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THE SPIRITUAL PRESENCES AND PROPHETIC CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ELIJAH.

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.

[Mrs. Jackson has placed at our disposal a series of papers with the above general title. The present one is a fragment, part of it having evidently appeared in another publication. We place it first, as the other personages described follow it in chronological order. It may be considered as a continuation of Mr. Jackson's "Ecstasies of Genius," a little work which we cordially recommend to our readers.]

It is no wonder that in the life of such a being as Elijah, nearly all the phenomena of the higher forms of ecstasy should have been successfully exhibited. Thus, in 1st Kings xiii. 46, we are told "the hand of the Lord was on Elijah, and he girded up his loins and ran before Ahab, to the entrance of Jezreel." Here we have the peculiar physical vigour of ecstasy displayed in the swiftness and endurance of the race, as in Samson it had been shown in feats of strength. In either case we see more than ordinary muscular power manifested, as the result of high nervous tension. That this successful effort to precede the chariot of the king was of no ordinary kind, is indicated in the announcement that "the hand of the Lord was on Elijah." This would be quite sufficient for ancient readers, who would thereby readily understand the peculiar kind of excitement under which the energetic Tishbite accomplished his hasty journey to Jezreel. I need scarcely say that it also affords us a glimpse of antique manners, from whence we may judge of their simplicity. For it does not seem that such an act was thought at all derogatory to the chief of the prophets, whose dignity, that even a great Minister of State like Obadiah so readily recognised, does not seem to have been at all compromised by a feat to which no clergyman of Christendom would think of condescending.

Closely following on the foregoing, the sacred narrative supplies us with another instance of ecstatic mission, although apparently of the somnolent order, in the visit of the angel, while the prophet slept under a juniper tree (1 Kings xix. 5-8). The question here will very naturally arise, was the food supplied to the prophet by his angelic provider common bread and water, or was it nutriment of a peculiar quality? I incline to the opinion that it was not material nourishment at all which Elijah received on this occasion. The narrative simply supplies us with his subjective experience, and so affords us a glimpse of the form under which ecstasy sometimes supervened in the case of this extraordinarily gifted and peculiarly favoured man. The angel and the food alike appertained to his interior and not his exterior life. It was a visitation under which his spiritual nature was so effectually aroused into exalted action that the inferior corporeal functions of nutrition, absorption, etc., were suspended, and the higher nervous and muscular powers evoked into unusual vigour of manifestation. In this case, also, the spirit of the Lord was upon him, the increased bodily power being shown, however, rather by endurance than either by swiftness or strength. Somewhat analogous phenomena, though inferior in degree, have been exhibited by ecstasies in all ages, who, when under the inspiration of a great purpose, have often fasted and journeyed without apparent exhaustion or fatigue at all proportioned to the lengthened period of their abstinence, or the immense expenditure of motive power which must have resulted from their prolonged locomotion. The pilgrimage to Horeb, in short, was but a repetition on an enlarged scale of the race to Jezreel. It was the stern march of a mighty prophet, too much absorbed in his God-commissioned errand, too intensely occupied in high soul-communion with a superior sphere of being, to feel the cravings of his corporeal frame, whose carnal necessities were thus, amidst the imperative demands and urgent requirements of this graver duty, postponed to a more convenient season.

The tempest, the earthquake, and the fire—how sublimely poetical, yet how grandly terrible—was the life environment of most of Israel's greater prophets. Truly it is no wonder they were stern in act and severe in reproof. Men who had conversed with God, might well stand unblenched in the presence of princes. The courage that failed not amidst the solitude and the terrors of Horeb, was not likely to quail at the frowns or succumb beneath the threats of the greatest of crowned mortals. Even as imagery, that scene on the lone and lofty mountain transcends, in its combination of moral and physical grandeur, anything in the entire range of profane literature; the elemental forces, in overwhelming power, sweeping round that gaunt,

bare summit, blasted by the storms of uncounted winters, and rugged as with the convulsions of successive geological sequence, not, as might be expected, with some dire form of evil, some personified chaos, but "a still small voice" in their train. The whisper is here greater than the thunder. Nature had spoken to the senses of the prophet, but this is a voice uttering its gentle commands to his soul. He had not been brought to the mountain of God in vain. The fasting but not fainting seer descends with sentence of extinction to dynasties on his lips, and with authority to enthrone the crownless in his hands (1 Kings xix. 15-18).

Discipleship is never absent, when a true mastership is present. The called ever come, when their evocation has been uttered by lips duly potential. The vocation of true leadership seems to involve in it this mystic gift of calling the chosen and they obey. There is ever a moral magnetism in the greater by which the lesser are drawn unto them. When Elijahs call, the Elishas, as of necessity, come; not, however, of compulsion, for it is their will which is taken captive, as by the royal prerogative of these truly sceptred minds. The mantle seems from time immemorial in the East to have been symbolical of the teacher, and the act of Elijah in casting his on the shoulders of Elisha was therefore profoundly significant. Nor does its meaning appear to have been misapprehended by the son of Shaphat. He obviously understood it to signify his adoption as a disciple, and, we may add, probable successor, by the more venerable man of God (1 Kings xix. 19-21). The simple narrative in this paragraph affords us another highly interesting glimpse of antique life and ancient manners. This was doubtless the mode in which many a veteran seer, worn with ill-requited toil, and grey with thoughts as well as years, selected and, in a sense, appointed a successor. Even to this day among the Soffees and other philosophical and mystic sects in Syria and Persia, the patched and many-coloured mantle of the master of the school, which has generally descended through many generations, as the revered symbol of moral and intellectual supremacy, is at his demise placed with considerable ceremony on the shoulders of his most worthy disciple, who is from that hour obeyed as a leader, and consulted as the great expositor of truth. In the case of Elijah, and all true ecstasies, this selection of a successor was doubtless accomplished under a clairvoyant intuition of his fitness and capability. And in the instance before us the master was assuredly not deceived, for although far short of the sublime altitude of his mighty predecessor, Elisha was nevertheless a zealous and faithful witness for the truth, and during the remainder of a long and active life failed not on all convenient

occasions to fearlessly uphold the cause of the God of Jacob against the corruptions and profligacy of the surrounding heathenism.

Immediately following on the foregoing is an episode in which two other men of God are introduced to our notice (1 Kings xx.), the one twice promising Ahab a victory over the apparently almost irresistible forces of the Syrian monarch, and the other forcibly reproving him for suffering Benhadad to escape from his hands. The prophet as such was still obviously a personage of considerable importance, whose words could occasionally incite armies to battle, and whose forewarnings could cast a shadow even upon the minds of princes. And if such were the power of these extraordinary men as a class, it is no wonder that Ahab, oppressed by the consciousness of his cruel injustice to, if not complicity in the murder of Naboth, at length succumbed beneath the terrible denunciations of Elijah (1 Kings xxi. 17-29). Yet in the very next chapter, we have in the case of Micaiah an instance of the ill-treatment to which a faithful seer was not unfrequently exposed, when he dared, in obedience to his internal monitions to prophesy evil in reference to an impending enterprise that chanced to be favoured by the reigning tyrant. It would seem from the question of Jehoshaphat, viz., that the four hundred prophets whom Ahab had assembled must have been heathen seers, and that, as in the case of Elijah, one prophet of the Lord was called upon to face this host of opposing vaticinators. Such conflicts, though on a smaller scale, were probably not uncommon in that day, when both the people and the court seem to have been divided in their allegiance between Baal and Jehovah, and in this miserable halting between two opinions, to have alternately or simultaneously consulted the prophets of either divinity, giving the preference generally to those who predicted something agreeably to their wishes, and being thus not unfrequently led, as by a blind and culpable wilfulness, to their own destruction. Such, on the present occasion, was the fate of Ahab.

We are now approaching the earthly termination of that extraordinary being who has occupied so large a share of our attention. We have purposely devoted more space to the incidents of Elijah's career, inasmuch as that we consider him the model prophet—the great exemplar of his order, the one man, whose life, if not his death, might best illustrate Hebrew seerdom, its mission as a great power, and the destiny which usually attached to its agents. In 2 Kings i., the dauntless reprover of erring princes is again introduced to our notice, not, however, in any new, but strictly in his old character, which he seems to have consistently maintained throughout, as the zealous champion of God's truth against all heathen pretences. Ahaziah's accident

and consequent sickness seem to have evoked another manifestation of that foolish reliance on heathen oracles in preference to Judaic prophecy, which has already been the subject of remark. The fact that Elijah was informed of this intended inquiry on the part of the king, and that he was enabled to forestall it by a prediction of his own to the royal messengers, seem to indicate this possession of habitual clairvoyance. It would seem that nothing of importance in which his presence might be required could take place without his receiving interior information and direction in reference to it. From the general tenor of our observations in this and previous papers it will, of course, be understood that we consider the angel mentioned in v. 3 as the form under which the prophet's ecstatic intuitions were presented to his inner consciousness.

The slaying of the two fifties (2 Kings i. 3-12), like the slaughter at Kishon, exhibits to us the sterner and, in a sense, the high judicial aspect of the prophetic character. Our pulpits and even our platforms preach peace, but the voice of the Jewish heralds of the Most High were often heard proclaiming their Master to be the Lord of Hosts and the God of Armies. To them he moved in the whirlwind and spoke in the thunder, and they, as his divinely appointed agents, not only denounced but occasionally executed judgment against his open and avowed enemies. In the case before us it was perhaps necessary to vindicate the supremacy of the God of Abraham by bringing sudden destruction on the satellites of the tyrant. Probably but for this the moribund prince might have added to the criminality of his former life by the murder of the chief of the prophets, over whom the adherents of Baal would thus, to the popular mind, have apparently obtained a final triumph. The submission of the third captain, and the safety with which Elijah could re-announce the king's approaching death, even in the royal presence, shows the awe with which this tremendous display of his power had inspired even the proudest and bitterest of his foes. Of the possible command of the elements, to which it would seem that man, in a certain stage of mental, or more strictly speaking, moral exaltation may attain, we have already spoken. The consumption of the two bands by fire from heaven we consider then, to have been simply another, though assuredly a grand and terrible instance in point.

"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." (2 Kings ii. 12.) Of the manner of Enoch's translation nothing has been revealed to us, and in the paucity of such awe-inspiring facts we can therefore in the way of illustration, only compare the manner of Elijah's departure with the calmly majestic ascension from Bethany. Of the fitness of the

latter, as a final scene to that unique and wondrous career on earth, of which it was the sublime conclusion, none can doubt. The dawning glory as of humanity's resurrection morn then beamed forth from the mild radiance which engirded that immortal form, bound heavenwards on its journey of everlasting love. While in the horses and chariot of fire, which awaited as celestial servitors on the earthly termination of the God-commissioned Tishbite, we may equally perceive a grandly analogical adaptation to that life of fearless daring, consuming zeal, and commanding energy by which this exalted seer was distinguished from even the most ardently devoted and most marvellously gifted of his prophetic brethren. He who, by his prayerful intercession, had called down fire from heaven on the sacrifice, and whose burning indignation had evoked the lightning as an instrument of his righteous vengeance on the satellites of tyranny, whose whole existence had been a moral offering of himself on the altar of his God and in the cause of his country, and who, trampling under foot all the requirements of his lower nature, had gone on conquering and to conquer in the ascending path of spiritual purification, could scarcely be expected to pass away from the scene of his gigantic but unselfish labours, from the theatre of his dread and utterly unexampled triumphs, like an ordinary mortal. He had been alone in his life, and was unapproachable in his death; in each transcending the noblest altitude to which humanity in its most exalted anticipation dares even to aspire. In him faith had its perfect work, virtue its appropriate reward, and holiness its due honour. In him the life of the spirit had so completely predominated over that of the flesh that he could be *translated*, and thus pass, without the baptism of death, into the portals of Eternity. The once mortal had so far put on immortality that the transition from things terrestrial to things celestial needed no crisis, he having, while still an inhabitant of earth, risen to a level with the vast demands of a heavenly existence. For him the dread abyss of death was bridged as with angels' pinions. To him the Valley of the Shadow was a pathway of light, over which he was borne in triumphant ease as an invincible conqueror, entering his Father's house, not as a humble suppliant, but as an especially honoured and peculiarly privileged guest, a son returning from the wars of time to the paternal mansion, with the halo of countless and unexampled victories on his brow.

Doubtless to many, the glorious departure of Elijah appears as the culmination of miraculous potentiality, while to us, on the contrary, we must confess, it looms out from amidst the littleness and insignificance of ordinary experience as a great and consoling fact in the history of man, as a grand and elevating

revelation of the supernal majesty of that interior being which humanity inherits from the Supreme, and whereby the child of clay, amidst the rags of mortality, is still an august presence, in whose lineaments the diviner features of the Elohim are reflected, not dimly, but as in the shadeless brightness of a living and eternal mirror. Yes, let us say it not scoffingly but devoutly, not irreverently but worshipfully, that with such glory as Elijah departed might we all likewise pass away, if only as zealous and pure, as devoted and holy, as this great, good, truthful, and earnest man of God.

THE DIVINE REVELATION.

IN the new science known to us as Sociology, there is an axiom to the effect that a future condition of society may be always inferred from that at present existing, as the latter is, in its turn, the natural effect of that which preceded it; every stage, in either progress or retrogression, being, at the same time, a cause and a result. This law, relating, as it does, exclusively to mundane phenomena, may be, and, in fact, has been, verified by observation of facts recorded in history, and may therefore, by a reasonable analogy, be applied to the transition from this life to another, as it has hitherto been to the transition from one social condition to another.

