceding Sunday he had heard a clergyman giving expression to the same opinions. How true it is that a man’s worst enemy is often himself! The most indignant

spiritualist could not have discovered anything more damning to his honour than this same remark of Mr Craig, for if he knew what inspiration was, why did he propose these silly and contemptible questions? We may, however, look at this confession in two aspects—first, that it was spoken inadvertently, he being unconscious that he was criminating himself in his desire to lessen the originality of the lecturer's views, and to exalt himself, for it turns out that the clergyman to whose credit he awarded these advanced opinions was none other than himself; or, secondly, that it was an approach to an apology as far as he was capable of that repentance which makes mention of its faults, with a desire to avoid it for the future. Let us hope, for the sake of charity, that the latter opinion is correct.

It must not, however, be understood that these disgraceful proceedings were countenanced by the majority of the audience. On the contrary, only a small minority so misconducted themselves. One of the committee, indeed, dissented from the action of his confreres, and left them in disgust, publicly protesting against their unfair conduct; and this feeling evidenced thus by this gentleman was shared in by the great majority of the meeting, who over and over again, in the course of Mrs Hardinge's address, testified their approval by hearty plaudits; and when she concluded not one dissenting voice was heard, but the most enthusiastic cheering bore testimony to the strength of the feeling in her favour. As a remarkable feature in this evening's proceedings, we could not fail to notice the beautiful harmony existing between the extreme evangelicals on the one hand, and the advanced secularists on the other, in their attempts to extinguish the new heresy of Spiritualism, which is certain to be so destructive to both their pretensions. Mr Craig is minister of a body which prides itself in the purity of its gospel, while the owners of the chief lungs which supported him so effectively were disciples of the Positive school. It is gratifying to learn, however, that, in spite of this remarkable union (would it not be a good illustration for the students of prophecy to make use of?) this meeting may be considered the most triumphant of all, there being many present who saw in Mrs Hardinge's address a greater evidence of genuine inspiration than could have possibly been afforded by any other means. One result we may mention is, that a well known local scientific authority has become a candidate for admission to our society, while others are besieging us with inquiries for further information. True it is, that opposition only nerves the honest to greater exertion, and exhibits the truth in a more inviting guise than before. Hereafter we shall have a special claim to Mrs Hardinge. As "our Emma" we must ever regard her, for has she not been to us a sacrifice through which we hope to conquer?

As serving to some extent to counteract the discord of Monday evening, we have great pleasure in recording a most happy social meeting on the evening following. This meeting was held in the Lesser Trades' Hall, when about 100 ladies and gentlemen assembled to entertain Mrs Hardinge to tea. Mr James Marshall, the President of the Association, occupied the chair, and, after tea, delivered an appropriate address. Addresses were likewise delivered during the evening by Mrs

Hardinge, Mr J. W. Jackson, F.A.S.L., President of the Glasgow Curative Mesmeric Association; Mr Maclaren, from San Francisco; and Mr Cross. Mr Cross, in his address, stated that the Association was anxious that Mrs Hardinge should be able to look back to her visit to Glasgow with feelings of pleasure, and in order that she might have some token by which the Glasgow friends could be recalled to memory, he, in the name of the society, presented her with a silver mounted Scotch pebble bracelet and brooch, and an album containing the photographs of the members of the association and a few other friends. The album bore the inscription, "To Mrs Emma Hardinge from the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, commemorative of her first visit to Glasgow, November, 1867." Mrs Hardinge, in reply, expressed the great pleasure she had experienced in becoming acquainted with so many good friends as she had found in Glasgow. Her heart, she said, was too full for utterance. She realised the responsibility attached to her mission; but, cheered by angel guides, she felt no fear—referred in touching terms to the reformation which Spiritualism had accomplished in America, and defined its two cardinal doctrines to be "the universal Fatherhood of God and the universal Brotherhood of Man." She expressed her hope that, when she had gone from our midst, there would be "hearts which would stir with the memory of Emma Hardinge," and concluded a most womanly and feeling address, "not from a want of words, but from too many." Mr Brown, when she had finished, rose, and, in an admirable speech, proposed our guest as an honorary member of our association—a proposal which was carried most unanimously and enthusiastically. Mrs Hardinge kindly accepted the election. Mr Maclaren, a gentleman who had lived sometime in San Francisco, thereafter addressed the meeting, and spoke of the love which Mrs Hardinge everywhere commands. He described the esteem in which she was held in America—the admiring crowds who all over the country flocked to hear her speak—indeed, her name had become a household word. Several songs, recitations, etc., were given during the evening by friends who kindly volunteered their services, and the happy meeting was terminated by a vote of thanks to her whom Mr Cross said, not to plagiarise from the Americans, we would ever regard as "our own Emma."

