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RESEARCHES IN SPIRITUALISM.

By M. A. (Oxon).

Spirit Photography—Chapter IV.

(*Continued.*)

In selecting from the mass of photographs which have been taken by Mr. Hudson at various times since March, 1872, I have been governed by a desire to present those only which have been recognised by the sitters, or remarkable experiments at which I have myself been present. Under this latter class I place the first spirit photograph I ever obtained with Mr. Hudson, and the last, taken only a short time ago, and described by me in the *Medium* of 14th August last. From my letter I extract a description which will explain once and for all the precautions taken—precautions which I never omit.

"This particular photograph was taken under these circumstances. I took with me an intimate personal friend, and he or I watched every plate throughout. Seven plates were exposed, and on one only was there a spirit-form. That plate I watched throughout myself. The glass was selected from a packet of new ones. I examined it, and saw it cleaned. The process was not well done, and on my objection it was repeated. I breathed on the glass, and found it to be clean, with no trace of anything upon it. I went into the dark room, and watched its preparation throughout, until it was duly sensitised. It was a poor plate, but I overruled Mr. Hudson's desire to prepare another. The camera I had previously turned inside out, and ransacked; altering the focus, in view of ghosts previously painted with bisulphate of quinite on the background! I saw the slide put into the camera, and then took my seat. The exposure over, I followed into the dark room again, and watched the process of

developing. The result is a very good spirit-picture, a copy of which I send you for the inspection of anyone who may desire to see it. I never lost sight of Hudson nor of the plate throughout; and I believe imposture to be impossible under such conditions. At any rate, I asked a well-known photographer afterwards, whether he was prepared to 'do me a ghost' under similar conditions, and he declared it to be impossible."

The figure on the plate is a very striking one. The head, shrouded in white drapery, is not so much in shadow as to be unrecognisable. The features are those of a handsome Eastern, with long black beard and moustache. The drapery, which encircles the face, depends to the waist, where it ceases; and the figure is so posed that the head appears immediately above mine, which is completely covered with the pendent drapery, a part of my coat being also concealed behind it. When the picture was developed, this mass of drapery flashed out immediately on contact with the developer. This, as noticed by Mr. Wallace, F.R.S., in his article on the subject, is an invariable peculiarity of these manifestations. The figure has since been authenticated to me as the portrait of a spirit friend, an Indian philosopher, who is a regular attendant at our circle.

No. 2—the first picture I ever obtained with Mr. Hudson—is remarkable for the almost entire obliteration of the sitter. I had placed myself in profile, and stood with my eyes fixed on the roof of the studio. I became conscious of a luminous fog round me, and of a presence at my side. This sensation increased so much that before the exposure was over I was in a state of partial trance. On development, the plate shows only the faintest trace of my figure, while, in the place where I felt the presence, stands a very clearly defined form, draped similarly to No. 1, but standing in profile. The face is clear, and the position corresponds exactly to what I felt. The luminous mist of which I was conscious has blotted my figure out almost entirely. In addition to other precautions, I requested Mr. Hudson to turn this plate upside down, so as to give additional security against a prepared deception.

No. 3 is a photograph of Dr. Thomson, of Clifton. He went to Mr. Hudson in the hope of obtaining a picture of a deceased relative, and was much disappointed, on seeing the plate, that he could not recognise the figure—that of a female, full length, which stood looking directly into his face. He sent the photograph to his uncle in Scotland, saying that he was sorry he could not recognise it. The reply was that that was not surprising, seeing that the figure was that of Dr. Thomson's own mother, who died at his birth. Since there was no picture of her in existence, he had no idea what she was like. During a visit

which I have lately paid him, the same figure, draped in precisely the same way, presented itself at our sittings, and was clearly discerned by two sitters, who described the appearance independently in exactly similar terms, while all could hear the rustling of the drapery as the figure moved about the room. Whatever power made that figure in Mr. Hudson's studio, made it again in Dr. Thomson's own house, when no one but myself and his own family were present; and has, since my departure, as I learn by a letter just received, repeated the manifestation in the presence of himself and his son alone.

No. 4 is a likeness of Mr. William Howitt, with one of his departed children. Mr. Howitt's testimony I reprint from the *Spiritual Magazine* for October, 1872:—

"During my recent short and hurried visit to London, I and my daughter paid a visit to Mr. Hudson's studio, and through the mediumship of Mr. Herne—and, perhaps, of Mr. Hudson himself—obtained two photographs, perfect and unmistakeable, of sons of mine, who passed into the spirit-world years ago. They had promised to thus show themselves, if possible.

"These portraits were obtained under circumstances which did not admit of deception. Neither Mr. Hudson nor Mr. Herne knew who we were. Mr. Herne I never saw before. I shut him up in the recess at the back of the studio, and secured the door on the outside, so that he did not—and could not—appear on the scene. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, who was with us, and myself took the plates at hap-hazard from a dusty heap of such; and Mr. Coleman went into the dark chamber with the photographer, and took every precaution that no tricks were played there. But the greatest security was, that not knowing us, and our visit being without any previous announcement or arrangement, the photographer could by no means know what or whom we might be expecting. Mr. Coleman himself did not know of the existence of one of the sechildren. Still further, there was no existing likeness of one of them.

"On sending these photographs to Mrs. Howitt in Rome, she instantly and with the greatest delight recognised the truth of the portraits. The same was the case with a lady who had known these boys most intimately for years. A celebrated and most reliable lady-medium whom they had spiritually visited many times at once recognised them perfectly, and as resembling a spirit-sister, who *they told her* had died in infancy long before themselves, and which is a fact.

"I had written a letter to state these particulars publicly, when a friend, who mixes much with the London Spiritualists, assured me that to his knowledge Hudson and Herne had played

tricks. On hearing this, as I had no means and no leisure, during my short and fully occupied stay in England, of ascertaining what was really the truth, I kept back my letter, reluctant to sanction fraud should it by any possibility exist; but on all occasions I have stated that, so far as I was concerned, the result of my visit to Mr. Hudson was a perfect success.

"It was my full intention to have made another experiment with him, but found it impossible, much to my regret. I feel it, however, only due to Mr. Hudson and to the cause of spirit photography to say that my visit to him was thoroughly satisfactory—that by no merely earthly means could he have presented me with the photographic likenesses which he did; and that I, moreover, feel an inward and strong conviction that he is an honest man. Were he otherwise, he would, in fact, be a very great fool, since my own experience with him is proof positive that he can, and does produce realities.

"I may add that the two portraits in question are the best and more clearly developed of any that I have seen, except that of Annina Carboni, obtained by Chevalier Kirkup in Florence.—Yours faithfully. "WILLIAM HOWITT.

"August 10, Dietenheim, Bruneck, Austrian Tyrol."

Nos. 5 and 6 are photographs, for which I am indebted to my friend Mrs. Fitzgerald, whose experience of spirit photography with Mr. Hudson has been very extended. No. 5 is remarkable both from the fact of its being a distinctly recognised likeness of a very near relation, and also from the movement of the spirit-form, as though the bond of sympathy and affection were tightened, and the spirit had nestled closer to the centre of its attraction. I reprint from the *Medium* of June 26, 1874, extracts from a letter in which Mrs. Fitzgerald describes the photographs in question. After giving the early part of the year 1872 as the date when she first experimented at Mr. Hudson's studio, she continues:—

"On this very first occasion a lovely draped form appeared on the plate, which, when developed, was immediately recognised by myself at the time, and subsequently by relations and friends, without any sentimental colouring of the imagination or twisting a faint resemblance into a striking likeness. There was the spirit-form. It had evidently moved towards me (spirit is thought in motion), for there were two identical forms, the one somewhat removed, the other close at my knee, with the drapery covering part of my dress, the plaitings on which were distinctly seen through it, and a streak of light from one form to the other indicated this movement, although the form itself was not in the least blurred. It is acknowledged to be one of

the most beautiful photographs which have come from the studio of Mr. Hudson.

"On the many subsequent occasions on which I have visited Mr. Hudson with various friends, Mr. Hudson has not only allowed me, but requested me to choose my plate from a large packet, to clean it myself with spirits of wine, to mark it with a diamond ring, to collodionise and sensitise the plates in the operating room, to place them myself in the bath, and in the frame, to focus the instrument, afterwards to take them out of the frame and hold one side of the plate whilst he poured on the developing fluid, and to watch him closely whilst he held the plate under the water-tap, and brought it fairly into the light room, so that he had not a single opportunity of playing a trick of any kind. In almost every photograph he has taken of myself or my friends a spirit-form with face exposed has appeared, which has been recognised, or our spirit-friends have fulfilled tests they have promised at our private circles, such as showing us flowers they have taken from us, and others more remarkable, of which I will presently give a striking instance. One evening a clerical and somewhat sceptical friend called on me *apropos* of these spirit photographs, and we agreed to meet early at Hudson's the next morning without giving any warning. He declared that if he could get a recognisable spirit photograph he would believe. We met as arranged, and a spirit appeared at the first sitting, which my friend failed to recognise. He sat again, and on development two forms appeared on the plate so close together that, although the features were quite different, three eyes were only required to form two perfect faces! My friend, thoroughly satisfied that these two forms and faces were those of his dear ones on the other side, promised Hudson to give his testimony to their genuineness, but having failed to do so, I now do it for him."

No. 7 is a photograph obtained by a lady with Mrs. Fitzgerald's aid. She sits in the foreground, while Mr. F. stands behind her. A flaw in the plate fortunately does not interfere with the spirit-form, which is high up in the right corner of the picture. The figure, of which the head and bust only are manifest, is extending the right arm shrouded in drapery over the sitter's head. The face presents very clear and recognisable features. It is a face which one who was familiar with it would have no difficulty in recognising. Respecting it, I have received the following information from the lady herself:—

"The photograph, in which the likeness of my father appears, has been distinctly recognised by two people, and these *the only people* to whom the photgraph has been shown *who knew my father*. The first to whom I showed it was my mother, who was

immediately struck by it, saying that 'this was a likeness which could not be mistaken.' It was next put before an old servant who knew my father well, without a word of explanation, and she exclaimed at once, 'That is Mr. A.!' I also recognise the likeness to him, so far as my recollection goes; so that the testimony is sufficiently strong."

No. 8 is perhaps the most remarkable in appearance of the series. The sitter is Mr. Henry E. Russell, of Kingston on Thames. He sits with the right leg thrown over the other, and with face turned towards the camera. The leg is completely shrouded in drapery, while beside the sitter, with hands clasped over the breast, and face upturned in attitude of prayer, is a female figure, respecting which Mr. Russell informs me, in a letter dated Sept. 10, 1874, that it "has been recognised by all who knew her in her earth life. I can, as well as members of my family, take an affidavit of the genuineness of the unveiled figure, as being a correct likeness of my aunt, Elizabeth Russell." This attestation Mr. Russell printed in the *Medium and Daybreak*, May 17, 1872. Among the hundred photographs of Mr. Hudson's which lie before me, none is more clear than this. The face is completely unveiled, the features most distinct, every detail of the face, which is in profile, stands out, so that none who had ever seen the original could fail to recognise the portrait.

It must suffice that I notice the above as specimens of the mass that lie before me. Others are remarkable: one especially in which Mr. Slater is completely hidden behind a full length figure heavily draped in white. The head is shrouded, and the right arm extended at length, allows a mass of pure white drapery to flow to the very ground. Behind this the form of the sitter is hidden, a portion of the head and a hand only being visible. There is, too, a photograph of Major O——, with a perfect congeries of ghosts on the plate, and another of Mrs. B——, also with a most singular tangled mass of white drapery. There are some in which tangible embodiments of Psychic Force confront its discoverer, and one in which John King appears with head unveiled, and the well-known features as distinct as in the pictures taken by M. Buguet. But I do not dwell on these, seeing that I have no special information regarding them. My plan of vouching for everything either on my own personal knowledge, or from the attestation of eye witnesses, precludes me from doing more than I have done in the way of allusion.*

* It has been deemed wise to complete the evidence as it regards Mr. Hudson, and to defer till the two following months notices of other photographs—Mumler, Parkes, Buguet, and other amateur efforts. Illustrations, which will serve as specimens of the work of the above named photo-

FURTHER EXAMPLES OF SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

It was our intention to present with this number of *Human Nature* some more specimens of Spirit Photography; but we found from the experience of last month that there was not time to do so. Indeed, some apology is due to our subscribers and to the public generally for the delay which occurred in the issue of the number for September. It was the first instance in which we had used photography as an illustration,—not only so, but it was the first time that Spirit Photography had been thus adapted in the history of our movement, with the exception that the *Revue Spirite* had given examples of the kind on one or two occasions. The printing of photographs is at all times a slow process, but in the case of Spirit Photographs, in which the detail is far less distinct than on ordinary plates, the difficulty is much greater and the speed proportionately slow. Mr. Hudson was also desirous of printing as many as possible from the original negatives, but was ultimately forced to multiply negatives, which has been done in such a careful manner as to make an almost imperceptible difference. Our course being entirely unprecedented, mishaps and unforeseen delays were naturally to be expected. The demand for the copies has been so great that they had to be carefully kept out of sight, or the subscribers would not have been supplied even to this date. Such is our apology, and the very satisfactory feature which we can post to the credit side of the account is the thorough manner in which the work has been done. Everybody is highly pleased, even after waiting weeks for their copies. The article of M. A. (Oxon), and attendant testimony, are so exhaustive and candid that it inspires the reader with a confidence, to supplement which no further evidence is required. Then come the photographs, speaking in language which cannot be disputed, and placing the reader in possession of valuable specimens of the most remarkable phenomenon of modern times, as a free gift. Mr. Hudson has done his work well, and the *poses* are singularly natural and easy for Spirit Photography. Lastly, the publishing department has not acted parsimoniously, but has mounted the prints in a manner worthy of such an unprecedented form of art.