That the analogy has been so utilised as a basis for argument, cannot but be well known to all whose reading has been sufficiently extensive. Analysing, in the first instance, the composite nature—the two-fold constitution—of man, theorists and framers of theological systems have, from time to time, argued from the nature of that constitution to the eventual destination of the human being, and the purposes for which he has been originally created. In other words, the question to be answered is—What should we reasonably expect to be the future and eternally permanent condition of a being constituted as we find man to be? and the inquiry is facilitated by the knowledge of the fact that natural and instinctive—that is, uniform and universal—tendencies presuppose and point to certain ends, which they have been designed to subserve.

This previous adaptation of means to an end we can ascertain from the uniform operation and results of the instincts of lower animals, which we cannot suppose capable of any rational foresight, or calculation of and provision for consequences.

Taking into account, then, our own faculties, or tendencies, or intuitions—for all these terms signify the same thing—we are led on to examine the nature of the end which they indicate,

and to which they are necessarily suited. In such an inquiry, however, it is quite possible—as we know from existing instances—to invert the obvious and natural process of inference, and argue, to a foregone conclusion, from premises constituted specially to supply it. There is, for example, scarcely any form of superstition that has at any time influenced the minds of large sections of mankind, in support of which it has not, in this way, been proved that it is, of all others, the most suited to the circumstances and requirements of human nature, and that it must, therefore, have been the subject of the only true divine revelation which it is sinful to reject. Those several superstitions, however, having grown out of and been suggested by the respective physical conditions and social relations of communities more or less isolated, or at least differing from others in some remarkable peculiarity, are found, accordingly, to be merely local and temporary in their adaptation, and therein to betray the purely physical and national character of their origin, wanting the universality and uniformity which we would naturally expect to require in any system dictated for our guidance by an omniscient Creator; differing not more in the system of belief and discipline than in the nature of the end to which these are supposed to conduce; and coinciding only in the belief of a future and retributive existence of some sort, which must be assumed from that coincidence to be the only truth involved in and common to them all. The diversity in question will be best illustrated, perhaps, by a review and comparison of the different conceptions of a paradise entertained by the votaries of the social superstitions, according to their respective circumstances and predilections.

We shall, of course, be merely repeating what is already sufficiently familiar to our readers if we place, side by side for comparison, the eternal hareem which the dying Mussulman in his ecstasy sees unveiling its fascinations to his fading sight; the immortality of alternate revelry, tournament, bloodshed, and ale, in the Walhala to which the Norseman used to look forward as his funereal galley burned to the water's edge; the æsthetic delights of the music and poetry of the Greek Elysium; the eternity of quiescence which the Hindu hopes to enjoy upon the lotus-leaves with Brahma; the infinity of hunting-ground through which the Sagamore expects to roam interminably for all the ages of his spiritual life, in chase of game as immortal as himself; and lastly, the immortality of psalm-singing in white surplices, and other ceremonies of abject adulation, which the Christian puritan mistakes for heaven.

Now, from the fact that all those diversities in the idea of the manner of a future existence represent so many different reve-

lations from the Deity, it becomes evident that no one of them can be really supported by any such authority. Their differences prove the false and imaginary character of all; because any one, if it were real and authentic, would necessarily be so plain, distinguished by so much certainty, and of so universal adaptation, that it could not fail to be everywhere and unanimously accepted.

It is evident then, in the first place, that a revelation, properly so called, could never have been given in this way, and that it must be identified not by any one or more specialities, but by some coincidence sufficiently uniform to place it out of the range of question: and, secondly, that no such belief as that involved in any of those theories could possibly have been dictated by any direct communication from the Creator, for the simple and sufficient reason that the capabilities of physical enjoyment are transient, and suited only to a state of brief transition through a material existence; while, on the other hand, the faculties of intellectual activity and moral sentiment are not only, so far as we can at present infer from the analogy of approximation, eternal, but of a nature to be enhanced by duration.

Those various superstitions and inventions of priestcraft being inadmissible, the probability, amounting to a moral certainty, that, to beings constituted as we are, some intimation of our eventual destiny would be communicated, the questions naturally arise—Is there or has there been a divine revelation?—Of what does it consist?—How is it communicated? It is in finding answers to those questions that we must apply the *a priori* argument to which we alluded above. In the first place, examining the phenomena of our own consciousness—our intellectual curiosity, our natural desire of pre-eminence, our faculty of interpreting circumstantial evidence, our tendency to speculate upon the mysterious and supernatural, our susceptibility of pleasure and pain, and our power of reasoning upon causes and consequences of all these—we can certainly not resist the conclusion that we exist for some special purpose, to which we are adapted, and are therefore supplied with certain data for determining what that purpose is: secondly, in order to determine what it is, it becomes necessary, first, to decide what it is not—in fact, to argue, as the logicians say, disjunctively.

Here—as indeed all through this or any other inquiry on the same subject—we have to argue out probabilities; because the most that we can ever attain is but a more or less distant approximation to certainty. It seems then, to the last degree, improbable that the most authentic information we can gain respecting the intentions of a superior being, should consist of ordinances relating to unmeaning ceremonies, of the same class with the inscriptions on the Eugubine Tablets and Cleopatra's

Needle, alternating with a few ethical precepts and a mystic doctrine to the effect that we are all naturally inclined to evil, and doomed to eternal punishment for a congenital defect which, if not imaginary, is rather our misfortune than our fault, and can be compensated only by a vicarious atonement, for which the Deity is said to have visited this little planet in human form, and to have undergone in his own person an ignominious and agonising death, in order to satisfy his own vengeance upon his own creatures whom, when he might and could have done otherwise, he made fallible and imperfect; and that, through this compensation, we may, under certain conditions, be admitted to an eternity of some such exaggerated servility as the courtiers of Jeddo may be supposed to yield to the Taicoon. Almost equally improbable it is that, according to another revelation, inculcating similar but rather less absurd observances, the faithful believers inherit a paradise of sensual indulgences as a reward of obedience, and especially of that enthusiastic devotion which is attested by falling in battle for the faith. But it must of course be at once evident that any doctrine or system holding out any sort of merely sensual or physical enjoyment, must be a matter of human invention, designed for the maintenance of sacerdotal or political despotism; and could not, consistently with any rational estimate of a Deity, have a divine origin. It must also be extremely difficult to believe that any divine revelation, intended for the instruction of all mankind, has ever been intrusted exclusively to any one favoured individual or family; because it must inevitably, in that case, be affected by the uncertainty which attaches itself to every tradition and to every statement respecting which faith is incompatible with experience, and must consequently fail in its object. There remains, therefore, but one alternative; that such a revelation cannot be otherwise than directly and personally communicated to every individual, in those spiritual instincts which are as yet sufficiently developed only to prove the existence and meaning of certain tendencies from which we learn uniformly and infallibly three articles of natural religion—the existence of a Deity; a future and retributive state of existence; and the eternal and intrinsic distinction of right and wrong.

In these intuitions we find all the necessary elements of certainty, which are uniformity, universality, and necessity—by which last term is meant the impossibility of existing without them. They are such as every individual can recognise and test in and for himself, and needs not to accept as a matter of faith from others. They are independent of and transcendental to proof. For or against them there can be no logical demonstration. They stand on this high ground; because we are more

certain of them than we should be if we could logically prove them—such proof being in most cases a matter of memory—and we are to this degree certain of them, because they are a portion of our spiritual nature—laws of our intellect—which we believe, because, constituted as we are, we cannot possibly do otherwise.

H. OWGAN.

THE INNERMOST OF HUMAN NATURE.

BY A SHAKER.

PERSONS generally—the religious as well as the irreligious—are as naturally attracted to, and influenced by, principles of pride, cupidity, retaliation, and sensuality, (which prompt them, more or less, to all kinds of sensuous gratifications,) as is the needle held to the magnet, although they know that all that can be obtained, in the carrying out of those principles, is necessarily *unsatisfying*, and yields little else than disquietude, perplexity, mental and physical suffering, condemnation, and fear of future consequences.

These principles, however, do not form any part of *real* human nature, but are *adulterating evils* unnaturally attached thereto, and which must be separated therefrom, before that condition which qualifies individuals for the society and bliss of glorified spirits and angels can be reached by such persons as are in those evils. For *true human nature* (in itself) is as good as God could possibly make it.* Yet, nevertheless, good as it is, it does not contain *God*. But

* Especially may this be asserted now that J. W. Jackson has (in the December No. of *Human Nature*) beautifully set forth the embryo condition of man, in his present form, and as being only a promise of its “day of splendour and power—the roseate hue of a glorious dawn.” I cannot controvert his positions, and would not if I could, for I like them; they are grand and beautiful—especially *if true*.

Yet it does not appear to me quite *necessary* that this shell, or *body* of ours should undergo changes so immense to render it the shrine of a spirit that may (if it will) become angelically pure and good, and fitted for a heavenly society and abode among the angels of the *upper spheres* of the celestials, by “laying down” the *generative life* of nature, and renouncing all earthly and animal mindedness that grow thereout, or arise therefrom, and living as did Jesus Christ, so as to be able to say *in truth*, as he did, “*I am not of this world.*” I am disposed to believe, rather, that the brilliant ideas advanced by J. W. J. upon this subject will have to be transferred to the substantial and *purified* spiritual body—the *soul* in a disembodied and glorified state: yet probably some may attain to it in even this life. *Why not? Jesus did.*

Or it may and probably will be, that, in the progress of Spiritualism and honest Spiritualists, the *souls* of many will be able at pleasure to vacate the *earthly* bodies, and “fly,” or “waft” themselves to other localities,—(not however for the purpose of travelling from “New Zealand” or any other place, “to London” or any where else, to show what *can* be done, but)—to impart glad tidings, or warnings of (or to save from) danger, or to minister healing power, or to call mortals to repentance, and for other good and beneficent purposes.

I think the few developments of this sort that have taken place may safely be received as so many *earnests* of this good thing (now held in reserve), which shall act upon men and women as a new motor by which to draw them from the paths of worldliness, folly, and wickedness, into a *truly* spiritual life in Wisdom’s heavenly ways of holiness and purity of flesh and spirit. If so, that may with much propriety be called “*The good time coming!*”

it has a department, or *faculty*, within it, which, when maturely developed, will be capable of receiving all those Godlike properties and qualities that constitute *God*.

It is the expanding or developing process of this now *empty* department, or *dormant faculty*, of human nature that causes the trouble that is felt in the present disordered and diseased *state* of the mental and physical parts of the people of the world, which has become as a thick stratum of hard-pan and clay, beneath which this beautiful and essential property of the soul lies deeply confined.

By the expansion, or *growth*, of this faculty of human nature, the *mind* is set in motion, and caused to desire and seek something more rational and satisfying. It thirsts for more of *that truth* which pertains to the soul and eternity. It is constantly quarrelling (as it were) or expressing its dissatisfaction with earthly, animal, and sinful things. It causes a change in the physical and intellectual habits of the more animal parts of the man. It sees all things wrong, but knows not how to better them. And, by and by, such will be the effect of the expansion of this *innermost* of man's nature, that a spiritual earthquake will be felt in the soul, produced by the forced entrance of the substantial light and power of *higher truth*,—*the true Gospel of Christ*,—which is all the time trying to crowd itself through the dark, rubbishy, and destructive principles and elements of this world into its own proper habitation—the *innermost of human nature*.

Then shall this *higher truth* meet with a cordial and thrice-welcome reception by the man or woman to whom it shall be ministered, and by him or her be allowed to operate according to its nature, and the intention of its Author; and then the soul will speedily and clearly see its way to the attainment of health, order, contentment, peace, justification before God and man, and *rest* from the disquieting and afflicting perturbations, deceptions, and disappointments of a sin-benighted and soul-damaging "world;" in fact, it will then plainly see the *way of salvation* from all condemnation, error, and sin; and will be glad to find and secure a portion with those who experimentally know the import and meaning of the words, "Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before God day and night."

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ATOMS, FORCES, AND SPIRIT.

(To the Editor of *Human Nature*.)

SIR,—In his valuable lecture on "Attraction, Gravitation, and Planetary Motion," reproduced in the current number of *Human Nature*, Mr. Grant remarks, very truly, that the views therein pre-

sented "will be found to clash violently" with some of our commonly-received opinions. But those views, even though they may "clash" with their opinions, cannot be regarded as novel by the readers of your periodical; the main purport of the two series of papers from my pen, to which you have recently given the hospitality of your pages, being, 1st, to demonstrate the co-existence of the three universal modes of Substantiality, viz., SPIRIT, FORCE, and MATTER, as the three distinct, yet externally-united, elements of what we call *The Universe*; and, 2ndly, to show the part respectively played, by each of those elements, in the production of the infinitely-varied phenomena which make up the totality of LIFE.

In the fourth and fifth numbers of the first of the series referred to, occur the following passages, which I beg to be allowed to recall to the memory of your readers, in order to prove the close accordance of the views which have been, as yet, so little understood, with the progress of scientific discovery which I so confidently await as destined to confirm and complete them:—

"The labours of the numerous investigators who have devoted their lives to the dissection and analysis of material bodies have ascertained that all those bodies consist of atoms possessing the attributes of extension, inertia, ponderability, and impenetrability by one another, separated from one another by interstitial spaces, and combined in varying modes for the production of the various material substances of the planet, the nature and qualities of each of which are the direct result of the particular mode of juxtaposition assumed, for the formation of each substance, by the atoms of which it is composed; and Materialistic Naturalists have accordingly concluded, from this double fact of the atomic constitution of all bodies, and of the absolute dependence of the qualities of these on the mode in which their constituent atoms are combined in each, that the Universe consists only of Atoms as the constituents of Matter, and of Movement regarded as an attribute of those Atoms; the Atoms themselves, through their various spontaneous modes of agglomerating themselves, producing the phenomena of Heat, Light, Electricity, Vitality, Thought, Will, &c. By the Materialistic School, therefore, the idea of the co-existence, with Matter, of a Spiritual Principle, or Element, is discarded. Matter, assumed to be self-existent, is considered, in regard to the phenomena of existence, as being at once both Cause and Effect; and the Universe is thus reduced to the condition of a Body without a Soul.

