

# THE ALTERNATE SEX

OR

*THE FEMALE INTELLECT IN MAN,  
AND THE MASCULINE IN WOMAN*

BY

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NEW YORK

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

1904

P.F. 647  
L 5  
1904b

## TO THE READER

THIS work was completed only a few months before Mr. Leland's death, and on this account it is presented to the public without the benefit of the author's revision and correction.

Mrs. Joseph Pennell, the niece of the late Mr. Leland, has kindly seen the book through the press.

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## P R E F A C E

I HAVE endeavoured in this book to set forth the following views :

That Men and Women are, in strict accordance with the opinion of the most recent physiologists, radically different as regards both body and mind, although social or domestic life has given them much in common.

That in proportion to the female organs remaining in man, and the male in woman, there exists also in each just so much of their peculiar mental characteristics.

That this female mind in man, having free access to the images stored in the cells of memory, calls them forth in dreams and reveries, the same being true as regards the masculine mind in woman.

That this casts much light on the true nature of the Imagination, and all creative action of the mind, involving originality, as is explained in detail in the text.

That what has of late years occupied much thought as the Subliminal Self, the Inner Me, the Hidden Soul, Unconscious Cerebration, and the like, may all be reduced to or fully explained by the Alternate Sex in us.

That there is no line of demarcation between the organic and inorganic world ; that, as shown by Schrön, there is life in crystals, and no step in which mentality, though in lower forms, does not manifest itself.

That Forces have developed themselves from a primary force, and that there are some of which we are as yet ignorant.

That the law of Growth is that of accretion, or of attraction and repulsion, beginning with any chance group of molecules, guided by certain forces, as seen in advanced organisms.

That Sensivity is a Force developed at first by polarization of atoms, increased by attraction and repulsion, was influenced by katabolism and anabolism, till Sensation (whose true being must be found in the origin of motion), step by step, advanced to Consciousness, and thence to mentality.

That all effort to rise intellectually above ordinary experience, or to what is generally known as the Supernatural, should be limited to Prayer to God, and exertion and culture of our Will.

There are no proofs of the existence of God save on purely material grounds, and from the conclusions of Science, which all point to it. Yet this proof can never be absolutely *perfected*, because as Man advances in it he is ever raising a higher ideal of Divinity unto himself.

**The immortality of the soul depends on the same conditions as the proof of the existence of God.**

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# THE ALTERNATE SEX

## INTRODUCTION

THE theory on which this work is based is that the fundamental condition or Intelligence of the two sexes, or Man and Woman, is radically different, or corresponding to their physical creation and development. It is generally and popularly held that such difference as we perceive is simply the result of education, association, and habit ; many regarding the entire past as a period during which Women have been oppressed and degraded by Man, forgetting that Man himself has also been subject to the suffering or slavery involved in the earlier stages of Evolution. And as the sexes are generally so much alike in person that in certain cases women have passed in disguise for men, so there have been thousands of the former who have developed so much of masculine mentality as to render the idea of equality or actual identity in this respect plausible. Having many intellectual faculties in common with man ; and as, according

to the old psychology, all formed a 'soul' or 'spirit,' and any part indicated a consistent whole; therefore it seemed that the respective manner of Thought was merely the result of *habit*.

As there are, according to the spiritual, mystical, or supernatural theory of the soul, many apparent reasons for believing that the mental nature of the two sexes is identical, there naturally came the belief, as society rose from barbarism to higher culture, that Woman was capable of more in life than had been allowed her. This was quite true, but as it was based on false grounds, and carried too far in a false direction, it led to error. Thus of late in literature, female vindicators of Women's Rights generally assume that theirs is in reality 'the superior sex.' This expression occurs thrice in the last work of the kind which I read, while the lady writer clearly enough holds the opinion that Woman is destined to equal or actually supplant Man in most callings, beginning with all which require superior intellect.

It is Plato, I believe, who tells us a curious old fable that Man and Woman formed at first a single, epicene being. But having been separated, the two halves have ever since been seeking one another. When they meet there will be two souls or hearts which beat as one. This implies that, while the two have much in common, *there exist in both radically different elements which require union to develop all their strength*. This recalls the other fable of the twigs, which when

bound together gain strength as a faggot. Union is force.

Modern physiology and biology have done much to prove that Sensation, Emotion, Instinct, and Intelligence are all merely degrees of the same Life which manifest themselves so imperceptibly as they develop or ascend, that it is impossible to determine where Conscious vitality does not exist. And wherever it exists, it corresponds accurately to certain physical conditions. No two individuals, even, are quite alike in every nerve and muscle or tissue, and just in proportion do they differ mentally. As all men are unlike in face, and tone of voice, and figure, even to the lines on their hands and feet, so are their characters unlike. They have all, in some respects, different minds. The soul or intellect is *not* absolutely the same in any two living. There are children who are born drunkards or thieves, while others detest drink, or manifest innate honesty. The numerous instances of 'heredity' which I have collected (many more being given by Galton) are amusing.

Admitting this, which few physiologists deny, the reader will be prepared to believe that if for every physique there is a corresponding mind, that of Woman *must* differ in certain respects from that of Man. To a certain degree, especially in the savage state, where mere bodily strength gives authority, she is an inferior. Her functions are very different from those of Man. Where skill in hunting and bravery in war or per-

sonal combat form the ideals of society, Man is of course her master. And this is, even at the present day, in our advanced civilization, more the case than most people are aware of. Women themselves, as their own novels prove, think far more of 'a gallant officer' than of all the philanthropists in existence. It is not many years since there appeared in *The Telegraph* a long article, in which it was shown that of the eighteen hundred pounds devoted by Government and allotted by the Queen to pensions for literary men alone, or their families, *very* little went to such legitimate recipients, most of it being given by the Crown to the heirs of soldiers. I find no fault with this; I merely declare that Society is as yet in a condition during which it is not to be expected that Woman's claim to be the superior sex, or even the universal equal of Man, can be logically admitted. It is as it is. War is as yet a great and *inevitable* condition of mankind; while Woman worships superior strength in any form (or uniform), she must remain so far an inferior. As Society becomes more advanced, altruistic or improved, or with every step towards higher ideals, Woman will advance, until, all mutual duties and relations being adjusted, the two sexes will be as counterparts in harmony—or the first and second volumes of a single work, or the two lobes of one brain.

The general opinion has been thus far, so far as any idea or opinion at all has been evolved on the

subject, that Woman is growing to be like Man, until eventually the only real difference between the two will be that of Sex, and perhaps of physique. I say '*perhaps*,' because I find that nearly all the 'women's rights women' cite wistfully, if not hopefully, instances in which daring sisters have, undetected, served as soldiers or sailors. There are, in fact, in divers places in the Western United States, female policemen, but as there were in Rome during the reign of Nero female gladiators who fought in public, we may regard all such as exceptions which prove a rule. And to slightly digress, it may here be remarked that there can be no question whatever that with proper training and advanced physical culture Women may, perhaps one and all, become equal in this respect to what Man *now is*. The daily physical exercise of a Roman Empress was very nearly equal to that of a modern prize-fighter, the result of which was sons whose bull-necks were nearly as large in circumference as their heads, or men who could bend horseshoes with their hands. But it should not be forgotten that men also improved in proportion, and *kept ahead* in the race. These proofs that Woman may become strong enough to perform much which Man now executes, and will therefore become his equal in all things, recall the story of a youth who set forth in theory how he intended to overcome, *vi et armis*, a certain enemy. 'But,' remarked his hearer, 'what do you think the *other* man will be doing all the time?'

Now be it observed, that to assume the absolute equality, likeness or identity of the female mind or 'intelligence' with that of the male, is not only contrary to all experience, but it also renders impossible the clear intelligence and development of what are really Woman's peculiar faculties or capacities. And these, as I hope to show, are far greater than any writer as yet known to me has ever dreamed of, although so mysterious and involving such an entirely new field of investigation that all I can hope for is to act as pioneer, or like Carlyle's backwoodsman, whose mission it is at most to fell the forest, leaving it for more skilful hands to fully cultivate the soil.

It is therefore in absolutely denying to Woman equality with Man as the World or Society *now exists*, and by casting aside all present arguments founded on old metaphysical theories, that I find the reason for believing that the true concord and balance of interests will be found. The first step towards such conclusion lies in certain mental differences which we will now briefly consider. And it is in these differences, and even in much which our present ignorance regards as indicating inferiority, that the glory of the Future consists, so that of Woman it may be truly said :

'What I was is passed by,  
What I am away doth fly ;  
What I shall be none do see,  
Yet in That my beauties be.'

## CHAPTER I

### ABSOLUTE DIFFERENCE OF SEX

'Now have I heard of a Man, 'twas in Damascus, there be manye such in Persia and Turkey, who by looking at the wrong side of a Tapestry could discern all the Beauty of the other, and, what was more, that in whiche it could be amended.'

THERE was probably no time during the world's history when Woman enjoyed such power or had such influence in Society, literature, and politics, as in France from the days of Louis XIV. down to those of the end of the First Empire. The men of greatest minds seemed to have lived in and for Women, not merely sensually; though in this respect (as such works as the *Chevalier de Faublas* prove), the whole world of Paris appears to have gone mad; but also intellectually. Never, at any time, in any land was the sex so much considered, so deeply studied, and, according to the dim lights of the age, so minutely analyzed. And Woman did all in her power to aid man by epistolary correspondence, conversation, and political intrigue, in all of which she developed genius fully equal to his own.

It may be here noted as germane to the subject, that this was during the Rococo or Baroque age in art, when the vaguely-pretty and irregular, and decoration like that which characterizes modern feminine dress or costume, was predominant, in marked contrast to the determinate or masculine Gothic, and other styles which had preceded it.

There was a vast amount of writing about Women and their characteristics, drawn from great experience and very subtle observation, which may be summarized as follows :

That Women are, in fact, radically different from Men, however much they have in common. They are like the individuals who inhabit every one his own house, while using common pastures for their cattle, or even crops.

That the female sex in humanity is pre-eminently fickle, changeable, and 'unreliable,' or as Francis I. wrote it, following the older Latin saying of *Varium et mutabile semper femina*, or *La donna e mobile* :

'Toujours femme varie,  
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.'

That in many things—not all—Woman displays superior quickness of perception. This is strikingly shown in the fact that she can at a glance take in and accurately describe all the details of another woman's dress.

That in certain matters she displays superior *tact*. This has gradually been exaggerated into

a belief, or expression, that this Tact is shown in all things.

That being more unthinking than man, or less given to reflection, and also by temperament more sensitive, she is proportionally more irritated by injuries or personal slights.

That she is more vindictive or revengeful than man.

That she never feels Remorse in its true sense. She may bitterly regret having done wrong when punishment overtakes her, but seldom or never repents the original impulse.

That she is more deeply interested in personal matters, but cares less for subjects of general interest than Man.

That she is more a creature of Impulse—that is, acting more promptly on first impressions in all things, good or bad.

That she has more general personal curiosity and inquisitiveness than Man, and is therefore more given to gossip. Hence a greater degree of loquacity.

That she has a far deeper and stronger love for her offspring than Man, and this is generally more developed in her as regards all family relations. For in proportion as she is a bitter enemy so is she a true friend.

That Women are curiously and extremely indifferent to and unobservant of even interesting subjects which appeal to every man. Thus it has been accurately observed that there was from

morning to night always a crowd of men and boys before a certain shop-window in which there was a working model of some invention. But no woman or girl ever stopped an instant to look at it. Once, as Editor of a journal, I was much annoyed by people knocking at my door. Therefore I put on it in very large letters, *Come in without knocking*. Always after that, whenever I heard a knock, I said, 'That is a darkey or a lady.' The poor coloured folk did not know how to read, and the women *would* not. But I never knew one who had not a very prompt excuse or reply or 'reason' when I asked her why she had not obeyed the request!

That she has, on the whole, or perhaps in a majority of cases, a better memory than Man for *personal* matters, and as to people or places. As regards any thing which does not in some way interest her, or 'come home,' she often has no memory at all unless it be from *deliberate will*. It is well known that as a man and his wife grow older, the latter is the most frequently referred to for memories of the Past. All people can verify this from any old couple.

Women have to a remarkable degree the art of *appearing* to be interested in conversation, in subjects which do not interest them in the least. This is greatly valued as an art by a certain class of men, but though praised by Emerson, almost as a virtue, it is of small credit to a truly honest and sincere nature, for it is 'humbug.'

That she never *spontaneously* develops the Inventive faculty, though she sometimes produces good results *when she attempts such work*. The proprietor of two large manufactories in America told me that while every man and boy in his employment had *once at least* suggested an improvement in machinery or an invention, he had never known a female employée to do anything of the kind.

Though more given to merriment and fun than man, there has never yet appeared in literature a single original female Humourist.

A witty, flippant, or stinging repartee, especially if it be *unanswerable*, passes with all women, and also many men, as fully equivalent to the most logical and reasonable argument. Hence the proneness of the female sex to personal reflection, side issues, and the like. In all cases they prefer gaining the Victory to establishing a Truth. And many men are like unto them.

These illustrations could be greatly extended. But there is one opinion in which all writers agree—that there is something extremely inscrutable and puzzling in the general nature of Woman, or a *Mystery* which no one has ever as yet solved—a mystery on which she herself, however intelligent, can cast no light. In this, the greatly-abused saying, that ‘Women are all alike,’ is true enough.

Now, as to depict an object truly we must give the shadows as well as the lights, so do I, (assum-

ing theoretically that the foregoing characteristics are all facts,) declare that these facts go very far to establish and explain the theory of the female mind which I shall eventually set forth. That they are chiefly shadows is of no account whatever, the only object being to establish that there are generally recognised or credited mental *differences* between the sexes. For they are very far indeed from showing Woman as she is, in full, or as she is destined to be.

The next step will be to investigate the physical origin of the sexes, so as to cast further light on the subject of differences and of development. This is absolutely necessary, since it is in the very 'origin of origins' or the sources of the fountain of life that we must seek for the causes of variation in sex, which lead eventually to marvellous results and conclusions. Of the *immensely* beneficial influence which the inner female mind exerts on the male, and how it co-operates in every effort of Genius, I will speak 'later on.'

'These be the shadows which set forth the Light.'

As regards the question of the relative Superiority of the sexes, common-sense should have taught the disputants long ago, that in the beginning of society, where life was a violent physical struggle under brutal conditions, the Male must be, as the creator and active agent, very much the superior. In the earlier developments of life, whether in plants or insects, all are females so

long as there is unlimited food to be had for taking, and warmth. But as soon as the supply begins to diminish, and hard work is required to obtain it, with endurance, the Male is developed. Among savages, or wherever the real gifts of Women which will at a future time render her man's equal are of no use, she must still be absolutely inferior. Thus in 'The Evolution of Sex,' the authors declare that 'Few maintain that the sexes are essentially equal, still fewer that the females excel; the general bias of authority has been in favour of the males. From the earliest ages philosophers have contended that Woman is but an undeveloped man. Darwin's theory of sexual selection presupposes a superiority, and an entail in the male line; for Spencer, the development of woman is early arrested by procreative functions. In short, Darwin's man is, as it were, an evolved woman, and Spencer's an arrested man.' 'Tiedemann and others regard female offspring as arrested in the original state.'

All of this means that woman is inferior or subordinate to Man, *while all are savages*, but has no hint of the great truth that there are in her mental possibilities which will in due time appear in higher stages of culture, as they have indeed always manifested themselves when society has improved. But while destined to be fully his equal, Woman can never in general be Man's Superior, unless the fundamental laws of our being are changed, because, as I shall endeavour

to show in the production of any work of genius, or even of any elevated train of Thought, the male mental energy and vigorous power of organization is required, though it in turn would be useless, were it not for female co-operation.