It will be pleasing intelligence to many to know that this kind of illustration will be continued. In November, specimens of the Spirit Photography of Mr. Mumler, of Boston, U.S.A., and afterwards of Mr. Parkes, a London amateur, will be given. In both

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graphers, will be printed with the next number. Copies of the photographs alluded to in the above article are deposited with the editor at 15 Southampton Row, for the purpose of inspection by any who may desire to compare the pictures with the description given.

cases the spirit forms are recognised, and testimony to that effect will be adduced. In a succeeding number will appear an article on the photographic experiences of M. Buguet, accompanied by two examples furnished through the kindness of Lady Caithness. In one of these her ladyship appears as sitter, and in both cases spirits appear which are recognised.

In making these announcements, we take the opportunity to thank the many patrons who have so generously come forward to aid us in this very expensive tribute to the cause of scientific truth. It is only by the sale of a very large number of copies at full price that we can hope to be refunded even in part of our outlay. The September number is yet in print, and orders for the forthcoming numbers should be sent in as soon as possible.

Our readers in all parts of the world are likewise respectfully solicited to aid the gentleman who writes these articles on Spirit Photography in the work of presenting the fullest array of evidence possible. Amateurs who have been successful in obtaining the phenomenon of Spirit Photographs are invited to communicate their experience to M. A. (Oxon), 15 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

A NEW RELIGION.

(Being a Paper read by Mr. St. George Stock *before a Society in Oxford.)*

My hearers, it is hoped, will pardon a dash of egotism at the beginning. They may feel assured that "I" appear on the scene merely to draw the curtain. Last Christmas I had occasion to spend some time in the town of Stockport. One Sunday morning, being left by my kind entertainers to my own heathen devices, I determined to go to Manchester, which is some eight miles distant from Stockport, and, with a perversity only possible in one born and bred within the British dominions, preferred walking along an uninteresting road to going comfortably by train. I repaired first to the house of a Madame Louise, a medium; but not finding her in, went on to the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, where a meeting of Spiritualists was advertised to take place. On entering the room I found a few men already assembled. They were in a state of high indignation with Madame Louise, whose creed they declared to be, that all mediumship was, like her own, imposture. They averred that they had detected her in the clumsiest attempts at imposition. That, of course, may or may not be so, the circumstance being here mentioned merely from a dramatic point of view.

The meetings in the Temperance Hall are exclusively for Sunday service, and the wayfarer may refresh his soul at these fountains of inspiration "without money, and without price." The meetings are conducted on alternate weeks by, or by means of, a Mr. Jackson and a Mr. Johnson. The latter was the medium on the occasion of which I am speaking. Both are what are called "inspirational speakers," a form of mediumship which is held to imply the possession of those best gifts, which we are bidden to covet earnestly.

Mr. Johnson is a handsome man, with regular features, and a large, dark beard. His ordinary expression is tranquil almost to impassiveness, his pronunciation unmistakably that of the lower classes in Manchester, as was more evident when he was under the excitement of trance-speaking than when he was in his normal state. I had some conversation with him both before and after the service, and he struck me as being an earnest and unpretentious man. The service commenced with a hymn out of a collection entitled "Hymns of Faith and Progress," arranged by the Rev. John Page Hopps, well known as an Unitarian minister, and as editor of *The Truthseeker*. The audience, as far as I could judge, consisted of between forty and fifty persons, with perhaps more men among them than women. Towards the close of the hymn appalling sounds began to issue from the medium, but they seemed to be taken as a matter of course by the audience. Other physical symptoms were also apparent in the medium. His eyes closed; a kind of violent sobbing or shivering shook his frame, as though all the breath in his body were being drawn out of it; and his head was every now and then twitched convulsively backwards. When the hymn was over the medium rose to his feet, with eyes fast closed, and poured out a prayer to the Supreme Being. Then the control passed off; the medium's eyes opened, a strange look marking the return to consciousness; and another hymn was sung by the audience. After again passing into the trance state, the medium rose once more when the hymn was over—this time not to pray, but to preach. His discourse was on the subject of the Law of Order, and, from whatsoever source derived, was an embodiment of the most advanced teaching of the age. Notwithstanding the vulgarity of the medium's pronunciation, I was quite engrossed by the address, the language of which was elegant, the expression intense, and the action striking and appropriate. It is not my intention to discuss the doctrines propounded, but it will probably interest the hearer to learn, in passing, the explanation given by Spiritualists of the trivial and disorderly manifestations which take place at so many séances. These, we were told, proceed from low, undeveloped spirits, men and

women, who, owing to unfavourable physical and social conditions, have passed through life without learning the lesson of life's experience. They linger about this material plane of existence, which alone has attractions for them. But in coming into contact with beings more advanced than themselves, they may gain from another's experience that lesson which they have failed to derive from their own. We were exhorted, therefore, to entertain a loving feeling towards them, and so when we entered the Summer-land we might perchance find that we had let down a life-rope into the dark, and held out to some poor, debased brother the means of progress and the hope of happiness. After the medium had been speaking for some time, he came to a pause; the control seemed to change, the same symptoms being apparent as before; and then he started off on a fresh tack, exposing the absurdity of the prevalent belief in the resurrection of the material body.

In a conversation which I had with Mr. Johnson after the service was over, he told me that originally he had been a Methodist, but had lapsed into Atheism previous to his conversion to Spiritualism. He stated that for eighteen months he had displayed signs of mediumship before he could be brought to believe that his mediumship was anything more than hallucination. Further, he declared that he knew nothing of the discourse delivered, the last thing of which he is conscious being the twitchings and convulsions that precede his passing into the trance, and a feeling as of a hand being drawn down from the top of his head to the base. The transition into the trance is painless, except for a slight pain sometimes felt over the brows. I was quite ready to receive the medium's professions of unconsciousness, owing to former experience of a somewhat different kind, more especially as he frankly gave particulars which seem to tell in favour of the supposed inspiration being the result of some abnormal action of the medium's own brain. He said that often while he was occupied with his work during the week (his employment is that of a compositor) the spirits would seem to be making use of his brain, storing up ideas in it, to be produced on the Sunday following. He also stated that though he is perfectly unconscious during the time he is speaking, the ideas he gives utterance to seem to come back upon him afterwards, for he will sometimes make a remark as new, and receive the reply—"Oh! that's what you said last Sunday!" Sometimes, when he least wishes it, he will feel a control coming over him, and then it is a case of "pull man, pull spirit," but I understood him to say that he is successful in resisting when he has a mind to. These disagreeable visitations he believes to be the work of wandering spirits—not of those whom he designates his guides—

for a medium, or "sensitive," is like an Æolian harp, liable to be played upon by every breeze. While still a Secularist, but developing into a medium, Mr. Johnson attended one of the revival meetings of Richard Weaver, and found much difficulty in restraining himself from jumping up and pouring forth an harangue. Plainly, whatever may be at the bottom of revivalism, it is something akin to Spiritualism. A man who was sitting next me during the meeting told me that he himself had been converted from Atheism by means of Spiritualism, as had also a friend of his, named Ellis, who had taken a prominent part among the Secularists in Manchester.

Such was my introduction to Spiritualism as a religious movement—and a religious movement Spiritualism must perforce be, since it professes to throw light upon problems which have hitherto been deemed the exclusive domain of theology. In this light, it seems to me Spiritualism is deserving of our most serious attention. For when I consider that it is now only twenty-six years since modern Spiritualism first made its appearance in the state of New York, breaking out like an epidemic, and that it is now rampant in America, making great strides in England, known more or less in every country in Europe, and cropping up in the British dependencies, and that, wherever it comes it is seen profoundly to modify the theological beliefs of its votaries—when I consider all this, the conviction is forced upon me that we have here one of the great religions of the world, growing up in our midst and under our very eyes. Now is the time for our Max Müllers and students of the comparative science of religion to watch the process of development in a living organism instead of in fossil remains.

"A new religion!" some people will exclaim, "the day of new religions is gone by." So it has ever been said; so it has ever been thought. But every new religion is an impossibility until it has established itself; and when we know what religion is, it will be time to pronounce that this or that form of it is final. There are others who look forward to a good time coming when war and religion alike shall be no more. These confound sentiments, inseparable from humanity with the outward garment in which they clothe themselves, which, when outworn, remains only as a clog to the movements of the spirit. Forms of religion, indeed, have their day and perish; but the spirit which gave them birth sleeps only to re-awake to more vigorous life. The forms may fade into one another like the cloud-glories of the setting sun, shape and outline may vary; but one Divine light behind illumines all, and, unlike the sunset, the glory continues ever.

There is in all religions an element to which man's ignorance

gives the name of the Divine or supernatural. In speaking thus, far be it from me to pretend to penetrate behind the screen of phenomena, or to profess an acquaintance with the working of the world's machinery. What I mean is, that there is in all religions an element transcending ordinary experience: an element which baffles science, and which science therefore chooses to ignore. It may be that the formation of religions is due, as the founders of them always assert and their followers believe, to the direct action of an intelligence higher than human; or it may be that the human spirit itself, in overleaping the barriers of tradition that have long confined it, finds force to sweep also the landmarks of nature's laws. However it may be accounted for, the fact remains, that the miraculous side of religion is a reality, and no mere dream of a heated imagination. This Spiritualism abundantly proves. The miracles of the present make it absurd to deny the miracles of the past. Chapters of history which modern criticism has mythicized, are restored by Spiritualism to the simplicity of a genuine record.

A view often taken of Spiritualism, though on any near acquaintance an entirely untenable one, is that which regards it as a mere phase of thought, a breaking out in fresh force of that current of mysticism which has always run like a faint silver streak side by side with the full river of orthodox thought. Equally erroneous would it be to rank Spiritualism with Neo-Catholicism, as merely a reaction of the mind seeking a refuge from the oppressive glare of science in the twilight of superstition. Spiritualism, in the first place, offers facts, though doubtless many fancies are built thereupon. The Spiritualist does not differ from other people in the character of his mind, but in that of his experience. He is a person who has encountered certain facts, and who puts upon them the interpretation which seems to him the most natural one. He may be mistaken, but if he is, his mistake is not one which argues any extraordinary gullibility, as those who have examined the facts well know. The supporters of Spiritualism whose names are most familiar to Englishmen—Robert Owen, the famous socialist, Professor de Morgan, the mathematician and logician; Wallace, the naturalist; Huggins, the astronomer; Varley, the electrician; Crookes, the chemist; Captain Burton, the African explorer; Dr. Gully, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Nichols, and others—are not men whose achievements in other directions suggest the idea of the religious devotee or crazy enthusiast. And among the lower orders it is not the church or chapel-goer who makes the readiest convert to Spiritualism. It is the secularist or positivist. Others have the outlet of admitting the facts and attributing them to the devil, but the positivist has deprived himself of this convenient dust-

hole for stray and awkward occurrences, and so whatever facts come within his experience must be considered part of the order of nature. It is not chiefly, we must remember, in the character of a religion that Spiritualism comes before the world. It has its side of stubborn fact, its scientific side, or rather its side which is the despair of science, its tables and chairs, which, after observing a respectful inertia of so many centuries' duration, have now taken it into their heads (or to speak more correctly, legs) to set up life on their own account. But we shall be very much mistaken if our sole idea of the abnormal action of Spiritualism is a grotesque one. "Spiritualism (I quote from a sermon preached against it in Liverpool) comes also under the guise of benevolence, and human suffering and malady excite the compassion of the spirits. . . Yet," continues its reverend opponent, "for all this semblance of religion and benevolence, there is within it the elements of the blackest apostasy." Whatever may be thought on the latter head, the physical working of Spiritualism is varied and instructive, and promises to throw a flood of light upon the problem of the rise of religions in general. There is not a miracle of the early Christians—journeys through the air, the healing of persons by handkerchiefs taken from the body of another, the appearance of a spirit in material form, performing material actions—that has not its alleged parallel at the present day. For marvels that put the Arabian Nights to the blush we have testimony which, in any other case, would be considered unimpeachable. The question of miracles, in fact, has totally shifted ground. The point at issue is no longer whether such and such occurrences took place in a distant country in a distant age, but whether they take place now in our midst. For, if these latter-day miracles are false, despite the number and credit of the witnesses who attest them, then obviously we have no ground for asserting that the old-world miracles are true; there is nothing to prevent our believing that they could be most circumstantially related by honest persons without their possessing the slightest foundation of reality. Take Strauss, Rénan, Colenso, Greg; add as many more as you please, and you will not have an attack upon the *exclusive* claims of Christianity as formidable as that aimed from the side of Spiritualism. And why? Because Christianity can brave scorn and denial. Firm in the fortress of fact it can laugh at the efforts of a destructive criticism, but its autocracy crumbles away before the breath of impartial justice. "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*," has been from the beginning its cry. What Professor Tyndall threw out as a mere *ad hominem* argument against Professor Mozley, that he had no warrant for asserting the miracles of the New Testament to be impossible to man, that Christ may have only

"antedated the humanity of the future, as a mighty ideal wave leaves high upon the beach a mark which by-and-by becomes the general level of the ocean," is what we shall all be saying seriously before long.

Turning now from the physical to the moral and intellectual aspect of this new religion of Spiritualism, let us inquire what is its position with regard to its predecessors. It assumes an attitude, not of hostility, but of comprehension. Though new in form, it purports to have been ever in the world. Christianity it represents, not as a finality, but as one—the greatest, indeed, as yet—of those many waves of Spiritual influx which have ever been beating in upon the shores of time from the dim expanse of the eternal. Christianity has spent its force, and now another revelation has succeeded it—a revelation suited to the needs of the time. The triumph of the philosophy of experience has taught man that his expectations and anticipations are not the measure of the reality of things—he has come to crave positive evidence, and to believe only in facts. Facts are now given him. The mysterious veil which has hitherto separated the material from the spiritual world is drawn up in many places, and man is allowed to peer inside. Many things appear there other than what he had been led to expect. There is no eternal torment, no heaven of ecstatic bliss. What Spiritualism does bring to light is the prospect of a progressive future for human beings—no sudden break, no violent transformation—death but the birth into another sphere of existence, a sphere in which every human being is exactly that which himself and society have made him, and where his worth is measured solely by what he can bring with him beyond the tomb. There, as here, are all grades and varieties of being, and it is the work of the higher to lead up the lower; there, as here, God is incomprehensible, the something that transcends all knowledge, but underlies all existence. The mystery of things is not made apparent to disembodied spirits any more than to men; but the obedience of those more advanced to the law of love and light is far more perfect than ours.