"Happily for the progress of human thought, freedom of speculation and of experimentation contains within itself the efficient corrective of the errors into which it may seem, for a time, to lead its votaries; and accordingly, by carrying the analysis of material phenomena still farther than has been done by the Materialists, the experimentalists of the Thermodynamic School, with their most laborious investigator, Hirn, at their head, have completely refuted all the various Materialistic theories, by proving, with the aid of the most rigorous mathematical demonstration (G. A. HIRN—'Con-

sequences philosophiques et métaphysiques de la Thermodynamique,' p. 96), that the inter-atomic spaces in all bodies are the theatre of the action of Forces which are neither vibrations nor any other mode of Matter, nor yet mere abstract principles, but are real entities, though of a nature different from that of Matter, are as really a factor in the production of material phenomena as are the atoms themselves, and are not only distinct from, and independent of, those atoms, but rule the latter with a sway so absolute as to reduce them to the condition of mere executors of their behests. They have demonstrated that the action of those Forces—incessant, instantaneous, ubiquitous, transcending the limitations of Time and Space, and constituting, so to say, the normal and permanent magnetic network which holds planets to their suns, and suns to one another, throughout the immensity of the Universe—determines also the varying proportions of atoms and of interstices which constitute the various modes of atomic juxtaposition to which the various densities and qualities of material bodies are due; that not only the various qualities of those bodies, but the fact of combination, into bodies, of the separate and always repellant material atoms (which would otherwise remain eternally in a state of diffusion), is simply and solely the result of the varying interactions of those Forces upon the material atoms; and consequently that those Forces, and not the inert material atoms—incapable of movement and therefore incapable of combination or of union—are the real producers of the totality of material phenomena.

. . . The Universe of Derived Existence is therefore resolvable into Force and Movement, acting through, and occurring in, an unknown substratum of what we call Substantiality, as the vehicle of Force, and the subject of Movement. . . . When the noble army of scientific explorers (true Pioneers of human progress, though, as yet, in many cases, too much absorbed by the wonders they discover in their special fields of research to be able to look beyond the plane of Result in which they are labouring), shall have advanced one step farther; and—perceiving that, as the inert material atom is but the obedient slave of the formative action of the Cosmic Forces, so, those Forces, incapable of devising the plan of the Universe they are working out, are but the unconscious instruments of the Supreme Intelligence in the ultimatum of its Creative Purpose—shall 'discern the traces of a Divine Presence in the interstices of every body,' the recognition by them of Spirit, as the higher, directing principle, or element, of which material forms are only the continent, and the Cosmic Forces only the agents of manifestation, will follow as an inevitable consequence; and Science, having thus reached the true stand-point for the comprehension of the complex phenomena of existence, will cease to be a mere digger and delver in the outer courts of the Temple of the Universe, and will assume its true character as the High Priest of the Religion of the Future.'—*Human Nature* for February, 1870, pp. 59, 60, 61; March, 1870, p. 102.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

ANNA BLACKWELL.

Paris, July 12, 1872.

MR. GRANT'S ESSAY ON PLANETARY MOTION.

A READER of *Human Nature* kindly addressed to us a letter alluding to Mr. Grant's essay, with the desire that we should forward it to that gentleman. Mr. Grant has written the following letter in reply. We hope Mr. Close, or some other reader, will enter into the controversy more fully, so that the truth may be elicited:—

(*To the Editor of Human Nature.*)

Shirley House, Maidstone,
14th August, 1872.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for enclosing the Rev. Maxwell Henry Close's letter, but, like most that I have received, it is totally devoid of argument, dealing only in dogmatic assertions without offering any evidence. The mistakes and inconsistencies which he supposes my paper to contain are only imaginary, arising, on his part, from an imperfect understanding of the points. It is clear he is strongly imbued with the ideas he has inherited, and accepted apparently without question, and therefore can only see from one point of view.

He overlooks my statement, on page 307, that I do not dispute "Newton's facts," as established in his "Principia." I merely combat the theories and hypotheses advanced to account for those facts. This gentleman imagines I neither understand Newton's explanation of the tides, nor his theory of attraction, but he makes no attempt to set me right; and he goes on to flatly contradict "Phillips's System of Gravitation," my explanation of the cause of the roundness of shot, and other statements, without even a word of argument to the contrary; much in the same way as clerical reasoners are wont to deal with adverse opinions upon questionable Church dogmas. He even supposes me to be ignorant of the fact of the inclination of the earth's axis, although I clearly imply it in calling the equator the *mean* orbit line, p. 309. Sir Richard Phillips and his followers do profess to have proved his systems of gravitation and planetary motion by experiment.

The rev. gentleman had good reason to think that it would be useless to read his letter to me. But if he will qualify himself by impartially studying the matter, and then write a good, calm, concise, and *argumentative* article, void of dogmatism, he will no doubt receive the thanks of the readers of *Human Nature*, and especially of—Yours faithfully,

THOMAS GRANT.

SPIRIT TESTIMONY ON RE-INCARNATION.

(*To the Editor of Human Nature.*)

SIR,—As you have published a letter from M. Bonnemère to M. Gledstones in reply to my article on Re-incarnation, I hope to be allowed, with that friend's assistance, to say a few words which I think of great importance.

I have a double reason for claiming your kind indulgence: first, because it will give me the opportunity of protesting most emphatically against the accusation which M. Bonnemère, from not knowing me, makes of my appearing to him wanting in toleration, and he advises me “not to criticise too bitterly men of good faith, who are seeking truth by another way than mine, and not to condemn too severely those whose belief differs from mine.” This passage, dear sir, grieves me greatly, for it shows me that I must have expressed myself very badly to have been so ill understood. My profound and steadfast belief is that the whole law is in love, that progress can only come through love, that future happiness is only to be found in the expansive power of a greater love. This is the reason why I attack opinions which I think wrong with the energy born of conviction, but I open my arms to all those who profess them; and while I respect their opinions, if I endeavour to modify them, it is only in the name of reason. I neither condemn nor criticise *any one*; if I regard all who belong to the human race as brothers, much more do I feel myself united to those with whom I have so many ideas in common; it is by love and forbearance to one’s neighbour that our belief must be established; but persuasion has other ways, and it is to logic and reason that I appeal, while I combat what seem to me the errors of those whom I love.

Your indulgence will also allow me to state that M. Bonnemère has only replied to my arguments by an affirmation without either discussion or proof; he has not endeavoured to show that re-incarnation does not destroy human individuality, scattered, as it were, in the course of successive existences. He has confined himself to giving us the history of his conversion to Spiritism, and to describe the truly extraordinary faculties of the medium he discovered, as he says, on his way to Damascus.

M. Bonnemère is a man of great value, a writer of the highest merit, justly appreciated by us, and he is too enlightened to remain satisfied with the only evidence he has obtained. The argument he adduces from the isolation of his medium is of no value, any more than the acceptance of re-incarnation teaching as a case of inspiration. Every one who has attentively followed the communications through mediums, knows that no absolute value can be ascribed to them; that they are materials, indications, sometimes a rending of the veil which conceals the unknown, but that all that is said must be carefully sifted by our reason. It is remarkable that the communications are always in accordance with the belief of the majority of those present, thus occasioning the most complete contradictions. If Madame L——, during seven years, had constant affirmations of the truth of re-incarnation, I for fourteen have only had communications which condemn it. The eleven millions of believers in America are kept in the same belief as myself. Where, then, is the truth in these contrary assertions? We must make use of our intelligence to find it out, and it is for our reason to pronounce judgment which will vary

from age to age, being modified according as a brighter and purer light is afforded us. It is then to the reason of the Spiritists that I appeal, at the same time calling myself their brother; for our common belief converges to the same goal—love, which should unite us all in the bosom of its genial rays.

L. F. CLAVAIROZ.

A WORKING MAN'S THOUGHTS OF WAR AND OF THE MEN WHO MAKE IT.

SWEET is the scene, when in the western skies
The setting sun throws o'er the earth its flood
Of crimson light, when shadows lengthen in
Its rays, and the fair songster of the grove
Pours forth the evening song ere dews distil
Upon its leafy home. The peasant bends
His weary limbs towards the spot where all
His hopes are centr'd—his faithful wife with
Loving hands prepares the evening meal, while
Rosy babes with noisy glee welcome their
Parent home. Soon all is still, the sun's last
Rays are gone, the tir'd labourer sinks to
Calm repose, and night's cool curtain closes
Round the scene. Then in the busy streets
Of distant towns, the pent up artisan
Recruits his wearied powers, while cooling
Breezes fan his fever'd brow till twinkling
Stars bespeak the hour of rest. Then all is
Hushed, save in the haunts of revelry, and
In the abode of wealth, where, nature's laws
Revers'd, men waste the golden day, and seek
Excitement 'neath the artificial blaze
Till midnight hour—then they too seek repose.
Time moves along with noiseless tread, nor wakes
The sleeping world, till with its wand it calls
From eastern skies the beams of day. 'Tis then
The toiling world awakes refreshed, with strength
Renew'd to struggle for life's daily bread,
To gather in of every kind and form
The countless blessings, scatter'd far and wide
O'er earth's fair bosom, dropped from the Parent
Hand so bountiful and kind.

Thus days, and
Months, and years would roll, the honest worker
Dreaming not that in the council chamber
Of the men who rule, schemes of ambition,
Cruelty, and crime engage their deepest
Thought. Their plots conceiv'd, matured, they seek some
Pretext to incite to blood; and well-filled
Coffers, fruits of the people's care and toil
Are lavished on the bloody instruments
Of death, and the vast wealth which should advance
A nation's progress, is disbursed to work

Destruction, and call forth all the baser
 Feelings of our race. And now a mighty host
 Invades a neighbour's lands; the fields lay
 Bare, the peaceful homes destroy; fire, sword and
 Famine mark the murderer's track. The sons
 Of toil called from their useful labours to
 Resist the foe, are swept from earth and home,
 Their mangled bodies trampled to the dust;
 While 'mid the clash of arms, the thundering
 Cannon's roar and shrieks of dying men, is
 Heard a shout, the hellish shout of victors
 Glorifying in their shame. Victims of man's
 Ambition, in heaps unnumbered, strew the
 Blood-stain'd ground; their loving hearts for home and
 Friends have ceased to throb; the hands which once were
 Usefully employed are clenched in death, and
 For the objects of their love, can toil no more!
 For what this ruin? That some designing knave,
 Reckless of blood, may glut his vain ambition
 To the full, and wrest from weaker hands a
 Thing called "Fame"!

Oh brother toiler o'er the
 Wide, wide world! Oh when shall we combine to
 Check these monsters in their vile career? Your
 Aid withhold, and then aggressive wars shall
 Cease. Think ere you strike a brother man, who
 Never did you wrong, who toil'd in other
 Climes, that you may share the labour of his
 Hands! Think! think of his prattling babes, that, like
 Your own, cling fondly round his heart; (And will
 You dare to take a life as sacred as
 Your own?) then may you live in peace and love,
 And never more be driven, like herds of beasts,
 Unto the slaughter field; but when your thread
 Of life has spun its useful length, you'll sink
 In loving arms, away to brighter worlds.
 Hasten the time, when, should disputes arise
 'Mong Crowned heads, the bold aggressor shall
 Be made appear before the bar of nations;
 Then right, not brutal might, shall rule the world.
 But hark! the din of war is hushed, the cannon's
 Roar has ceased, the reeking sword is in its
 Scabbard sheath'd, cruel man has done his worst, and,
 It may be, the guilty has prevailed; for
 Number, craft, and skill can crush the helpless
 And the weak, however just their cause. Now
 From ten thousand homes the wail of grief is
 Heard. Fresh graves are open'd to receive hearts
 Broken thro' the fiendish strife, parents and
 Children, husbands and lovers laid in far
 Off field, will greet their homes no more. Why should
 The innocent and poor be made to bear
 The penalty so justly due to those who
 Breed the strife, while they, with victory flush'd,
 Feast on the spoils wrung from their prostrate foe.
 Exulting in their hellish deeds, and clothed

In craftiness and guile, with blood-stained hands,
 They dare, with pomp and show, those hallowed courts
 To tread, where men profess to teach that "God
 Is love"! Say, can that God of love, whose tender
 Care encircles all that breathe, listen to
 Praise or prayer offered to him from lips
 So vile, when man presumes to thank Him for
 His aid in bloodiest deeds, that only fiends
 Conceive, to crush the weak, and leave in ruins
 Earth's fair scenes? Is it God's work to wring the
 Widow's heart?—to cause the burning tear to
 Flow from orphan's eyes?—to cause the untold
 Miseries of war? Ah no! 'tis not His
 Work; His law is love, so simple all may
 Comprehend. "Love one another" is the
 Law which bindeth man to man, wherever
 He is found. Dare not to thank Him ye who
 Have defied that heaven-born law, nor heighten
 Your foul crimes with words of blasphemy. We're
 Told "one murder makes a villain," and shall
 A thousand murders wipe the guilty stain
 From off your brow? Man may applaud your deeds,
 And dub you with a hero's name, and sing your
 Praises in their loudest songs, but who shall
 Say that, while unblushingly you raise your
 Eyes for heaven's approval, the angels do not weep?