Women who complain of being as they are, resemble the Ugly Duckling in the Fable who would have liked very much at one time to have been a Goose, but for whom a far more brilliant future was reserved. Many women say, 'That is all very fine, but we want to be equal *now*.' But for the very great majority as they now are, and must and will be for a long time to come, this is as if a small boy ward should demand of his guardian perfect freedom and control of his property. It is quite true that at some future time the child may become far more intelligent and fitter to deal with an estate than his 'tutor.' Which is all the more a reason why his, as yet undeveloped, genius should be trained and disciplined while a youth. 'Understand ye this—or what?'

## CHAPTER II

### THE ORIGIN OF LIFE, OR HOW IT IS THAT 'THINGS' GROW

'Aux générations spontanées est-ce une idée qui préside au phénomène? Non, le phénomène est la résultante des causes qui le déterminent. Un germe apparaît, se développe, éclôt non sur un plan conçu d'avance, mais sous l'action de causes qui toujours le tiennent sous leur influence. Un plan préconçu, immuable, serait ici funeste.'—EUGENE NOEL : *Mémoires d'un Imbécile.*

A STUDY of the characteristics or faculties of the two sexes not only involves some knowledge of Embryology or Ontogenia, which seeks to set forth how the animal or human being originates, but also that of Biology or life itself.

In early times living beings were supposed to be the result of spontaneous generation, or of mysterious metamorphosis, caused, no one knew how, by the action of certain primæval types and planetary influences. Thus the mud of the Nile was supposed to generate strange reptiles, mice were born of decay and dirt, eels were originally horse-hairs; in fact, the *generatio ex putredine*, or birth from Corruption, was an established faith

which still survives in all countries among the ignorant. Closer observation in more modern times induced the conclusion that all forms of life sprung from germs, or eggs, in varied forms, which often underwent several changes, until Linnæus finally declared that '*nullæ species novæ, species tot sunt diversæ, quot diversas formas ab initio creavit infinitum ens*'—'There are no new species, there are as many different kinds as the infinite being created in the beginning.' This was the doctrine of the *fixity of species*, subsequently endorsed by Cuvier.

About the end of the eighteenth century, philosophers and naturalists such as De Maillet, Buffon, Diderot, Goethe, and many German followers of the new *Natur-philosophie* began to admit that there was, however, such a thing as *Variability of Species*, which, as Professor Giacomo Cattaneo observes,\* had been vaguely observed or surmised in ancient times by Anaximander, Heraclites, Empedocles, Aristotle, and Lucretius, and in later times by Vanini. This latter, indeed, in his work *De admirandis Naturæ Arcanis*, A.D. 1613, sets forth the system so clearly that he may almost be regarded as its originator. But it was Lamarck (1801-1809) who deserves the credit of having scientifically founded the doctrine of Variability, and Darwin, (1859), who fully analyzed the question, and led it to stupendous deduction.

\* 'Embryologia e Morfologia Generale.' Hoepfli, Milan, 1895.

It was, however, the opinion of Richerand (*New Elements of Physiology*, 1813) that 'the moderns' have rejected too arbitrarily the old idea of spontaneous generation. 'Bees may not be generated from an ox,' as Virgil teaches, 'but the monads among the *infusoria*, the *byssus* in the earlier *algæ*, seem to be the direct product of heat, moisture, and electricity.' This opinion, modestly advanced, has received apparent confirmation from very recent researches; that is to say, that life, or organic forms, have an origin in common with Crystals, as is set forth in *La Vita rei Crystalli* (*La Nuova Parola*, Roma, 1902), treating of the discoveries of Professor OTTO SCHRÖN, of the University of Naples. If these discoveries be true, we may conclude that, 'as the barriers which separated the animal kingdom from that of the vegetable were swept away, so have we now destroyed those which separated the organic from the inorganic world.' 'The *force* which rules matter, and exists separately from it, is perhaps a kind of *ether*; its existence is not proved. This means a kind of ether which is constitutionally different from, and more subtle than, the ether which causes luminous and electric vibrations.'

Until very recently, or even yet, there were, or are, many scientific men who regard the problem of the origin of life as insoluble, because the extremes of heat and cold through which the world has passed would have killed any organism. They

did not, or do not, take into consideration the fact that the same elements and the same forces which created all things existed through all, ever ready to act in new production according to circumstance. In fact, the latest and ablest work on Embryology which has appeared in Italy, that of Cattaneo, 1895, contains the following passage :

‘ However, the question of spontaneous generation, if not as yet solved in the field of experiment, constitutes a problem which is anything but absurd in that of philosophy. One of the two ’ (must be true)—‘ either life has always existed on our globe, or began to exist. The first hypothesis cannot be sustained, because the ancient conditions of the earth, owing to excess of elevated temperatures ’ (extremes of heat or cold), ‘ could not have been adapted to the production and preservation of organic combinations.’

In fact, there is not a grain of this world’s substance which has not passed through the utmost extremes of heat and cold, and probably through innumerable forms ; but during it all the Laws, whose aggregate is God, the tremendous Infinite, were in and through it all ‘ working and weaving in endless motion.’

Professor Cattaneo and his kind forget that, though organisms or life might be frozen or baked out of the whole world, the Laws or Forces or Matter out of which all things can be created were always there—only waiting their opportunity.

For no degree of heat or cold can deprive the primitive atoms of their nature, nor extinguish Laws ; which, if borne in mind, will cast light on many things which I shall discuss ere this book comes to Finis.

And it is also to be observed that the great primary laws of stupendous power which defy the extremes of heat and cold (which are only secondary results) have the power of producing other laws, such as that of Sensivity, which has an active influence in Life and its development into Mind. There is much as yet undetermined in all this, but the theory agrees with all known truth.

It was long held, even from the beginning, that the first woman, or Eve, contained within herself, though undeveloped, infinite millions of germs of men, or, in fact, the whole human race to be in future, and this potentiality of descendants without number was attributed not only to all women, but to every organism, however small, as, for instance, every seed. As new discoveries rendered this opinion of no value, it became apparent that there might be, however, a transmission of certain vital or other energies, which are, so to speak, self-renewing under the action and influence of certain laws. This I more fully express in the following *Theory* :

When certain molecules or aggregates of atoms meet under certain conditions of heat or cold, light or darkness, ethereal vibratory influence, electricity, or other causes or forces, they form

an Unity which henceforth remains, *per se*, always attracting or repelling certain other combinations of matter or certain forces, as is illustrated in all chemical action. Thus it forms within itself its own laws of development, of accretion, or rejection, with those of generation or continuance, deriving from different *media* the peculiar substances needed for its existence and action. Thus, under favourable conditions, the chance union of certain assemblages of molecules or groups of atoms may originate *any* animal, plant or crystal, wherever laws or forces and elements—that is to say, matter—exist.

Thus, instead of embryo animals in infinite number, there exists in the mother a *force*, or aggregate of forces, which attracts or repels other forces which create germs of life. This force is itself sustained and transmitted by harmonious action with other energies.

Under certain conditions, certain organisms grow in size or diminish, change colour or quality, according to the supply of what may be called their food, while they still remain true to their original type. This constitutes variability of species.

The primary laws of attraction and repulsion, as shown in electricity and chemical affinities, are all-powerful and all-pervading. 'Life' in all its phases is one form of their action. It is not a condition or existence by itself, but the result of a combination of matter and forces.'

The long-prevalent belief that the Creation of all things began on a Monday morning, May 1, six thousand and odd years ago\* has long impeded the progress of true science among the ultra-conservative in faith. Whereas Matter and the Forces which control it have existed and been in action for a foregone Eternity, during which time they have had opportunity enough to bind and loose, create and re-create, themselves to any extent.

If the Law of Accretion, or of growth by attraction, and rejection, according to laws like those of Electricity, be accepted, we may also accept as a conclusion that millions of experiments being made, there is no organization in Nature so ingenious or complex but what it *might* be formed and grow. The same laws which developed the simplest crystals when repeated on themselves in new combination, suffice to create all the amazingly complex, minute, and hidden phenomena of germination, or of every change in matter.

There is no evidence of *teleology* or of mental intention towards an end evident in Creation, and no proof of the contrary. For while the evolutionist establishes that there is, on the contrary, often an end or falling backward, it always comes out in the end that the relapse was a part of a great advance.

\* I forget Bishop Burnet's exact date, though I have within a few days seen his valuable work for sale for one penny.

Progress and Self-correction are the necessary results of all Action.

As from the ten numerals infinite combinations and mathematical problems may be evolved, all following a simple Law, or as from the alphabet we may express a literature, Thought being given to inspire it, so from matter inspired by Force, which develops itself into other forces, a world results. And if we knew all, we should probably be more amazed at its simplicity than its complexity.

If it be asked, why, if this Theory be true, new creations of organisms are not continually appearing? it may be replied: 'Because new creations are by no means so promptly and swiftly produced as many may imagine.' Nature has made the *Cell* the nucleus or beginning of organisms, although, as Cattaneo declares,\* 'the cell is really not the primitive organism, for we must admit that there was before it a long series of less complex bodies. This development required so much time that it may have taken thousands of years to change a hydrate of carbon to protoplasm.' And yet, again, the cell, once regarded as the simplest of bodies, is now found to consist of different parts, such as the nucleus membrane and protoplasma nucleole, and to assume a great variety of forms. The development of the cell—that is to say, of any organism—must have also

\* 'Protoplasma e cellula' in 'Embryologia Generale.'

required additional ages or thousands of years—*i.e.*, added to those of the earlier chemical creation.

Add to this that certain conditions of the atmosphere and moisture, which were favourable to development of 'organisms,' such as excess of carbon, now exist no longer.

Now to recapitulate, it is to be firstly observed that there is no definite point or stage between inorganic and organic existence at which that which we call *life* begins. The most solid stone or metal consists of molecules in motion, and wherever action or activity is found there is Vitality. All Vitality, Sensivity, or Action falls into the Law of the positive and negative, of the active and passive; hence, in time, that of the male and female, or anabolism and katabolism. And every stage as it is reached creates another, yet no one can say Where one leaves off and the other begins.

Now, in the last generation Matter was regarded as the absolutely Lifeless until 'informed' with 'spirit'; 'but we have changed all that.' As the French fabricator of liquors said to his heir: 'My son, wine can be made from anything, even grapes,' so we may declare that Life can be made even from matter and Force, and *properly* from nothing else.

Now, as certain matter or molecular grouping attracts certain forces, the result being characteristic creations, even so through all organic

nature there is a marked difference shown between the male and female factors. For be it in plants, insects, fishes, or vertebrates, they are of absolute unlikeness in their special kinds of duties and intelligence. As it has been declared ('Evolution of Sex') 'that Men should have greater cerebral variability, and therefore more originality, while Women have greater stability, and therefore more "common-sense," are facts both consistent with the general theory of sex and verifiable in common experience.'

In the Origin of Life, Man and Woman are *entirely different*, and it is only in a state of quite conventional and superficial society that Woman can assume likeness to him. And it will be found that, in accordance with the Law of Evolution, she must recognise and adhere to her true and most deeply innate Feminine character to become Man's true equal at last.

Therefore, I repeat, as a necessary sequence to the Laws of Life and of Sex, that Nature has to every organism allotted its peculiar gift of intelligence :

' *Suum cuique propria dat Natura munus.*'

This gift is exactly varied to every individual according to his or her physical or bodily conditions, no matter on how small a scale they may be. Therefore, just in exact proportion to the Feminine remains in Man's structure is there left in him a female Mentality, while the converse is

true for Woman. And this is at the bottom of more in our habits of thought than any metaphysician ever dreamed, and it is destined, when it shall be fully understood, to work wonders in the Future.

The idea of growth as expressed in this chapter is curiously set forth in brief in a passage of a little-known work, *La Selva di Varia Lettione*, by M. Manibrino Rosas da Fabriano, Venice, 1611: 'It was the opinion of Heraclitus, an ancient philosopher, and of many more after him, that all bodies were made by the concord and discord of elements, and that from their peace or enmity came the generation and decay of all things,' which only requires to be enlarged and explained according to the light of modern science to be generally accepted. And let any philosopher of our time make the clearest and fullest explanation which he can of anything, from God downwards, what he says will seem as incomplete and babbling to the thinker of a thousand years hence.

It will occur to all who are prompt to form fairy-tales in science that the theory of growth by accretion and limitation according to the mutual action of forces or matter, suggests that by synthetical experiment the chemist can hardly fail to create new existences, organic or otherwise. This is a curious speculation, but it must be admitted that it is not more unlikely than many things which Science has of late actually achieved.

## CHAPTER III

### THE ORIGIN OF SEX

SOME slight knowledge of the physiological origin of sex is absolutely necessary in order to render intelligible or establish what I propose to advance in these pages.

It is probable that no physical problem ever attracted, from the very beginning of Medicine or research into nature, so much attention as the origin of life and its manifestation in sex. For every physician was interested in its solution, and every anatomist attempted research, if not always on the human body, at least on that of animals, in which latter chickens and their eggs, and then frogs, had conspicuous place. And it is very remarkable that so much labour for a very long time brought forth so little result, or so many absurd theories, beginning with that of Pythagoras, who had doubtless many predecessors in the East. F. Capuron, the author of a clever, and for its time complete, work on Obstetrics,\* re-

\* Much improved in the Italian version—*Corso teorico pratico della Ostetrica di F. Capuron*, 1838. It is curious

marks that Hippocrates, Empedocles, Galen, and Lucretius all believed that the origin of the human foetus was simply the coagulation of two *semina* or generative fluids, contributed jointly by either sex, an idea still held by millions. Aristotle modified this theory by assuming that the feminine addition was like a material which, being inspired with life by that of the male, took form, as does clay or marble when modelled by the sculptor. Here, indeed, we have the beginning of an idea of katabolic or male energy as acting in the anabolic or passive force. Maupertuis among the moderns formed the ingenious but eccentric theory that in the mingling of male and female semen molecules were formed which, obeying the laws of attraction and repulsion, became human things. It is, however, nothing against this theory to declare, as Capuron, or Coën, does, that it would reduce the process to simple crystallization, since the latter is not radically different from organic commencement. This was effectively the theory of Buffon, who believed that different groups of molecules formed the different members of the body.

‘These ancient doctrines prevailed until the middle of the seventeenth century, when Stenone declared that the ovary was a deposit of actual

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to trace in this writer, as in others of his time, the beginning of scientific caution and suspicion of new facts, in which they were sometimes overscrupulous.

*ova*, or eggs. He held that one of these, after being fecundated by the male sperm, broke through its envelopment and passed into the womb, there to be perfected. This was a great advance, but it involved great error. For it was observed that if the male contribution only vitalized the *ovum*, or egg, it would follow that all results would be feminine, and that there could be no half-breeds such as mules or mulattos. And neither Malpighi, Vallisnieri, or even Haller, who made innumerable experiments or researches, could detect a formation, either in the womb or in the passage thereto, before the eighteenth day after sexual union. All of this was complicated with innumerable theories as to the nature of the egg, as that it in itself contained other eggs *ad infinitum*, and also that it required a second fecundation.

These views prevailed for more than a century, until Leuwenhoek made, through one of his scholars, Hamm, a great discovery. For the student, having observed that in the male semen there were what appeared to be animalculæ in great numbers swimming about, communicated the fact to the master, who proceeded by thousands of microscopic observations to prove it. Capuron ridicules the theory, 'because, as there are thousands of male germs wasted where one succeeds in effecting an union, Nature cannot allow such waste,' forgetting that of the eggs of a herring not more than 1 in 30,000 ever becomes

a fish, while the loss of seeds in plants is incalculable. And he finishes this remark by declaring—this was in 1838—that ‘We conclude, therefore, that we are as yet in ignorance as to how generation is effected, and that the learned, with all their experiments and systems, have not as yet solved its mystery nor lifted the veil.’