Such are in brief the claims put forth by Spiritualism on its own behalf. Such is everywhere the utterance of the "inspirational speaker." And in every case this utterance purports to come, not from the speaker himself, but from a controlling intelligence other than his own.

We have then miracles and a revelation. I know not how we can avoid recognising in Spiritualism the advent of a new religion. One remark, however, is obvious. Formerly such powers as those of working miracles and speaking under inspiration seem generally to have been the accompaniments of a superior moral elevation. I see no reason for asserting the same

now. It would seem as if the democratic movement had laid its hands even on religion, as if in this case quantity were substituted for quality, as if the spirit of the age, or rather the spirit evoked by reaction against the age, instead of finding as of yore some select interpreter, were pouring itself out indiscriminately through myriad mouths. Another point to be noted is that, if this be a revelation, it is a revelation that disclaims authority. We are warned that the utterances of mediums are to be no substitute for the individual judgment and conscience. We need not the warning; their discrepancies are sufficient to set us on our guard, though it must in fairness be confessed that amid the discrepancies there is a substantial agreement. Looking for a moment at the general question of revelation, it is easy to see that in the nature of things no revelation can be verbally authoritative. Our thoughts are the product of our experience—our language the reflection of our thoughts. Things of the spiritual world, therefore, — a world transcending experience, — can only be expressed in terms of experience. If so, only in metaphors, and metaphors will vary. Hence it is that the highest inspiration has always been to the heart of man—a something inexplicable, yet very real, to be felt and not formulated, vanishing in the attempt to translate it into words—a something, like the idea of time, intelligible enough until we attempt to define it.

There is another remark which may be made upon the character of this new religion. It lays more stress upon the second of the two great commandments than upon the first, and is concerned with man more than with his Maker. It does not bid us believe that Jehovah or Allah is God, or that Moses or Buddha, or Zoroaster or Mohammed, or whoever it may be, is His prophet. We are not in an age of great empires now, but in an age of republicanism, an age alive to progress. The new religion had its birth in the very hotbed of democracy. And social ideas find a reflection in the religion of an age, as the things of earth are mirrored by the mirage in heaven.

The message with which Spiritualism purports to be charged is simply this—"The dead are still alive." Thus it addresses itself to the social affections. And, turning to the self-regarding element in human nature, it says—"As you make yourself so shall you be, here and hereafter. There is no magic of water, or faith, or another's righteousness to save you from the effects of your own conduct."

> "The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
> Requital for its good or evil deeds."

The belief in a future life Spiritualism professes to establish by the only method which can carry conviction, namely, by

offering positive evidence. For what is the real creed of the age? Is it not this? "I believe in what mine eyes have seen and mine hands have handled of the word of truth—in that, and all fair inferences therefrom." In other words, we believe in experience and in such deductions from experience as conform to the rules of logic. Now these, it is commonly supposed, furnish no ground for accepting the, perhaps, fanciful, at all events unaccredited, notion of immortality; and hence through sheer force of intellectual honesty the belief is rapidly dying out. In this age more than any other the survival of the departed cannot be matter of certainty unless it is matter of experience. Mere assertion, however authoritative, can never check the frequent sigh, or stop the fast-falling tear. It is only when sight is substituted for faith that the desponding grief or yearning anxiety of human hearts can give place to full assurance. Spiritualism professes to prove man's future existence by facts. It professes not merely to convey messages from beyond the tomb, but to bring back the very form and lineaments and the familiar accents of the dead. Those whose sole idea of Spiritualism is as a competitor of the performance of Maskelyne and Cooke, rather outdone than otherwise by its rival, will involuntarily reject these claims with scorn; but, for all that, not to the ignorant alone, but to numberless persons of high culture and intelligence, Spiritualism is the great consoler of hearts. In the sacred privacy of the family circle people, whose opinions we should respect on other matters, meet together; believing themselves to hold converse with the spirits of their loved ones who are gone. Very little information they seem ever to get out of them: but that is another matter. It is with the existence of the belief only that we are at present concerned. That Spiritualism has been able by dint of miracles firmly to establish a belief touching man's destiny, is enough to entitle it to be called a religion.

Let us now glance for a moment at the character of the future which, according to Spiritualism, is in store for us. For the idea of an arbitrary award of unmerited happiness and equally unmerited suffering Spiritualism substitutes the continuance of the same scheme of development which we see in operation around us, only under more favourable conditions. It is in fact the apotheosis of evolution. Now, if we *must* form to ourselves an idea of the future, and are not content to do our duty and find our happiness in the present, this is really the only picture which we can ask our minds to accept. The popular ideas on the subject it is obvious will not stand examination. Let us suppose, for instance, that Mrs. Brown is dead. What becomes of her soul? Here below she was an honest old creature

enough. She had her faults, of course, and was horridly vulgar, and, withal, intensely unspiritual. Is she to effloresce at once into a spotless angel? It is the only supposition humanity admits. But leaving Mrs. Brown to fare as she may, let anyone take his ideal of human excellence, and imagine what a figure he would cut joining in the clock-work motions of the four-and-twenty elders, and the four great beasts! We need not reverse the picture.

It is the partly repulsive, partly ridiculous notions of a future life contained in the popular religion that have driven some of the most truly spiritual minds of the age to seek refuge in the idea of extinction. All the days of their appointed time, indeed, they will wait; they will do their duty by humanity in the term of life allotted them: but then—"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well" is what they would fain have said of them.

> "And what if no trumpet ever be sounded
> To rouse thee up from this rest of thine?
> If the grave be dark, and never around it
> The rays of eternal morning shine?
>
> "For the rest He giveth, give God the praise,
> Ye know how often, ye hearts that ache,
> In the restless nights of the listless days
> Ye have longed to slumber nor wished to wake."

Beautiful certainly!—as resignation always is. But it is one thing to accept annihilation, another to desire it. In the latter there is surely something unwholesome, something unmanly. A longing for death is but the morbid utterance of depression. It is not till a man is stricken full sore that he will "dig for death as for hid treasure." When the soul is in a sound and healthy state, she loves life for life's sake, and pursues her way rejoicing in her strength—

> "She asks no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
> To rest in a golden grove or to bask in a summer sky—
> Give her the glory of going on, and not to die."

Spiritualism, while banishing bogy, at the same time sweeps away with remorseless hand the idea of Heaven as a haven of rest, and with it the current religious conception of life. The end of life, it declares, is not trial and probation and vexation, not duty which expects reward, but happiness which is its own reward and its own all-sufficient justification—a happiness which lies in the love of others: for all spirits on earth and in Heaven are so bound together by magnetic bonds of sympathy, that when one suffers the rest must needs suffer with it—men are not units, but parts of one great whole; the communion of saints and the life everlasting are one. We are not set here to

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roll a stone up a hill with meaningless labour during life, that in death we may reap the reward of a rapturous inanition; but we are encouraged to climb ourselves, that we may enjoy the exhilaration of the mountain air, that we may drink in inspiration from the expanding prospect, that we may clear ourselves from the dense depressing atmosphere of earth. Such is the teaching of Spiritualism—and the comment I anticipate is,

"There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that."

True: but neither did Seneca need a revelation to convey to him the precepts of the gospel. What religion affects is not the intellectual apprehension of moral truths, but the desire for their practical realisation. The work that Spiritualism is doing is good. The question whether this work really proceeds from the spirits of the dead does not affect the title of Spiritualism to be called a religion. We are not yet agreed as to the validity of the claims put forward by other religions. This much is certain, that Spiritualism stands out as a most uncompromising fact, not to be scowled or laughed out of countenance. It has allied itself with certain advanced opinions and with a high conception of human life. Perchance it will succeed in establishing these on a popular basis, the perturbation of natural laws by those powers which has fostered into abnormal activity being destined then to cease. Or perchance these powers, now that they have been so largely called into play, will not again be remitted, but become henceforward the heritage of our race. Perchance again the lamp is already lit which is to guide the feet of humanity through a dark era yet to come. What will be the issue of the triumph of this new movement—and its triumph seems assured—we know not. Meanwhile we occupy no enviable position. The earnestness of our age is frittered away for want of a belief which by being universal may kindle enthusiasm. The old religion is dead; the new, not indeed unborn, but as yet only puling in the cradle, too fresh from the womb of mystery to endure the light with unblenched gaze.

SPIRITUAL LOVE:

A Poem.

By the Author of "Poems and Sonnets."

I sing the beauty of Love, as it shall be
Beyond the purple breakers of Life's sea—
Beyond the ravening furrows of thick foam
That do pervade and spoil our earthly home.

I sing the beauty of Love, as Love shall shine
Beyond the extreme red horizon line

Of Death—the beauty of the flowers that gleam
Across Death's intermediate gentle stream.
I chant the beauty of the eternal flowers
That bloom within the imperishable bowers
Of Heaven. For a while I turn away
From all loves moulded of inferior clay.

* * * *

As Spenser, passing onward from his youth,
Sang a new song containing deeper truth—
And, passing from the Beauty of Earth, became
A rapturous singer of the lovely flame
Of "Heavenly Beauty," leaving, like a toy,
The splendour that engrossed him as a boy—
So would I, passing upward on the hills
Of Life, recount the vision that now thrills
My earnest gaze—the accomplishment of Love,
And all Love's yearnings, in God's house above.

At times we get a glimpse of what love means;
At times the spirit, high uplifted, gleans
A distant sense of what our loves may be
When from the prison of the body we
Emerge with tender glitter of gold wings:
Then shall we rise, in radiant, airy rings,
Through severed avenues of azure air,
Finding ecstatic pleasures everywhere.
There *is* a pleasure which doth not decay,
As earthly pleasures do, when skies are grey
And gloomy; there *are* joys which do outlive
The rapture which *we* find so fugitive.
A kiss with us, and all is over soon;
Then fades the bright rim of the honeymoon,
And sad days follow, and our loves begin
To show faint signs of weariness and sin.
But 'tis not so beyond the azure gates
Where the pure Deity of lovers waits
To crown each passion, tender alike and true,
With something of his own eternal hue
Of spotless beauty: not a passion falls
Wasted within the universe's walls,
But God plants flowers whose rounded cups retain
The tremulous and terrible red rain
Of earth's wild, shattered passions, which do mould
Those red drops into petals bright with gold.
We shall not recognise our passions; they
Shall be transfigured, as to gold from clay,
And with sweet colours variously inwrought;
No single passion-throb has risen for nought.
It may be that a man has felt with pain

Sweet loves elude him that he hoped to gain—
It may be that a woman feels with tears
The agony of love unsoothed for years—
Let these take courage! for the red drops run
To form superb flower-petals seen of none,
Till, in the unerring providence of God,
They spring forth with sweet lustre on the sod.
Let no man fear; let no pale woman quake;
We have seen as yet but one side of the lake
Of Death; 'tis gloomy—black with thunder-storms—
But on the other side glad summer warms
The hearts that were aweary with the frost,
And all loves are restored that once were lost.
Our earthly passions are most sweet and pure,
But higher passions spirit-forms secure:
They love not as we love, but each can find
The snow-white blossom of a kindred mind,
To love, and soothe, and cherish. They are free
From the oppressive bodily cares that we
Too often find antagonistic to
Love's beauty. In clear heavens of summer blue
The happy spirits pass their holiday,
For ever freed from cares and snares of clay.

Our thrills of love, though pleasant, are but poor
Beside the eternal pleasures that endure
And fade not. No reaction brings a sense
Of weariness, but ever as intense
As in the first magnetic lovers' kiss,
Grows and abides the interminable bliss.
At times on earth a sensitive pure soul
Is touched, it seems, by angel plumes, that roll
Upon him from the ether, lifting high
His spirit, struggling, trembling, towards the sky.
This sense—*this* wonder—which a few have felt
(When all their hearts in rapture seemed to melt,
Made one with some unearthly, strange perfume,
Or mixed with music wandering through the room)—
Is the *perpetual* gift that heaven affords
To faithful lovers for their faith's rewards.
There is not any ending to the swoon
Of first love in the heavens; an endless moon
Of silvery radiance gleams o'er lovers there,
Filling with silvery light the quiet air.
When lovers' spirits mingle in the spheres,
It is with ecstacy that bathes in tears
The whole of each pure being; and their sobs
Are as most delicate and God-sent throbs
To shake away the memory of sorrow—
As a child weeps, but laughs upon the morrow.

When lovers' spirits mingle in the skies,
It is with marvellous and deep-drawn sighs
Of wondrous ecstacy; and each sigh shakes
Sweet showers of thought around them, like the flakes
That fall in summer from an apple tree,
Whose silvery blossom lures full many a bee.
When lovers' spirits mingle after death,
It is with outpouring of fragrant breath—
Fragrant as if two roses mingled scent,
And blended with each other, well content.
It is as if a lily and a rose
Mixed petals red with petals wrought of snows:
It is as if a violet and a pink
Mixed purple petals with soft leaves that shrink
And shudder, and draw back for very love—
Even such are meetings in the heavens above.
It is as if a red rose and a white
Became one blossom, marvellously bright
And marvellously pure—the white rose giving
Her purity to this, that flames with living
And crimson tint of petals bright as blood:
Over these petals pours the silvery flood
Of woman's white, ecstatic purity,
While the red rose makes rich the white rose-tree.