R. YOUNG,

The Hive, Sturminster, Newton,
 13th February, 1871.

OLYMPIA COLONNA: A TALE OF MEDIÆVAL MAGIC.

BY MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.—THE PRINCESS BIANCA.

At the latter end of the fifteenth century, when the Reformation was penetrating into Italy, aye, even within the very walls of the Vatican, and Germany and England were beginning to be permeated by the purer doctrines of the new faith; when the exigencies of the times evoked such men as Savonarola, Martin Luther, Calvin, and Knox,—the Mother Church, having provoked her children to anger by her long course of unbridled licentiousness and shameless profligacy, lighted the way to her own funereal pyre, and virtually placed weapons in the hands of her rebellious sons to effect her own overthrow. During this exciting period at the court of Ferrara were to be found many of those bright spirits whose names throw a halo over the literary annals of Italy. Prince Nicholas, a man of considerable learning and refinement, sought the society of, and encouraged men of letters to make Ferrara their abode, affording shelter and protection to numbers of

distinguished scholars, who found it a pleasant exile where they might express their opinions more freely than at almost any court in Europe.

The memory of the inspired and poetic Savonarola still lived in the hearts of the people; his martyred spirit hovered over his country, stirring up seekers after the Truth; and it is in those troubled times our story opens, when men's minds were tossed to and fro with conflicting thoughts, striving to sift the truth from the accumulation of error and ignorance under which it had lain buried for centuries—when the marvellous in nature was deemed supernatural, and the dreamer of dreams and seer of visions were held to be in direct communication with the Prince of Darkness.

The lady Bianca sat in her chamber alone—truly alone. Her noble maidens and ladies-in-waiting were in the adjoining apartments. None save Bianca's favourite and confidential maid remained, busy at her embroidery frame in the recess of a mulioned window, ready to spring at her mistress's call. The Princess had become a convert to the new faith, holding its tenets secretly and in fear. She had already incurred her father's displeasure by adopting these heretical ideas. Bianca's obstinate rejection of the addresses of the Marquis of Monserrat further increased her sire's anger; from month to month, by one pretext or another, she had put off the much dreaded interview, until her father's patience was exhausted. That very morning Nicholas had peremptorily commanded Bianca to not only receive but accept the Marquis as her affianced husband. Her marriage was fixed to take place at the approaching carnival, only some two or three weeks distant. This interval was permitted, that proper arrangements might be made, and that the Marquis might become acquainted with the lady who in so short a period was to become his bride.

No wonder the Princess felt sad and sighed deeply as she gazed upon the miniature she held in her hand.

It was the portrait of a noble youth, the favoured lover of Bianca; in childhood they had learned the same lessons and read the same books; they had been as brother and sister, at least so thought Duke Nicholas. Count Adrian de Urbino was poor, though of an ancient and illustrious house, but the world cared little for his misfortunes so long as the Duke of Ferrara remained his patron. Count Adrian was a nephew of the Duke by his sister Lucia, who had married Annabaldi de Urbino, who perished in one of the sudden brawls that were by no means uncommon in those times, and it was supposed not without the cognisance of his kinsman. The Countess Lucia did not long survive her murdered husband. Remorse for what he had done caused Nicholas to take the orphan home, giving him the same education as his own son, Ippolito.

Bianca, in company with her brother and cousin, had been brought up in the bosom of the Mother Church. Europe at that time was powerfully agitated between two conflicting forms of faith,

the old and the new. The Princess was not the only woman in Ferrara who secretly favoured the doctrines of the Reformation, nor was she the only one who suffered for her opinions. The rack and the stake were not reserved for the male sex alone; noble and gifted women were among its victims; no death or tortures were considered sufficiently severe for those heretics and renegades who dared to question the truth of a corrupt yet powerful Church. A prey to agonising thoughts, Bianca paced her chamber; the stormy interview with her father in the morning depressed her spirits, and crushed out the last ray of hope that even yet she might escape the hated alliance with the Marquis de Monserrat. "Ah, what shall I do? How shall I renounce my faith and marry that terrible Marquis rumour paints so black! Adrian, Adrian! where art thou?"

"How can I marry this man. I do not love him, and never can, stained as he is by perfidy and crime; and then I am morally bound to Adrian. Were we not betrothed two brief months ago; nothing shall compel me to be the wife of the Marquis. I can die—God will not forsake me." And the pale, classic features of Bianca lighted up with the glow of enthusiasm and the fervour of high resolve. An unusual stir in the court beneath attracted her attention, causing the light to fade from her eye, and her heart to beat quicker; stepping on to the balcony, Bianca saw winding along the valley a body of horsemen with glittering helm and waving plume; on the floating banners of the approaching cavalcade were emblazoned the arms of Conrad of Monserrat—the husband her father had chosen was already within Ferrara.

"Oh, my lady! is not that a gay company?" cried Beatrice, Bianca's confidential maid.

Beatrice was a sort of humble friend of the Princess, and to this simple maiden the daughter of D'Este unburdened her heart more freely than to any of her noble attendant court dames, who secretly envied the young girl, and marvelled much at the cause. The sympathy of Beatrice with her mistress's sorrows was as sincere as her attachment to her person was pure and devoted, qualities not to be easily found among the ladies of her father's court. Seeing her gentle mistress so sad and dejected, the maiden sought to dispel the gloom from Bianca's brow, and as her skilful fingers wove many a flashing gem through the dark hair of the Princess she said: "What a happy man is my lord Marquis with the prospect of so fair an alliance."

"And yet, Beatrice, I am very sad."

"My dear lady, forgive my foolish talk; I meant but to cheer you. I have noticed that you do not smile since my lord Urbino went to the wars. Let me twine these gems in your hair ere you descend, or your august father will frown if you be not arrayed as becomes a Princess. You will make my lord Marquis a willing captive, noble lady; he has not seen a fairer face in Ferrara."

"Hush, girl, dost thou too flatter?"

"Nay, 'tis the truth, dear lady; all said there were none so fair as the Princess D'Este at the grand festival given by the Savelli. I went with Lucia, as you commanded, to arrange your robes, and I heard all say the lady Bianca was the loveliest maiden in Ferrara. Sweet saints, what a sight that was!—a hundred servitors in cloth of gold; the jewelled cups, and rich Eastern perfumes. Blessed Mother of God! my eyes were dazzled. What handsome gallants! and, oh, what beautiful ladies! It was a sight to be remembered."

"Would you like to mingle in those gay scenes, among these high-born dames, Beatrice?"

"Aye, madam, I would; but that may never be. I am only a simple village maiden, and have neither grace nor courtly bearing to fit me for such scenes."

"Yet thou art happier in thy humble station than many of those signoras thou enviest; in thy sphere thou canst wed one of thine own choosing; and if thou hast no crown on thy brow thou hast no canker in thy heart, Beatrice."

A page here came to summon the Princess to meet her father and the Marquis de Monserrat.

The colour left the lady's cheek as Beatrice delivered the mandate. Bidding her attendants follow her, Bianca descended to the private apartments usually occupied by her father when he received guests of distinction, whose visit to his court was of a secretly political character, or, as in the present instance, when the visitor was for the first time to have an interview with his affianced bride.

A few of the members of the ducal household were present, chiefly the faithful and confidential friends of Prince Nicholas, wily old courtiers, who had served the house of D'Este, and who could keep their own counsel. Ferrara at that time could boast of being one of the most refined courts in Europe, and round the ducal throne of D'Este were men of noblest endowments, both of birth and intellect. Literature and art were encouraged by all the Italian princes, who seemed to vie with each other in surrounding themselves with the most illustrious scholars of the age; and among these princely patrons the houses of Medici and D'Este were distinguished.

In the midst of such a brilliant and refined court Bianca D'Este moved, a fair, pure spirit; she did not dazzle you by the flashes of her genius, or startle you by the power and depth of her understanding, but rather impressed you, as a gentle, yielding girl, with wonderful capacities for loving and enduring. Fully conscious that all eyes would be upon her, Bianca made a desperate effort to regain her usual serene composure, ere she entered the dreaded presence of her father: instinctively she sought his face to read its expression, but from those pale, proud features only the calmness of an iron will could be traced; the terrible anger of the morning had passed away; Prince Nicholas was serene and smiling, conversing with a dark, Spanish-looking gentleman, to whom he was especially gracious. Apparently the Duke was deeply inter-

ested in the stranger's conversation; he nevertheless keenly, yet furtively, scanned his daughter's countenance. As she entered Bianca's heart failed her; the seemingly affectionate manner of her father, as he presented her to the Marquis de Monserrat, was more terrible than the anger of the morning's interview; there was a threatening frown veiled by the smiling countenance. In person, Conrad de Monserrat was of middle height and dark complexion—a descendant of the royal house of Arragon; but the wear and tear of military service had made him look ten years older than he really was; the elasticity of his frame, and the brilliancy of his deep-set thoughtful eyes, that lighted up when he spoke, redeemed his face from that look of premature exhaustion which it bore when in repose. The Marquis advanced towards the Princess with the polished ease and fascinating smile of an accomplished courtier, and was presented in due form by her royal father; the beauty of the lady satisfied his critical eye—it did more, it dazzled and charmed him.

"Has she a soul as lovely as the shrine in which it resides?" thought the Marquis.

Trembling from agitation, increased by her father's manner, Bianca passively suffered the Spaniard to approach and kiss her hand, as one in a dream.

"Fair Princess, Fortune smiles on de Monserrat in giving him so lovely a bride."

"You do me too much honour, my Lord Marquis."

"Yet rumour declares the Lady Bianca to be very learned and accomplished, that the graces of her mind are more rare than those of her person, and my eyes can testify to them," said her lover, in a low tone.

Great preparations had been made for the entertainment of the illustrious guest. In the beautiful gardens of the palace a comedy was to be enacted, the *Adelphi* of Terence. Bianca was to play the part of a lover; her brother, the Prince Ippolito, that of a slave; while some others of that distinguished company took the various remaining parts. The Princess rendered her part with spirit; she really felt the part she played was fraught with a deep interest to her, and the Marquis was amazed and charmed.

"She is not as cold as the snows of Sierra Nevada, after all; will she bestow a little love on me, I wonder? No matter, an alliance with the house of D'Este will consolidate my power and gratify my ambition; if Bianca proves an icicle, there are other Italian dames less cold to De Monserrat."

The revels were over; sleep descended on the palace, wrapping prince and page in his drowsy mantle; and for a while the ambitious forgot their soaring aspirations, and the weary their toils. The soft silvery rays of the Italian morn flooded the ducal gardens with light and shade, throwing a kind of beauty over the harder outlines of the scene; in the clear "noon of night," through the flashing spray of the fountain, darted the golden fish so often watched by

Bianca; she heeds not the shining spray streaked with the fires of gold, though her eyes rest on the fair prospect. In that proud palace she alone is sad, and her eyes alone dimmed with falling tears; the angel of sleep folds not his wings over her troubled soul to give it rest.

CHAPTER II.—THE SHADOW.

Buried in her own sad thoughts, the lady saw not the muffled figure of a man creep out from the shadow of the orange grove. A slight stir, and a rustling amid the leaves, caused the Princess to start, but her scream is arrested; surprise, hope, and joy, keep her silent; her lover is at her feet.

"Adrian, my beloved, my adored."

"My beautiful Bianca, why those tears? Why weepest thou?" cried the Count, straining her to his heart in a yet closer embrace. She clung to him as the twining vine to the strong elm, as if she could never unclasp those soft arms; heart to heart, and lip to lip, in their deep voiceless joy, they saw not the shadow by the fountain. By degrees the lovers grew calmer, smiling through her tears. Bianca lifted her head from Adrian's breast; as she did so, a slight cloud passed over her fair face. "Why have you returned, my Adrian? why brave such dangers, my beloved? They will kill you if you are found in Ferrara."

"Fear not, sweet Bianca; I only returned this morning from Venice. I heard that the Marquis de Monserrat came to wed you, so that I could not refrain from seeing my Bianca once more alone."

"What madness! a price is offered for your head. The Jesuit Paulo is on your track. Fly! should harm come upon you I should not survive it, Adrian."

"Ah, Bianca! dearest, weep not; we shall be happy yet; fly with me to Venice."

"But my father?"

"Fear not; be my own sweet bride. Can any love as we do, dearest Bianca? ought we not to be happy?"

"We ought, but my heart forebodes evil," said the Princess, shuddering, she knew not why.

The first faint streaks of dawn were stealing over the East before Bianca and her lover parted; with many a lingering kiss, Adrian tore himself away, to make the necessary preparations for their secret flight and marriage—no easy matter. Bianca's rank; the wrath of her father, the Duke of Ferrara; besides, the young lady was so well known that detection was almost certain, unless every precaution were used; even should they succeed in eluding the vigilance of the guard, the Princess would not be long absent before her attendants would discover it. Time pressed; barely three

weeks intervened between Bianca's marriage with the Marquis; they must be away many many miles ere then.

"I will consult the Sibyl, and perhaps she will assist me," said Count Urbino. The weird woman will devise some plan of escape; they who can read the hidden lore of Nature's page, who have penetrated the veil, and brought rare treasures of wisdom from her secret chambers, will assist a poor lover to happiness. Proceeding straight to his lodgings in the Monastery of the Benedictines, Count Adrian sought a few hours' repose to mature his plans of operation. While the Princess, in spite of her lover's encouragement and hopeful assurances, felt sad and agitated, her heart foreboded evil; the Duke's anger would be terrible when he discovered their flight, and Adrian would be its first victim; the consequences to herself she cared little for—she only thought of him, her beloved.