It is just worth the while to mention that Hippocrates and Aristotle, with many others, formed theories as to the generation of males or females from the right or left of the male testes, or from the same relative position in the ovary of the egg, and from the influence of the north or south wind. Claudio Quillet, in his *Callipedia*, taught in poetry how to have beautiful children, and Robert how to bestow on them genius. In fact, within two or three years, as I write, a professor in Vienna has attempted to prove that some of this can be done.

‘The number of speculations,’ say the authors of the ‘*Evolution of Sex*’ (1898), ‘as to the nature of sex has been wellnigh doubled since Drelincourt in the last century brought together two hundred and sixty-two “groundless hypotheses,” and since Blumenbach quaintly remarked that Drelincourt’s own theory formed the two hundred and sixty-third.’ To which his own has since been added. Perhaps the end will never be quite attained, but it is tolerably certain that, so far as Science has progressed of late years, its conclusions, being records of simple observation,

are truths, 'inasmuch as the present theory is for the first time an expression of the facts in terms which are agreed to be fundamental in biology—those of the anabolism and katabolism of protoplasm.'

Wolf in 1759 had anticipated the theory of the *ovum* by tracing the *foetus* back to 'a layer of organized particles,' or the cells of to-day. In 1824 Prevost and Dumas noticed the division of the *ovum* into masses, and soon after Purkinje discovered its nucleus or germinal vesicle. Thus, step by step, its actual form was more and more determined, while, soon after, Von Siebold and Wagner elucidated the real nature of the spermatozoa or male germs.

In 1838 Schleiden had reduced all vegetable tissues to the cellular type—that is, found the beginning of every plant in a single nucleated cell. This was the origin of the cell theory, and the female *ovum* was soon recognised as a cell. 'Kolliker led the way, now so well followed up, in tracing these cells to their results in the tissues of the protoplasm' ('Evolution of Sex'). The spermatozoon of the male and the *ovum* of the female are both cells; sexual reproduction is the union of these. Agassiz has termed this *ovum* 'the greatest discovery in natural science in modern times.'

The ovary is a receptacle in two divisions, containing *ova*, or minute eggs. It corresponds to the testes in man, suggesting that if the influence,

whatever it may be, which determines sex had created a male, the *ovarium* would have been a scrotum. The single egg consists of protoplasm, a primary substance which is, however, a mass of varied substances—*i.e.*, yolk-balls, granules, pigment, and the *archoplasm* of Boveri, which appears to have a marvellous influence in forming the whole.

In this is the *nucleus* or germinal vesicle, which is in reality an intricate microcosm. Within this is the nucleolus of R. Wagner or Schrön, a germinal spot within the vesicle, and 'even this latter has a very complex structure, and in a sense a curious internal life all its own.' It is the opinion of Professor O. Hertwig (*Theorie der Befruchtung*) that the cell-nuclei determine the sex. He declares that, 'In fertilization, distinctly demonstrable morphological processes occur. Of these, the important and essential one is the union of two sexually differentiated cell-nuclei—*i.e.*, the female nucleus of the *ovum* and the male nucleus of the sperm. These contain the fertilizing nuclear substance, which is an organized substance, and acts as such in the process. The female nuclear substance transmits the characteristics of the mother, the male nucleus those of the father to the offspring.'

With all this, other authors—Joseph, Nussbaum, Strassburger, and Boveri—declare that the protoplasm or sperm exerts as much influence in formation as the nuclei. It is probable

that both are essential. There is great difference of opinion among scientists as to the process of fertilization. According to Weismann, 'The physiological values of sperm and egg-cell are equal. We can hardly ascribe to the body of the *ovum* a higher import than that of being the common *nutritive* basis for the two conjugating nuclei.' 'The germ plasma in the male and female reproductive cells is identical.'

The *ovum* is one of the largest of cells, and the sperm of the male one of the smallest. The latter has its cellular origin in the testes. It usually consists of a minute head or nucleus, and a long contractile tail, which propels it like a screw. It is generally like a tadpole. It is highly active. Its origin and constituent parts are as complex and varied as those of the *ovum*.

Whether the sex of the fœtus, or being begotten, is derived from an hermaphrodite existence in the *ovum*, which is only fertilized by the spermatozoon, or whether it is a combination of the two germs, is even yet a subject of dispute, owing to the vast number of creatures which are epicene or double sexed, and born, as it were, only from the mother. The truth is apparently that, as the male influence existed in a latent form in the female, and *vice versa*, both theories may be, in fact, right.

The child of a black father and a white mother is a mulatto. Most children exhibit, more or less, not only the characteristics of both parents, but

even those of grandparents, sometimes reproducing by atavism those of remote ancestors. I myself in infancy and boyhood was strongly marked by likeness to my mother and her family ; as I grew older I became as much like my father. And it is a fact to notice regarding atavism, for more than four hundred years, fifty years have never passed but that one of my name has published a book on Antiquities or subjects closely allied to them. Therefore, it is evident that, in Man, at least, half the intellect comes more or less from the father.

Bearing this fact in mind, we come to what is, for the purpose of my work, the most important of all—that there are in every man certain female characteristics of a marked character. One of these is the breasts and nipples. There are unquestionable records of men who have actually yielded milk. One such came under my own observation. There is another of an American Indian father, who, after the mother died, suckled his child. The *prostate* in Man is simply a womb ‘out of employment.’ When I once asked a distinguished Italian physician, Dr. Paggi, what was its real *use*, he replied : ‘To annoy men sadly as they grow old.’ There are also other peculiarities in Man which are manifestly relics of the female which have, so to speak, no bodily use, but which, as I hope to show, have a higher endowment in maintaining in us a female mentality.

According to Professor Giacomo Cattaneo, in

his very complete 'Handbook of Embryology and Morphology' (1895), hermaphroditism may be an original condition. 'Then, if the sexual organs of either sex weaken away, they can only perform their functions as male or female, therefore the reduction of one sex will produce the more developed organs of another. So we pass from one sex to another, and we have proof of this in the fact that males generally preserve some rudiments of female organs, and females of the male. The prostate of man is a *rudiment* of an uterus, the clitoris of a woman that of the masculine organ.'

In Woman, all the generative, sexual, or genital organs are simply those of man subdued or varied. This has been observed for centuries. It often happens that these are abnormally developed, so that the subject passes for a male, or even partially performs the functions of one (*exempli gratia, ubi clitoris permagne est*). There are, on the contrary, males in whom retrocession, or indrawing of the male organ and the rise of the testes, gives the *exact* appearance of the female, and this may last from birth for many years, or till death. It is not long since a young lady in Dublin, who was in the *beau monde*, astonished it by turning into a *bonâ fide* gentleman. Such instances as this have induced a common error that all girls can be changed to boys. Madame de Stael tells us that, when she was young, she passed many hours in jumping, having been told that it would convert her into a male. It is more to the purpose of my

argument to mention that both the male and female organs, as well as the breasts, can actually be permanently enlarged to any extent by means of an air-pump, or any kind of receiver with a tube which is exhausted by the breath. There are—not very reputable—physicians who practise this. I have even seen their advertisements in American newspapers.

There are also women who have moustaches, and even beards, of which I have seen extraordinary cases. In all these instances there is generally a voice inclining to the masculine, with other virile manifestations, such as a strong will, and unusual energy, or great sexual passion. *Per contra*, males who manifest the female in their organs show in exact degree the female in mind as in voice. I have seen an American Indian who was said to be a hermaphrodite. He certainly had 'all the looks' of a woman, with a piping female voice.

All of these examples, and many more in which books on physiology abound, confirm strictly the theory *that in exact proportion to male developments in woman, or the female in man, there is a corresponding masculine or feminine degree of mentality*. This granted, it may be admitted that there must be, in accordance with what there is left of the other sex in all of us, just so much of its mind. And if it were not so, the whole condition of humanity would be very different.

And as there is, beyond all question, in every

human being a separate Intellect of some kind, which thinks thoughts (as is shown in the elaborate construction of dreams) quite separate from our own, or those of waking reason, it is far more sensible to believe in such an existence than that our own mind during sleep works in an entirely different field. And, granting this difference, it is in naught absurd that we should try whether it be not possible to bring about something like harmony and mutual intelligence between the two.

In which investigation and study I am reminded of the naïve observation of an Italian philosopher of the sixteenth century, who remarked: ‘Seneca tells us in his book *De Natural.*, Quest. 6, that “there are many things in Nature which man knoweth not as yet, yet over which they who are to come will greatly consider. . . . For truly there are in Nature many things passing secretly and unknown to us, which will yet be revealed.”’

## CHAPTER IV

### THE FEMALE MIND IN MAN : ITS INFLUENCE ON THE INNER SELF—OCCULTISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

Macrobius in his *Saturnaliorum* (lib. vii.) declares that ' Jupiter is the Earth and Juno his wife and sister, who here means the Female principle, the Air, which also expresseth the Allegory that Woman {came from Man even as Man was born of God. And as Man is to the Earth so is Woman in her lightness to Man.'

THERE has been much writing of late years, especially among Theosophists and Occultists of all kinds, regarding what is called the Subliminal Self, the Hidden or Inner Soul, the Unknown Me, or Unconscious Cerebration. And no great wonder either, because the subject is at first sight not only deeply mysterious and strangely curious, but it, beyond all question, involves or suggests a vast amount of phenomena which Science is as yet incapable of explaining. The Mesmerist, the Hypnotist, the Christian Faith Curer, all fall back on this Esoteric organization, and adapt it to their theories. And as it may, or must, be granted that man thinks, in a way, in dreams when his conscious mind and will are cer-

tainly asleep, it is apparent enough that another Self of some kind exists.

I believe that this other Self is nothing else but the Alternate Sex in us, or the female nature in man and the male in woman, asserting itself when it can at certain times, under certain conditions. But it is so deeply and mysteriously allied to all the faculties and powers of man which are *not* identified with practical reason or waking common-sense, that its investigation casts great light on many subjects which all psychology has hitherto regarded as inexplicable.

Firstly, then, admitting that the feminine mind in Man is the controlling influence in dreams, it may be noted that whenever we fall into a brown study, even while awake, there often steal subtly and strangely into it real dreams. Dendy and Macnish, both sober Scotch writers on such subjects, assert, if I remember rightly, that even the nightmare declares itself under such conditions, and is then termed 'daymare.' In this manner unconscious cerebration spreads itself over conscious thought, as a film of oil spreads over a pond without excluding the light. This merits attention, because under many other circumstances there is a blending of the two, and mutual influence without direct identity or combination. But the gentle and imperceptible manner in which the Dream, or curious and strange thoughts glide unbidden into our brown studies, is altogether feminine.

And here I appeal to my lady readers to confirm the assertion that while the same phenomenon is not so common with them as with man, the Thoughts when they do come unbidden, do so more abruptly and strongly—that is to say, in a more masculine manner than with *nous autres*. For that they do I am well assured. Even in all ordinary life, when an original idea born of reflection strikes a woman, she announces it with more suddenness or emphasis than a man would, as all may verify with little observation.

It is doubtful whether, were it not for the female 'mind' in Man, he would ever conceive, or feel, or write poetry at all, or yield to any æsthetic influences, or perhaps even invent anything. For without being specially a poet, *she* supplies the material and the *force*, or the contrasts and vivid imagery, the 'grotesqueness' of poetry. Without her in himself, Man would remain in many respects a mere machine, or almost a brute. And this is the proof thereof.

Whenever a man abstracts his mind from the ordinary waking causes of habitual thought, he invites the Dreamer. It may be to compose a poem or a book, to plan a picture or invent a machine or think of a business combination or argument for a case in law. That is to say, he begins to draw on his memory for new material, hoping that fresh combinations and as yet un-realized results, or Ideas, will ensue from them. He invariably in such cases hopes and tries for

Chances. Now it is just the business of the Lady of the Dream to know where the needed images are stored, and to throw them together helter-skelter or loosely by association, and the masculine reason when this is done for it—which it could never do for itself—knows how to work it up logically and practically. Whenever we think on one subject, and new ideas 'out of the common' begin to suggest themselves, we may be sure that our inward librarian is getting down the books for us.

So when Nature finds an organism, a unit beginning from some 'fortuitous assemblage of atoms,' she supplies material and forces, but there is withal ever in it a developing, a guiding Idea, or apparently self-conscious Unity which we cannot explain. Even so, Carpenter, after examining all the physiological bases of Thought, was compelled to admit that there was a mysterious master over all whom he could not understand. This head of the republic is apparently the masculine, ever self-conscious Reason. If I here appear to fall into Mysticism, it is only the Conjecture in circumstances or possibilities which Science has not as yet explained. In such cases we can only be guided by Analogy, which in this case, however, strongly bears out the theory. For, admitting my idea as to the Dream, we shall find it curiously confirmed in all that is regarded as occult and mysterious, confused and as yet unexplained in psychology, and in what many regard as 'aberrations of the mind.'

If we depended on the logical, hard-and-fast common-sense of our habitual waking daily life for new ideas, we should have no occasion to abstract our minds, since *what* we know in it, is familiar to us. When we think intently, and seek for more, we always open the door more or less to the Dream.

To illustrate this, there are artists, like Leonardo da Vinci, who cannot at times get subjects by thinking, but find them, or suggestions, by looking into a heap of ashes or the like—just as many see faces or landscapes in the fire. In like manner our waking sense finds in the images loosely assembled in a reverie, material and suggestions for ideas.

Great geniuses, men like Goethe, Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, Darwin, all had the feminine soul very strongly developed in them, and I believe that Coleridge somewhere makes a remark to the same effect. This feminine aid is not genius itself, nor poetry, but it is the Muse which inspires man to make it. He could never write anything truly original or beautifully varied without her aid. Nor, on the other hand, would woman create mentally and vigorously without the aid of her masculine inner Mentor, any more than she could bear a child *per se*. The outer-world common-sense of Man gives him a perceptive power of selection, or of putting into proper form the material which his Muse supplies.

There are innumerable

'Plain and straightforward, true common-sense,  
Economical, practical men,'

who do good work, and a great deal of it in this world without any aid, or next to none, from the Woman Within. But they rarely produce anything original, or in accordance with Beauty, because they lack Imagination. Now *all* of Imagination is not due to the inner-woman by any means, but there would be none without her. Thus by merely apparent paradox, Woman, who is so rarely if ever a Humourist in real life, inspires all the Humour which exists in Man. For he is conscious, while she is, unconsciously, what Edgar A. Poe called The Angel of the Odd.

But to return to occult powers and influences. I suppose that the reader knows what a planchette is. *No!* Well, it is a small thin board either oval or in the shape of a heart. It has two short legs on castors or wheels, and a third support which is a sharpened lead-pencil. This is placed on a sheet of writing-paper which is on a table. If one, two, or three rest the tips of their fingers on it, it will after a time begin to vibrate, move about, and write. This writing is caused by the unconscious thinking of some one of those who touch it. That it is not by the *direct* action and will of a performer is evident, because no one person *could* write with it in company with others. But if the reader would get a planchette for him-

self—and I have seen them for sale for a shilling or two each in the Burlington Arcade—he can be convinced forthwith by experience that it ‘writes of itself.’

That which inspires the strange gleams of sense or wisdom occurring from time to time among the nonsense which prevails in the planchette-oracle, is the Spirit of the Dream, in which there is invariably about the same proportion of harmony or confusion. I have already asserted that it is this very confusion and paradox which gives suggestion and new ideas to the seeker, so in the oracles of old, as in the planchette committee, there is invariably some one to pick up the flying leaves, adjust and explain what is on them. For the Lady of the Dream is in most cases as much given to dramatic mystery as was the Pythoness of old, wherein she bears a likeness of identity to all women, since Eve, who was the first *femme incomprise*. For truly no person of sense has ever yet been able to understand what *really* possessed her to eat the apple. But to return to Planchette, no one who has fully and dispassionately examined its utterances will deny that they bear the feminine impress.