When lovers' souls do mingle in the deep
Of heaven, it is as if a balmy sleep,
Most like the sleep of children, did possess
The spirits blended in that white caress.
They sleep! but not as we sleep, for soft dreams
Reveal to them—in swift, unerring gleams—
The secrets of all planets, and the stars
Flit round them like bright bridesmaids in gold cars,
Making their union one triumphal march
Through the great universe's giant arch.

They sleep! but not as we do. Blossoms seem
To strew their bodies, and from dream to dream
They fall, as from one pleasant bank of flowers,
To sweeter, softer, more impassioned bowers.

They sleep! but not as we do. Angels bright
Watch over them through love's ecstatic night;
And in the morning, when those souls awake,
They have the eternal streams love's thirst to slake.

When lovers' souls are joined in one above,
They drink the golden cup of perfect love,
And make away with every doubt and fear,
Not shedding, henceforth, even a single tear.
They read each other's thoughts, for mind can meet

Mind at one glance in softest union sweet;
Their *thoughts* are kisses, and their fancies cling
Together like the plumes that line the wing
Of some grand angel: Intellect and Heart
And Fancy, form but one harmonious part;
And when one lover hath desire to speak,
His words already on his lady's cheek
Flame like sweet roses—so divinely swift
Is speech and answer when two spirits lift
Their wings in converse, fluttering through the air,
Rejoicing in the strength and power they bear.

It may be that when music plays on earth,
We gain some notion of the wondrous birth
Of love and passion in the spirit-land—
It may be that, when nerves and heart are fanned
By the soft breeze of music, we are brought
Nearest to those divine domains long sought:
It may be that *to us* a song expresses
Most nearly those divine and pure caresses
Beyond the river of death of which I speak—
The chant that brings a rich flush to the cheek,
And seems to set the staggering brain on fire,
Awakes the strongest spiritual desire;
For there are times when music seems to tear
Our spirits from these bodies that we wear,
Making us long with eager vehemence
To quit the flesh and flutter far from hence—
Making us long with passionate eagerness
To cast from off us this pale earthly dress,
And shine with lustrous visage like a god,
Seeking some fair celestial abode.

And 'tis at such times, so it seems to me,
That we are most aware of that soft glee
That fills the minds of spirits who are dead;
For at such times we lift a lordlier head
To heaven, and we forsake the toils of earth,
And struggle towards the glad, imperious birth
Death brings us—when we cannot choose but fly
Nearer to God, seeing that we all *must* die,
And death is one step closer unto Him.
For Death's rose-garden—where, in twilight dim,
All flowers of lost loves we shall recognise—
We long and pray with tender, yearning sighs,
Knowing that beside Death's quiet garden gate,
All loves, within that tender twilight, wait,
Casting rich odours, as, on summer eves,
Earth's roses cast their fragrance through the leaves,

Most dense and most delicious after rain:
So when Death's storm is over, and we gain,
With glad songs and delight, the further shore,
The odour of lost loves greets us as before.

POETRY OF PROGRESS.*—REVIEW.

SECOND NOTICE.†

THE poems contained in this book, though decidedly immature, are very remarkable. Mrs. Tappan seems to us the first Shelley-like (or truly *lark*-like) poet, since Shelley. Shelley was something between a lark and a lily, and she is much the same, only less powerful; and if one could conceive of a singing lily, or a snow-white lark, *that* would be Shelley; and it is singular that Mrs. Tappan appears to love *lilies* with peculiar intensity, hardly ever referring to roses.

Noble women-poets are few and far between, and we earnestly desire that Mrs. Tappan, by purifying and intensifying her genius, may be enabled to add her name to the number. But we cannot help fearing that her present practice of constantly delivering long, laborious addresses, able and noteworthy though many of those addresses are, must be inimical to the quiet course of thought and study that is needed for the harmonious development of her poetic faculty. That she possesses great imaginative genius we cannot doubt; but before imagination can produce work which is likely to stand the pitiless test of time, and to rear a bold imperishable front of perfect marble against those blue skies of which Mrs. Tappan speaks as lovingly as the lark that haunts them, it must undergo a course of somewhat rigorous and painful discipline at the hands of reason; it must bend its impassioned head, and condescend to much schooling from the inferior faculty. Mrs. Tappan is probably an admirer of Theodore Parker. Her prayers often resemble his, and she speaks of the great teacher with respect. She should call to mind his invaluable precepts to young poets, and study carefully that article on Emerson and the Emersonidæ, with which she is doubtless acquainted. The fact of the possession of genius does not excuse a man for talking nonsense: rather it enhances the crime. Mrs. Tappan is occasionally incoherent, and there is a vagueness and want of perspicuity about the book as a whole. A few foot notes here and there would have been acceptable to the English reader, explaining some of the remoter allusions to events which

* Hesperia. By Cora L. V. Tappan. New York, 1871.

† The first notice appeared in the present vol. of *Human Nature*, page 55.

took place during the great war between the North and South, and to various distinguished Americans.

If we were called upon to sum up Mrs. Tappan's characteristics, we should say that she presents a curious compound of Emerson, Walt Whitman, Shelley, and Swinburne. In mentioning the last-named poet, we refer to his manner, not to his matter. But principally, as we have said above, is Mrs. Tappan's muse a new Western reproduction of the muse of Shelley. They have drunk at the same fountain; and listened to the same weird dream-music; and plucked marvellous dream-blossoms on the same bank. Indeed the early part of Hesperia is a little too like the Revolt of Islam; the flight of Astræa, and the subsequent escape of Erotion, and his rapturous meeting with his beloved and their child on the lonely mountain, which is so beautifully described, remind us rather too forcibly of similar—very similar—episodes in the lives of Laon and Cythna.

Yet we cannot doubt that the book, as a whole, is original. The wonderful Interlude on page 151, would alone suffice to prove this. We must quote it entire.

INTERLUDE.

Shall I give wings to my thoughts to go after thee, O thou beautiful, beloved one;
To enfold and mantle thee, keeping from thee harm, O thou rare and golden as the sun;
To scatter the clouds and mists that gather o'er thee, drawn thither by thy splendid light;
To sweep all the dust and the thorns from 'neath thy feet with my wings of perfect delight?
Shall I bear thee aloft, o'er the storms that encompass thee, on my pinions of gladness?
Shall I sing thee a song that will charm thy soul with its sweet mournful madness,
Whose burden forever and ever is only of thee, till thy splendid starlit eyes
Melt and flow, and thy soul answers my song with its own notes of rapture and sweet surprise?
Or, Actæon-like, shall I dare brave all for thy sake, thinking only of thee, my beloved?
Shall I be every form, every sound, and O, every joy with which thou art moved?
Nay, but in my selfish musing I must never forget that 'tis thou, and not I, must declare
All that I am, or to be, and I sit still and wait until thou, transcendent beyond all compare,
Shall meet me in all thy glory, with the crown of love, seeing me as I enraptured turn—
Beholding thee in every form of loveliness that I see in the glow of the day-stars that burn.
In all beautiful sights and shades of nature's face I behold thy peerless countenance;
No other face, no other form, but thy image everywhere. If I move, thou dost then advance;

From the willow boughs and the dark of the crescent moon I see thy smile
like a seraph of light,
And I know thy spirit is ever by my side. Thou, thou art the day and
the night
And the stars, the sun's golden and the white of moons, and all the living
firmament;
Thou meetest me in the panting turf beneath my feet, and thy kisses in
zephyrs are sent.
I feel thy caresses on my warm brow and loose hair—these are thine forever,
and only thine;
And I fold thee, inclosing, embracing, retaining thee; all our limbs and our
thoughts intertwine.
O, how can I follow thee when thou art never away, but art mine ever, and
always mine!

This appears to us to be a specimen of almost perfect speech. Some more fluent method of rhythmical utterance has long been a desideratum: some style at once melodious and unfettered, accurate yet untrammelled, sweet yet forcible. Many voices of many critics have been craving for something of this sort. Buchanan, in his Master Spirits, has told us what he feels about the need of some new form of "loosened speech." Buxton Forman, in his Living Poets, has spoken to the same effect, and has instanced Walt Whitman as occasionally attaining great success in the new unrhymed yet rhythmical method. But Whitman's success has not been perfect. His most ardent admirers would admit that he is sometimes harsh, rugged, and uncouth. Something more was needed; and this further access of melody—this union of the silver river-ripple of delicate rhyme to the sonorous ocean-torrent of unrhymed, liberated speech—we find in the above beautiful Interlude. It flows and glows like the sparkle of a cascade, as it rushes forth from the heart and tongue; the rhymes, separated by long intervals of well-chosen words, sound like the separate musical beats of the individual waves of the sea, distinct from the general roar, yet mingling with it, and attuning it to perfect time. The passion of the whole song mounts and struggles upwards, till it reaches its climax at the point, "Thou, thou art the day and the night." Then the strain sinks gently to rest, slowly sobbing itself away in a refrain full of infinite tenderness. This soft effect of "linked sweetness long drawn out," is greatly enhanced by the fact that the last three lines rhyme similarly.

It has been remarked that Mr. Swinburne, great as is his genius, is wanting in tenderness. He is seldom tender, so it has been said, except when speaking of Mazzini. Now, however wanting the poetry of women may usually be in the large qualities of strength and intellectual grasp and intensity, it is seldom wanting in *tenderness*. Mrs. Tappan's work forms no exception to this rule. The close of the Interlude quoted above is a famous

instance: and throughout her poems she is very, very tender. She broods over fair white lilies, and lifts her soul towards stars and azure skies and "the white of moons," as if these were a part of her—struggling, sometimes almost vainly, to find vent for her ethereal aspirations. Nor is her poetry altogether wanting in the strength of philosophy, and the fire of formed and shapely thought. After a fine stretch of imagination in the Induction, in which Astræa is represented as glancing "from sea to sea," and forming "Rich robes, for the new princess of the land,"—after this fine picture, comes a Prelude, containing the very pith and grit of advanced American philosophical thought. That the past is not to be imposed upon us as final; that the golden door of progress is not to be closed; that God's last word to man is not yet spoken, nor sealed in any binding of a book; that our thoughts ought to toil and struggle towards the future, constantly spurning the past as inefficient, and the heroes, bards, and sages of the past as incomplete; that (in John Stuart Mill's words), "on most subjects much remains to be said": this has been the essence of the great message brought to the world by the New Art of America: the central meaning of the New Gospel preached by men like Emerson, Parker, and Channing. The importance of this recognition of the comparative insignificance of the past compared to the glorious possibilities of the future will be more fully seen as the years go on: the part that America has played in the struggle to obtain recognition for this truth will be more fully acknowledged; and her peculiar historical fitness for that part more clearly perceived. It is sufficient here to say that the noble feeling of the future—what we may call the prevision of the golden years—has probably never been felt more strongly by any single man than by Emerson: and that the Prelude to "Hesperia" expresses many Emersonian thoughts both more tersely and less obscurely than the great master was wont to express such thoughts in verse; as lovingly and vividly as he could have expressed them in prose:—

Vain, vain, the painter's skill
To picture nature's grace,—
The daisy meadow holds
A hue no art can boast.

The insect's tiny wing
Of opalescent light,
Transcends all touch of art;
Yet all in vain, for these
Are but the cast-off robes,
While the true artist's soul
Is ever clothed anew.

Vainly the sculptor stands
With ready-lifted glaive,

And chisel fine as thread
Of maiden's silken tress.

Vain is high poesy:
The greatest thoughts have wings;
Before we catch our breath
To sing our highest song,
Our bird is out of sight;
We pluck a falling plume,
We stand upon the shore,
The sea-song rolls afar;
A drop of silver spray
Touches our burning lips,—
We drink who are athirst,
And call that drop our song.

More passages of a similar character throng in upon us, but space forbids us to quote further.

We must hasten through the early part of the poem, which describes the meeting of Astræa and Erotion, and the glory of Fraternia, the City of Freedom, over which they reign, only stopping to quote some remarkable lines which usher in the strange snake-woman Llamia—the Serpent of Policy:—

A woman came, with voice like liquid drops
Of water in a deep and darkened well;
Her presence was at once a mystic spell
Of wonder and of terror; her clear eyes
Reflected light, answering not the gaze,
But rather gave back lightnings not their own.
Her face was fair and cold as the orbed moon,
But not so pure its clear transparent light,
And far too dazzling its rare loveliness.
Around her low and snowy forehead wound,
Coil upon coil, her iridescent hair:
Now black, now purple, violet or gold,
As light alternately with shadow played
Upon the tresses that abundant fell
Sinuously adown her heaving breast.
Her form was perfect; to its faultless mould
Was added a rare undulating grace
Of motion, far more beautiful than rest,—
Suggesting all those weird and wondrous shapes,
All tides of oceans sliding up dark sands,
All forest branches swaying tempest-tossed
And intertwined, until each one is merged
In sweet embracement with its sister tree;
All tendrils of long, coiling, shining stems
And slimy grasses waving to and fro;
All gliding movements suddenly withdrawn
Within a black and silent forest lake,
Whose polished surface carefully conceals
The processes of life hidden beneath.

When we came to the above passage we felt for the first time thoroughly convinced of Mrs. Tappan's powers. The vision of

the weird, gliding woman, with hair of some subtle unnamed colour, and a motion that suggests "all tides of oceans gliding up dark sands," etc., is most poetical.

So is the description of the visit by moonlight to the temple inhabited by the poet Calios, and the finely-touched reminiscence of early years that the sight of the poet wakes in Hesperia. The account of her adventure with the sleeping youth whom she saved from falling over the precipice by imitating the notes of a bird, culminating in the exclamation—

'Twas I that wakened you, call me wood-thrush,

is worthy of Mrs. Browning.