CHAPTER III.—TRAITORS.

"A fair even to you, Signora Lucia; I hear there are to be fine revels in the palace one of these days; the Princess weds the Marquis de Monserrat; it will be a fair match—a fair match. Have you heard aught of the Count Urbino? there is a report that he has returned secretly to Ferrara."

The speaker, who addressed Bianca's maid, was no other than Father Paulo, confessor to the Prince D'Este. To this man the pretty Lucia had an insurmountable dislike; yet Father Paulo was not severe; he spoke softly, and never raised his dark eyes to look you straight in the face; and if by any chance his eyes encountered yours, it was a stealthy furtive look, yet sharp and piercing. The soft oily tones of the priest's voice caused Lucia to start; in vain the girl tried to hide the fear that paled her cheek, and made her limbs tremble as she walked along, and with forced calmness returned his greeting.

"Have you been to confession to-day, daughter?" asked Father Paulo, scanning her closely.

"No, father; I did but hear mass."

"Lent approaches, and you must put sin and the things of this world far from you; my child, come to the confessional to-morrow. Did you say the Count Urbino had returned to Ferrara?"

"No, father, I did not," replied Lucia, boldly, while her heart sank within her.

"Ah! I have been wrong; you did not say so; it must have been Master Baptisto, the barber, who told me. Do you think, my child, the Princess favours the Count Urbino, and loves him more than the lord of Monserrat?"

Again the penetrating eyes of the priest read the thoughts of the girl, and a sinister smile lighted up the handsome but crafty face.

"The Princess will wed the Marquis ere many days; all Ferrara

says the Marquis is greatly captivated with my lady's beauty and learning," was the maiden's reply.

"Think you the Lady Bianca loves the Spaniard?"

"I have heard her highness say, she could never wed where she loved not."

"Aye, Signora Lucia, but noble ladies like the Princess D'Este must often wed against their wills, and where their hearts lie not; rumour says your mistress loves the Count Adrian Urbino, and that she secretly nourishes heretical and damnable doctrines; as a friend I would warn her that Mother Church has long arms, and can strike offenders, no matter how exalted their position."

They had reached one of the side entrances to the palace when Father Paulo wished Lucia "Good night."

"The reverend father means no good to my mistress or the Count Urbino. I will warn her, poor lady; with all the glitter and splendour of a court, I would rather be Lucia di Cola than the Princess D'Este," muttered the girl.

The monk sought the ducal presence, plotting mischief to Bianca and her lover as he went; Father Paulo was an intellectual, refined, but dangerous man—one of those spirits who exercise much influence over others for good or evil; men like Father Paulo unconsciously throw out a baneful magnetism upon those they approach, so subtle in its workings, that the more sensitive spirits who come within its action are unwittingly biased, and their better feelings and judgments warped and distorted. Had any one been rash enough to tell Nicholas he was completely under the power of the crafty priest, the proud Prince D'Este would have felt mortally insulted.

"Benedicite, fair son," said the monk, with humble reverence, as he entered the lofty chamber where D'Este sat alone.

There was a cloud upon the brow of the Prince.

"Ah! good father, come near. What news?"

"Alas! my son, there is no news that will comfort you; these heretics are increasing in number and strength, threatening the very overthrow of the Church; in your own court there are heretics and lukewarm friends against whom I would warn your highness."

"Who are they, holy father?"

"Know you that Adrian Urbino has returned to Ferrara?"

"Adrian Urbino, whom we banished from our court on pain of death?" echoed the duke, in haughty surprise.

"Even so, my son."

"How dared the rebel return?" cried Nicholas, fiercely confronting the priest.

"These heretics are led by their father the devil to commit all manner of sin and insubordination, and set at naught the commands of God, as well as the edicts of their lawful rulers," returned Father Paulo, with feigned grief.

"By heavens! he shall not brave us, if there be dungeons deep

enough in Ferrara. When did the traitor return?" demanded the Prince, sternly.

"Within the last three days."

"Art sure, priest?"

"Aye, sure; he hath spoken to your daughter in the garden beneath her chamber-window but yesternight."

"Soars his presumption then so high, the ungrateful offspring of a traitor! How dared he to hold converse with the Princess?"

"Aye, Prince Nicholas, how dared he and the Lady Bianca to plight their vows of mutual love, and conspire against your State, glorying in their apostacy, planning a secret flight from Ferrara."

"How came all this to your knowledge, father?" inquired the Prince, suppressing his anger.

"The Church has many ways of finding out the guilty, my son," was the evasive reply of the ghostly father, who did not feel inclined to enlighten his sovereign as to the true source of his information.

"I will cure my daughter of these strange doctrines, father; and do thou watch the Count Urbino more closely; this matter shall be sifted thoroughly."

"My son, be not rash; the child's religious principles have been corrupted by vile example: let the Church take her to task for this seeming disobedience; perhaps her sin is not so heinous. Mother Church is gentle with her erring children; with your permission, illustrious Prince, I will exhort the Lady Bianca, who has always been graciously pleased to listen to the teachings of her humble servant."

"Do so, good father, I have had some unpleasant interviews with the Princess concerning that very subject, and could have wished it had ended differently. Heaven prosper you in your undertaking, and I will silence her importunate lover."

CHAPTER IV.—COUNT URBINO.

ADRIAN URBINO was not unworthy to be the lover of Bianca D'Este, nature had been lavish in her gifts to him. Endowed with great personal attractions, Count Urbino added to those, the more lasting charms of a richly stored mind; even in that refined Court, young Urbino was looked upon as a rare and brilliant spirit; his near connexion to the Duke D'Este gave greater prestige to the young noble's attainments.

At that time the Reformation was rapidly making its way into Italy, and gaining many learned men and noble women as its disciples; among the numbers were Adrian, Ippolito, and Bianca. The Church looked on with a jealous eye, though, as yet, the Prince and Princess D'Este had not openly severed themselves from her confessional; but influences were at work that were silently alienating them more and more from the faith of their fathers. With young Count Adrian it was otherwise; his more earnest spirit

pondered over the new tenets deeply and anxiously; young as he was, he could not shut his eyes to the vices and immoralities of the clergy. Long and earnestly did he pour over the words of the New Testament, "The just shall live by faith;" to him they seemed strangely at variance with the enormous sale of indulgences then filling the coffers of the Church with gold; and after much deliberation, Adrian abjured the Romish religion, and became a convert to the new form of faith. As might have been expected, this bold act drew upon him the displeasure of his uncle Nicholas, who, though he abhorred her wickedness, still upheld the mother church. Banished from the court, separated from his much loved cousin, a homeless wanderer under the ban of the Church, liable to be seized at any moment and dragged before the secret tribunal of the inquisition—Count Urbino fled from Ferrara, intending to quit Italy and seek an asylum in Germany, when tidings reached him of the betrothal of the Princess Bianca to the Marquis de Monserrat. Refusing to listen to the counsels of his few remaining friends and followers, Adrian braved the duke's anger and the terrible Inquisition, and returned to Ferrara to hear his fate from Bianca's own lips.

Persecution is not the best way to extinguish a new doctrine or a forbidden lover. After the banishment of her cousin from Ferrara, Bianca pined and drooped, nothing could raise her spirits; the pleasure she derived from her studies was gone, because *he* was not near to share them; drawing and music were now laid aside, and the pale broken-hearted girl would pass whole days in weeping or reading the bible Adrian used to pore over in bygone times. At first she read it for her lover's sake, and finally for its own, kissing the marginal notes because his hand had pencilled them. This alteration in his daughter's appearance and behaviour did not escape the keen eye of Duke Nicholas; he forbade her to read the New Testament on the pain of his severe displeasure, and as the best mode of driving such foolish notions out of her head, betrothed her to the Marquis de Monserrat, thinking the brilliant festivities and revels usual on such occasions was the surest way to banish Adrian from her mind. How far he succeeded the reader will be able to judge for himself.

The undiminished affection of Bianca for Adrian, amply rewarded him for all risks he incurred; in a short time she would be his own wedded bride, beyond the power of her tyrannical father, and in Saxony they would find a secure refuge from the persecution of the Church of Rome. With thoughts like these Count Urbino consoled himself, as he sought the shelter of the monastery of the Benedictines. Confiding all his griefs and plans to the gentle hearted brother Sebastian, who secretly favoured the doctrines of the Reformation, concealed in the disguise of a page, and with brother Sebastian's advice and aid, Adrian anticipated a successful issue to his enterprise.

CHAPTER V.—OLYMPIA COLONNA.

IN a quiet portion of the city, near the outskirts, stood a substantial looking mansion, built more for strength than elegance; the strongly barred windows and massive oaken doors of the house impressed the stranger with a sense of awe; it was a gloomy sombre house, and no doubt the turbulence of the times demanded such defences.

One evening at the dusk, Count Urbino sought this lonely mansion; after considerable delay, and loud and repeated knockings, a middle-aged woman opened the ponderous door wide enough to obtain a limited view of her visitor.

"I would speak with the Signora," said Adrian anticipating the domestic's question.

"The Signora is in Padua."

"In Padua?"

"Yes, she went a month ago, and will not be back for sometime."

"Has your master gone too?"

"No my lord, he is within."

"I will see the doctor, Zamora; lead the way."

Admitting Adrian, Zamora bolted and barred the door, then led her visitor through a long corridor lighted up with lamps of coloured glass, diffusing a fragrant odour around. Opening another door of equally strong proportions, Count Urbino found himself in a spacious chamber, dimly lighted with lamps similar to those in the corridor. The windows were strongly barred, and concealed by crimson velvet curtains; a mass of drapery divided an arched aperture evidently forming an ante-room, but so thick and heavy were the folds of the curtains, that every sound of the voices inside were rendered almost inaudible. The room in which Adrian found himself was large and handsome. A few fine portraits adorned the walls, and the young noble's eye rested on the face of a beautiful girl; she seemed to live and breathe on the canvas; it was a face seen once never to be forgotten, of purely Greek type, the forehead not very lofty, but wide and beautifully formed—large, dark, sparkling eyes, and finely chiselled nose and mouth—soft, ripe lips, that seemed ready to brighten into a smile; nothing could exceed the graceful poise of the head on the matchless neck. The splendidly-shaped bust and arms of the young girl were set off to great advantage by the dress of dark-blue velvet; a small cap of the same material rested on her head, embroidered with pearls; and a profusion of golden hair fell in many a luxuriant curl round the beautiful countenance and neck, forming a fitting frame for that radiant face with the dreamy eyes, that seemed to penetrate into the world beyond.

Deeply in love as Adrian was, he could not look unmoved at the beautiful portrait, more especially as he knew the fair original far surpassed this faint reproduction of the artist.

"My beautiful sibyl, I wish you had been here to aid me with your sweet counsel," murmured Adrian, thoughtfully.

Rare gems were tastefully arranged on ebony cabinets ; many of them were covered with Indian characters, and supposed to be talismans of wondrous power. Rarer than all these costly gems were many old folios—curious books and manuscripts—arranged with care near the arch. A lute and some truly feminine pieces of embroidery lay upon a curiously carved table, showing that a sweet womanly spirit illuminated that weird-looking dwelling.

Adrian had ample time to note all these objects ; though he had been often there before, yet he never seemed weary of observing all that was in that room ; to-night the room seemed gloomy and deserted, because the beautiful being who made sunshine there was gone. Between Count Urbino and Olympia Colonna there had sprung up a warm and lasting friendship ; in the days of Adrian's prosperity he had known the Doctor and his fair daughter. Doctor Colonna had been the instructor of the D'Este family ; but, through the machinations of Father Paulo, had rather fallen into disgrace, and resigned his post at the court, disgusted at the weakness of the Prince in listening to every idle report. Marco Colonna was a man of great and varied learning ; even among the men of that time he was looked upon as the leading mind, and one of the most profound and liberal thinkers of his day. An Italian by birth, in early youth he had espoused a noble Greek maiden, who died many years before our story opens, leaving him a daughter, dowered with all her mother's wondrous beauty and her father's mental vigour ; for the daughter was nearly as profound a scholar as the father.

The venerable and still handsome figure of Doctor Colonna emerged through the curtained arch ; and, as he is to play a prominent part in these pages, it may be well to introduce him to the reader at once. Like many scholars of that day, the Doctor wore the long flowing robe : rumour whispered the Doctor studied the black art and other forbidden sciences of a like nature ; whether he did or not remains to be seen ; but this much we know, he had the twelve signs of the zodiac wrought in gold and purple, forming a girdle round his waist. Of a tall and commanding figure, noble and expressive face, the features handsome and strongly marked, deep set, piercing black eyes, and long, flowing beard, he inspired the timid with a feeling of awe and the strong with admiration. In repose, the old man's face might be called stern and cold ; in every lineament of that pale, proud face might be traced the workings of a strong will, but the high intellectual and benevolent forehead and winning smile imparted an expression of great sweetness and tenderness to the otherwise rather stern countenance. The ruby-coloured cap and flowing silvery beard reaching to his girdle gave an Oriental appearance to the grave Italian scholar.

"Ah, my son Adrian, I knew not it was thou," said Colonna, greeting his late pupil cordially.

The Count embraced him affectionately.

"Dear father, will you assist me? I am in trouble."

"And why art thou in Ferrara? Is there not danger and disgrace in returning?"