Now, while sober masculine, waking conscious Thought is nothing if not sure and direct, it is the general consensus or verdict of mankind that all mental manifestations in Women are *uncertain*, Walter Scott adding thereto his opinion that she was ‘coy and hard to please,’ wherein few will

agree to differ from him. So the answers of all oracles, and knowledge drawn from occult, suggestive, or even æsthetic sources, is uncertain—a treading among quicksands which may overwhelm us or yield us gold. There is more depth and strength in this theory of the identity of the Uncertain and the Feminine than appears at first sight. And there is nothing in which it is so apparent as in modern Occultism, beginning with Spiritualism.

I believe it was Huxley who spoke of this faith or art as 'intellectual whoredom.' Objection may be taken to the refinement of the simile; 'an aunt,' as the French saying is, 'would not permit her niece to use it'—for some unexplained reason aunts in France are regarded as the strictest guardians of the proprieties—but there can be no question that the subject vividly suggested to the great scientist the feminine element. For, in spite of the immense amount of curious phenomena which it presents, there is in it such a vast preponderance of the Inexplicable, the Fantastic, and the Contradictory—that is, of the Uncertain—that Science *cannot* in conscience admit the too-far-advanced claims of its leaders.

Yet there is in it all beyond doubt much fact or latent truth as yet obscured by ignorance of natural laws or 'unrevealed conditions.' *Why* the spirits themselves, who must know the most about it, have not long ago revealed all the secrets of molecular or atomic harmony, electricity, ether,

or sub-ether, and other forces on which their life depends, if they do 'live' at all, is very perplexing. That there *are* facts to be known and real wonders to be explained, all men of sense believe. Meanwhile, be it observed that all this living in what the old romance of Graysteele calls 'the Lande of Doubte,' is like the Dream in exact proportion feminine. It gives us shy glimpses of wonders, fitful glances of the marvellous and terrible, intermingled with the nonsensical and commonplace, not to say abjectly silly, and *alles wie im Traum*, all as we would expect to find it in a vision—or under the guidance of witches—for in truth no one would ever suspect wizards of such cantrips. And it is really worth remarking that in all legends of *diablerie* it is the Witch who is supposed to be the wildest and most devoid of reason.

But this leads us to more serious and substantial facts, which I will discuss in another chapter.

## CHAPTER V

### THE MALE INTELLECT IN WOMAN

THE action of the masculine element in the constitution, on the female intellect, is—as may have been expected—less marked, less peculiar; we may say less interesting than that of the feminine in man.

For, as in the other sex, Man or the inner self, only representing so much of his sex as the great early struggle of the germs left in the *ovum*, is here a set-aside being, a *quantité négligéable*, with relatively much less to do than his counterpart, the Lady of the Brain. For the slave or subordinate in the one case has a strong master who knows how to turn his work to account—even as the owner of a diamond mine knows how to have cut and sent to market the gems which his slave finds. ‘The males—or the more katabolic organisms—are more active, energetic, eager, passionate and variable; the females more passive, conservative, sluggish and stable. The former, as Brooks has especially emphasized, are very frequently the leaders in evolutionary progress,

while the more anabolic females tend rather to preserve the constancy and integrity of the species; thus, in a word, the general heredity is perpetuated by the female, while variations are introduced by the male.'

Therefore, where there is not a specially energetic, inquiring, directing or creative mind, the revelations of the Dream in a reverie are less attended to than in the reverse case. Now, be it observed, that while the male intellect in woman, put away in the garret, being, as masculine, less fantastic, and given to making Memories dance in ballets, masques, corantos, sarabands and jigs, there are in consequence fewer of these games; that is to say that Women dream less originally than men, and that indeed so very much less so as to render it remarkable that so many of yore had visions of having given birth to torches and eagles, rivers, and all kinds of oddities—it being significant that it was almost always something concerning generation and procreativeness. And again, of old there was Temide (Eurip. *Iphig.*, v. 1259), who in a dream revealed the awful secrets of the gods (*ibid.*, v. 1271):

' La dea Temide  
Che allera scopnia in sogno  
I segreti degli Dei.'

But I believe this myth is intended to set forth the awful inability of a woman to keep a secret, rather than her power as a dreamer. Penelope,

it is true, dreamed the return of Ulysses (Odys. 19), but spoke of it with doubt, and as one not accustomed to such phenomena. And with her, it was, as usual, something personal.

Women, while they have better average worldly-working memories than men—while they mentally record the names and appearance of people and all which concerned themselves more accurately, and for a much longer time, have, on the contrary, no tendency at all to amass, like magpies or crows, all kinds of odds and ends of recollection. Truly, I know not how it may be in fact, but I dare say that among the former birds, who carry the making of museums and stealing of bric-à-brac so far as even to select well-made *celts* and other Neolithic remains, and old coins, for their collections, it is only the males who display this incredible love of *vertu*. However, it can hardly be denied that in this respect—*Vir unus præ mille fæminis*—‘a hat, indeed, excels a hundred caps.’\*

One cannot imagine a female Burton of the ‘Anatomy of Melancholy,’ a Rabelais, a Villon, a Washington Irving, or any other of the minds who, being filled and inspired with quaint, strange memories of olden time, and black and silver flaked, or mellowed notes of merriment, and jests which, like the many coloured gems in a kaleido-

\* ‘Unum capitium pluris est, quàm sexcentæ calanticæ. Ital. : Val più una beretta, che centi cappe.’—*Monosini Thesaurus*, 1608.

scope, flash one another into life—rush onward, not to produce a work of art—as women ever do—but to give way to emotion, and the art impulse. Truly it is as if Memory, with such writers, were like a balloon which is filled with laughing gas—until in time it rises, and carries away its owner—far over the clouds into a fairyland.

In Woman the Every-day Waking Self, taking small account or little notice of what does not immediately concern herself, her *entourage*, and especially the dear children, makes small record of such facts or fancies as would be of value in true works of Imagination. As is the Memory, so the Dream will be, and as the dreams, in truth the poetry. That any woman should ever, in looking over a room full of quaint antiquities, take the least *interest* in anything as men do, would be as unusual as one who did *not* exclaim ‘How interesting!’ There are exceptions.

Man in woman keeps a shop, but has a scant supply of goods, and few customers—*or* a circulating library, wherein there is no quaint or poetic literature, though there may be plenty of novels. I do not say that there are no women who dream, for there are a great many, but their dreams are not like Man’s. If they were, they would think and write like man.

Now, if there be any lady readers who think that this is to their discredit, let them remember that, while the female soul in man is half the cause of all his Genius—for he would be an

awfully mechanical, reasonable, logical, Lack-Understanding being or brute, without her—*per contra*, the Gentleman in her brain is, though an occasionally Useful fellow in his small way, not to be compared to 'the party of the other part.'

Where he *does* display himself is just where he might be expected by Scientific Induction to be found, that is, more or less in the practical life of such an eminently practical creature as Woman. 'The spasmodic bursts of activity in males,' says Geddes, 'contrast with the continuous patience of the females.' This continuous patience means 'common-sense.' Woman has, with all her gods of fashion and vanity, more plain, sensible selfishness than man, if we take the word in its true and not in its restricted, meaning.

The Male element in Woman almost always comes out whenever she determines to be what is in America called a 'Come-outer,' or one who manifests herself in life. Thus Joan of Arc—as the Rev. J. Wood Brown again suggests—was a girl who had hypnotised herself into masculinity. But she followed Ideals already created by others before her. So did Catherine of Siena and Saint Teresa, and the whole sisterhood. They were maintained by male invention, and sustained by the masculine element in their brains. They had read Lives of Saints manufactured by monks—the male, drawn from memory, is as evident in them as the female is in sweet Francis of Assisi—who had indeed but one idea, 'Brother Wolf,' and

'Dear Sister Cabbage,' and 'Cousin Rosy-posy'—all as feminine conceptions as could be. It is the same in Olympia Fulvia Morata, who lectured by preference to Heidelberg students, just as Lola Montez associated with those of Munich in a club of which she was President. And it is shown to-day in the works of many women who, instead of developing the Ideal Woman, strive to urge in their sisters an imitation of the *homasse*, or imperfect Man, forgetting that in his own fields Man always advances, as Goethe declares, a thousand steps to their one.

This was amusingly shown in the controversy as to whether women should smoke, which was carried on some years ago in London newspapers. In which it appeared that the great majority of intellectual ladies were of the opinion that, to surpass Man in great Virtues, it is necessary to just rival him in small vices.

It was the same with 'George' Sand and her disciple, 'George' Eliot, especially the former, all of whose great works, or letters, were not only suggested, but actually written in great part by men. Thus 'Consuelo,' her principal book, owed its origin firstly to a forgotten German novel by Herlossohn, author of 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly,' and secondly to some *man*, possibly to Liszt. For it is absolutely impossible that any human being who had gone to the obscurest depths of old Bohemian mysticism, for which a knowledge of Czech was required, could

have written many other books in which there is no trace of such tendency. *Qui en a bu, boira*—he who has once tasted of that fairy-fountain will show the intoxication for ever. And when George Sand Dudevant writes herself, no author was ever so free from it. One might doubt whether she had really read her own work—or the one so called. Her books recall the Exhibition of Pictures by a noted actress, of which there were forty in forty different styles—each corresponding to that of the gentleman who had painted it.

George Eliot was undoubtedly a genius, as was in her own way George Sand. But George Eliot herself told me that she had read through two hundred books in order to write 'Daniel Deronda.' It flashed upon my mind to reply, though I did not say it, that she would have done better to talk with two hundred common Jews, and have learned Yiddish. I doubt whether she knew ten words of *Lonsnekutish*, or the holy language; and a Jew who greatly admired her work admitted to me that without this tongue no one could really penetrate into common Jewish life. And the same lady in speaking of her Spanish Gypsy, admitted that she had only seen Gypsies or spoken to them two or three times in her life. Pott says the same in his immense 'Thesaurus of the Gypsy Dialects,' the result being that it is full of blunders. All of which indicates material and thought drawn from works by men. I say nothing against

Genius, but when one pretends to make pictures of real life, he or she should have *known* it—honestly.

The chief reason why there are so few Undoubted Originals among writers, but especially among Women, is not by any means that they are wanting in the power to be so, but because they *all* have the End in view—that is, the reward, or *honorarium*. They invariably consider their art as conducive to an *object*, else why work? This induces as a matter of course the keeping within the limits of what will be popular, and of being ‘in the swim,’ all of which handicaps the innate impulse to create, which is the soul of genius.

For with all the Culture attainable, and perhaps with a fine perception of Beauty and Humour in her Outer life, and living in light fancies, Woman is not supported by much material from within; her inborn Gentleman not being quick or adroit with his memories or aid, and her waking Reason lacking more or less Man’s power of selection and co-ordination, derived from greater experience and strength. Under all these conditions the *laissez aller* and *abandon* of genius at play, or even at work, are not to be expected.

But note well, oh reader—albeit many a one among you, and especially many a woman, will do nothing of the kind—that I do *not* say that all of the sex conform *exactly* to this description, or to these conditions. ‘By the fourteenth horn of the devil,’ said Baſtjan, ‘I did not mean that *all*

the girls in Perugia are *sono puttone*, or of evil life.' For most do vary from it, more or less. The Woman in man and the Lady of his brain form but a small factor in the general work of daily life, and many could dispense with them altogether. But that in all *Art* Woman is prone to follow instead of lead, when she might just as well do the latter if she chose, and oftentimes better, I have, I trust, explained. And then observe, with your spectacles well adjusted, that there is no such great gush and crowd of geniuses and originals in these hard times, even among Men, those who write for the mob and for money and for nothing else, and who would see Literature to the devil, and further, unless it *paid*; being in anything but a light, but, on the contrary, a very *dark* majority, or a gloomy thunder-cloud of witnesses to the fact that ability or summarizing with the multitude means the art of running up a bill, and of being 'popular.'

Men to a certain degree aid and develop the Lady within by supplying her with more material for the Memory—that is to say, of varied curious sorts, such as can be used in Art of any kind—than Women do. And they call her into action far oftener, and bring her to their aid by attempting to solve problems in life, writing poetry, conjuring up visions of all kinds from within. Yea, a thousand times where Woman does so once—not that she does not think, oftentimes as cleverly and bravely as the best of us—'it is not there the

harp-string is cracked,' quoth'a. But the *Sexes* cast their minds out unto the world and its fashions and Dame Grundyisms and the like for inspiration, and do not consult the oracle within, who, poor devil! has ever been kept down by neglect and short commons, so that, like Ralph's dog, who was never allowed to bark, 'when the thieves came he *couldn't*.' Which proverb is worth some study by strict parents who bring up their offspring so well as to take all the 'spring' out of them.

Now, if Women would pay more attention to their Gentleman within, feeding him better, giving him brave and generous and liberal thoughts, not all of personal interest, they would find that his intellect and power would increase, and repay it all a hundredfold.

For it was a saying of yore, and one of great wisdom, that while the more water you add to your wine the weaker the wine will be, so, *per contra*, the more wine you pour into water the winey will the latter become—*perdisti vinum infusa aqua*. For Man indeed feeds his prisoner far better, while Madame is skimpy to her own, the result being, as usual, that the less the nourishment the worse the work.

Now, it is a good thing, as I have elsewhere shown, when the two can respectively fall in love with their prisoners, as is genially depicted in an old French play, whereby the well-being of both can be immensely advantaged.

It is to be borne in mind throughout this book that it is nowhere asserted that the two sexes have not a great deal in common, and that experience of the same life, education, appetites, and habits assimilates them more and more. For there are those who always jump to extreme conclusions (and they are the very pests and impediments of advancing truths or ideas), who, grasping at what strikes them most in anything new, and which they perhaps do not understand in its relations at all, proceed forthwith to explain with what power of sarcasm the devil has gifted them withal to ridicule the whole. And I candidly confess that what I have written is often open to such critics, for as a pioneer I have left many a stump, and here and there a hole not filled up, and it is eminently characteristic of the class I speak of to require strictly of the pioneer that he shall make a highway *plus quam perfectum*, even to the toll-houses, or a side-walk like that of a citizen of New Orleans, which, when it was criticised by the mayor as not in order, was waxed and polished, strewn with rose-leaves, and perfumed with eau-de-Cologne.\*

Now, to a certain degree, the alternate sexes having charge of the deferred, or as yet undeveloped faculties of the mind, also necessarily deal with the occult, or what as yet appears to be such to us. So, although Woman is objectively, or to the World pre-eminently, mysterious, the male

\* A fact. It occurred not long before the Civil War.

intellect in her, entering into the spirit of and understanding dream-making and hypnotism, mental telepathy, spectre-raising, and divination, manages and aids them, as required, even as our Lady does in Us. But, be it observed that all of these phenomena in themselves are no more works of Thaumaturgy or Miracles than making chlorine gas or oxygen is to a chemist. So we find women predominant as *media*, and as the visited by Saints and the Virgin, their inner goblin doing most obligingly in any form required any kind of theatrical work to order. For, as men can and do hypnotize or conjure both sexes, so women have also a double action.

And be it carefully observed, 'for herein is wisdom'—*abundat hic sapientiâ*—that while the male in woman develops himself abundantly as an active, vigorous element in all occult work whatever, he does not show himself much as an aid to invention or poetry, to very original works of Imagination, Art, Humour, or the like, *because he is not called on to do such work from Without*, while as a reasoner of the masculine order, he is utterly cramped and stunted or banished from the Objective life.

As we are continually meeting—yes, perhaps daily meet—in cities women who are one-half, or one-quarter, or one-eighth, or so on, *male*, these being the mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons, metis, and so on of Sex, so there are in the Inner Self similar half-breeds, all adapting themselves to cir-

cumstances with perfect ease. The Greeks recognised that such a being could exist even in harmony with Nature, and so beautified and idealized it as Sappho. But, in fact, the Sappho soul, though latent or hidden, exists unsuspected in innumerable women, and it would reveal itself in poetry and art as in her, if those who have it would, instead of following worn-out *models*, as all women do, develop their own Imaginations.