And let us take this opportunity of saying that Mrs. Tappan's English, when at its best, is remarkably free both from barbarous Americanisms and from those unpleasant mannerisms which so frequently disfigure the pages even of Aurora Leigh. Mrs. Tappan's diction is very pure and universal in its nature; and the chief complaint we have to make of her is that she will not *constantly* show herself *at her best.*

We now arrive at the visions of the cities Crescentia and Athenia. These are intended, we suppose, to be typical of Southern and Northern American cities, and the contrast between the fierce flame-coloured South and the paler but more delicately-tinted North is very powerfully delineated. If Mrs. Tappan would but be a little more careful to conclude one paragraph before rushing into another, carried on by the swift wheels of her imagination—and would pay more attention to the prosaic matters of grammar and punctuation—we could not wish for a more luscious and appropriate description of Southern scenery than that which fills the opening pages of Crescentia:—

White bridal blossoms whisper of their loves
Amid the golden fruit of orange groves;
Graceful the tall acacia and fair,
Loosens her blooms like curls of golden hair;
Magnolia, majestic maiden queen,
Arrayed in regal robes of royal green,
Bearing within her cup of waxen snow
Ambrosial dews only the gods can know;
Rings out the pomegranate's scarlet bell,
The golden promise of its fruit to tell;
Silver lime flowers pierce the atmosphere
With music perfumes delicately clear, etc.

There is a force of fervid colour here and a wealth of description which may remind us of our own great master of glowing language, and which increases our regret that Mrs. Tappan trusts too much to genius and too little to labour, reflection, and patient revision and emendation. Take the following lines from St. Dorothy in Poems and Ballads:—

With gold cloth like fire burning he was clad;
But for the fair green basket that he had,
It was filled up with heavy white and red;
Great roses stained still where the first rose bled,
Burning at heart for shame their heart withholds;
And the sad colour of strong marigolds
That have the sun to kiss their lips for love;
The flower that Venus' hair is woven of,
The colour of fair apples in the sun,
Late peaches gathered when the heat was done
And the slain air got breath; and after these
The fair faint-headed poppies drunk with ease,
And heaviness of hollow lilies red.

It does not require great knowledge of poetry to be struck by the masterly power of *colour* in the above lines. Now let us take Mrs. Tappan again.

RETRIBUTION—*Red.*

Out of the breast of Llamia there came
Two fierce and fiery tongues of forked flame:

Red with the biting bitter blood of wars,
Red with the burning breath of blazing Mars;

Twin lava streams of liquid Etna fire,
Lurid with lightnings of unquenched desire;

Red with the slime of serpents, and the breath
Of venomed scorpions, whose sting is death;

Red with the stain of deadly nightshade bloom,
And fruits of scarlet sin growing in gloom, etc.

COMPENSATION—*White.*

On a white mountain top a temple white
All intricately intertraced with light;

White with the ancient sea-foam, crystallized,
With cloud-mist alabaster, marbleized;

White with snowy blossoms and bloom of snow,
The white above meeting the white below.

. . . . . .

White lilies of the valley sweetly hung,
Like waxen bells by fauns and fairies rung;

Wild white clematis, starry lemon flowers,
Jasmine from far off blooming tropic bowers;

White languid lilies: pearly passion pale,
Whose incense make the senses fade and fail, etc.

Pass quickly to

Thine amorous girdle, full of thee and fair,
And leavings of the lilies in thine hair,

and

Waters that answer waters, fields that wear
Lilies, and languor of the Lesbian air,

in Mr. Swinburne's Anactoria, and the reader will perceive why we spoke, at the beginning of this article, of Mrs. Tappan's *manner* in connexion with Mr. Swinburne's.

The mystic Benediction with which the book closes, and from which we have taken the above passages, is full of a weird grandeur. Great azure spaces of sky, wreathed with white clouds, and sonorous with the music of liberated beings, float before the vision of the poet: red, white, and blue, the colours of the American banner, are wondrously intermixed with the red poison of the dying Llamia, and the violent crimson of national suffering and crime—with the white of purity, and of speechless stars and moons and silver lilies—with the blue of perfect heaven, and of victorious gladness. The whole makes up a sort of pæan of triumph, woven upon a gleaming ground of intermingled—we had almost said, infuriated—colour. But here, too, fine as is the rapture by which the singer is carried away, and gorgeous as are the bright-winged dreams which flash and quiver before her, we have to lament the absence of that mature masculine power which would have kept the dreams well in hand, and prevented them from becoming incoherent. The fiery necks of her fancies are sometimes too much for Mrs. Tappan: and her steeds toss their white manes far in advance of that sober reason which should follow and control them. Her hands are not bold enough, nor steady enough, upon the reins. We admit that her Pegasus is winged; and that there is a glitter upon his plumes as of true unalloyed gold; it is for her to reduce the rampant steed to harness, and to bring him calmly down to his green earthly meadow after wild jubilant excursions—reinless, curbless, sorrowless—in sunlit and moonlit skies.

Nevertheless, the conclusion is a fine one. Before the poetess pronounces her Benediction she shows in Laus Naturæ (which is dedicated to Walt Whitman) and Ouina, her sympathy with the sufferings of the wronged Red Indian race. Here she is treading the same ground as Joaquin Miller in his Songs of the Sierras and Life amongst the Modocs. The miseries caused by slavery, and the sorrows of the red race, have formed a fertile subject for American bards to dilate upon: and here in prosaic England we almost feel a grudge against them for having such large and epic subjects to employ their pens.

The concluding stanzas of Moketavata are very good.

> Moke-ta-va-ta, thy wrongs shall be redressed;
> Thy viewless form fills all the vernal air;
> Nor earth's fair bosom, nor the spring more fair,
> Can stay the footsteps of a race oppressed.
>
> Their name is legion, and from mountain slope
> And distant plain their fearless forms appear,

All conquering, and all potent, without fear
They come with our proud nation now to cope.

And if the rivers shall run red with blood,
And if the plain be strewn with mangled forms,
And cities burned amid the battles' storms,
Ours is the blame, not thine, thou great and good.

. . . . . .

A sound of war is on the western wind;
The sun, with fiery flame, sweeps down the sky;
Athwart his breast the crimson shadows fly
Of fearless forms no fetters e'er can bind.

Down through the golden gateway they have trod:
The mighty scions of a nation come
In sweeping circles from their shining home,
With weapons from the battle-plains of God.

Now, why cannot Mrs. Tappan always write like this? The last two stanzas are really forcible, and will bear a close analysis. The limitless sense of vast deserts and prairies haunted by "crimson shadows" of Indians pervades them: and the feeling of colour is subtle and true. Observe the mingling of the flying forms upon the prairie with the bright sunset at their back: and the width and distance in "sweeping circles"—exactly the right expression we should fancy for a description of the wild airy Indian method of warlike approach.

We must now bring the present paper to an end. We had intended to quote the fine passage on pages 121 and 122—from "A silver bird singing a silver song" to the end of Athenia—as an instance, perhaps the best in the book, of what Mrs. Tappan can do in heroic couplets: but we must forbear. The lines in question are very lovely; full of fervour, and life, and motion: and they show that Mrs. Tappan can be severe and accurate when she pleases. Again urging upon her that this accuracy and severity of method is what she needs to cultivate, in order to perform great work, and warning her that *over-facility* and *slovenliness* are the serpents—the poisonous Llamias—against which she has to contend, we take leave of Hesperia, its suns and moons, its visions of soft endless flowers and glittering skies and banks of glowing colour, its gorgeous pictures of the struggle against all forms of oppression and of the immeasurable victory of Freedom:—not without a somewhat painful sense that we have been inspecting a glorious piece of mosaic work *in solution* as it were; the composer of which has not yet learnt the art of welding the various shades of colour together, and forcing, by sheer stress of deliberate brain-work, the divided rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, into one harmonious and splendid whole.

GEORGE BARLOW.

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GEORGE BARLOW.

EARNEST WORDS ON EDUCATION—SHALL WE DO SOMETHING, OR KEEP ON TALKING?

From Brittan's Journal of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art, and Information.

Miss Belle Bush, whose poetic inspirations have illuminated so many of these pages, touching the hearts, and awakening the aspirations of a multitude of readers, has recently made an earnest and forcible appeal to the spiritual public; first, in behalf of those who need larger opportunities and improved methods of instruction, and then, in the interest of the school of which herself and her sister, Miss E. L. Bush, are the principals. This appeal should at once arrest the attention of our people, and speedily lead to practical results. The progress we have made in the Science of Man since Spiritualism poured its flood of light over and through all the faculties, affections, and passions of human nature, has enabled us to perceive the great defects in the present scholastic training of the young, and should, ere this, have prompted and qualified us to commence a radical reformation of the whole system. Every man who keeps in sight of the living world must realise that our education is not suited to the time. While the schools are chiefly concerned to preserve their *status*, the age moves on under the inspirations of a more practical idea of life. Many of our learned men seem to be utterly disqualified for the actual business of the world. Outside of the range of their particular studies they often make startling exhibitions of their ignorance. There are examples of erudite and dignified stupidity that are scarcely to be credited. In our youth we remember to have heard of a very learned professor who had suddenly taken to farming, and who was slow to recognise the necessity of mending one of his agricultural implements, so long as the remaining ones were in good condition. When at length he was made to comprehend the nature of the case, and was about starting off with a broken plough to get it repaired, the Professor's wife, wishing to obviate the necessity of an immediate journey to town, made the brilliant suggestion that for the present the men might plough with the cart! That was obviously an extreme case, and, for aught we know, may have been apocryphal; but we do know that our system of education is not sufficiently practical—it does not prepare men for the world in which they must live. Cramming the head with text-books is not *educating the faculties*. On the contrary, it often oppresses the brain, and enfeebles all the powers of the mind. So much musty lore is more likely to produce a catarrh than to develope genius. Stuffing a man with dead languages may qualify him for a residence in a grave-yard, but certainly not for free intercourse and successful business among the men of the living age. Filling a man with old ideas, that ought to be obsolete if they are not, is simply starting him in an ancient groove, and leaving him to run quietly backward into the Dark Ages.

We have men among us who can call a horse in a dozen different tongues, while they have much less knowledge of the animal than the man who puts his shoes on. Now, it is to be observed, that real knowledge has respect to the elements, forms, properties, and uses of *things*, rather than the meaning of *names;* languages being chiefly serviceable as instrumentalities for acquiring knowledge, and as means for the oral and written expression of emotions and ideas. From our knowledge of the products of the earth, and of the means of increasing their growth and preservation, we derive the physical elements of subsistence. But we find no sustenance in Sanscrit; there is nothing esculent in Hebrew roots; and a man would starve in Babel while even swine flourish in clover-beds and corn-fields. The old college course, without the mitigating circumstances of modern Science, Art, Female Sophomores and the Boat Club, was something terrible to contemplate. It ruined many respectable constitutions. After the four or more years of imprisonment, the students returned to the world emasculated in body and mind, and two out of three of them were never heard of after they graduated. Of course, there were here and there examples of great native power—men strong enough to overcome the bad influences of the University; but still the richly-endowed institutions sent forth a multitude of learned imbeciles, many of whom only remain as dead weights, to block the wheels of progress. Instead of much learned lumber, and the memory overtaxed, we want a system that shall call all the faculties into normal and vigorous action. It is well known that many men and women of the best minds have been—in their school days—regarded as below the average standard of intelligence, because they could not remember and repeat the contents of their class-books, literally; and yet it is not in the nature of a truly great and original mind to make a mere parrot of itself. A retentive memory of words is seldom accompanied by a clear comprehension of principles. To memorise with ease is the convenient gift of common minds, while greater powers and functions characterise the noblest intellects. Our education should exercise and develope all the faculties. The teacher should take his pupils into the great fields of Nature, and then, by a course of familiar lectures, illustrate his subjects by the constant use of natural specimens, artificial instruments, and the practical application of each lesson to some interest or purpose in life. Thus the whole business of the student would become at once a healthful exercise and a most fascinating amusement. Let us have done with a system that diminishes vitality by exhausting the brain; that deforms the body by restraining its freedom, and keeping it in cramped positions; that converts the school-room into a prison,—a system, in short, that turns out formulists, drones, and dyspeptics. It is time to inaugurate a system that will be so supremely attractive that there will be no more truants, none to play sick, and no more lying—to get dismissed before the time.

We are in need of some model schools, fashioned after our best

ideals, and we must have them. They should possess extensive grounds for an Agricultural Department, Botanical Gardens, and Workshops, where all the principal trades may be learned. Every boy—at the same time he is acquiring his knowledge of the Arts, Sciences, and Modern Languages—should also become a scientific and practical agriculturist, and a master of some useful trade or profession. The girls should first conquer the Chemistry of the kitchen; then master the immeasurable art of making every article of a lady's wardrobe, except, perhaps, the shoes; and, finally, they may learn Book-keeping, Banking, Telegraphy, Photography, or any other occupation that is within the measure of their strength, and suited to their tastes.

Now, we can think of no better place for such a school than Belvidere, Warren County, New Jersey. It is one of the most picturesque locations in the whole country, and is unsurpassed for the purity of its waters and the salubrity of its atmosphere. It is connected by rail and steam with the whole continent. It is on the Delaware, and at about an equal distance from New York and Philadelphia, and yet far enough removed from the corrupting influence of modern fashion and dissipation. There is the place to build up the Model Industrial University. There is something more than a corner-stone there already. Some years since Misses E. L. and Belle Bush laid the foundation. They began with little or no means save their own strong faith in God and man, a willingness to labour faithfully, and an earnest desire to be largely useful. They have prospered, and established a school that is a credit to their business enterprise and their liberal views of education. Indeed, such unwavering trust, such devotion to an unselfish purpose, such cheerful and untiring industry, must always win an honourable success. The Seminary is already widely known, and has patrons in different States and Territories.

And now the worthy proprietors would extend the field of its usefulness, make suitable additions to its present valuable lands, erect other buildings, and so enlarge the facilities as to offer the best opportunities to large numbers. Here is a chance for a *profitable investment*, using the terms in their highest sense. All the while, for years, the Misses Bush and their associates have, as far as they were able, been educating some of the poorer of their pupils either at inadequate prices or at their own cost. Their benevolent work has been prosecuted with a steady purpose and a silent, unobtrusive energy that are at once truly remarkable and worthy of all praise.