"You know, father, I love the Princess; when she was betrothed to De Monserrat I came back to hear from her own lips if I were forgotten; she loves me still, and will not wed the Marquis; she will rather die. Will you assist us? you will not betray your children—Bianca loves you as much as I do: were it not thy years I should feel jealous. Thou wilt help us, father; thou canst feel for us, because thou hast loved," said the young noble, leaning on the scholar's shoulder.

A grave, stern look passed over the old man's face.

"Aye, boy, I have loved, and can sympathise with you; but Nicholas of Este is a hard, proud man, and how would he feel if I assist you to robbing him of his daughter? Would I like any man to wile my Olympia away from her father's care? let us be just, my son.

"Aye, father, but Bianca is to be sold to a fierce Spanish noble who loves her not; she is to be sacrificed to feed her father's ambition. Would'st thou have stood tamely by and seen thy chosen bride torn from thy bosom and made no effort to save her?" asked Adrian, passionately.

"Thou art right, my son," said the old man, sadly. "I may not appear in this matter, but will aid thee with my counsel; would that Olympia were here; her woman's wit would serve thee better than all my lore. What would'st thou have, my boy? what are thy plans?"

Adrian gave his friend a very confused account of his plans; he said Bianca and he meant to elope together, she disguised as a page.

The worthy Doctor smiled and shook his head.

"My son, thy plan is not quite perfect; remember there will be hot pursuit after thee; the Princess Bianca is too great a lady to be easily hid; moreover, the Church will take the matter up; thou art a heretic, and are already under the ban of the Pope's displeasure. Bethink thee, Adrian Urbino, well upon the step thou art about to take; the Church hath long arms: the rack and the horrors of the torture-chamber await thee if thou art discovered and fall into their hands."

"Dear father, I have counted the cost, and am resolved," returned Adrian, resolutely.

"Remember, my boy, they will imprison thy beloved in a convent, and subject her to cruelty and disgrace. Think well—thou wouldst not harm one hair of that dear head; once within the convent walls, her father himself cannot save her."

"Oh, father, such evil will not befall us—we must succeed. Oh, my father, aid me in my plans."

"I will, Adrian; but my heart misgives me. I will try the mirror, and see that thou tell me what it reveals," said Colonna, sighing.

CHAPTER VI.—THE MAGIC MIRROR.

Leading his old pupil up a winding stair, Colonna entered a chamber, right overhead the one they had just left, curiously furnished; strewn in the most admired disorder were vellum-covered volumes, half-completed horoscopes, crucibles, suspicious-looking phials, containing wondrous compounds, two or three stuffed serpent skins; and on the floor was a black circle, with the twelve signs of the zodiac cut inside this circle. All this mystic paraphernalia was half revealed by the dim light of a lamp. One side of this weird apartment was covered with a curtain; on an elevated reading-desk lay an open volume, consisting of spells and invocations, near which stood a tripod, supporting a chafing-dish, that ever and anon emitted the fumes of a pungent, but agreeable incense, that floated in soft clouds through the room.

As young Urbino had never been here before, he was not a little startled at beholding so strange a congregation of mystical and occult accessories; in fact, he felt rather nervous, and began to think he had not counted all the costs as he had so confidently affirmed a few minutes before. Perhaps the keen eyes of his late master detected what was passing in Adrian's mind, for he said to him very gently—

“My son, if thy heart misgives thee, turn back.”

“My father, I did but marvel at all those strange things you have here. I know you have wrested secrets from nature the vulgar think diabolical and unhallowed; but, dear father, I came for aid, and am not dismayed by all these mystic preparations,” replied Adrian, ashamed at having betrayed any weakness or doubt. He loved and revered Colonna as a father, and placed implicit faith in him.

“It is well, my son; drink this wine—it will sustain thee,” said the Doctor, putting a silver beaker into Adrian's hand.

All was now ready. The Doctor went to the reading-desk, and read from the ponderous volumes some spells or incantations, in a solemn or rather monotonous voice; in his hand he held a wand, which he moved slowly to and fro in the direction of the drapery; the curtain divided, and, at every wave of the rod, moved further apart, revealing a clear and highly polished mirror of steel to Adrian's astonished gaze. Soft, sweet music broke on the young noble's ear, dreamy and distant at first, then nearer, but so soft, so sweet and heavenly, as if a choir of angels were sounding their harps in Jerusalem the Golden. At the first sounds of the music Dr. Colonna ceased reading, but still kept moving his wand, beating time, as it were, to the faint strains; the incense from the chafing-dish had collected into a cloud of great density; Adrian was awe-stricken and ravished—he wished these sweet sounds would last forever. A soft languor crept over his senses, and steeped his soul in a delicious repose; the past and the future were nought to him; the present was so glorious, he never wished

that sweet, dreamy present to end ; but, alas ! the awakening came too sternly and too soon, for now, by some peculiar law of gravitation, the vapour from the chafing-dish had settled thickly upon the mirror.

"Approach, my son, that inner circle, and see that thou stand within the ring and look at what the mirror reveals," said Colonna, motioning Adrian to draw near, at the same time dispersing the cloud of incense with his wand.

Dimly, as through a cloud, Adrian recognised a man's form reflected in the mirror, bearing a striking resemblance to himself; he looked earnestly at the figure, which gradually grew fainter, until it finally disappeared. Presently the mirror seemed peopled with figures ; and in a dark prison Adrian saw the likeness of himself lying pale, bleeding, seemingly lifeless, on the floor, and the figure of a priest holding a goblet to the patient's lips; in the farthest end of this gloomy apartment stood, partly concealed by a black curtain, the rack and its horrible adjuncts.

"Art thou satisfied, my son, or wouldst thou see more ?" asked the sage, pityingly.

"Yes, father."

Again the mirror was obscured, and again cleared. This time the youth saw himself in chains, seated on a waggon between two priests, with an angry crowd of faces hooting and shouting at him; then came the stake and the burning faggots; through the curling smoke Adrian saw his own image slowly blacken and fall a charred heap of ashes, and the hangman collected them and threw them into the river.

With a low groan Adrian sunk to the floor, in a deep swoon; when he opened his eyes, some hours afterwards, the original of the beautiful portrait was bending over him.

"The rack and the stake! good heavens! how terrible a death!" murmured the young noble.

"Poor boy! his mind wanders. Olympia, my child, give him some wine—it will restore him. Poor Adrian!—poor boy!" said the Doctor, kindly stroking the dark curling locks of the youth's head.

"I am not dreaming—I am not dead! Speak, beautiful spirit, who art thou?"

"It is I, Olympia—thine old friend! hast thou forgotten her?" said the young girl in a sweet low voice.

"Olympia Colonna! she was divine; on earth, she moved like one of God's own angels," muttered Adrian.

"Count Adrian, Olympia speaks to thee; rouse thee and look! she hath but returned from Padua within this last two hours," said Colonna's daughter, with a radiant smile.

The sweet tones of her voice recalled Adrian's scattered senses.

"'Tis thou, fair signora; when did'st thou return to Ferrara? how beautiful thou art, Olympia; thy beauty will cause many to sigh."

"Thou dost flatter, Count. See, my father wonders if thou hast recovered from that faint," said the girl gaily.

CHAPTER VII.—PLANS.

The presence of Olympia effectually dispelled all the gloomy forbodings that oppressed the young Count's mind; who could resist the cheering influence that her joyous spirit shed around?—such sunshine and happiness that inspired hope into the breast of the most desponding; certainly not the young noble, who adored her with the reverence given to the saints.

"When did you return to Ferrara, Olympia, mia?" said Urbino, when he had sufficiently recovered from his fainting fit.

"But two hours since; I left Padua sooner than I had intended; our friend, Lorenzo, was coming here on some business of the Grand Seignory, so I availed myself of his protection, for it is unsafe for a maiden to travel unguarded. But why do you remain in Ferrara—has the Duke recalled his unjust edict against you?" questioned Colonna's daughter.

"No, fair Olympia! I am still an outlaw; but have returned to claim my bride." Adrian then proceeded to enlighten the Signora how matters stood respecting the Princess, and requesting her counsel and help.]

A shadow fell on her beautiful face as she listened to her old playmate; her heart misgave her; too well she knew the fearful risk Urbino ran in his mad attempt—the almost certain detection, and the inevitable consequences. Vainly Olympia sought to dissuade the Count from his perilous enterprise; the rack and its horrible adjuncts awaited him should he fail, and anguish and perpetual imprisonment sure to fall upon the lady Bianca. She pointed out and dwelt upon the suffering he would entail upon himself and the unhappy Princess, if they were discovered or betrayed; but Adrian was not to be intimidated by anything Olympia could urge—her arguments for once fell upon unbelieving ears; the young noble dreamt not of failure.

Meanwhile Doctor Colonna had anxiously watched Adrian; he hoped his daughter's counsels would dissuade the infatuated young man from his mad adventure. Doctor Colonna forgot his pupil was no cold-blooded philosopher who could reason calmly upon such matters, but a hot-headed lover, smarting under grievous wrongs; and so, of course, all Olympia's sweet womanly advice was completely lost upon her surly friend. Really pitying Adrian, and sincerely wishing to aid him in his trouble, and seeing the boy would take his own way at any rate, Colonna said gently:—

"You see, my daughter, Adrian will not hearken to our counsels, therefore set your woman's quick-witted brain to work, and devise a plan whereby we may aid this wilful youth and the lady Bianca to escape."

"I fear, my father, any plan will be fraught with danger to us all. Whatever influence I have, the Count Urbino is twice welcome to benefit from my poor efforts. In the deep sleep in which the future lies revealed to me, I will search for a means of escape

for you and the Princess; meanwhile get a tress of her hair and bring it to me; see none touches it but her own hands. Wrap it in this," said the sibyl, giving an embroidered pocket to the Count, who promised obedience and withdrew.

Unable to procure a lock of Bianca's hair himself, Count Urbino commissioned his trusty page to pay a visit to the little Beatrice, the Princess' favourite waiting-maid, who bore to her unhappy mistress a letter and ring of Adrian's, beseeching Bianca to give him a little lock of her beautiful hair, bidding her be of good cheer, for deliverance was at hand. Of course Bianca religiously complied with her lover's request, carefully wrapping the long raven tress in the embroidered pocket given by Olympia, besides forwarding by trusty hands a long sweet letter to Adrian, beseeching him to incur no risks—that her happiness depended upon his safety. It was a long, loving letter, such as pure-hearted women have penned in days long past, and such as will be inscribed in days to come. Love never dies—it is one of the immortal flowers of heaven that deigns to blossom on earth.

Returning with his treasure to the house of the sibyl some days afterwards, Adrian gave the hair to Olympia, who said to her father rather sadly—

"I dread this examination, my father, but let us trust that the Invisible Source of Goodness will make our troubles pass away like mist off the mountain tops."

"Amen!" said Colonna, gazing fixedly into his daughter's large lustrous eyes. Olympia returned her father's steady glance for a few minutes, and then the sweet eyes grew hazy. Adrian could see them quiver tremulously, and then close. Olympia slept; yet her father still continued to make long downward passes for a few minutes after her eyes were sealed, until her soft regular breathing assured him she was in the magnetic sleep; in her hand lay the packet containing Bianca's hair, which she slowly drew from its wrappings, pressing it first to her breast and then to her forehead. A long pause followed this action; neither Dr Colonna or Count Urbino spoke, Adrian hardly daring to breathe lest he should disturb the sibyl's slumber. Presently Olympia spoke, in low yet distinct tones—

"There is only one way by which the Count Urbino may win the Princess Bianca, and even it is fraught with dangers, perhaps defeat, which is certain destruction to us all."

"Proceed, my child."

"Well, then, on the evening before the Princess weds the Spaniard, let her take a potion, such as you know how to prepare, that will cause the lady to sleep for forty-eight hours; so deep and deathlike shall that sleep appear, that the court physicians will think her dead, and her father and friends, weeping, shall consign her to the tomb in the vaults of the D'Este. In the night I will go and stay by the Lady Bianca, so that when she awakes she may not be afraid in the charnel-house; only let Count Adrian

be wary and prudent—it would be better if he remained here until the appointed time; better some other than he should acquaint the Princess of the plan of escape; certain death awaits Count Urbino if he goes to the place.”

“Have you aught else to communicate, Olympia—any other plan?”

“None, father; there is no other.”

The sibyl sunk again into deep slumber, in which Colonna allowed her to remain for a considerable time, as she seemed exhausted by her long examination. Surprise and admiration kept Adrian silent; he could have worshipped Olympia as she slept, for her noble office to be with Bianca, when she awoke in the last resting-place of the D'Este. To induce Bianca to swallow the draught was the only difficulty—the rest seemed easy; this accomplished, the conveyance of the Princess from the charnel-house, and their escape from Ferrara, was, in the hopeful lover's eyes, a thing imaginable—only Bianca might hesitate to run the risk. She might dread the potion would be fatal in its effects; Olympia had now awakened, and Urbino kissed the fair white hand warmly.

“My thanks and gratitude for your goodness. I hope Bianca and I shall live to repay you with more than mere words.”