On Thursday evening, the 14th November, Mrs Hardinge delivered an oration in the City Hall on "The Freedom of the Nations, with special reference to the Italian Liberator, Garibaldi." Upwards of 2000 persons attended the meeting, and gave Mrs Hardinge a most hearty reception, who, in return, delivered a glowing oration on the genius and character of the heroic Garibaldi. No mention was made of Spiritualism in the oration; yet the impression was spiritual in the extreme. God, she showed, was educating the nations for their freedom, which, in good time, would come to all, so soon as it could be borne. Her address concluded with the prophecy—" 'Tis coming—'tis coming—the people's advent's coming." During the delivery of the oration, the audience manifested their sympathy by loud cheers; and at the close, led on by the chairman, the Rev. P. Hatley Waddell, they rose to their feet and gave three hearty rounds of applause.

We have thus endeavoured, as briefly as possible, to give an account of Mrs Hardinge's first public appearance in Glasgow—concerning the effects of this appearance it is premature yet to speak. That it has been beneficial, there cannot be the slightest shadow of a doubt, though the full value may not manifest itself at once. Certain it is that a deeper interest has been awakened on the subject. Spiritualists have been driven from the tendency to become mere phenomenologists, to the resolve to more worthily bear the former name, while the general public are beginning to realise that Spiritualism means something more than eccentric dancing tables. Spiritualists need only to be true to their faith, and the most glorious harvest may be anticipated from the seeds which Mrs Hardinge has scattered broadcast over our city.

Mrs Hardinge has only made a brief stay in Glasgow, but she leaves behind her friends, in the truest sense of that term, from whose memory and love she shall never fade. She has won us by her public appearances, but also and much more so by her private intercourse. As a prophet she appears to the people proclaiming the truth of God. As a noble, true-hearted woman she has carried captive every heart in private. The most accurate commentary on the ancient prophets and their methods of instruction, is afforded by her public addresses; while in private she presents the truest picture of what a woman ought to be—cultured, refined, reverent. This last quality, viz., that of reverence, is one which cannot fail to strike all who have ever met her. She came from a land of the freest opinions, and of the freest way of expressing those opinions, to one where ancient memories and ancient beliefs cling like the embracing ivy to the old ruined castle; yet in all her intercourse with us not one word has ever crossed her lips which could offend the most sensitive soul. Respect and reverence she has for others, no wonder that she awakens the same feelings so deeply in our hearts. Her benediction, "God bless you," when parting from us, we return with a hearty amen; and her hope expressed at the social meeting is realised not by a few, but by all hearts; for all, even now, "stir with the memory of Emma Hardinge."

In a letter to a friend in Glasgow, Mrs Hardinge thinks it but but justice to the public and to herself that her true position should be clearly defined in relation to the proceedings of Monday evening. She says:—