As to the action of the male in female mentality, especially regarding dreams and occult power or capacity, active or passive, it awaits a vast amount of testimony and careful examination, especially from Women. For, while I believe that my leading propositions are true—that is to say, that my road through the wilderness has been fairly well surveyed—there still remains much to be done.

On proposing, while writing the foregoing, to a young lady of somewhat more than average intelligence and reading this idea of the dual sex in us, she promptly repudiated it, being certain that her own intellect was entirely feminine—in fact, she was averse to being indebted to Man in any way. I understood why, when she not long after urged me to read, and lent me, one of the works in which the Superior Sex is exalted in every way, indirectly when not directly, above man—a work, in fact, to make many a girl believe that the male sex is destined to shrink away in time to the relative proportion which the spider-

husband has to his gigantic spouse, or even as in the *Copopods*, or Water-fleas, where the Hes 'diminish even to a vanishing-point.' And if any think that I exaggerate, let them get some of this literature, and read it, when they will grant that, according to all the laws of deduction and logic, this is precisely that unto which these Women-Righters are tending. '*Plus des vilains hommes—vive la Femme !*'

## CHAPTER VI

### DREAMS, AS INFLUENCED BY THE OPPOSITE SEX IN US, AND AS INDICATING SEPARATE MENTAL ACTION

'Somnium proprie vocatur quod tegit figuris, et velat ambagibus non nisi interpretatione intelligendam significationem rei.'—MACROBIUS: *On the Dream of Scipio*.

As every organism has its degree of intelligence, emotion, or consciousness in exact concordance with its physical structure; as the instincts of the bee are not those of the butterfly, nor those of man the same as those of woman, so we may conclude that if any being has a corporal or bodily quality or function in common with another, it will also have a corresponding degree of 'mentality' resembling it. Natural History illustrates and establishes this truth *ad infinitum*. So far as bees and wasps resemble one another, they have similar habits as regards forming homes, preparing for their young, and the like. Thus, though widely differing in many respects, there are certain faculties in common wherein the wasp

is actually a bee, and *vice-versâ*. It is the same as regards Man and Woman.

It will have appeared from what is given in the preceding chapter that in the struggle for sex between the male and female germs neither ever attains a complete supremacy or victory. Something of the female remains in the male, something of the latter in the former. Therefore, there should be, as there undoubtedly is, in accordance with all analogy, a certain degree of feminine mentality in Man, and of the masculine in woman, which, however, in both adapts itself to certain conditions, according to the law of variability, without changing its original nature.

As the conquering principle, or sex, manifests itself boldly and actively in life, visibly and practically, so the conquered, still existing, hides and acts chiefly in that inner life or world of the brain or self, which has only to a limited degree anything in common with self-consciousness and worldly experience. If we will consider the case of the female mind in man, we must firstly recognise that the latter pre-eminently fulfils all the conditions of mental action, as set forth by Locke, 'On the Understanding.' He thinks according to Sensation and Reflection, we might say, if he never went astray, according to 'Common-Sense,' as understood by Dugald Stewart and other Scotch philosophers. He only draws from Memory such images as are required for practical thought. He is largely guided by Experience. All of this con-

duces to reason and logic, which are waking faculties, therefore he really thinks only while self-conscious and awake. When he sleeps, all, or nearly all, his thinking power sleeps with him. The more these faculties are developed in him, plainly and simply, the less does he dream, the less is he influenced by all that is visionary, fantastic, or imaginary. This is the primary principle; I do not here discuss exceptions and variations, of which there are many.

As the female mind in man is excluded from his outer life, so does it retreat into those inner hidden chambers of the brain of which self-conscious intellect takes little heed. And as woman in ordinary life thinks and acts less from reason and reflection than man, and much more from emotion and suggestion and first impression, so in exact proportion do we find that, as an inner or hidden mind in man, she displays the same characteristics. For she is the fitful guardian angel, or spirit of the Dream.

To understand the Dream, we must first consider that it consists of images drawn from Memory, lightly and more or less consistently connected. To illustrate this by simile, we may say that Man's reason during his waking hours walks with pre-intent in a garden, and picks certain known flowers, which it puts together into a bouquet of a predetermined character. The Lady of the Dream flits through gardens and fields, culling at random flowers, blossoms, fan-



## CHAPTER VII

### MEMORY, AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE INNER SELF

‘Very few people know what the average human capacity or latent power of Memory in Man really may become when properly trained.’—*Practical Education* (1890).

WHEN Paley employed his famous simile of the watch, which he took without acknowledgment from Sir Kenelm Digby—that is to say, if a man should find such an object, he would conclude that some other person had *made* it—he artfully suggested invention and originality. But a thinker would infer nothing of the kind, for he would know that the mere maker had copied, or perhaps improved it, from another watch, and so trace it back to the clepsydra and hour-glass.

When Descartes declared that ‘*Cogito, ergo sum*’—‘I think, therefore I am’—was the beginning of metaphysics, he omitted to state that it implied three antecedent conditions—firstly, to explain the subjective I; secondly, what thinking meant; and thirdly, what ‘I am’ or being is.

Even so, when physiologists in the last century

assumed the cell as the beginning of life, they did not consider that it consisted, as I have before stated, of the nucleus, membrane, and nucleoli, its greatly varied forms, or the protoplasm of which it was made—every one of which required deep study to understand the result.

So, when we speak of the memory, most people consider it as a thing *per se*, original in itself, according to old-fashioned psychology, a spiritual function—in short, a mystery. But modern physiology goes further back, and analyzes it, and finds that it is an aggregate of all the images or ideas which we have ever received from Sensation. Every one of these has its cell wherein it dwells, like a prisoner or a monk, awaiting call.

The masculine mind has within its cognition or knowledge a certain number of these images, but there are millions which it never calls forth or has forgotten. But the Lady of the Brain, being herself a mysterious, half-hidden being, seems to be far more familiar with them. When reason and conscious thought go to sleep, she flits about, and, inspired by some strange power or half-determined will, calls forth the conceptions, and by careless association combines them into a dream. All of this is done precisely in the spirit and manner in which women talk and act—that is to say, when they are very feminine, and do not use experience and reason to any great degree. And it must be remembered that the woman in man is only a part of the general entire feminine mental organiza-

tion, but what there is of it is entirely of woman, womanly. The longer and more deeply the reader will reflect on this, the more instances he collects, the more will he be struck by it, or the fact that all the special characteristics wherein woman is, rightly or wrongly, popularly declared to differ from man, are clearly manifested in the development of dreams, and as I shall, I trust, subsequently prove, in many other respects. Even in ordinary waking life it may be observed that women recall casually and unexpectedly, as it were by a kind of inspiration, more memories which seem to have been forgotten than men do, without having what is known as 'better memories.' I think that all men who have been long married can testify to this, so that women are generally the best living records of personal experiences.

Woman is by nature mysterious, curious, and inquisitive, therefore there is great fitness in her being so familiar with the occult stores of memory, as she is indeed strangely blended with all that is occult and puzzling in our nature, as I will now proceed to examine.

## CHAPTER VIII

### HYPNOTISM

WHILE the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism may be explained or denied, or relegated for the present to the realm of the Doubtful—since it must be admitted that all which has been done by the Society for Psychical Research has not brought us to any scientific proof of the existence of ghosts of any kind—it cannot be denied that Hypnotism certainly reveals the existence of marvellous faculties in Man, with concurrent mysteries.

Hypnotism is the absolute obedience to suggestion. It may be exercised by one mind upon another, or even by the mind upon Itself. If I can put any person, male or female, into what is called the magnetic sleep, that person will do whatever I command or suggest him or her to do. At least one in three of *all* men or women are amenable to this influence; the now really extensive literature on the subject proves this.

If I cast any person into a sleep or cataleptic condition, and then bid him or her remember that during to-morrow he or she shall do a certain

thing at a certain hour, the subject, on awaking, will have forgotten it all ; but on the next day the person thus 'suggested' will, at the appointed time, feel an irresistible influence to execute the deed proposed. Or he may be told to feel cheerful, or work without feeling weary. Or he may suggest to himself, *or will*, the same things before going to sleep. In most cases the same result will be obtained. *Probatum est.*

This is—a little too easily—explained as being all the result of our Imagination. This word is habitually used very erroneously. When most people would convey the idea that any opinion advanced by another is all a mere idle fancy or *bosh*—*i.e.*, sound or nonsense—they say, 'That is all your Imagination.' But, as Imagination means in truth simply the giving form to an Idea by images—that is, in fact, expressing it more clearly—it is absurd to make it a synonym for nonsense.

Without Imagination there could be no poetry, invention, or æsthetic expression. I have, I trust, shown that the aid or motive force for such mental action is probably due to the female 'soul' within us. It is not *per se* imagination, but it supplies from memory the material, and in its way even the action or suggestion, for ideas which masculine reason corrects and perfects. In Woman the same result is obtained by a reversed process. In her the man within is the Mentor.

Hypnotism is Imagination realized. The sub-

ject is made to imagine something which is subsequently brought to pass. But the command, so to call it, passes through the realm of the dream, where it is recorded as an order to be fulfilled. This is done by the female soul, who thinks while We sleep. All that *we* do while asleep is effected by her. In woman it is the masculine inner self who does the same. Therefore the Influence is often far stronger, more arbitrary and frequent in women than in men, though less used.

As an athlete, when he leaps a ditch or performs any great feat of strength or activity, pauses a moment before making the final effort, so the mind seems to be prepared or perfected by sleep for all mental determination. It is the still or alembic through which the wine must pass before it is spiritualized or turned to true *esprit*. Hence such proverbs as, 'Fortune comes to us while sleeping,' 'Night brings counsel,' and 'I will sleep on it,' which express a world-wide belief that wisdom is digested by slumber—to which I may add: '*Vir somnolentus invenit somnia*'—'He who sleeps will find dreams'; '*Aner hupnōdes eurētes oneration*'—implying that during sleep we get ideas.\*

It would seem, indeed, as if Nature, recognising the saying that 'in the multitude of counsellors there is safety,' or, at least, that 'two heads are

\* From Gregorius Nazianzenus. In Italian *Chi dorme sogna*. The French proverb, *Qui dort dine*, is perhaps another form of the same.

better than one,' had so arranged it that a proper judgment on any subject could be best formed when it was submitted, not only to the reason and logic of Man, but also to the Imagination and subtle perception of Woman. This process of handing over our ideas to Sleep, to keep them for us awhile, is like forming fancies or verses which are soon forgotten if we trust to memory, but which, when written down, are not only secured, but suggest improvements of themselves when we read them over some time after.

The Dream does indeed of itself very often give the subject of a thought, or something entirely original—and it would be wonderful if, among all the odd combinations of memories which it makes, it did not—but its real function is to aid the wisdom of the waking reason. Given a naked beauty, the Dream, or our feminine inner Self, dresses her up for society; she fairy-godmothers every Cinderella. Now, this does not fully explain all the phenomena of Hypnotism, but it casts great light on its nature, and reveals a law that as all hibernating animals are far stronger, owing to their rapid recuperation, for their very long naps, or as a pedestrian can achieve a far longer journey in the same time by dividing it into two or more by intervals of rest, so we, by sleeping on a determination, can carry it out more completely. This resting and resuming our ideas, or the transferring them through another medium to give them strength, is analogous to so much in Nature

that it will hardly seem to be a mystery to anyone who will seriously reflect on it.

What is narrated of the marvels of Hypnotism always involves something done which the Subject *could* execute without the suggestion of another, if he or she had the *will* to do it—that is, the mental strength and Imagination. These are supplied by Faith—in this case meaning the utter dependence on the causer and governor of the sleep. Just so in Dreams, we are utterly and completely at the disposal of the Lady of the Realm of Visions, who often in Nightmares humiliates us utterly as a punishment for late suppers.

It is certainly true that the inner Me, or Lady of the Manor of Cryptic Thought, as Guardian of the latent mysteries of the mind and of memory, is well acquainted with many marvellous, and as yet hidden, faculties in us, meant to be developed in the By-and-By, which she now and then reveals prematurely. She was conquered in the first battle for supremacy with Man, and put away, or relegated, to the obscure yet responsible position of taking care of the family treasures, as befell Bertha in the French romance of *Le Lutin du Château*.\*

For, as the sternest and least imaginative Science is now inclining to believe or explain the most hopeless cases of mental telepathy, seeing

\* A work by myself, as yet unpublished—more's the pity for the good fellows who like merry books!

that they are really not more incredible than X rays and wireless telegraphy, so do we begin to discover that all our mental capacities are not as yet known or developed, and, as the street-pedlar in America was wont to say of his razors, 'There are still a few more left where that came from.' Dr. R. Osgood Mason, in his book on 'Telepathy and the Subliminal Self,' has accumulated, as Hood says, 'wonders upon wonders' enough to satisfy the saint who longed for legends even more incredible than any recorded in 'The Golden Legend' to 'try his faith.' And Thomas Aquinas believed exultingly in whatever was narrated of miracles, *because* it was impossible: *Credo quia impossibile est*. But Science is now beginning to lend a willing ear to believe in Anything, because it is also beginning to realize its own illimitable power. I say *realize*—not merely conjecture. Thus, King Heidrek, in the old Norse saga, *thought* he could guess any riddle, but when measured with Odin he found out there was One who was *sure* of it. King Heidrek represents the Science of the last generation, and Odin that of the present.

All of these marvels are in a vague way known to the Inner Self, and she plays with them as a child brought up in a jeweller's shop may play with diamonds. I believe that the first great diamond found in South Africa was really discovered as a child's toy. So did I once discover that an image of Buddha, found fourteen feet

under ground in company with old Roman medals, was given by the finder to his young ones to serve as a doll. Then Reason, or the Outer Mind, finds it or the latent power in the hands of the child, and recognises its value.

So, as the flower precedes the fruit, Imagination and Poetry precede Reason, and Woman Man. Yet the same early influence ever reappears in the perfected work, even as Paracelsus observes that the Leaf, which is the hand of the tree, by mysterious palmistry ever shows in its ribs the whole trunk and branches of the perfected growth. This resemblance is indeed remarkable in such trees as the lime or linden and maple. But, as the pedestal in Romanesque architecture often resembles the capital, so the root or base is like this in our souls, that it precedes the flower, even so Woman as the mother is the beginning of life.\*

Creation of existences, the beginning of organisms or of lives, is the casual or chance concurrence of certain molecules which attract or repel other molecules and forces according to their kinds. And as there is attraction and repulsion,

\* I think there can be small doubt that Goethe, who was in his youth so familiar with so much occult literature, took his theory of all growth from the leaf, as if it were the prototype, from this fancy of the earlier speculator. The leaf of Goethe is now modified to the cell. It is remarkable that while Paracelsus regarded a leaf as a hand, it is in Gypsy, as in Hindu, typical of the foot, *pat*, hence *patrin*, leaves, often laid to make an indication of journeying; in English Romany, *pateran*, a *foot-track*—i.e., leaf.

so are there limitation and expansion, as there is birth, bloom, and death ; else the plant would go on growing *ad infinitum*. But reflection on, and the study of, the conditions of development, as seen in Nature, soon render the idea intelligible. And so matter, when really understood as of one substance with mind, is understood as 'containing within Itself the germ potency and promise of Nature in all her subsequent developments—of the vast universe of suns and systems, planets and satellites, and of every form of life, sensation, and intelligence which in due process of evolution has appeared upon their surfaces.'\* Yet all of this development had for its beginning sporadic or here-and-there chance groupings of molecules, which Nature, as they seemed fit for something, aided into higher form.

It is precisely in the same manner that the images in our memory are casually thrown by the Lady of the Dream into odd and fanciful combinations, from which Reason or Judgment selects and finishes into ideas. When our reflecting power says to a chance dream or fleeting group of fancies, 'Stop there!' it makes a Beginning, and is obeyed. It *must* be obeyed. This casts much light on Hypnotism and all the other occult powers of the mind. The Will of the suggester having *once begun* to act upon the images furnished during a reverie or an abstraction of the mind, or brain-study—as when composing a poem

\* R. Osgood Mason : 'Telepathy and the Subliminal Self.'