“Nay, Count Adrian, all the boon I ask is, that you will be silent, forget what has passed, or that we have aided you,” said Colonna's daughter gravely. “When the Lady Bianca has recovered from her supposed death, you will both leave this, and seek an asylum elsewhere. None will look for the daughter of D'Este in the house of the Colonna; while she remains here she will be safe, but when you quit Ferrara, forget that you ever knew Marco Colonna the necromancer or his daughter the witch. Farewell, Adrian, be wary and prudent: I will look at the hair again and will meet you at the vault of the D'Este.” Dr. Colonna had listened to the final conversation between Adrian and his daughter. “Forget that you have ever known Marco Colonna the necromancer or his daughter the witch,” rung in his ear and seemed to have struck a chord of bitterness in the old man's heart. Drawing himself proudly up, he said with withering scorn as if expressing some thought that stirred him,—

“They call my daughter a witch and her father a wizard, in league with the devil and powers of darkness, and the holy Mother Church keeps a sharp eye upon my beautiful Olympia. Fain would she drag the maiden before the secret tribunal, and crush her tender frame on the rack, but they dare not; truly men have degenerated since Pythagoras and Apollonius taught. They do not understand or appreciate the wisdom and beauty, nay, the necessity of occult sciences, and ignorantly ascribe what they cannot comprehend to infernal machinations; because I heal the sick as did the Egyptian priests in the temples of Isis, by the imposition of hands, the people pluck my robe and spit upon me in the streets. Yet learned men can praise these same priests of Esculapius, investigating closely

all those frictional processes employed by the classic Esculapiadæ; but if I, a poor scholar, imitate these grand theories of the past, I am hooted at and struck—men call me the devil's godson. The successors of Saint Peter are afraid the people should penetrate the veil of mental darkness it is their interest to keep them in. They dare not imitate the example of their arch-extatic head and founder, for he went about healing the sick, openly teaching in the synagogues, and performing many wonderful cures, and all by the same processes as the ancient Egyptians did ere Moses was taken from the bulrushes, and initiated into their mysteries. 'How has the fine gold become dim;' the primitive teachings of the Nazarene have become corrupt and base; a hoary sinner sits in the chair of Saint Peter; virtue and truth are a mockery and a farce; bigotry and grovelling superstition fill the coffers of the Church to pamper Pope and priests," said Colonna, in a grieved and sorrowful tone. The old man's heart was heavy, and foreboded evil.

(*To be continued.*)

WHENCE DID WE COME?

CURIOUS FACTS THAT SQUINT TOWARD DARWINISM.

A Professor having recently been criticised for a lecture delivered in Rochester, partly supporting the Darwinian theory, replies in the *Democrat and Chronicle*, from which we make the following extract:

To those whose only aim is to find the truth, let me give two facts which have transpired in Rochester within as many weeks.

First, a dentist pulled a "wisdom tooth" with three fangs.

Second, the *post mortem* examination of a woman revealed the fact that her death had been caused by the presence of a grape seed in the cæcum.

The facts seem trivial. Let us see, if we can, what they mean.

No man can take the first step in science unless the tap-root of his thought is this: nothing transpires in nature which is out of relation to everything else, and therefore meaningless. We walk through a corn field and find an ear in which the silk and tassel, the female and male flowers, are blended. The flower is hermaphrodite. You ask me what it means and I tell you "it is reversion, a slipping back into an earlier condition of the corn." You understand this very well, when you see in your child a resemblance to your grandfather.

I have seen in English homes light-haired, blue-eyed children, having no resemblance to either parent, and—I have been told—no resemblance to grand-parents. The Saxon eye and hair reappear now and then, transmitted through a millennium's blood-circuits. And the three fangs by which the "wisdom tooth" of an ape is implanted reappear now and then on the "wisdom tooth" of a Rochester lawyer, teaching him a law older than any written in books.

If the reader will take up any standard work on anatomy, he will find a plate representing the digestive system. He will see a little branch of the intestine ending in a cul-de-sac. It is called the cæcum. If a cherry-seed, or grape-seed, or anything else, slips from the main intestine into its cul-de-sac, it cannot get out. It causes inflammation, and frequently death. Now, why is the cæcum there? It serves no use. It is variable in size and occasionally it is absent altogether. It is worse than useless. It is as a little deadly trap set to catch a berry-seed and hold it fast for our destruction.

If I ask you why it is there, you tell me "God made it so," and you think the answer has at least the merit of piety. You deceive yourself. Neither our religion nor our science will permit us to regard this cul-de-sac as the result of a primal creative act. Let the student turn now to the beaver or the kangaroo, and he will find this cæcum very long and large and useful.

It reaches its fullest development in the beaver and the kangaroo—animals which stand low on the scale. It is still quite large in the sheep and in the grass-eaters generally. The food of these animals is coarse, and the ducts which take up the nutriment must have a large extent of surface, hence this second intestine. From the kangaroo, as you pass up to man, you will find the cæcum growing less and less important, and smaller and smaller, till it appears as a mere rudiment. It is in man as a silent letter in a word, useless but historical. Is it too much for your credulity that some remote ancestral form ate grass like a sheep?—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

P O E T R Y.

A T Y P E.

I.

I KNOW a bird who casts a spell
 O'er many an upland, many a dell;
 Who humbly warbles, always gay,
 On the dull earth his roundelay.
 Now, singeth from the elm tree's crest,
 Of all the feathered troop the best;
 Now, (when a home he fondly seeks,
 Far, far above the mountain peaks,)
 How do those quivering wings and voice
 The pilgrim's raptured soul rejoice!
 Sweeter the pœans cheer the skies,
 As higher the glad pinions rise;
 Harmonious most when form and wings
 Fade to imaginary things.
 All lost to sight, wrapt admiration,
 Gives vision to imagination.
 List! faint and fainter still! the ear
 Rests doubting, and we cease to hear.
 Now, lost to sight, from hearing gone,
 Imagination left alone,
 Still lingers musing, wond'ring where
 Those lofty aspirations dare.

Woodlark, thy tiny wings are light,
 Yet bear they thee a hardy height.
 Woodlark, thy slender form is frail,
 Yet from the bosom's depths exhale
 Hymns dulcet thro' yon regions bright,
 Grand songs, ambitious as thy flight;
 If to seek ether be ambition,
 When to seek ether seems thy mission.
 Wondrous indeed! if it be so,
 No place too high, no place too low;
 Empyrean realms or earthly base,
 For thee, no place seems out of place.
 Is happiness then not in place,
 But in the way we run our race?
 Is happiness, say, this transition,
 Less change of place than of condition?
 Dear bird, thou of the winning heart,
 Blythe source of joy where'er thou art,
 Not only thou exempt from sadness,
 But copious spring for other's gladness;
 Tell me thy secret, let me share
 Thy fairy spell to banish care.
 Hallowed by joys without alloy,
 How dost thou kindle other's joy?
 Tell me, bird, whither dost thou fly
 To gain this catching sympathy?
 Thou who stoop'st low with cowering wings,
 Meting the worth of humble things;
 Thou who may'st know our weary life,
 Our anguish, folly, envy, strife;
 Say, sweet Prometheus with a lyre,
 Whence dost thou snatch the sacred fire?
 Thou casual wanderer of the sky,
 Must bring thy secret from on high.
 I pray that secret rare impart
 To every earnest, aching heart;
 Ay, be that peerless blessing known
 To me, to all let it be shown.

There is an angel home above;
 Thence urged by strong, imperious love
 The angels from their dwellings bend,
 And mortal suffering attend.
 To succour with mysterious hand,
 The angels compass sea and land.
 Severed from love and mercy's balm,
 No place for these can shed a charm.
 To follow them must be your aim,
 To love as they, your highest fame.
 This is the secret rare, and this
 The magic charm of holy bliss.
 For they are spirits ministering,
 Sent forth to minister and bring
 Rejoicing from the spirit's day-spring
 Sped with unbounded mediation,
 For every soul of every nation.

To every suffering, every prayer,
 These solace sure responsive bear.
 Swifter than rays of light they dart,
 To rouse the conscience, touch the heart;
 But to be present is to will;
 But to desire is to fulfil.
 Kindly and heartily they serve;
 Seen rarely, felt through every nerve;
 God their delight, and man their care,
 Their home, their heaven everywhere.

II.

HIGH, very high, in murky sky,
 The vulture soars above me,
 Lower he bends, hither descends,
 What dark forebodings move me!
 He brings no good, no hopeful mood,
 O'er my sad senses stealing;
 He bodes unrest to my behest,
 He taints the better feeling.

Does not the sight of that low flight
 Augur of deeds detested?
 Is not that croak an evil cloak
 Of evil thoughts suggested?
 Black, black as night, he doth alight
 Upon the path before me;
 Bird, I descry thy baneful eye!
 Good Father! God! restore me!

Avaunt! avaunt! thou can'st not haunt
 My dazed senses longer;
 Being grotesque, unpicturesque,
 It is I who am now the stronger.
 I dare thee now, loathsome and low,
 Such will I ever hold thee,
 And no more pain from thy base bane,
 Shall, through thy wiles, enfold me.

A squalid load, "squat like a toad,"
 Gorged with material greeding;
 Gladly thou wouldst, if but thou couldst,
 Tempt others to like feeding.
 Thou Caliban! no noble man
 Will heed thy hateful features;
 Yet dost thou bring a fatal sting
 To gross and grovelling creatures.

Live not for self, trust not in pelf;
 Trust not in crafty faces.
 Pause not, but strive straightway to drive
 Base spirits from high places.
 For we must fight to do aright,
 While scorning their advances;
 Lest they should touch, then firmly clutch
 Our weak and wayward fancies.

And we must pray in our own best way,
 In sure and safe dependence;
 For with communion there must be union,
 Whichever way the tendency.
 Where we confide, there is the guide
 Who holds us in his keeping;
 And time will show, that as we sow,
 Just so will be the reaping.

W. R. T.

ON THE DEFECTIVE STATE OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor.

FURTHER reflection and experience of this world's ways and doings only confirm me in the consciousness that something ought to be managed by us relative to the matter introduced to your notice in *Human Nature* for February, 1870.

The religious contentions of all sorts, and the contentions of capital and labour, only serve to deepen the conviction that the great problem of civilised life has yet to be solved.

Fun's illustration of John Bull's query as to what the workers can do without capital (as if their brains and physical resources were nothing), points the issue, by way of start, for a new state of things; for no step can be taken until the possibility is demonstrated of superseding this money-worship by a system of mutual combination, where capital shall stand in true subserviency to the best interests of man.

It is said that all are, in the sight of God, equal, and such I hold they ought to be on coming into this world, and such ought they to appear before Him under all circumstances. "Property" then, in any exclusive sense under this view for a new state of things, would necessarily be considered usurpation and robbery, and could never arise but through a vicious exercise of power over the weak and unfortunate—which, in all right-minded humanity, means the blessings of a beneficent "Creator" perverted to the basest uses, as we see it throughout the present state of things, where so large a part live in idleness and all sorts of wrong-doing, or upon the labour and degradation of their fellows.

The only intrinsic wealth exists in the mind of man, and herein we must look for it, and a state of society that shall more truly represent it.

It appears, beyond all question, impossible to meet the spiritual requirements of the present times out of the present social arrangements and conditions. To the vast many of humanity life is an unceasing struggle and soul-destroying scramble for the temporary means of subsistence. And it further appears utterly impossible to stem the current of those proceedings by any of the ordinary resources of our philanthropy; and no principle of mutual respect

or forbearance can be exercised in such hot contention, and where existence depends throughout upon this spirit, all our national system of education and moral appliances to the contrary notwithstanding.

Something must be radically wrong with that state of society wherein the wisest and the best are not allowed a subsistence at all; for thus does the past history of the race testify against it—and that those who have afterwards become glorified as “saviours” were, in their lifetime, treated as the despised and rejected.

Surely it were time some effort were made to meet these anomalies, and that some state of society be established amongst us wherein these truth-loving lords of the universe might come and be received to all the ordinary means of subsistence as to their normal heritage. Surely there can be some happier mode of managing ourselves and the resources we possess, and some principle be established for promoting each other's good that shall meet all the ordinary requirements of our nature, and at the same time develop all our capacities and powers in righteousness and truth, instead of the converse, as at present, to say nothing of the higher revelations of the soul when existing under more healthy and favourable conditions.

To start, then, it is believed that men have the power to govern themselves, and thus to become crowned true kings of life, and masters of all that can be betwixt the cradle and the grave. Another real philosophy of life is to show forth some state of society that should more befittingly represent this power and privilege of their creation.

We find the man of the world avails himself of its resources to promote his ambition and physical enjoyment, and so on, throughout all human experience, man stands incontestably free either to work out the heaven of his aspiration or sink himself to the lowest depths of iniquity.

Let us then have done with inherent depravities, and all that sort of thing, and no longer trouble ourselves as to how or from whence we come; but thank God, under a deep consciousness of our responsibilities, that our day has at last arrived, and, with such powers as we have, honestly speak forth all that may appear to concern our present and future on the planet. For, until we show forth some true and practical meaning to our Christian philosophy, and that it can be lived and be made the rule of conduct throughout every circumstance of life, the world will *neither believe nor be convinced*.

R. D., Manchester.

MY HOLIDAY EXPERIENCES.

WHEN I went to Bridge of Allan, the doctor told me that “life is change,” and so I take it that man requires a change of scene and circumstances extended to him, as well as a constant change of the elements of which his organism is composed; and, may I also

add, that mentally and spiritually, man requires a continuous succession of thought and motive and influence—at least, I may safely conclude, without meriting the epithet of a vague speculator, that a holiday, if not an absolute necessity of human life, is a most agreeable and salutary divertimento. The merchant on 'change, the statesman in the senate, the tradesman behind the counter, the clerk at his desk, the literary genius with his pen, the mechanic in the workshop, the labourer at his toil, the idle drone of the human hive surfeited with the honey of industry, the priest at his ceremonies—all exhaust the faculties which their occupations call into action, and to restore harmony, health, and happiness, a change of circumstances is necessary.