"*It is no question of inspiration at all.* No one but a knave or a fool will maintain the *impossible* position of universal inspiration, and no answer on any such assumption should be attempted. I never refused the subject proposed by the Glasgow committee on any such childish or hypocritical grounds. I reiterate all my assertions. I CAN lecture on astronomy—*have done so* a dozen times; but I then stated I *would not* do so, so long as it was to be considered a test question, to be decided by four men in whom I could from their conduct *have no confidence*, and by *none others*, no one in that audience being likely to understand such an abstract question. I insist upon it that I have no right to be branded as *incapable* of giving that subject, I beforehand having clearly and distinctly announced to my committee that I would take no subject but such as an entire audience of promiscuous persons could fully understand; that I was not called upon to take that subject, more especially when the conduct of the four men chosen impressed me with the belief that they would not be fair judges, because

they had already understood the terms of selection, and, after accepting office on those terms, deliberately proceeded to violate the agreement. . . . The defence on the question of inspiration is wide of the mark, and does not touch the facts. It is precisely the same as if a child stood up to say a lesson in English, which language all present could understand, when one appointed by the rest to question that child would demand as a proof of its proficiency that it would rehearse its exercises in Greek; what proof would the majority have that the child's Greek was correct? why, simply the witness of the one examinant, and if he happened to be animated by the same spirit displayed by the committee of four at Glasgow, I don't think any intelligent audience would put much faith in his single report."

We make the following quotation from the *Glasgow Christian News* of 9th November:—

"Mrs Hardinge possesses all the qualities requisite to an orator. She is a tall woman, about middle age, with a fine erect figure and a pleasant matronly face. She has also a good voice, of which she never loses control from the beginning to the end of her lecture, and she is quite free from the error of violent gesticulation, into which public speakers, and especially ladies, are apt to fall. She has the happy knack of suiting the action to the word, so that in her delivery there is nothing strained or unnatural. Her diction, too, is very dignified and even poetic; and though her sentences are occasionally perplexed, she always gets out of the entanglement with a good grace. Her imagery, also, is always well chosen, and is sometimes even glowing in its grandeur; and, when accompanied by the intense earnestness which the lecturer evidently feels in her subject, produces a wonderful impression. Altogether, Mrs Hardinge is an accomplished orator—unequalled, we should say, by any of her sex, and certainly not surpassed; and on whatever subject she may choose to speak, she cannot fail to attract the interest of her auditory."

A correspondent of the *Christian News*, signing himself "Investigator," and who is, we understand, a clergyman, writes as follows with reference to the account of the Monday night's proceedings which appeared in that paper:—

"Without taking a side either for or against 'Spiritualism,' and without finding any fault with the spirit of your strictures under the heading, 'A Scene amongst the Spiritualists,' I wish to offer a remark in justice to Mrs Hardinge. You tell us a gentleman in the audience said, 'If the subject named was beyond the lady's comprehension, she could not be inspired; and if she was inspired, she should be able to bring any subject within the comprehension of intelligent human beings.' But it is surely too much to assume that any one who is in any true sense inspired is necessarily placed upon a level with Deity as respects knowledge; or that 'intelligent human beings' are able to comprehend any subject. Certainly no prophet nor apostle the world ever saw made pretensions of this character, and to require a display of such powers on the part of Mrs Hardinge on the supposition of such inspiration as she lays claim to is simply *preposterous*. The discussion of certain features of inspiration which we have in the twelfth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians takes very different ground from that occupied by the gentleman who spoke in the meeting. Paul, for an obvious reason, presses upon the attention of those to whom he wrote that different and limited powers were possessed by different individuals who were inspired by the *same spirit*. Why, then, should there not be limitations in the case of those who only lay claim to a much humbler form of inspiration? Looking at this aspect of the matter from a scriptural stand-point, we must hold that

although Mrs Hardinge was found to be utterly void of inspiration on astronomical and mathematical subjects, even when standing before an audience of philosophers in a Lyceum, that would be no proof at all that she could not speak by inspiration on psychological subjects.