—very soon gets more or less complete command of them. In precisely the same manner in hypnotism the operator begins by inducing sleep, and from that to compelling the Inner Self to act on, or combine and create, conceptions. Now, as Sight, which seems to us to be a real thing *per se*, is only the effect of the vibrations of ether in the optic nerve, so are the suggestions in hypnotism, which *seem*, however, to be as real as anything in life.

I have observed that all writers on Woman, especially the French, lay great stress on the fact that she is in herself mysterious, inexplicable, and 'weird' (which really means 'strangely foreboding,' or intimating in a wonderful way what is to come). This, as I have said, is accurately carried out by the manner in which the female inner self acts. This mystery is based on Uncertainty, or less definite perceptions and grasp than in Man. There is always something Weird, in the *true* sense, in mere Chance. Hence the Dream, like dice and cards, has always been regarded as a source of Divination.

The phenomena of Hypnotism, or any other branch of the occult, are, like the beginnings in morphology, subject to Accretion. No one can tell into what they may not be developed; nor is there any limit to the possible command over matter which the human Will may attain.

It has been said in a poem that 'Every woman is at heart a witch'; it might be said even more

truly that she is a devotee. I am often inclined to think that here in Italy, with the exception of a few old men who are beginning to take in sail as their battered ships draw near port, there are no really religious folk, save the women; for true it is, and something over, that every Zoccolante or sandalled Capucin beggar who goes about soliciting cabbages or 'bread, butter, sausage, cheese, coffee, wine, rice, or raisins'—all being fish into his net—would oft and again return with empty panniers to his convent were it not for the women. They form the vast majority, and often well-nigh the totality, of worshippers in the churches—the which, considering the manner in which the Sex is abused by almost all Roman Catholic writers—and it is awful in real monkish literature—is the best proof possible of their magnanimity and Christianity. Now, as Religion is the combination of a sense of dependence on a master, allied to a sense of mystery, its relation to Hypnotism, which is the same thing, in fact, is apparent.

Now, if the reader, bearing well in mind all that I have written, will read as extensively as he pleases all the works on Animal Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Telepathy, Mind-Reading, and the like, he cannot fail to admit that in it all the Female Mind is the predominating influence—the mysterious fairy who lurks as a *dryad* in the foliage of the oak; the naiad who gives us flitting glimpses of her beauty in the falling foam of the fountain; the witch who, flying fast and far in

darkness to the Sabbat, is seen by the flashing lightning; for, in very fact, works on Mechanics and Political Economy will ever be *masculine* though written by women, and those on Poetry and Occulta and Mysticism *feminine*, whoever their authors may be.

Now, if we critically and justly balance and consider all that I have written, it will appear that, as the Woman within supplies the gold which Man coins, there is small difference indeed as to which is the Superior Sex in the transaction—which ye may all reason out everyone his or her own way, drawing everyone his or her own conclusions.

## CHAPTER IX

### SENSIVITY AND LOVE

‘L’uomo è dotato dalla Natura di due viste, l’una *corporale* che comunemente si chi’ama *Vista*; laqual da noi sopra gli altri sensi è amata, l’altra *incorporeale*, che è quella potentia dell’ Anima, per la quale habbiamo conuenienza con gli Angeli et in Corrispondenza di queste due viste, essendo dui ogetti visibile et per consequenza due bellezze l’una *corporale*, et sensibile, l’altra *intelligibile* ed ideale, dimonstra Amore come la Teorico versi attorno la bellezze ideale, è la Pratica si giri circa la beltà sensibile, e corporale.—*Casoni da Serravale, 1591.*

THE reader who has been impressed by the beauty and ingenuity of Darwin’s theory of Sexual Selection, and how ‘the females of all kinds have by such selection added to their attractiveness,’ has doubtless now and then wondered what the influence was which attracted the sexes one to another, quite separately from all merely sexual affinity. For that the latter alone, without what may properly be called æsthetic aid or perceptions of beauty, would have contributed nothing to improvement is evident. What, then, *is* this æsthetic attraction? Why do creatures of many kinds behold with pleasure vivid colours? Why

will ducks sit for hours contemplating with special pleasure beds of purple flowers? Why, in Italy, as was noticed by a Roman poet of old, does the leader of a string of cart-horses take manifest joy in the cumbrous trappings or rude ornaments which he wears? Why do all common steeds in the same country rejoice in red blankets above all others? Or why, in fact, do we see beauty in scenery, in women, or anything? What is the explanation of this attraction for certain characteristics of certain phenomena? What is Beauty?

I conjecture that the beginning or basis of this attraction is to be sought in a very subtle, and an unknown (or at least not investigated), force in Nature, which may be called *Sensitivity*. In its lower forms it appears to act, so to speak, as an intermediary with electric polarity, or attraction. It begins to show itself in the lowest organisms. Every creature, as soon as it acquires individual life, displays attraction towards, or repulsion from, other objects. It probably extends even into crystallization, if we adopt Schrön's theory that there is no distinction between organic and inorganic life. Beginning, therefore, as mere attraction and repulsion, or as an element therein, *Sensitivity* develops itself more or less in every grouping of molecules which attracts to itself or repels certain elements (or assemblages of atoms obeying given laws), or certain laws. It is in its beginning a force even

as electricity, galvanism, gravity, ether, and sub-ether are forces; as it *rises*, so to speak, in higher organisms it becomes like vitality or the so-called vital electricity. And as it is developed, or acts in new spheres, it manifests attraction or repulsion, through our sight as being attracted by certain colours. Sensivity as it thus manifests itself becomes even more and more like Thought, and it may be more or less so regarded; but as all Intellect may be traced downwards to mere emotion and association, instinct and sensation, so Sensivity may be traced upward from inorganic creation, through its association with other powers or forces, into the action of the brain.

It is not to be denied that almost from the first, or so far as we can trace it, Sensivity seems to have in it, or to be in some mysterious way allied to, Thought—at least, it will suggest to most minds a subject or consciousness. Yet no such thought ever disturbs the minds of those who see a mimosa or sensitive-plant close its leaves when touched, since they attribute it all to a nervous mechanical organization. If we remember that there are all over our body ganglions or imperfect brains, which exercise unconscious cerebration, or how, when the head of a tortoise is cut off, the body still continues to function or crawl, while the head exhibits the possession of as much intelligence as it ever had—*i.e.*, by vindictive snapping and biting—we can easily understand what Sensivity may be like in its Lower stages.

All forces as they combine, acting and reacting in matter, tend to produce higher organisms, higher and more elaborate powers, more subtly varied, or, in fact, new capacities. Thus, Sensivity, rising from a purely material state of attraction and repulsion, and the point where Organism develops into perceptible life, rises to Intellect. Now Life, or the joint action of forces making a force, was at first, of course, blindly perceptive in the lowest grade, as where atoms or molecules were formed, when the *perception* consisted of simply obeying the laws of polarity, when, indeed, all was blind, and acting according to the primary *force*—beyond which there is no passing.

Even as red or any other colour impresses Sensivity, in accordance with certain laws of sensation, with pleasure—which is also a condition determined in and by it—so the harmony of colours, form, scents, sounds, and all things in Nature are very rapidly associated and assimilated by it. If we sometimes find a charm in what is manifestly imperfect, or what departs from the ideal of Nature, it is because our Sensivity has, here and there, made Association of the Agreeable to the Senses or the Fancy or Imagination with certain Things which are not beautiful; and this is, indeed, going on all the time, as Art and popular Taste bear witness. For Sensivity has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, and is not a

perfect Mentor, but only a quick perceiver of certain attractions, repulsions, and harmonies.

Sensivity is the peculiar force in us which by attraction to the most successful—that is, the most harmonious—experiments of Nature, aids and determines their success. It is a marvellous guide in all selection and affinity ; but for it natural selection and human culture would not be ; or else, like the boy who speculated who he would have been if he had had another father, it would have taken another path and been Something Else.

Now, as Light is not a thing by itself, but only the impression made by so many vibrations of ether on the sensorium, so is the Beautiful only a sensation whose Ultimate is in us, not in Itself. For a very slight alteration in our *Receptivity* would have made the Madonnas of Raphael as repulsive as so many scarecrows, or devils, or any other anti-ideals.

Therefore, it follows that the sensation of the Beautiful is, firstly—and the French writers of the last century agreed this was the sole cause—simply Agreeable Impression, as determined by the effects of colours, scents, and the like on our receptivity. Here, however, the men who manufactured Thought for our grandfathers, or great-grandfathers, stopped. If the Beautiful was agreeable, they argued, whatever is Agreeable must be Beautiful. John is a thief, therefore every thief is (or ought to be) called John.

But they left out of sight the great truth that

Nature, consciously or unconsciously, as an Overruling Mind, or as a blind correlation of forces, follows an Ideal, and with or without Teleology or intent to an end, advances in harmonious adjustment of force and matter. This in its manifestations is Beauty, and it is far beyond the mere impression of Agreeableness on our senses, which are complexed with many jarring phenomena or impressions. But our Sensivity, which was in its beginning only a blind force, as it develops, takes note of this harmony, and combines it with the Agreeable.

The sense of correct shape and of proportions is closely allied to the perception and enjoyment of light, colours, and other phenomena which reduce themselves in their origin to the law of attraction and repulsion. Colour and shade beget Outline and Form, and Sensivity as it becomes subjective notes this more and more, just as our sight takes in more and more the conditions of light and darkness. For this latter condition varies immensely between the cognition of a babe and a grown person.

All correlations, or unities of force, by adjustment, tend to higher conditions, and to intellect. And throughout all Sensivity acts as a guide or influence. It is in a sense the maker of mind. It selects impressions. In its growth we can trace how Man, step by step, rose to thinking, how from mere sensation he advanced to hereditary instincts. Few are aware of how much of our present

thought is really nothing more than this, and only a slight advance on the intelligence of the bee and the ant.

As it is impossible to select any point in the chain of being from the oldest mineral up to man, and say : ' Here life begins,' so is there no place where Intellect or intelligence is not ; for though it fade gradually from Genius to Instinct, and from Instinct to mere Sensation, or till the latter is lost in mere force and its primary action on matter, still the germ of Mind is always there, capable of infinite increase and growth. Sensitivity is the beginning of mind in life. As Perception, it selects colours and accords as harmonies in Nature ; it comprehends by the same law pleasure and pain, by which our nervous system is organized.

It is well known to many, or recognised, that Love or the mutual attraction between the sexes in humanity is two-fold, the one being simply sexual, and the other of an altogether different nature. This latter very often assumes the intensity of a passion. It may be found in mere children in whom no trace of sexual attraction has been developed. It is in a boy felt indifferently for his young male or female friends. Very few writers—Thackeray is among the exceptions—have observed that in children and sometimes in those of older growth it often assumes all the strength of feeling which ordinary love attains in many grown people, especially if we make

allowance for the animal nature. Those who observe its action easily pass it over or explain it as Friendship, Affection, or Liking, just as they explain most mental phenomena as 'all Imagination,' which, as Dickens observes, is 'explanatory, but not satisfactory.'

Plato had been struck by it, hence the term Platonic Love, which is generally regarded as the mere first attraction or introduction to sexual desire, so that, as I wrote long ago, 'That love which is known as the Platonic, is, like most tonics, very stimulating, and shows that what begins in *play* is apt to end in earnest.' But it is nevertheless true that there often exists in man an intense attraction to others, apart from all passion. It is the action of Sensivity making us perceive not only beauty, but by subtle association, and the power of awaking agreeable memories within us, attaching us to a certain person. That we are thus attracted by an unconscious Grouping of pleasing appearances and fascinating memories (or, it may be, their mere after-impressions) explains in a great measure why it is that we so generally concentrate our love on one person, and prefer the Selected perhaps above all others on earth. That is as regards Selection, for when a man begins to devote Attention and Perseverance to any pursuit, as I have shown in my book on the Will, he soon begins to exclude or cast aside all other attractions. Wherein, indeed, we have the Law of Growth

exemplified to perfection, since every organism, to succeed, must follow its peculiar and limited conditions, obeying the impulse of its own force, attracting its own kind of molecules, and rejecting all others. So we may say in very truth that love for the selected one, or, at least, its cause and law, may be found in all development, even from the crystal upwards and onwards.

It would seem as if this Platonic love or Æsthetic attraction existed in a great measure in the inner mind of man, and, *per contra*, in the male in woman, because it is generally of an obscure mysterious nature, adventuring but little forward into open daily life, and therefore expected to lurk in the occult chambers of the brain, among long-buried memories awaiting the call of the Enchantress to awaken them again to life at the bidding of some master Odin. It is true enough that the Outer Self or Reason or Waking Judgment receives æsthetic impressions from the objective, or Nature, which would indicate that our material to love, or be attracted to, is not from within. But the Inner soul, especially as the Feminine in Man, appears to have beyond all question such a strange and capricious—if light and fanciful—love for beauty and mystery, that I am much inclined to regard Sensivity, if not one with her, at least as a sister living in her house.

Therefore, it seems to me that in this matter of Love, the Inner Intellect may have more influence than would at first sight appear. For the

æsthetic attraction, in all save mere human brutes, always precedes the sexual, more or less, and as it is eminently mysterious while beautiful, charming we scarce know why, enchanting we know not how, it would seem as if in truth it belonged to the marvellous fairyland which is hidden in all of us, and in which all that we 'do not understand' in the game of life has its home.

A large and very attractive volume might be written on the subject of *Latent Mental Associations*, showing how, without revealing themselves to Perceptive Consciousness, innumerable images steal into memory, to be awakened with vivid results of Impression or Emotion in our Waking Thoughts. So we see a beautiful face or person who in some mysterious way—perhaps we do not remember or trace the connection—recalls or suggests something which is allied to the charming in our past, where or when we know not—but the spell is there, and if other charms come, perchance associated with it, then We are lost or won.

'Thou art gathered in a cloud,  
Thou art wrapt as in a shroud,  
And for ever thou must dwell  
In the spirit of the spell.'

It is curious indeed to observe how the falling-in-love and its progress is again like the Law of Growth—that is to say, accretive and guided by forces which conduce to form and end—that is, when the beginning succeeds.

I am the more inclined to regard the beginning

of all love as due to the influence of the inner self, from a very strange phenomenon which is quite peculiar to the Dream, and which it lends to or blends with mysterious Association. It is well known that in dreaming we often confuse phenomena or thoughts to such a mad extent that (as has often happened to me) we may seem to be reading a story from a book, and acting it at the same time. Or we may meet with two people as one, or smelling a rose in the sight thereof. Following this idea, Wordsworth wrote the celebrated passage which has so greatly puzzled several worthy critics of Philistia :

‘The Stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her, and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place ;  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And Beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.’

Precisely the same idea had occurred long before to a quaint Italian writer, Signor Guido Casoni da Serravalle, who, in a book entitled *Magia d' Amore* (A.D. 1591), speaking of certain ladies, mentions the celestial music born of the harmony of their beautiful faces. Yea, in the same sentence he speaks of it also as being food for the ear, wherein he outsteps the English poet.\*

\* ‘Mentre contemplo nobilissimo hospite, come porgendo quelle Gentildonne cibo a l' orecchio con la soave armonia di quegli instremente, prestino à gli occhi miei caro alimento con la celeste armonia nata dalla conformità de lor bellissimi volti.’—*Della Magia d' Amore*, p. 21.