Spiritualists and Reformers are now supporting a great number of teachers and institutions whose merits are at least questionable. Why not establish a college of our own, which shall recognise and actualise our advanced ideas? Let Belvidere Seminary be speedily converted into a first-class University, fashioned somewhat after the plan here suggested, if no better one can be devised. Let it be amply endowed, and in addition to its present principals let others

be called to the important work of training our children. There are several very competent persons who should find a place and congenial occupation in such an institution. The Chair of Mathematics would be well filled by the present able preceptor, Professor A. F. Ewell; the important Chair of Anthropological Science should by all means be assigned to Professor J. R. Buchanan, of the Boston University; John A. Weisse, M.D., would honour the Chair of Philology; Miss Belle Bush would fill the Professorship of Belles Lettres with equal grace, dignity, and ability; Professor A. Eiswald, of Georgia, or Miss Emma A. Wood, of Washington, might be called to preside over the department of Modern Languages; Professor Laura M. Bronson would make Elocution an easy acquisition; Professor A. T. Deane would be wanted in the higher English branches; and for the department of Agriculture and Horticulture some one of the distinguished pupils of the late Professor Mapes might be obtained.

But we must pause here in our suggestions. We have already extended this article far beyond the limits of our first intention, and have only space for these very important questions:—1. Who will supply the money for additional lands and buildings? 2. Who will furnish the necessary library and apparatus for illustrating the arts and sciences? 3. And who will endow the several professorships?

There are a large number of wealthy Spiritualists who must soon make some sensible use of their money; or, perhaps, they may leave it as a bone of contention between unscrupulous executors, voracious lawyers, and an indolent posterity—rendered still more useless and profligate by the possession of too much money.

THEODORE TILTON.

My friend, I met you when the shadow lay
Darkly betwixt you and the outer day;
Your life, frost-bitten to the core, was dumb
With Winter, as if Spring would never come.
The smile that sprang up in your eyes to give
A Stranger greeting had no heart to live
For you, when it had cheered me on my way.

I saw you like some war-horse who had smelt
Burnt powder, and the joy of onset felt,
Now doomed to plough the furrow, who should chance
To catch the music, see the colours dance,
And hear his fellows neighing for the war,
And he, too, snuffs the battle from afar—
Down comes the lash, in mist the visions melt;

But knew not how your life was cross't and cross't,
As is a letter, till the sense looks lost;
Nor what you held at heart, and still must hold,
That makes the whole wide warmest world a-cold!
But now the heavens brighten overhead,
And though the ways are miry you must tread,
I greet you on the break-up of the frost.

Men talked of your great failure. Nevertheless,
'Tis but the shadow of as great success
Darkly prefigured, if you dare be true
To the good work that you were sent to do!
I deem your star was not a luring light
That shone for others, bringing you the night,
To leave you fallen in the wilderness.

Up and fight on, my friend, with spirit, stripped
As is the hardened war-lance, grimly gripped,
That late was green and leafy in the wood,
Now bared for battle and the red reek of blood.
There is a darkness we can only dash
Out of the eyes with the soul's fighting-flash—
No help in giving up through feeling *hipped!*

In such a world as this it ne'er avails
To sit and eat the heart, or gnaw the nails;
The live souls have to swim against the tide,
The deadest fish can float with it and ride.
Heroic breath must lift and clear the skies
That we have clouded with our own vain sighs;
Heroic breath must fill your future sails.

It is the well-borne burden that will tone
Our manhood; turn the gristle into bone.
The storms that on the hill-side bow the trees
Help bring the power to bear, and knot their knees,
And (I have seen them kneeling) thus prepare
Them to receive the onsets they must bear;
So 'neath its load the iron of manhood's grown.

Nor murmur of a life by Falsehood marred
Or roof-tree by the fires of ruin charred.
Why, what hath Falsehood in the world to do
But lie to live, then die to prove the True,
And then be buried, while the new life waves
The greenness overgrowing all such graves;
But strike! strike on, strike often, and strike hard!

The world is waking from its phantom dreams,
To make out that which is from that which seems;
And in the light of day shall blush to find
What wraiths of darkness still had power to blind
Its vision; what thin walls of misty grey,
As if of granite, stopped its onward way;
Up, and be busy, as the early beams!

Hope, work, fight on, my friend, and you shall stand
One of the foremost of a noble band;
Stand visibly in the smile of Heaven and shed
Light from within you, wheresoe'er you tread;
Stand on the higher summit to transmit
A new live-heart-beat from the Infinite,
To kindle—as it throbs throughout—your land.

GERALD MASSEY.

WOMEN AS WOMEN.

(From the Galaxy for April, 1874.)

It is a conceit of Plato that with every soul is born an antitype; that the two are incessantly seeking one another on earth; that only from their conjunction springs perfect love. This would virtually withhold from love fruition and fructification; for the chances would be immeasurably against the desiring and desired union. The thought, however, is symbolically and comprehensively correct. Each distinctive soul needs for enjoyment and expansion, if not a correlative, at least a correlation, which may be found in different individuals and conditions. Sympathy is not limited to pairs: it inheres in kinds: may be discovered in many in varying degrees.

Every soul has its antitypes all over the world; every antitype has its souls. It is the fatuity of romance to imagine that any one man is intended for any one woman; or that the happiness of any woman rests, in the beginning, upon any particular man. There are numberless mistakes in creation though no blunders so egregious as this. The law of sex is, that "Like looks for like in unlikeness." Likeness exists in classes, and in unlikeness in sex. Men and women of the same class—spiritual, not social—are generally adapted to each other; but they must take time, and exercise discretion in their choice. In marriage—meaning integral intimacy—classes may not be crossed with impunity, any more than races. By the finer beings, under normal influences, classes are not apt to be wittingly crossed. But the great mass cannot be fine; they are driven by circumstance, by inner yearning and outward need; they are urged in the direction where fortune has fewest frowns. The superior minority are misled by hope, vanity, imagination; class helping instead of hindering their errors, and rendering their disappointment bitterer to bear.

Wedlock, whether in the same or in separate classes is always a most important and solemn experiment: it reaches infinite. It is likely to found a race, to begin a world, Centuries hence may be affected by it; the happiness of millions may depend upon its adjustment. With a deeper than theological significance, it should be a sacrament, and all the gods should be invoked to give it benison. Man's part is, relatively, of minor moment. After creating its miseries, he can escape them. Woman must receive and sustain the brunt. (He marries, she is married.) He binds, she is bound. Is it strange she feels so much concern for her coupling; for every ceremony, in troth, of a connubial character? Has she been fortunate, she wishes to witness or to learn of equal good fortune to her sisters. Has she been robbed of her just due, she longs to know that others have been fairly dealt with in the game of hearts.

It is inexplicable that the gravest relation of life should be entered into with the least consideration. We treat matrimony as a joke, as it often proves; but it is a very ghastly one. As if prescient of its sadness, we make merry over its beginning, lest we shall have no pretext for after-rejoicing. Would it not be wise to defer public observance of nuptials until they were ascertained to be something besides form? Music, flowers, display and revelry are unpleasantly remembered when they are preludes to distressing divorce, legal or spiritual, or to shallow mockeries of contentment. The advertisement of gladness should come after substantial cause therefor. They would be prudent who should hold weddings in strict privacy, and, ten years later, bid friends to a feast of demonstration. Then there could be no misgivings, no shadows crouching under the radiance, no suggested discords between the bars of melody, as there are when fate is challenged with sounding cymbals.

It is not the custom to dance or junket at funerals, which are not half so

of sober import as hymeneal rites. At the one, the end has been attained: regret, trouble, anxiety, suffering have spent their force; the rest is peace and silence. At the other solicitude should be overflowing: the beginning is pregnant; dread responsibilities are slipping their leashes to hunt down doom. The bride feels this; the weight of assumption is upon her. Her hope is fringed with fear. She smiles bravely. Her breast is haunted with awe of the unknown. She wants the light, the sparkle, the gaiety, for assurance against presentiments that refuse to be allayed. She avows herself happy; but it is an uneasy, tumultuous happiness, which can hardly recognise itself.

The skeleton at the nuptial feast is the sage who thinks, analyzes, compares, forecasts. "*May you be happy!*" *is all he dares to say, and he says it in the tone of philosophic speculation. He has stood by other altars, and he remembers how early the fire, pronounced sacred, went out, and could not be rekindled.* He has participated in wooden, tin, silver weddings, and he approves them, if they be genuine, as signals of success in dubious and *dangerous enterprises.* He may have ground for believing them false shows; though, if well designed, they serve to encourage the many who have failed, with the belief that from the present there is still redemption. The marking of progress is comforting. When we have fallen behind, it is stimulating to know others have advanced.

In the conjugal firm, man ordinarily supplies the capital, and woman is the active and responsible partner. Her interest is ten times his, and, incongruously, her power is ten times less. She is the mother—and maternity is seven-eighths of parentage—without an equal right to her children, who are the father's almost by accident. Does the garden, owned in common, belong to the *tiller*, the fertilizer, who has put his life into it, or to the careless sower of the seed? Posterity looks to her. The fathers of the race may be inferior, if the mothers be worthy. Leaders, as a rule, resemble her who bore them. But the father, by his conduct, by neglect, suspicion, injustice, tyranny, may mar the mother and warp the children. He is disposed to domineer and oppress, to interfere with that which in no wise appertains to him. In order to incite her not to meddle with his duties, of which he is ever complaining, he perpetually invades hers. The stream of his domesticity flows through his officiousness. He regulates by introducing disorder; exacts obedience, and secures deceit.

The woman's destiny being in the hands of the man, everything hangs on their compatibility. The doctrines of the Perfectionists might approach realization could generation after generation be fitly mated. The famous bull, What has posterity done for us? might be seriously answered, What have we ever done for posterity? Not only through ignorance of and indifference to Nature's laws, but by open defiance of them, we have done our best to worsen humanity. Nevertheless, so kind is Nature—never without restraints—that she steadily improves what we strive to impair. At the summit of creation are man and woman, the inheritors of time and its entire fruitfulness. Through them must future cycles be formed, and each individual, however humble, must discharge his infinitesimal part. We are most of us mere automata, incapable of doing any appreciable amount of good; but we can refrain from a certain sum of evil. We should not retaliate for ourselves upon our offspring. If we be unhealthy in mind or body, ill-balanced, selfish, gloomy, positively and palpably deficient in any way, we need not fear that our imperfections shall not be redundantly represented in population. There are a dozen crippled minds to one sound understanding. The maimed are always starting for some prize in life, and are so ugly from inability to win it that they decide to reproduce incompetent runners for the course. We should negatively benefit our kind by

refusing to augment its failures; or, if resolved on the risk of transmission, we should try to select as partners those who might measurably amend our inadequacies.

The fact is otherwise. They who should never have been in the world, so far as we can judge, are the most active in filling it. Man, like a weed, grows in proportion to his worthlessness. He fills space that could be better used; chokes products of value by his rankness. He of whom Nature needs copies is slow to furnish them. Comprehending the full responsibility, the uncertain results of paternity, he practises self-denial; yields offspring sparingly. The average man is heedless of posterity. Selecting the most convenient woman—her who offers least resistance—he becomes practically an optimist, without knowing the meaning of his own act. His philosophy is condensed into "It is all right!" though on his conduct wholesome doubt might hinge. His children are born or die; struggle into wretchedness; slip into disgrace; have some good fortune with much ill. But whatever the warning, he takes it not. He solaces himself at the expense of his family. Its members seem less to him than a matter of dollars and cents. He would give more immediate attention to his horses and cattle than to his own flesh and blood. Those must be zealously looked after; these, as respects him, can look after themselves. It is a phenomenon of our civilization that the product of animals is more assiduously studied than the product of ourselves. Souls presumed to be immortal may not be harmed by neglect. Beasts that perish claim special consideration.

Woman has finer apprehensions, more conscientious principle. Maternity, with her, signifies devotion, absorption. She will sacrifice herself instinctively for her children, but never her children to herself. Her love renders her wise. She would practise an enlightened economy: she would not voluntarily bear what could not be fitly provided for. *Usually, however, this is not within her option. She makes the best of what she cannot help; becomes a sharer in imprudence she is unable to check.* So stuffed has she been, from her childhood, with fallacious lessons, that when she arrives at maturity she is afraid to hold opinions of her own. She can scarcely tell what she believes. The conflict between assertion and reason, conventionality and intuition, has created chaos in her mind. After many inward struggles, she accepts what is laid down for her: else she would be peculiar —that is, judge for herself—and peculiarity in her sex is not venial. One of her first instructions is that she must be married—to what kind of man, and under what circumstances, it matters little. If he who first proposes for her hand be not attractive, she declines. Later, she learns that to expect to love a man before he becomes a husband is the wildest romance. After marriage, affection, interest, sympathy follow. She is rash to wreck her prospects by refusal. If she wait much longer, she will be an old maid, There is nothing terrible in the words; and she confesses she thinks it better to be such than to wed in cold blood. What a social heresy! Her rectitude is speedily set wrong. To be an old maid is to fly in the face of Providence, which must be a fearful thing, since nobody knows what it means.

Seeing that those about her do not hold her opinions, nor act as she wants to act, she takes the next man who offers himself, and she is settled —in the saddest sense—for life. The affection and sympathy that were to come, retreat rather than advance. Her heart aches; her eyes grow red with unhappiness. She is so lonely and wretched and no one to tell it to. Maternity is prescribed as medicine for her griefs, and not too early. There is comfort in the little stranger, who does not frown, nor chill her impulses fast as they rise. It is her child. She wonders sometimes if it be really his. How frequently it is baptized with tears! Other children come, but

the father is no tenderer. Their noise is excuse for absence; and absence would be kindness, were there no return. *Children should be born of mutual love*, the mother thinks—not of indifference and anxiety, of selfishness and sorrow—and she wishes, therefore, there had been but one. Her beauty and her youth are gone; her spring and spirit broken. She has no hope of winning without these what she could not win with them. She has fulfilled, she is told, the Divine command—as if Divinity were direct cause of wretchedness; as if the greater the misery the nearer heaven. Unregenerate being that she is, she cannot help thinking she would better have kept her unblighted celibacy; that humanity, on the whole, would have been the gainer.