"To seek for or encourage such inspiration as modern spiritualists claim to possess may be a very improper thing; but the claim itself must not be regarded as necessarily an imposture, nor should diversities and limitations stumble our faith. In the days of the Saviour's flesh, spirits that wished to inspire men for the sake of displays of ferocity and superhuman muscular strength, made, appropriately, choice of a man for a medium. In the apostles' days those who wished to support idol worship by soothsaying made choice of a damsel as a medium. Although the spirits concerned with these inspirations were bad spirits, and sought the attainment of evil ends, still, they could effect their purpose only by pressing into their service natural laws—forces that had definite relationships to humanity. The present question is, may good spirits make use of the same natural laws to secure worthy ends? While your good citizens are taking trouble to have this question settled, it is well to keep the discussion clear from the intrusion of principles that are essentially erroneous, and the adoption of which, by the popular mind, could not fail to do serious injury in relation to all cognate questions—the subject of divine inspiration not excepted."

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

209 St Ann's Well Road, Nottingham.

MR EDITOR,—The officers and leaders of our Lyceum have passed a resolution to the effect that I should write a short account of our proceedings on Sunday, October 20, 1867, for insertion in your excellent magazine (*Human Nature*).

At two o'clock the Lyceum was called to order by the conductress, who kindly informed the members that their officers and leaders were that day out of office, and that it was their duty to elect officers and leaders from amongst those who should volunteer their services as such; also, that her own duties for the past quarter were at an end. After a few minutes' consultation, it was proposed by a former leader that Mrs Hitchcock again be conductress for the next three months. The proposition was put in the usual way, and Mrs Hitchcock was returned to office as conductress. The remainder of the officers and leaders were elected in like manner, according to rules laid down in A. J. Davis's manual. The members and leaders then received their banners; and, all being prepared for marching, we commenced singing "Where now are the Friends of Freedom?" each one lightly stepping to the tune. After marching, we silver-chained a beautiful piece of poetry from the *Banner of Light*; another song was sung from the manual to close our afternoon meeting.

We have a good attendance of members, considering the opposition we have had to contend with, not only from outsiders, but from spiritualists, whose creeds will not allow them to enjoy the beautiful marches and wing movements on the Lord's Day; and, again, the very idea of allowing children to vote into office their own leaders appears to astound some friends, and is contrary to all reason with others, while those whose minds have been freed from those old slavish creeds and doctrines can see how each one is trained

to think and judge for himself or herself, in matters of such great importance to their future welfare and happiness; and if children are trained in these Lyceums of freedom, progression is sure, for they are not bound to either creeds or *isms*, but, when a subject is brought before the Lyceum for the members to speak upon, each one hears the opinion of all who think well to speak. By this means we arrive at new ideas and thoughts, but are bound to none. It is by far a better way of developing the mind than the old style of reading book after book: it is bringing new thoughts out of the mind, instead of forcing old ideas upon it; and you will see also that, by our marches and various movements, it is not only the mind that is being developed, but the body, which we think is quite as essential, for where both are not properly developed harmony cannot exist. T. S. STRETTON.

LIVERPOOL.—This is one of the first towns in which Messrs Fowler & Wells lectured on their arrival from America nearly eight years ago. Mr Fowler is now on his fourth visit, and his lectures are received with increased acceptance. His future course may be seen in the circle of lecturers on our wrapper.

ANTI-COMPULSORY VACCINATION LEAGUE.—Several lectures have been recently delivered by the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, R. B. Gibbs, Esq. The friends of this important movement should lose no time in inviting Mr Gibbs to their town and get up good meetings for him. His address is, R. B. Gibbs, 1 South Place, Finsbury, London, E.C.

GLASGOW ATHENÆUM.—We are very much pleased to observe that "A class for students, clerks, and earnest young men generally" has been formed in connection with this institution for the study of "Logic and Mental Science," under the tuition of Mr P. Melville, M.A. The lectures are divided into four sections: "Psychology and Metaphysics," "Logic—Pure and Applied," "Ethics and Economics," "The History of Philosophy." We understand the classes studying some of the departments have become very large.

BRADFORD PHRENOLOGICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The annual soiree took place on Tuesday evening, November 19. A full bill of fare was presented, consisting of addresses, songs, &c. Mr Hagarty, Rev. G. Wooler, and other gentlemen addressed the meeting. This society seems to be in a prosperous state. Since the soiree Mr Hagarty has been lecturing in the Mechanics' Hall, Bradford. During the early part of the month he lectured in Halifax and Huddersfield to large and enthusiastic audiences.