When the Dream commits these contradictory extravagances, she seems to take great pains to conceal them from Waking Common-Sense, and hurries them out of sight as our eyes open, as if ashamed of them, as Eve in the story was said to have trundled her unkempt and rougher children out of sight when she saw the Lord coming. And if they are once lost for a second, they are gone for ever, unless you resolutely seize them to keep the instant you are out of the vision. However this may be, when we see a lovely face, Association or the Dream-lady or Gentleman do most assuredly suggest at times images or visions strangely sweet and fair, as mysterious and mixed and anomalous, as Signor Wordsworth's—I mean Mr. Casoni's—compound of music and beauty. And as it is by the same instinct hidden from us—for Love indeed is all a waking dream—so it comes to pass that we often do not know why we love. And truly no wonder!

For here, reader, we walk in what always was from the olden golden time a wonderland, where youths saw visions and maidens dreamed dreams, and it will be an Elfin realm unto those of every time.

## CHAPTER X

### OF ENTERING INTO HARMONY AND SYMPATHY WITH THE INNER MIND

I PROPOSE in this chapter to consider the degree to which the female soul in man, or the converse in woman, may be developed, improved, and rendered, so to speak, personal. As previously suggested, science effectively proves that all which is claimed for an Inner Me, or Subliminal Self, or an 'Unconscious Cerebration,' a Spirit of Dreams, a Director of Hypnotic capacity, a Power of Divination, a Pythoness inspiring Poetry, and Invention, so far as these things exist in us at all, may be referred to 'the Woman within.'

For without having recourse to Providence or Teleology, it is true, however it came to be, that there is in our brain a marvellous lumber-garret, wherein are stored all kinds of mysterious 'things,' such as untold millions of old memories or images, and a strange power of calling them out, and making them dance in Dreams—that is to say, of associating them in light fantastic combina-

tion, just as a scrape or two from a violin-bow in carelessly-fiddled chords will make sand dance on a glass pane.

This last gift, as I have before asserted, is very imperfectly within the power of masculine waking Reason, which knows every one of its habitual Images by sight, as an overseer knows his workmen, and just what to do with them. And all works of Genius, poetry, or of original invention depend on the supply from the Lady within, and her making them dance. And when the Master sees them with his reason and judgment, he selects and perfects from it all, a work. And this joint action of the Male and Female mind is Genius, as will be better understood and more fully believed in, in days to come.

All of this belongs to the realm within of Shadows, and it is indeed *Weird* in the true sense of the word, or *mysteriously prophetic*, for it is simply what is meant for *future* use in the history of Humanity. Therefore, in accordance with the old saying, 'as the land so the lord,' there is placed as ruler over this country of the Occult, or as soul to a body—and very naturally and appropriately—a mysterious Sorceress, a just so much of Woman as is left in us, who having a firm lodgment in our body, with its correlative of soul, had to be accommodated somewhere, and was naturally enough sent like any poor relation up to the garret to dwell, where, being of curious nocturnal habits, she is heard knocking and

buzzing about at night in Dreams. This conception of the Woman as one in charge of the *occulta* is in exact accordance with the assertion to be found in the last novel which I read, in which it is asserted that 'Women are multiform mysteries.' I believe I could find something equivalent to it in every one of the hundred romances which preceded it.

From remotest ages, Man has believed in some kind of an inward oracle or monitor, subjective oracle or guardian spirit. The Rev. J. Wood Brown\* suggests to me that the 'Demon' of Socrates was an original of this stamp. 'For it was rumoured,' says Xenophon, 'that Socrates had a *daimon* who signified things unto him.' That the Lady within us is an absolutely separately thinking '*mind*' is proved by the undeniable fact that Dreams often exhibit as much constructive power or thought as our Waking Self or Reason would realize, and that these dreams are completely and entirely different—as regards my own, at least—from anything which I would ever call up. It is not merely that they differ in subject and association from all that I would prefer—it is that they have an air and colour as of some other man's associations and inner life, a something repulsive merely by Unfamili-

\* Author of an admirable work on Michael Scot, the Averroist and reputed Magician; also of 'Santa Maria Novella of Florence,' a work to be read by every visitor to the City of Florence.

arity. It is as certainly the work of an entirely different mind from Mine as can be.

This difference was observed by many, and as it chiefly showed itself in Dreams, it is not wonderful that thinkers imagined out of it an Intelligence of the occult order. I will here give a very interesting illustration as to how it was supposed to speak sometimes to Man. I have in my possession a very curious old Cabalistic Manuscript, translated from the Hebrew into Italian. It is mostly filled with geomantical columns of numerals, but at the end there is a treatise of twenty-five pages, which purports to teach all that there is of Magic. And it amounts to this : that we begin with a long course of fasting, purification, and prayer, burning of certain perfumes, and using ceremonies like those set forth in the *Occulta* of Cornelius Agrippa and many other dealers in burnt groceries and apothecary stuff, mixed with a kind of evil-smelling piety, or adjurations in the name of Adonai✠Jehovah✠Uriel✠Samiel✠and all kinds of El, and the devil, the end of it being that, after all this Voodoing, you will hear within you a VOICE.

‘And this Voice will converse with you and answer all your questions as to all Mysteries.’ And I have no doubt whatever that, after such a course of severe mental abstraction, many Cabalists really came to hear it, and that it *did* communicate to them many *really* amazing mysteries, or what seemed to be such. For there are wonders

in store concealed within, and unknown to us, so that, as the Fairy said to Flaxius, 'even the gods do not know *what* they know.'

This Voice is the *Bathkol*, or Daughter of the Voice, a tradition dear to all orthodox Jews. It is said that when there were no more prophets in Israel, the Spirit of Prediction still lingered in an Echo which was heard ringing in an Arch of the old Temple of Jerusalem. There the devotee made his supplication, and heard in the resounding *final* words an answer :

' "And wilt thou grant my prayer, thy suppliant bless?"  
To him the Voice replied in answer "Ess."

This was Yes. The same sorcery exists among the peasants not far from where I am writing. They throw a pebble into a well, and hear in its sound an answer. So do many men, after considering a thing, come to a conclusion which is an echo of their unconscious foresight, and act upon it. It is really all the same thing, or the Daughter of the Voice re-echoing.

*Apropos* of which term my friend the Rev. J. Wood Brown suggests that the word Daughter is significant of the female element. Else, how came it that the Jews, after believing that all prophecy came from the tremendously masculine Giver Jehovah, do attribute His last utterances to the Daughter?

It is apparent enough from the facts which I have adduced that this independently creative

mind within us plays an active part in all which we call the Imagination. It is not all of the Imagination, but no work of the Imagination could be perfected without it. It supplies stage and scenery, actors and situations, or leading points; but the sober working Reason of Man writes out the play, and acts as manager. To those behind the scenes who know how melodramas are manufactured, this will be a good illustration.

Great poets like Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley, Keats, and Byron, were men in whom the female mind within had been more than usually developed. They had *Great* imagination—that is, unusual wealth of imagery from memory thrown wildly together as in waking dreams, and with it the power to *form* it wisely. Thousands of men have this latter faculty, very few the former. In fact, all the smaller poets *have* the former ability. How many there are like Firmilian in Aytoun's comedy, who could achieve masterpieces if they could only get the *Idea*, or suggestion.

It is the Dream-lady within us who chiefly takes note of the Beautiful or Unusual. Man, when he does the same, according to Ruskin, or other instructors, doubtless accumulates a great deal of lore, and many ideas, but the result of it all is only second-hand works. The curse of Literature to-day is the authors who make books out of books, and the literary gentlemen who write about one another, suggesting the people

in the Scotch village who all subsisted by taking in mutual washing, which is indeed the *raison d'être* of the highly honourable fraternity of Politicians.

It may be superficially objected to this that if, as Geddes remarks, 'Man is more original than woman, having more cerebral variability,' it is absurd to say that, as a poet, he owes all his best inspiration to her. But the question is not of Woman as a whole, nor indeed of Man by himself, but simply of the supplying Images from Memory, and throwing them casually together, to be coordinated by Reason and Reflection. This process constitutes Imagination, and thus far it has been credited solely to the 'party of the first part,' or the Master. The Reason, or Judgment, or what is generally called a man's Mind, is credited with *all* that he thinks or does, but just as it was found that the *Ovum* (which term or idea was all in all sufficient for the old physiologists, *per se*) consists of very different parts combined, which have, however, varied their function by union, even so it is true that 'the Imagination,' which plays such a rôle in popular metaphysics, has its divisions, and those indeed 'marked and remarkable.'

It has always been admitted that all things in Nature vary and change condition according to circumstances and surroundings. Therefore, the female mind in man, and the male in woman, are not—and could hardly be expected to be—quite like that of the sexes separate in person. This is

a condition to be borne in mind as explaining many apparent anomalies.

We now come to the consideration whether this separate mind within us—which unquestionably thinks in its way quite independently from ours, yet which as certainly supplies us with material for thought—can be in any way made *personal*, or realized, or brought into harmony with the waking mind or common sense. For that Something of the kind is possible is suggested by many of its manifestations. And it is a marvellous truth, which is as marvellously borne out by curious facts hitherto untested, that in the greatest poets or men of Imagination the Lady of the Brain manifests herself to such a degree that it would hardly astonish us to know that she was to them at times as a real, or at least an audible, Presence, or, as one sang :

‘ I see thee not, yet oft I hear  
Thy soft voice whispering in my ear,  
Soft as the silver tones which fell  
From the sweet harp of Israfel.’

In this we must firstly consider that hitherto the Lady of the hidden life has never been recognised as existing at all. She has dwelt, as I have before said, in the forgotten garret or lumber-room of the brain amid the past, listening all day in the dusty sunshine to some chance bee or blue-bottle buzzing or humming news of the outer world, all life unknowing and to life unknown, till night came and she sallied forth, and then,

indeed, one might find with the gentleman in the Ballads of Bon Gaultier, 'That the larking had begun.'

But though, like the German student of the Carceri poem, she in her nightly revelling made such a *Skandál* that all the town heard it—that is to say, constructed such fearful dreams as to convulse the Dreamer, who knew very well that he did not think them—She never had any recognition as a separate being.

Now, as she is in herself half the Imagination, I should think that by its aid she might be brought as a *personality* to experience, just as there are, according to old northern witch-Lore, means of inducing mermaids or water-nymphs to rise to the surface of the sea 'on silent summer days, when all is fair.' Music and Song were chiefly used to lure them up 'To the deadly light of day.'

And, by the way, the Jesuit Kircher gives the very lyric employed in Sicily to entice fish.\* But no one seems to have ever dreamed that this Angel fish could be caught, or this Naiad wooed and won.

Now, if a man, aided by Foresight—which is the deliberate and perfectly completed intelligence of what we want—will direct his Will unto anything, he may achieve wonders. The be-

\* The reader may find this curious incantation in 'Have You a Strong Will?' by Charles Godfrey Leland. London: Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, W.C.

ginning of Will to achieve great results should be on a small scale, and often separated, on the great oak and little acorn plan. If we, before going to sleep, think very comprehensively over what we want, so as to fully know our own mind—which many clever people never did in all their lives—and resolve that it shall come to pass, it will be forgotten in our slumbers, and perhaps next morning when we wake, but when the time comes It will come and manifest or realize itself according to Circumstances. So, thou who doubtest—thou who sneerest in reviews at what thou hast never tried—try *this*, and if thou hast a normal mind, and square horse, or even pony or donkey sense, thou wilt find it is true, even unto thy astonishment.

If the Will be thus awakened many times, and the process deliberately and thoroughly renewed, we shall come to a state of perfect and undoubting self-confidence and calm reliance on our will, or self, which is beyond question the greatest mental blessing which Man can enjoy. But it does more than this—it enables us to achieve wonders in that realm of the so-called Occult, and to work miracles by aid of *Imagination*, which, as I have shown, is not a merely 'ideal,' or fanciful idle faculty, but a very strong power when properly applied.

I have already described how, according to a Cabalistic manuscript, the Daughter of the Voice may be heard within us after a long course of

magic discipline. This is nothing more nor less than bringing the will by a somewhat differently coloured process to the same end. 'You may call it cognac or gin, but it is all the same whisky, in fact'; so, by applying the mind to it, especially if we aid the process by prayer, repeating this unto familiarity, when faith results we shall have the same reward as the Cabalist, but in a far purer and clearer form.

For if the Lady within can devise long and sensible discourses, or those which are ingenious; if I can talk with a gypsy in a dream in Romany—as I did last night, April 4, 1902—or near a song in sleep and remember it when I awake, finding it fit to publish, it is not going far afield, I ween, to bring her to a Voice. 'And he closed his eyes, and called Her, and rested a time till a Voice which was not a Voice, and in words which were not heard but felt, replied: "*Adsum*, here am I, Master; what wilt thou of me?"'

If this were anything great or difficult, as it is to a degree when incantations, long starvation, with total abstinence and fumigations are required, it would be a different matter. But it is simply to lead into a new form of expression the Inner Mind, which talks often and long and fluently enough, as is to be expected of a woman, when left to herself.

The Dream-Lady has wonderful gifts. I have experienced in my own visions all the extremes of dramatic display, the wonders of art, strange

allegories, often so subtle that it was not till long after, when awake, that I seized their meaning, and nightmares or situations so trying and terrible that I have suffered from them all the next day, and marvelled in my suffering that such extreme and causeless affliction should be mine. I have never in waking life or Nature seen anything to compare in many respects with what I have thus beheld in Dreams, and after this the merely *materializing* the process a very little, as in bringing the voices which are heard in dreams into the Reverie, is no extravagant fancy. Indeed, the 'how to do it' might come of the Dream itself. We are fearfully and strangely near it, just as Chemistry may be to the discovery of a glass, or other medium, which does not refract rays of light. It seems a far less unlikely thing than the X rays did, or Schrön's life in crystals,\* when this glass shall be discovered.

'Why, then,' replied the Angel, 'you will be able to see a grain of corn in Jupiter, or all that all the Stellar folk are about, which will be very amusing, I warrant you, especially in Venus. But that is nothing as compared to what you will hear when you may be able to talk with the Queen of Dreams.'

This last remark suggests another idea. If by any process of Will and mental discipline the

\* It is not unlikely that, by following the path indicated by Prof. Schrön, the absolutely non-refracting medium will be discovered.

Inner mind with its fancies and caprice *could* be brought to familiarity and harmony with the Outer Soul or Conscious Reason, though unto ever so little a degree, then from that little we could evolve stupendous results. The units could be multiplied to millions. In fact, any individual of moderate mental capacity gifted with some 'Imagination' for a beginning might, if he could awaken the Will within, develop it to 'miracle.'

This would be just no more nor less than setting a new kind of *planchette* to work, the difference being that we should hear a still small voice, and one which 'you cannot hear,' as contrasted with the hands which beckon us away. But the *planchette* is a clumsy contrivance, while a Voice is subtle and soft, and may glide down as a Thought into our deepest dream. Nay, there is in Dreams a curious talking without words or sound, in which, however, every word is mysteriously expressed.

Now, if there be men who have dreams in a reverie without going to sleep, or while actually awake, with Reason quietly watching round, and, what is more, many who can thus bring them on at will, as we all can, it is clear enough that the Voice can be invoked, and, once heard, it may be called again, and little by little made the means of realizing all that Memory holds or that Imagination can desire.

There are people, old or young, who, whenever they hear an air played, involuntarily fit words

to it. This is also a faculty which no one has ever dreamed of developing, yet which might be cultivated to the improvising of poetry, as indeed often spontaneously occurs among Italians.

But the great art of all is simply to think earnestly and often that there is really within us another mind, a second self, which has never been recognised and ever neglected, and which, as a discouraged and depressed younger child, hides herself, as one who has been mortified and defeated is wont to do. By this repeated thought, the shy fairy will become familiar, and little by little a reality. It will not be enough to mechanically '*think about it*' at long intervals. We should muse and dream awake, and let the Idea melt into our mind till it becomes, as it were, ourself.

'I am only telling you,' said the Tinker, 'what you could do if you tried. Kittles ain't so hard to mend if you keep on!'