Thus is woman's individual happiness subjected to generalization. What is good for her under certain conditions is affirmed to be good under all conditions. Undeniably, she is more contented double than single; her life is larger, her future fuller. But she must be mated as well as matched. *Her husband should not only begin, but should continue her lover; should be her companion, and, above all, her friend.* Such combination is rare; can hardly be expected though part of it should be demanded. If a husband may not be strong and tender, patient and chivalrous, he should, at least, not be coarse or stupid, selfish or harsh. Every wife has a right to some of the negative virtues in exchange for positive excellence. Obviously, men and women, in the bulk, are suited to one another, class to class, rank to rank. The evil is in individual selection, and still more individual acceptance. *The right man falls to the wrong woman, or the right woman takes the wrong man. This couple, so jarring, so dissatisfied, that pair so distant, so unimpassioned, would be new beings with new partners. Had each husband chosen the wife of the other, all four would be contented.* This man may be good, that woman may be admirable; but thrust into the improper matrimonial place, he is bad for his wife, and she obnoxious to her husband. Patience before possession, affection instead of passion, knowledge tempering intensity, sympathy above sense, are the preventives of inharmonious wedlock.

Harm results to woman, and through her to the race, not by marriage, but by her getting the wrong man for her—a man of the wrong class or kind. That she accepts injudiciously is not at all surprising. Who tells her, "It is far better to stay single than to take a husband you do not love;" "Marriage is good or ill, according to selection;" "It is not unalloyed happiness at best, but it is absolute wretchedness at worst;" It is often a blessing when it comes, it is oftener a curse if sought;" "Never look to it for material support; any kind of honest labour is preferable to such expectation"?

On the contrary, the falsehood is steadily reiterated, that "Marriage is the aim and end of woman's existence:" and this without qualification. She is forced to believe that it is woman's duty to be a wife, somehow or some time, unless she be a hopeless invalid or an incurable lunatic; that it is more desirable to be conjugally miserable than maidenly contented. She is taught, inferentially, at least, that she belongs in some mysterious manner to mankind; that she is the property of the generation; that she is a portion of the census. First and essentially she belongs to herself. Her individuality is more than sovereign, it is sacred. She has an unconditional right to her own disposal. When she gives herself, she does not surrender the liberty of reception. She is a child of heaven not less than a daughter of earth. If custom has made her a vassal of conventionality, Nature has made her beforehand an independent, self-responsible woman.

Every husband, from the character of the connection, is the keeper of his wife's happiness; and how many men are fit to hold a trust so precious?

No man so unintelligent as not to be aware of the immense advantage—seconded by nature, habit, law and society—he has over woman. He improves it usually to the utmost: its inevitable tendency is to render him a tyrant and an egotist. Knowing that woman, through false education, is anxious to marry, he imposes hard and unjust conditions after marriage. Albeit entirely equal, he yields her a fraction of her rights, keeping the rest himself, and wants to be praised for his generosity. He even takes credit for the proper maintenance of his family, as if to be a buyer of food and raiment gave him a claim to admiration. So accustomed is she to exactions and impositions that she is barely conscious of subjection to them. More than half the time he fails to suspect his gross injustice to her, and when he does he imagines it necessary to discipline, or that woman enjoys a goodly degree of oppression. If she would rouse herself and think—as she has begun to do—of what is justly her desert, he would lower his crest. Nothing is so excellent for a tyrant as resistance; and her gentle resistance would transform him to truer manhood and higher husbandship. Her quiet self-assertion, her eloquent plea for equity, within the domestic circle, would alter his view as much as his conduct. Ignorance of what he owes her is the source of his undischarged indebtedness. He is juster than he seems, and would reveal his justice if the need were demonstrated. Marital culture is much required. *If he could have a wife less on his terms, more on hers, and have her only so, he would be far other than he is.* Woman has already begun to consult her own mind, to listen to her own voice; the gyves of usage are slipping from her form, which, as they slip, is rounded to fresher loveliness. To be the custodian of a fellow-creature's happiness, particularly when the creature is a woman, is an awful responsibility. The custodian should give bonds to humanity, in the form of devotion, generosity, gentleness, not to abuse his trust; and he will ere long.

The world moves rapidly. We are applying new tests, elevating our standard. Quantity is less, and quality is more. We are developing the individual, and so improving the race. To have offspring is rising from obligation to privilege. We are spiritualizing the doctrines of Malthus. We are conceding to the intuitions of woman, invariably above and in advance of our lumbering reason. Advanced couples have fewer children than was their wont: they prefer fineness to number; they think that two or three vigorous, bright, cheerful, self-poised, over-balance six or eight who are puny, dull, dejected, unsteady. Benevolence is commingling with maternity, philanthropy with propagation. *Parents are beginning to hold themselves accountable for their progeny, instead of thrusting their personality upon Providence.* All this is the slow though steady triumph of woman, the gradual furtherance of her cause. There is superabundant scope for continued progress; but that there has been so much is a cheering sign.

Not many men are adapted to paternity, while woman is innately motherly. With the silent tuition they are receiving from her their suitableness will enhance. Her mental and spiritual growth is helping them; by it she is transfusing herself so as to create sympathy; they are learning to feel for and with her. She is unfolding herself in divers ways. They frequently fail to perceive it until love's apocalypse is written in a flash. They have abode with her in mood so unappreciative that, looking into her weary eyes, she sees the tenderness so long delayed and answers with the gaze of a goddess. It has been said that if maternity were interchangeable there would be only three children to a family. The woman would bear the first, the man the second, the woman the third; the fourth would never be born. Many husbands need parturient experience to enable them to compassionate their wives (it is a pity it cannot be compulsory); but there are others—the gods be thanked!—who suffer what their wives suffer; who in strength are

all man, and in tenderness half women. Even the stolid and insensible will come round to the light in this or another generation. The deities of the household are kindling so many fires on the hilltop that the reflection must extend to the lowest valley. The sexes are gradually growing into one another, each partaking of what is best in both; but woman is affecting and moulding man more than he is her; for she is the true priestess of progress, the apostle of civilization.

A vast deal is said in these days of the inferiority, equality, and superiority of woman. She is inferior, equal, and superior to man, as he is inferior, equal, and superior to her. Their equality in the plan of creation, in the scale of humanity, in the affairs of life, in any scheme of the future, is an essential and inevitable postulate. They cannot wisely be considered apart; for they are always together—alternate links in the chain of destiny, different phases of rationality. He presupposes and comprehends her as she does him. They belong to one another as flesh and blood, nerves and brain. They are reciprocally creators both physically and spiritually. What affects him affects her. When he wrongs her, he strikes himself. She is nearer and dearer to Nature than he: Nature is a sort of stepmother to man, and any injustice to her is entailed upon the race. They cannot be enemies; irrepressible instinct mutually attracts them. They only clash to close; quarrel to spice the kisses of reconciliation. Though the sun disclose them bitter as wormwood, the moon shall detect them sweet as honey. The countless wrongs done to her sex by him she divinely forgives and femininely forgets. He has only to make atonement. The barbarism in him is hard to quench; but he is gradually quenching it with the aid of his sister of civilisation. Each generation makes them better friends. Earthquakes cannot drive them asunder. Their adherence is superior to convulsion; the estate of continuity is mortgaged to the universe. He or she (she is seldom guilty of such folly) who pretends to hate the other sex is invariably a disappointed lover, striving to hide the desire to be loved in return. Misanthrope if masculine, misogynist is a contradiction.

The holiest not less than the greatest men have owed their best inspirations and noblest acts to woman. Any attempt to leave her out inaugurates chaos. The most constant and devoted companions of Jesus were women, especially Joanna, Salome, Mary Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. They comforted Him in his sorrows; cleaved to Him in the darkest hours; were His true disciples. No swerving in them; no subjection to fear. When the apostles fled, they stood firm. They were earliest at the cross and latest at the tomb. But the apostles preached the gospel and told the story of the Prince of Peace. Even in that remote age the women silently endured, the men faltered and eulogised themselves. Some of the best of these were rejectors and betrayers; but not a woman was perfidious—not a woman denied her Master.

The canonised sons of the Roman Church have been so morbid, so inhuman in ecclesiastical zeal, that they, if any one, would ignore woman in their life and plans. But they have not, nor has their creed. The brides of the church have always been prolific of proselytes. Rome, if bigoted, is supremely shrewd. She invites all women to her arms; impregnates them with theological enthusiasm, and consigns a few to the cloister and sterility.

Chrysostom gained sustenance and strength from Olympias, who, a wealthy and beautiful widow (there is no use of being a saint without beauty), was wrought upon by his oratory to retire from the world. She renounced everything for the church, exemplified by him, and expressed her worship by noble acts of charity. Forced into exile, she would, if permitted, have followed him to the world's end; in the midst of a desert would have perished joyously clinging to his feet. His golden mouth would have

been golden to her had it been voiceless as the grave; for the man more than the bishop had captivated her. Long before cardinals had dreamed of it her love had canonised Chrysostom. She had made him the deity of her heart.

Jerome was similarly influenced by Paula, and she by him. The descendant of the Scipios and the Gracchi, she exchanged souls with him while he was her ghostly father—properly her spiritual husband. She built monasteries and prayed and wept, petitioning Heaven to explain, perhaps, her ceaseless conflict between love and its suppression. His letter to her daughter after her death is panegyric's paramount. Doubtless sincere, it is a mixed rhapsody of affection for the woman and veneration for the church. It is the misdirected passion of a monk half smothered in the superstition of his creed.

Never was there a purer or more unnatural man than Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan friars. One of those mysterious voices with which hagiography is penetrated called him to the service of his faith. Surrendering his inheritance, emptying his purse, giving away his clothes to the poor, he became an eleemosynary monomaniac, an extreme fanatic. He begged in the streets for money to repair churches and convents; he haunted hospitals, nursed paupers, consorted with outcasts that he might convert them. His pride was in his humility. He washed the feet of mendicants, and kissed the ulcers of loathsome lepers. The sternest Spartan was a Sybarite to him; eating ashes with his scanty crusts; bathing in snow to extinguish natural desire; weeping so freely that he would have become blind but for painful searing of his face. Year after year he went from good-bad to better-worse. Zeal rose to rapture; piety to mysticism. His distorted religion killed him at last. His was a slow but deliberate suicide.

Who would think a theologic madman like him would or could recognise sex? Even he had his attraction—monastic it seemed to him—to a lovely and splendid woman, whom his fanaticism had fascinated. Clara gave up rank, fortune, noble suitors, every secular delight, to be his disciple, his immaterial daughter, his unwavering friend. His plaintive eloquence, his sombre ecstasy drew her all to him, and to the priestly career he had espoused. When he received her as she fled from her ancestral home, sheared the golden glory of her hair, covered her rich garments with his coarse habit, and led her to the altar, did not even he regret for a moment the world he had abjured? Did he not secretly kiss the yellow tress he had retained? Did he not long to strain, though but for the fraction of a minute, that fresh and beautiful girl to his arid and starving heart? Emulating him, she established the order of Franciscan nuns, and vied with her beloved master in self-abnegation, ecclesiastic observances, and offices of benevolence. Long after, when Francis's corpse was carried by the convent where Clara dwelt, she begged the privilege of kissing the hands and garments of the dead, and with streaming eyes and throbbing breast prayed for the repose of his soul. The fire of her life went out with his. She still followed her lowly round of noble acts; but she had parted with herself. Ceaselessly she besought heaven to take her home—heaven was their heaven since he was there; her orisons were answered in mercy, and she went, as she believed, directly to God, with "Francis" as her celestial password.

Frances de Chantal was another of the saintly spirits who mistaking the divine for the human, dedicated themselves thereto. Her husband having been killed while hunting, she vowed, though still young and extremely handsome, never to marry again. A new drift was given to her life. She fixed her pleasure in providing for the sick and poor; at the same time educating her children with the greatest care. Little more than thirty, she

became acquainted with Francis of Sales, and placed herself under his guidance. Having been informed of his project to establish the Visitation, she concurred in it so eagerly that she first instituted the order at Annecy, and before her death had founded seven-and-thirty of those religious houses. Frances and Francis—the likeness of their names was mirrored in their nature—were complete correspondents. Their biography is as romantic as the tales of Scudery. They are asserted to have met in visions before they had met corporeally; their whole career, so intimately associated, is a series of temptations, struggles and self conquests, the last accomplished by their burning devotion to their creed. This eventually subordinated passion but only at the expense of moral sanity. She was Hecla beneath its snows, as so many fine, highly-disciplined women are—a lake of *flame in a rim of ice*. Her letters blaze with intensity, throb with disappointment; but the intensity and disappointment are governed by the frenzy of consecration. They are more than instructive, they are illuminating. He who would learn of the contest of fire and frost in a woman's breast—the fire all the fiercer for the frost in the air—and of the final triumph of the frost, should read the written secrets of Frances de Chantal. His self-chastisement had been severer, as may be seen in his "Devout Life;" still, his correspondence with her evinces the ardour of his temperament, the fierce needs of his nativity. He thought of her at the Eucharist; she was the miracle that changed to blood the sacramental wine. She was to him, though unconsciously, the incarnation of the Virgin; she was in idea everything that woman can be to man. He carried her in his soul. She beamed through every moment of the day; she was the companion of his ecstasies. He called her fellow-worker, sister, daughter, saint; while every fibre of his being must have told him she should have been his wife.