LONDON.—Mrs Hardinge's Sunday Evening Lectures in the Polygraphic Hall, King William Street, Strand, have been interfered with by that meek, humble, and loving class, Sabbatarians, because of the charge at the door for admission. The Committee have easily mastered the difficulty by registering themselves as a religious society, under the name of "The Spiritual Church." Does altering the name of a thing alter its nature? or, are the moral convictions of society based entirely on conventional appearances? Let our friends, the Sabbatarians and the other tools of dogmatism and spiritual tyranny generally, ask themselves these questions, and apply the moral to their special cases.

DERBY PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The fourth annual soiree of this society was lately held in the Mechanics' Institution. A select party of 70 partook of tea, after which Mr Alderman Madeley, president, took the chair, and delivered a speech of great interest, tracing the science since the days of Gall, and giving illustrations of its principles and usefulness. Mr Adair, vice-president, gave an original reading. Mr Bacon, secretary, in stating the position of the society, said they had always been free from debt, and

were never in a better position than at present. They had gone steadily forward, and the last year had been their most successful one. The Rev. Mr Presland spoke of the value of phrenology to teachers. Mr Councillor Roe spoke of its use in business. Mr Hilliard concluded the meeting with his interesting and amusing experiments in mesmerism. The speeches were agreeably interspersed with songs, readings, and recitations.

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.—The Spiritual Conference announced in last number took place on Sunday, November 10. About thirty friends were present; some of them came from long distances. It was a beautiful day, and a large party took a fraternal walk to a commanding eminence, where a good view of the beautiful surrounding country could be seen. After dinner, Mr Raine, of Richmond, was called to the chair. J. Burns, of London, gave an address so as to introduce the principles of Spiritualism to strangers present. Mr Watson, of Darlington, was entranced by the spirit of a deceased member of the circle. Mr Watson, under spirit influence, endeavoured to psychologise Mr Raine, in which he partly succeeded, illustrating in a very instructive way the phenomena attending the development of mediums. In the evening Mr Richmond gave an interesting address, after which Mrs Hodge became entranced, and several spirits held easy conversation through her with the assembly. All were grateful for the opportunity of meeting together.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, COUNTY DURHAM.—This important business town, on the confines of the mining district, has lately been visited by J. Burns, of London. He gave ten lectures in two weeks, spoke once in the open-air, attended private meetings, and taught a gymnastic class. A great number of individuals consulted with him privately. His services have made a most profound impression on all sections of the community, and some good institutions are expected to spring up from the seed sown. These lectures have not been on any one special subject or hobby. The lecturer does not believe in sectional views of man's duty, but offers plain and logical teaching on "the science of human nature" in such a way that the most prejudiced audience may derive much instruction on physiology, temperance, health, phrenology, spiritualism, harmonial philosophy, &c. without being disgusted or put on their guard by the fanatical advocacy of one-sided and special points. Many of his friends here think that this lecturer is too little known in some parts of the country, or more special action would be taken by progressive minds to co-operate in bringing the public within the sound of his voice. We have not many progressive lecturers in this country, and the friends of progress should see that such valuable public servants expend their energies to the best advantage.

A new work, by the Rev. John Page Hopps, editor of the *Truthseeker*, and President of the Manchester Association of Spiritualists, is announced to be ready with the Christmas books. The title is, "The Parables of Jesus: being twenty Sunday morning meditations thereon." The price will be 3s; but, for the benefit of intending purchasers, we may state that subscribers remitting 2s 6d to the *Truthseeker* Office, Dukinfield, Manchester, will receive the work post free.

A NEW WORK BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.—The Hon. Warren Chase, in a recent communication, says that Mr Davis's recent seclusion from public life has not been on account of idleness, as White & Co. have a new work by him in the press of very great interest. This will be good news to the many inquirers after the truth of the Harmonial Philosophy.