The most melancholy phase of this subject is, that the most deserving members of society have the fewest opportunities of obtaining this reward for their industry and toil; and when they do seek enjoyment, they search for it too often amidst habits and associations which are worse than the slavery of toil, and waste means which might afford the happiest results if profitably put to use. Even with the more favourably circumstanced, much money and precious time are often squandered with but small compensating advantage; so that, to most persons, the question—When, where, how shall I spend my holidays—is a matter of some importance, and warrants due consideration.

Every temperament and condition of the body requires different treatment in the matter of recreation—some enjoying activity, and others demanding quiet and ease. Prone under a spreading tree, one man will gain health and vigour, while another will fare better scaling mountains, or struggling with the turbulent sea-waves. Yet it is not to be doubted that those who require it most derive the least benefit from their periodical trip. For this unhappy result I have alighted on a happy cure. I took medical advice on the matter, and went to a place where recreation is conducted on scientific principles—in fact, I went to Ochil Park Hydropathic Establishment, Bridge of Allan, under the medical superintendence of Dr. Hunter.

The first advantage which the visitor derives is a thorough examination from the doctor, with suitable advice. For this no extra fee is charged, and to one who is desirous of improving his physical condition, and intelligent enough to turn it to good account, this seance with the doctor is most valuable. He asks a heap of questions which no one would think of, and draws conclusions from them as startling as they are instructive. Dr. Hunter divides diseases into four classes—those which pertain to the brain and nerves; those which involve the pulmonary organs; those which affect the digestive system; and those which manifest themselves in derangement of the functions of the skin. By a process of physiological investigation, in which the doctor is most happy to enlighten his patients, it is easy to arrive at a correct diagnosis of the disease, or physical condition rather, for it is not necessary to suppose that

the visitor is absolutely sick. Having thus paved the way to the temple of health, a speedy entrance is ensured by such treatment, dieting, and other habits, as will tend to restore functional harmony, and thereby physical strength. The means used at Ochil Park are not of an empirical kind, inflexibly consigning each visitor to the same unvarying line of treatment. The patient's feelings, as well as the peculiarities of the case are carefully consulted. The doctor is accessible several times daily; besides, the details are entrusted to experienced attendants, who administer intelligently that which is prescribed. A Turkish bath at Bridge of Allan is a very different affair from the same thing in a pent-up city, in an obscure nook, full of reeking humanity, to which is oftentimes added arbitrary, careless, or defective attendance. A very salutary perspiration may be obtained without occasioning the least unpleasant symptoms in the head or accelerating the circulation. By baths applied to the head and a wet bandage, the circulation is controlled, and, where their employment is indicated, the soothing rack and other appliances are substituted.

In a suit of baths which cost £3000 in erection, there is every convenience for producing the best results with the greatest comfort to the bather. Some will be disposed to question the benefit of inducing perspiration in a person who is undergoing a process of repletion. Does it not weaken, does it not tend to dissipate the flesh you are so eager to augment on the exhausted patient's bones? Not at all; but, on the contrary, it tends to promote the thriving process, by exciting activity in the capillaries where nutrition goes on, by eliminating worn-out obstructive matter, and by toning the system up to greater vital energy generally. A visitor told me he went to Ochil Park not able to walk the length of the platform at the railway station, but before he left, he could take his walk four miles out and four miles in.

But come, you will frighten people if you talk about disease and debility in this way. We don't want to go to an hospital, but for a jolly, soul-and-body, refreshing holiday. We want not only to get health for the body but change for the mind. We want to see strange cities, different peoples, objects of art and antiquity, rivers and shipping, classic scenes, rugged mountains, lonely tarns and bosky glens enlivened by the weird echoes of the waterfall and beautified by curious ferns and sombre shades. We want to bathe in Nature's open baths—in salt and fresh water, to row the boat and pace the deck of the gliding steamer, to peep in upon mountain fastnesses and regale our eyesight on magnificent landscapes. If so, then go to Bridge of Allan, and the particulars already entered into, if taken advantage of, will help you to enjoy all these goodly elements of a thorough recreative holiday, for they are all at the threshold, so to speak, of the resident at Bridge of Allan. A short ride by rail will take you to Edinburgh or Glasgow. Stirling Castle, and many themes of song and story, are within a few minutes' walk. You may bathe in the Forth or lakes, or reach the sea,

with the trouble of making a little pleasant exertion. The grandest scenery of the Highlands can be reached in a few minutes by frequent trains. Circular tours, in all directions and with every mentionable kind of scenery, can be made daily for a mere trifle; and every advantage to be derived from extensive travel may be had, and avoid the obnoxious hotel system. Four excellent meals a-day, safety, cleanliness, the attractions of a home, absolute repose or briskest activity may be had for a rate per week which would have found me inferior accommodation in a hotel for a much less time. And then I had "advice and treatment," which made the money spent much more advantageous.

Some people cannot get away in the summer, and feel disheartened at the thought of finding enjoyment late in the season, or in the winter. To such I would say, go to Bridge of Allan. Sheltered from the north and east winds by the finely wooded Ochil hills, and supplemented by artificial heat and shelter, Ochil Park is one of the most suitable places for a delicate person to winter. The district is famous on this account, but the hot-air baths present facilities for resisting cold and damp which no natural conditions in this insular climate present.

I did not think I was about to trouble the reader, with such a long epistle on hygienics. I felt grateful for having derived much enjoyment, and great benefit, at a moderate expense, and without distressing fatigue and tear and wear of the system. I have heard fellow-passengers exclaim, "Oh! how glad I am to get home and have a rest. I am completely done out. I have been crowded into stuffy dens at hotels, been disturbed at all hours of the night and morning by arrivals and departures, and have absolutely seen nothing fit to eat for days. I am travel-soiled and toil-worn, and what a fool I have been to expend £20 to get so thoroughly disgusted." I thought my experience might prove useful to some adventuring wanderer; therefore I trouble the readers of *Human Nature* with it.

What progress! In my younger days hydropathy was pushed as an up-hill idea—now it has become of commercial value. I heard that the establishment at Bridge of Allan was owned by a firm of Glasgow merchants, who had expended £20,000 in fitting the place up, and were reaping a dividend of 8 per cent. on their capital thus invested. My parting wish is that there were more such places equally well conducted and patronised.

A SHRIVELLED COCKNEY.

THE JUBILEE AND CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS AT DARLINGTON.

AGREEABLE to the announcement which appeared in *Human Nature* for August, a series of meetings took place in the Lecture-Room, Central Hall, Darlington, on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 30 and

31. There were two sessions each day, a public tea-party, a seance on the Tuesday evening, and a public lecture by Mr. J. Burns on Wednesday evening. N. Kilburn, jun., Esq., of Bishop Auckland, made an agreeable and efficient chairman. The morning session of the first day was occupied by an address, from Mr. J. Burns, reviewing the progress of the last seven years, followed by reports of progress from various delegates. The business of the Conference may be summed up in the following measure and resolutions, which were cordially agreed to. A full and official report of the discussions thereon appears in the *Medium*, No. 127:—

A MEASURE FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

Resolved,—That the following be recommended by this Conference to all Spiritualists for practical use, in aid of the National Progressive Spiritual Institution in London, including *The Medium* as its organ:—

1st.—That collectors of funds be nominated by the Secretary of the Institute (volunteer collectors may be accepted) in any and in every district on the earth. And that collectors so appointed are authorised to receive weekly or other contributions, and also gifts, anonymous or otherwise—which funds should be recorded under date in a suitable cashbook.

2nd.—That remittance to the order of the National Institution be made as frequently as prudent, which, on receipt, should be recorded under date to the credit of the sender.

3rd.—That the Secretary of the Institution report quarterly (or oftener if he think it best through *The Medium*, or privately,) the amount or total of funds raised or received from all voluntary sources—and such other items of information as he might deem right, which would enable the collectors to meet their subscribers and donors, and to inform them of the prosperity (or otherwise) of the National Institution.

4th.—A guarantee fund of annual subscribers may also be established in correspondence with the Secretary of the Institution.

RESOLUTIONS.

1.—That under existing circumstances, this Conference is in duty bound to extend, and hereby does extend, its approval and moral support to public mediums engaged in the propagation of Spiritualism who are obliged to charge for admission to seances; and also to declare that a fairly conducted seance, that is, *according to custom or stipulation*, whatever may be the result, removes any further responsibility.

2.—That this Conference earnestly calls the attention of all Spiritualists to the paramount importance of private and family circles, believing that, to all who desire to arrive at a knowledge and realisation of spiritual truth, the family and private circle are as necessary to success as are the class-room of the scholar and the laboratory of the chemist, in their respective departments of learning.

3.—That, as the next step in progress after the family circle, this Conference earnestly recommends the order of weekly conference as a means to normally develop and unite Spiritualists. By canvassing and conversing about the facts and the principles of Spiritualism, etc., the mind is developed, and the power of expression increased, preparatory to more practical co-operation or business efforts to support and extend the cause in the lecture-room, etc.

4.—That as a third degree of societary progress, the Conference most cordially approves and recommends to every district the services in public halls or meeting rooms open to attendance by the general public.

5.—That this Conference with great pleasure calls the attention of Spiritualists to the subject of healing mediumship, as a most desirable means of spreading Spiritualism and benefitting humanity.

6.—That this Conference most cordially approves of lyceums and picnics for the young and for adult Spiritualists.

7.—That this Conference calls the attention of Spiritualists in every district to the great importance of establishing branch progressive libraries and bookstand, or depot, for the sale of Spiritualist literature.

FREE LOVE.

WHAT THE GREAT HIGH PRIESTESS HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE DISGUSTING THEORY.

IN a recent speech at Steinway Hall, New York, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, the high priestess of the Free Lovers, in reply to the question from the audience, "Are you a Free Lover?" responded, "Yes, I am a Free Lover. I have an *inalienable, constitutional, and natural* right to love whom I may, to love as *long* or as *short* a period as I can, to *change that love every day*, if I please, and with that right neither you nor any law you can frame have any right to interfere; and I have the further right to demand a free and unrestricted exercise of that right, and it is your duty not only to accord it, but, as a community, to see that I am protected in it. I trust that I am fully understood, for I mean just that, and nothing less! Why did Mrs. Fair kill Crittenden? Free love was not the inciter. It was because she believed in the spirit of the marriage law, that she had a *better right* to him than Mrs. Crittenden, to whom the law had granted him; and, rather than give him up to her, to whom he evidently desired to go, and where following his right to freedom he *did* go, she killed him. Could a more perfect case of the spirit of the marriage law be formulated? Most assuredly no! If Mrs. Fair told him to go in peace when he desired such freedom, would it not have been the more Christian course, and would not Mrs. Crittenden have *loved* her for so doing? I have learned that the first great error most married people commit, is in endeavouring to hide from each other the little irregularities into which all are liable to fall, since nothing is so

conducive to continuous happiness as mutual confidence. If our sisters who inhabit Greene Street and other localities, choose to remain in debauch, and if our brothers choose to visit them there, they are only exercising the same right that we exercise in remaining away, and we have no more right to abuse and condemn them than they have to abuse and condemn us for exercising our rights *our way*."—*American Paper*.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

THE Locomotive Engineers of the United States and Canada have for the last seven years been organised into a Brotherhood, embracing all good efficient men, without regard to country or race. The purpose is to improve the ability, and raise the status of members as engineers and men; they exclude everything of a sectarian character; they have nothing to do with politics; and they expect to obtain all they are justly entitled to by peaceful measures alone. They publish a monthly journal, which is well patronised, the circulation reaching nearly ten thousand copies; and from it we learn that the Brotherhood has one hundred and thirty-six branches, located in all parts of the United States, with five in the Dominion of Canada, and that the number of members exceeds seven thousand. Connected with the organisation is a widows, orphans, and disabled members' fund, and the surplus revenues are disposed of in answer to calls for various charities. At the last annual meeting, which was held in Toronto, a memorial was drawn up to be submitted to Congress, asking it to pass a rigid and discriminating law, to guard the post of engineer from the intrusion of unreliable or incompetent men. The leading ideas of this proposed law may be synopsized in a few words:—It provides that on every division of every American railroad there shall be a board of examination, consisting of the superintendent, master mechanic, and one first-class locomotive engineer of said division, whose duty it shall be to examine all engineers employed on the division, and grant them certificates on forms supplied by the Secretary of the Interior. The certificates will be of two classes. First-class engineers alone will be competent to run passenger engines; the second class may have charge of engines on "freight, yard, or construction trains." Any railroad neglecting to organise these boards, or found guilty of employing an engineer in a capacity not authorised by his certificate, will be subject to a fine. Drunkenness or incompetency of any kind are to be held fatal to the retention of a first-class certificate. With this intelligent and just statute thus blocked out, it is to be hoped that Congress will do its part promptly and gladly. It is not alone the railroad companies, nor the engineers themselves, who are to be benefited; the whole travelling community is interested in a law which would increase its trust that no incompetent or rum-crazed man shall ever stand between the throngs who travel and the countless forms of death by rail. As a class, the locomotive engineers of America are already probably superior in intelligence and capacity to those of any other nation. But they are not yet satisfied. They aim to be still more sober, honest, and efficient. Their Brotherhood is one of the few associations of working men that does not seem to have a single objectionable feature. If there is any vocation in life as truly commendable as it is useful it is that of a loyal, upright engineer, who, by his own unwavering exertions, has built up for himself a respectable place in society, where the responsibility is great with moderate earnings, and his value to society greater than that of many with ten times his income and a hundred times the fleeting, false, worldly honour.