Such examples of cloistered women prove that love, however hidden or disguised, is the pole-star of every woman's heaven. From the cradle to the grave the line of affection is unbroken. It begins with the mother and the doll, and ends with man or God (these are easily convertible to her)—often the God in man, or the man in God. She instinctively and voluntarily idealises, and from her idealisation ascends her worship. Supremely personal, she wants personality. If it be lacking, she creates it. Emblems help her to do this; hence she delights in emblems. She hates abstractions; they are meaningless to her. The concrete is the food of her heart; she would not barter a flush of sentiment for a field of science. A slight caress is dearer than a principle of devotion. She is a poet and an artist from her passion for beauty and her joy in form. Manners, modes, graces, colours, perfumes, sounds, stir and intoxicate her. She is sovereignly sensuous, and yet profoundly spiritual. Full of outward inconsistencies, she has yet inner harmonies to which man is, in a double sense, a stranger. Her heart and conscience are such neighbours that the troubles of one disturb the peace of the other. Her friendship, reverence, worship, consecration, sacrifice, spring from the same source. Countess Matilda, of Tuscany, Mary Unwin, Sophie Swetchine, Bettina Brentano, the Princess de Lamballe were all sisters, moved by a variation of love. *Religieuses* become such because disappointed, bereaved or longing for a love they fancy earth cannot yield. They either incarnate Divinity, or, like Clara and Paula, divinise humanity. If women considered God impersonal, after the manner of philosophers and scientists, they could not cleave to theology; their creed, but not their faith, would be destroyed. With their mental eye they see Jesus, gentle, sad, beautiful, benignant, as Mary and Martha saw him, wandering and preaching in Judea, and are won to Christianity by his essentially feminine character, by his reflections of their ideals, by his extreme goodness to women. For what they believe of him they accept any dogma they are

bred to; remember the spirit of Love and forget the tenets. There is no fundamental difference in cultured women's faith whatever their sect. Roman, Mohammedan, Greek, Protestant, Hebrew, they adhere to the spirit, and glide over the doctrines easily and gracefully. It is said that Catholic women instinctively, insensibly, have Jesus in their prayerful thought more than the Virgin; while the men of the church appeal to Mary, which is at least natural, since affinity for sex is the principle of creation. Divinity generally succeeds humanity in the feminine mind, or is a substitute for it. Scarcely any woman can contain more than one strong, engrossing affection at one time, unless it be the maternal and uxorial; and that is prone to interfere with, if not to modify this. When spontaneity is in the retort, the distillation is sexual love. It has been a complaint of theologians that an enamoured woman neglects her ecclesiastical duties. A clever abbé has affirmed that he could tell when his sister had quarrelled with her lover, by her renewed interest in the mass. She was in attendance every morning during the estrangements, but when she had made her peace with her gallant, she stayed away altogether. He has further remarked that any woman under the caress of a man grows heedless of the goodness of the Lord. Lisette Lebrun explains the trespass by saying that man is here, while God is so very far away.

Go where you may, in or out of civilization, you will always find that love in some form or other, secret or avowed, is the impulse and incentive of woman. Herein conjoin the squaw in the wigwam, the queen on the throne, the nun in the cloister, the radical on the platform, the fine lady in the drawing-room, the peasant in the hovel, the pariah of the street.

The dullest or commonest man seems conscious of woman's susceptibility to amatory madness, which shall become, in an ideal state, the sweetest sanity. Affectionateness is her strong-weak side, and he unremittingly attacks it. She has a haunting apprehension that in some great prevailing love, thrilling her blood and brain, her nerves and heart, lie her safety and her peace. But she can never anticipate it, or measure its force. It may not come. To many it does not; to others it comes too late; whence agonising repression or broken vows—tragedies without end, sometimes without name. Voluntarily she would wait, vaguely feeling the danger of mistake. But there are so irrational reasons for assuming to be fond. Marriage urged on one hand, proposed on the other—and the price of it the slightest show of preference, or a despondent "Yes." Comparatively few wives who are not disappointed. Still, they are wives—yea, the wifeliest of wives. No matter. It is a turn of the wheel, a plunge in the dark. The wheel breaks, the dark holds unsuspected harms. After all, it might be worse; and yet, ah, dream forever fled! it might be so infinitely better.

The man announces his love, believing the announcement enough to insure reciprocity. The woman tries to think she hears a faint echo in her own heart. She cannot catch it. The original sound is repeated; it is sweeter than before, and grows sweeter each time she turns it over in her mind. "I love you!" in every language, to any woman's ear, is ravishing music. The phrase never wearies—holds freshness to the last. The three monosyllables contain inexhaustible variety to craving consciousness; they are the quintessence of Beethoven's symphonies. She is liable to mistake the longing for the thing longed for. Still, she cannot discover the inward response. Haply, it is there, and she incapable of understanding it. But she is loved. Of that she is assured; and love, she has heard, begets love. She cannot be indifferent. The hour of her fate may be on the point of striking. She yields from indoctrination, against her intuition; her mould is taken, her future twisted.

Woman does not comprehend, in her innocence, that often the love man

professes is libidinous; that what rivets her releases him; that dedication with her is to him indulgence. Sad experience frequently fails to teach her. Each new talker of love is likely to be hailed as the atoner of his preceders. In spite of warning, she refuses to distrust fair words and fond promises. All men, she thinks, cannot be false and licentious. Oh, no! but so many of them, from vicious training, are without principle respecting women. If the epic of all who have been unfortunate were written, the argument would be: "He swore that he loved me, and I was so foolish as to believe him. I suppose, too, I should believe him again. Perhaps he meant better than he did."

It is melancholy as amazing, that nearly any inflated fellow can conjure woman's heart with "I love you!" until it shall open like the rose, exhaling it earliest freshness and its last perfume. As love is the fountain of her highest and only permanent happiness, it is immediately or mediately the source of her woes. Romantic as it rings, her burdens grow light; her griefs are fleeting while Eros stands at her side. Leaning on the god, her strength returns, and she descries the blue beyond the cloud. To love and be loved is the answer to her questioning of fate; it is her ideal realized, her problem solved. With such possession her lasting discontent is simply impossible.

Man's satisfaction—if he ever attain it—comes through many channels and goes through more. He wants wealth, power, fame, position, outward worship, inward tranquillity. Having these, he hankers after distinction in new fields; scorns what he has and values the ungained. Love is sweet, precious—to his vanity—but no given amount is enough. All the love of mature womanhood would barely content him; he would be found impatiently waiting for, fondly expectant of the rising generation. Sometimes he discovers *the* woman; then his fidelity is insured. She is sparse, however. There are but a few of her, and so many are in quest of her, that she is not equal to the desired distribution. The class of men who can fill and hold women is twenty times as large as the class of women that can fill and hold men. Woman is satisfied with little if she can have it long; man is resigned to much if he can have it short.

Life goes ill with woman in the main. Nevertheless, her original stock of hope, elasticity and cheerfulness is so greatly in excess of ours, that in the third, fourth, and fifth acts of the tragic-comedy, hers is the ampler residue. Nature, who alloted her the largest share of suffering, in mercy granted her superior endurance. It is particularly hard that she should be beset in her youth by the hunger of the heart, and persecuted through man by the hunger of the senses. As respects her, no sin so sinless as her fall, and none so inhumanly punished. On him who betrays her through her deepest trust and holiest feeling, the world yet refrains from placing responsibility. So foul an injustice cannot withstand much longer the advancing wave of progress.

Woman is continually accused of severer judgment than man has for the cunningly-contrived frailty of her sisters. It would be insolent, indeed, if he whose kind were guilty of the wrong should be the louder in denunciation of the betrayed. Woman's harshness springs from her sense of self protection. She regards her sister's lapse as a possible imputation upon herself, and her indignation, always over-stated, is an impulsive effort to avert suspicion. The vestal law was not of her making, nor has any outgrowth of it received her sanction. The enactments and fulminations against violation of chastity came from man, as is evident from his assumed impeccability in a matter in which he must always be the chief sinner. The gentle Nazarene has given his judgment on this subject, and the justice and beauty of his teaching render it immortal. It is singular how Hebrew

savageness, Roman barbarity and monkish superstition have perpetuated an iniquity, and influenced the nineteenth century to their endorsement. Woman knows how man selfishly prizes in her what he is perpetually striving to rob her of, and feels bound to denounce his victim lest she should appear by charity, or even silence, to lay the fault where it belongs.

This is the entire cause of her spoken acrimony; and only upon ordinary women can it be honestly charged. Those who are strong and broad, fine and pure, have no gibes to hurl at the fallen or betrayed. They are the first to shield and the last to condemn. Their lenity to the error is usually in exact proportion to their power of resistance. They who are themselves above suspicion seldom suspect or are ungenerous to others. We are least forgiving to that which we feel ourselves likeliest to commit. Men of the world say that women of infirmest reputation have least measure to their wrath against members of their sex in the same category who have been incontestably exposed. Copious revilement is always a bad sign. The feminine smircher of character is apt to be thought indebted to her own garments for the abundant soil she handles so freely and malignantly.

Nature seems cruel to women in more ways than one; quite overbalancing her kindness of another sort. If the sharper the thorn, the brighter the crown, she must be some time superbly diademed. Why should she, after falling a prey to a dissolute rover, be forsaken in her misfortune, all the responsibility and result resting on her injured head? That is one of the many problems of destiny which must be reserved for a clearer future. Let us presume it is for the best. The inducement is powerful to any one not a pessimist, because it now appears decidedly for the worst. One thing is plain everywhere—Nature's prevision and provision for replenishment. In her determination to insure the race, she is careless of the suffering or sacrifice of individuals. Our (man's) feeling is for the individual, especially the ego, with relative indifference to the race. Perhaps, in some of the worlds to come, by way of compensation, women will be the race and we the individuals. Then we shall find how we like it. How, in such case, we shall fill the new sphere with maundering and hubbub, and protest against the decrees of the gods in another Titanic rebellion!

Could women get rid of affection and maternity, as we should desire to under her conditions and limitations, she would be emancipated from the greater part of her trials and sorrows. But since with those would go likewise her consolations and her joys, she would prefer to keep the bitter with the sweet. She has graceful resignation, notwithstanding her refined sensuousness, her fondness for luxury, to hair-cloth shirts, lonely vigils, punitions of the flesh, and tortures of the spirit. We are not, in these self-indulgent days, of the martyr brood or sacrificial school; and we marvel she should be. We declare it is because she is not logical (it is always safe, having no other fault to find, to censure her for lack of logic); and we are ready to admit, besides, that a woman under provocation, may do anything. Oh, yes; she will even love us; though perfect self-knowledge and candour might compel us to confess the provocation extremely slight.

It were better for woman, in present being, if love were less to her; but, ultimately, she who has held love highest and firmest must be the richest reaper. To lose faith in love is to despair of humanity, to distrust the universe. Whatever there be of immortality must spring from love, which is creative, and hence continuous. Haply, woman's vision is clearer than our own. While we draw chords and measure arcs, she may have taken the circle in. The logic which we insist she so sadly needs may be superfluous. It is absence attests her intuition; denotes the superiority of spiritual wings over material feet. That she so engenders and clings to love, through fortune fair or foul, is testimony of its final excellence for her. Love flows

through her in a thousand channels, each stream reflecting the sky under which it glides and glints. That which she pictures she rarely meets with here: but when she does, she breathes through in a desert, the amaranths of Paradise. Howbeit in its stead, affections come, which, less exalted and distracting, more fairly fit the mediate mood. These are expressed in kinship, friendship, maternity, acts of benevolence, offices of gentleness, worship of the unknown, cultivation of the good, appreciation of the beautiful, or, all else denied, in the enjoyment of others.

The wretched beggar, old and outcast, will forget her ugliness, her rags, the biting blast, her hunger and her hopelessness, in watching from the frozen street, by the window's flashing light, the pure and happy bride who nestles to the heart she can truly call her own. The poor vagrant is a woman still; all her misery has not quenched the instinct of her sex. She beholds herself, her possible self, in the fair bride who seems native to another sphere, and is drawn to her by the yearning for beauty that no suffering nor degradation can entirely destroy. She drinks in the scene until she is for the moment purified; and when the rude policeman drives her away with an oath, she lifts her hands to the howling night and says, "God bless her!"

The might-have-been, even going beyond pre-natal causes never dies in the feminine breast. Woman, losing the love that is her birthright, accepts the poorest substitute with resignation; and yet believes against reason and analogy, believes, too, in her inmost soul, that what time has deprived her of, eternity shall certainly restore.

HIGGINS'S ANACALYPSIS.

This long looked for reprint is now ready so far that the first part will be delivered simultaneously with this number of *Human Nature*. In the early part of the year we published an article giving an enthusiastic review of the great purpose of this book. We do not intend to add to that article at present. To Review the Anacalypsis is to give it wholly. This we prefer to do in proper form, and herewith announce that the First Part, published at 2s. 6d., is offered to the purchasers of *Human Nature* for this month at 1s. 9d., post free 2s. 6d. The sacrifice incurred by selling at this price can only be met by the great demand which is sure to follow for the succeeding numbers.

Extraordinary Longevity.—There died a few days ago at Castletown, near Parsonstown, a man named James Kennedy, at the advanced age of 105 years. The deceased was a respectable farmer, and was in the habit of coming to Parsonstown every market day up to a short time previous to his demise. He never used tobacco, snuff, or strong drink, and retained his natural faculties to the end.—*Carlow Sentinel.*

A Hindoo Girl in the Pulpit.—The *Indian Daily News* says:—"We learn from Ahmedabad that a young and accomplished Hindoo girl, the daughter of the judge of the local small cause court, Mr. Gopalrow Hurry Deshmook, preached a sermon, if we may so call it, before a congregation composed of Hindoo ladies, about forty in number, on Saturday, the 8th inst. The congregation met in the Hindoo temple, which is used by the Prathna Somaj of Ahmedabad for their prayers. The subject of the discourse was, 'We worship only one God.'"