There is a kind of unwholesome small potato which has very little in it fit to eat, but which is covered with 'eyes,' and like unto it there are men who, nothing in themselves, are still endowed with wonderful Perception, especially of defects and shortcomings. If they were guests at the very best dinner ever given on earth, they would enjoy the discovery of a hole in the tablecloth more than all the dainties on it. And if they are gentlemen of the press, and anything went wrong, *that* would be their *pièce de résist-*

*ance* in the literary *réchauffée* which they serve up to the 'readers.' It was a writer of this class who, when Carlyle first appeared, declared that one might as well attempt to criticise a hedgehog. Which was a great compliment, had he but known it, for the *hotchewitchi*, as gipsies call it, is most delicious eating. Now, I trow such men, taking no account that I am the first to adventure into a strange and bewildering region of thought where it is hard to pioneer in any way, will find much to chaff and ridicule gaily in the ideas here advanced. All of which I mention, not out of care for such would-be tormentors, but to beg the reader to consider that this whole work must be seriously studied, and that in a kindly spirit. For as it took the writer a very long time himself to assent to the theory which came to him as if proposed by his own Lady of the Brain—as he gave it due argument *pro et con*, and gave *in* to it slowly—he opines that it deserves fair study. And this is specially true of the proposition that Imagination is the concordance of the Feminine contribution of fresh memories and the dream power of casting them loosely together, as in a hurried sketch, with the waking masculine reason, which works it all into something coherent or perfect. For the more I watch my own mind and its processes of thought, the more does this appear to me to be the true explanation of Imagination and of Genius in its degrees, great or small, it being assumed that every human being

has something of both, and that he or she might have far more by developing the power within, and bringing it into companionship, Cognition, or sympathy with Reason. For it seems to be supported by the most recent conclusions of science as regards the origin of Life and Embryology, on which indeed it entirely depends, I having been greatly aided by such works as *The Evolution of Sex*, and others cited in these pages, but for which I could not have formed the Theory, which I have perhaps but very feebly supported, but which abler minds may prove or disprove.

Now, to be practical, I myself have found this to be true, as you may also, with small pains, that if you begin with *fore-thinking*, and considering the fact of the mind Within, and turn it over often till it becomes familiar (as artists of superior intelligence view and review a picture to be), it will be your own fault, and proof that you are not among even the very moderately gifted, if the spirit do not begin to seem to be a real presence. You may not *see* it with your eye, or even the mind's eyes, pseudo-visually or otherwise, but you feel and *know* that it exists. Then, if you wish to develop any subject intellectually, as to write a poem, or acquire ideas for any work, and will urge it on the Spirit, seeking its co-operation, it will ere long, or on the next day, inspire you with what you want, the process gaining strength as it is repeated. The end of it all being that your

Imagination will be exalted and improved, and greater union established between it and your Judgment.

There are many people who go through life alone without company or friends. Now, if such read these pages—and truly they are to be deeply pitied—and they are not of the flippant sneerers and doubters and would-be ‘funny folk’ in any way—I can tell them that in this conception of the Lady or Lord of the Brain, they may in very truth get marvellous comfort, and have good company, whenever they will. And though it may seem to thee like turning again unto the ghost-haunted paths trodden by our ancestors, or running after the follies of occultism, which to do is to be held a fool by ‘clever practical folk,’ it is none the less true that this thy Inner Self, if long studied (*fixis oculis intuetur*), will be a comfort in thy darkest hours, and a friend in truth. For thus wilt thou add to thy heaven a star—*sidera addere cælo*—whose light will never fade, and ever guide thee to a golden end. And in the silent watches of the night it will be as a fairy visitor or an angel in a dream.

## CHAPTER XI

### OF MUTUAL INFLUENCE

THERE appeared in the year 1744—it was a time when the Renaissance of Magic, Free Masonry, Astrology, and Alchemy had so swept over Europe that few escaped it—a work entitled *Hermippus Redivivus, or the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave*, of which D'Israeli the elder has taken note. It purported to show from an alleged old Latin epitaph—forged by the author—that a certain man had once lived to one hundred and fourteen years of age, *ex anhelitu puellarum*—by the breath of young girls; and proceeded very ingeniously and plausibly to set forth the theory that a weakly or elderly person could regain lost strength and even restore youth by living intimately with or among juvenile or healthy and vigorous people. This little work made a great sensation at first, and was then ridiculed because it was found to be a forgery, just as the public, in the fierceness of its condemnation of Chatterton as a forger, quite forgot the real merit which was in his poems,

For that there was a certain degree of truth, or enough to authorize reflection and research into the Hermippus theory, suggested itself to many. Without having resource to Magnetism or Mesmerism to explain it, the world has, we may say, long known by experience that man and woman mutually derive from one another health, not by any means solely from such gratification of sexual desire as health and Nature exact, but by a mysterious mutual mingling of bodily influence, which will be explained by biology and physiology in due time. Married couples are generally supposed to live longer than celibates owing to this giving and taking vitality; for as the witch was believed to give forth or spread an *aura* or supernaturally evil radiation of air, so *per contra* the blooming *salu britor*, or sanitarian, with his (or her) bracing and invigorating power, has ever been thought to benefit all about him. And since it was beyond all question true that colds, consumption, and diseases beyond number were communicated, it seemed but fair that Nature should as a balance admit a contagion of health, on the principle that it is a very poor rule which will not work both ways.

I firmly believe that there is such a tonic or salutary effect with a purely physical basis of influence of sex on sex, since every physician knows of cases of anæmic, green, sickly, pining girls, and of young men who seem to be mysteriously miserable, who bloom into health when

'married,' and of whom frank friends say with a smile, 'All that *she* wants is a man,' or of the other, 'a *fille*.'

But apart from sexual need there is something in the moral, intellectual, or social influence of man on woman and of woman on man which has been more or less commented on by a grand army of writers, from Moses, who represents the Lord as having just expressed the opinion, down to Thackeray, who declares that the stupidest or most foolish damsel is far better company for a young man than none. Unto which it may be added that the lady has just as much need of congenial male society, only let it be observed that the alternative for either supposes a good and fit companion—not a fool. So there is a pleasant and once common French picture entitled *Comme l'Esprit vient aux Filles*—how girls got their wit, or Wisdom, which represented a Bon Gaultier telling merry tales to laughing damsels.

Now, without having recourse to teleology or Providential Intention, I would assert that, from this point of view, it is a sa lucky thing for every man to have, like a lobster, a lady in his head, as for every feminine to have a man, since it is by no means sure that it is not a part of the great law which makes polarism, antithesis, and sensivity the rule of life and progressive intellect. In very truth I wonder sometimes whether this be not the true Adam and Eve, and if the Devil did not keep

faith with the Lady by giving her all the stores of good and of evil, and of supernatural wisdom—*eritis sicut Deus*—and then came *Deus* and shut her up in Adam's brain, or Adam in her brain, and so conditioned her and him that from that time they met no more, or, if they did, it was only at long intervals, as the Gipsies say that the Man in the Moon meets his sister the Sun once a month to borrow light. Which accounts for several things—among others the appearance at that time of so many magazines, ranging from penny dips up to electrics!

Unfortunately Man has not known of this Lady in his brain, and when he met her now and then and learned from or profited by her, he thought like Zoroaster it was 'His own shadow walking in the garden'—truly a shadow informed with a certain intellect, like that in Chamisso's tale, which so sadly wailed out a scriptural text. But, after all, he never dreamed that it was anything but Himself. And he profited greatly by her influence, and might have profited far more had he known the truth and kept company with her and been her young man, as so many poets have to a degree succeeded in doing.

In earlier life, or even in a riper age, full faith and long-continued determined thought as Will, exercised with Forethought—that is to say, fully matured understanding or comprehension of what we really mean, supported by Perseverance, can work what we call Miracles. Unto this I have de-

voted a book which explains the process in detail.\* Of which book I, somewhat unwillingly, and after due reflection, and as a duty, will tell something which is absolutely true, and in no degree romanced or involuntarily exaggerated. After I had published it, I took to reading it over six or seven times with great attention, as I had never done before with any of my own works. And every time I learned something, and was often astonished at it, as if it had been a book by some *other* person, and that without vanity or egoism. So I became a Mentor unto myself, till I began to believe that *I*, the real Self, had not written it at all, though I had certainly given it form. This led me to reflect on the Subliminal Self, and the Inner Me, and the Unconscious Cerebration and Astral Incorporation on which so many Theosophic and other works have been written, all of which I found absolutely unsatisfactory because none of them actually conformed to Science and strict Materialism, all being in fact founded on old Superstition, Tradition, and Spiritualism. Then it struck me that this Inner Self, which showed a separate power or creative ability in Dreams, was the result of the bodily remnant in us of the other sex—working in darkness, and yet strangely working in its way—and the result was this book.

\* 'Have You a Strong Will? Or, How to Develop Will Power or any other Faculty, etc., and render it habitual, etc.' By Charles Godfrey Leland. London: Philip Wellby.

I think that if the reader will reflect on it, and study the characters of his or her friends, he or she will find much therein to confirm the theory. As I write there occurs to me a young lady who inhabits a palazzo in Rome, and lives in the *beau monde*, the joy of whose heart is to buy and sell horses, and drive long bargains day after day with a dozen *maquignons*, in which bargains she often gets the better of them, and who is acquainted with or has met I know not how many brigands, *settimani* or wizards, gypsies, and the like, and it would be a hard task to convince me that she has not the Gentleman within her brain to a very appreciable degree, though she be feminine and lady-like without, as much as heart could desire.

Again, I recall a man, now passed away, whose name is known to all my readers, whose bravery was remarkable as his immense learning. There was always something in his voice, his smile, in the gentle folding of his hands, which struck me as very feminine. He was a stupendous linguist—a foreign tongue seemed to come to him as if by inspiration; in this respect I never met his equal, and yet at several Oriental Congresses I have met with men who were therein Masters. What was remarkable in this was that he made no use whatever of dictionaries or grammars, though he wrote the latter. He had no patience with them. He merely listened to a foreigner for a few days, took in every word with a feminine quick perception of its meaning, and forgot nothing. In a few days

he would be talking it, as it seemed, like a native. I can only explain this by the theory that in him the female element in his brain quickly recorded in his memory every word, and gave it out again with special promptitude. Women are often wonderful linguists without much study. I knew one who spoke sixteen languages fluently, and had never, I think, used a book for one, except that she spoke of having consulted Catafago's Dictionary for Arabic words. She was remarkable in being intellectually almost deficient in most respects, though she was quick at catching ordinary meanings and ideas. In her the male element probably functioned as the female did in the other case.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL AND THE MIND WITHIN IN RELATION TO THE INNER SEX

As I have written in the foregoing, the soul is as material as the body, and it is from its materiality, as well as other properties in common with created or evolved organisms, that I infer its immortality. For that matter exists we know, and that it is from its very nature indestructible, but of Spirit we know nothing beyond what is told by Tradition or '*They say so.*'

We find in every being certain functions or organs which, when they have fulfilled their appointed tasks in life, disappear in death, and then, as elements or matter in some more or less subtle form, enter into new combinations.

But every one of these functions or faculties has been in its way and time developed and carried to its aim and end. We have smelt, tasted and felt, seen and heard, while we used the body. Moreover, we have developed and used our mental qualities to a more or less satisfactory degree. All save one, and that the most important of all, if we may judge by the attention which Moses

has paid to it, the lives which have been devoted to it, and the money spent thereon, which has been about equal to that devoted to war. This is the Soul whose Immortality forms the real basis of every religion. During life with the vast majority or totality of mankind, its training, or care, or preparation for the Future is, as we are told by the Wisdom of all the Ages and of all the World, the thing of all others to be studied, even in preference to every other earthly blessing or benefit. As a fact, in social and mental evolution it has attracted more serious and enthusiastic work than any other.

The Soul is the highest mental power, that which governs the rest, and which has thus far defied detection. Carpenter, who analyzed or ascertained with tolerable accuracy the workings of all the other functions of the brain, could not find the Master, who, however, clearly exists. There are some who find in him the coefficient or joint result of the other forces; this does not destroy the theory of his existence as an independent being. The Bees form their monstrous Queen by contribution; the Queen Bee of the Soul is formed in like manner.

But what would be a monstrous contradiction to all known Law would be that an Existence—the very master of mental power—which had by the concurrence of innumerable ideas and social impulses been prepared and trained to a faith in Immortality, devoting to it powers which would

be merely wasted if it had no future, should be *the one only mental power which does not achieve its end!* It would be like a drama or romance with its last act or chapter gone; in fact, most of the intellectual work in a life devoted to no real end whatever. Truly, it is from this point of view that many enemies of the Church have regarded religion—that is, as an empty cheat whereon mankind have wasted their millions to support knaves; but the real motive lay deeper than they wotted of. There is in man a result of mentality which *survives* the rest, and passes to new form among the Existences which are not perceptible to our senses.

A marvellous confirmation of this is in the fact that so many people when very near death see or perceive, all at once, and altogether, as it were, condensed, every event or incident of their past lives. Now, with many of these cases the testimony has been feeble, but I have had within my own experience one which was all-sufficient to settle the fact. I had a brother named Henry Perry Leland, a man of marked integrity and talent. He had studied Art in Rome, spoke several languages, and written several books. He eventually died of the result of a wound received during the Civil War. It happened once that while bathing in the surf at Cape May, New Jersey, he was carried by the tide out to sea, and for half an hour or more swam for his life, with almost no hope. Finally, after having been washed a mile below

the point whence he started, a chance wave took him in and landed him on the very point of the Cape by a most marvellous chance. Unto him, in what appeared to be the most critical moment, when life was trembling in the balance, came in an instant a complete memory of everything in his past life—all in one. I, being occupied with reading such subjects, and having a fairly large collection of German and other metaphysics and *occulta*, questioned him with care, the result being my full conviction that this concentration of experience is a fact.

I had also known at Weinsberg in my youth Dr. Justinus Kerner, who from similar experiences formed the belief that the disembodied soul ever bore with it as a kind of record or tablet all the experiences of its bygone life—that is, in a *monogram*. We may understand that, while the soul does not carry with it all the millions of Images in the Memory Cells, it may still have photographed in itself and condensed all that Memory ever received. And to what end or aim can this condensation of all Experience be made in man if it be not to carry into a future life? Nature makes nothing in vain. Or why is the Soul perfected by the belief in Immortality, and matured into a being or mentality far beyond all other powers, if it is never to exercise in full those powers which it has barely awakened here below? It is the one factor which has never worked itself out while in life, therefore in death

it is *ascensionem expectans* — ‘awaiting its destiny.’

The soul is a force resulting probably from sensivity in combination with other forces: it may have originated with us; in any case, as a *force* it cannot die. The electricity or sensivity, whatever there is of impulse or power in us, does not perish, but passes away into matter, there to inspire new lives; the soul-force doubtless seeks and finds among elements, to us unknown, another shape with other senses, living, perhaps, in other dimensions. But that the soul has been ere its departure *developed into a separate and original force with peculiar functions* I believe, as I do that every force, once created, goes on for ever, sustaining and sustained by all the other constituents of Nature.

It would seem probable that the female mind in man, or the masculine in woman, having the full run of the memory, is the subordinate to whom is assigned the charge of ‘all our life in a nutshell.’ For as she or he has had something of the same kind in care from the beginning, this has unto it marvellous affinity, being, in fact, the same task, only perfected.

Analogies and coincidences are not final proofs, but they deserve to be treated with more respect than they generally receive, because there was a time when the greatest truths or facts now recognised by Science and all the world had no better support. This must be, perhaps ought to be, the

case for a long time. Who would say with Milton ?

'Let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds or what vast regions hold  
The immortal Mind, that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.'

The Tower in this exquisite passage is generally known to have been that of Galileo, on a hill which is in sight from where I write here in Florence.

It seems to me as if our inner self, who can think in dreams, and act and make ingenious novels in them, and sometimes even in our reveries, and who has full charge of the memory, must have some knowledge as to the future and the immortality of the soul. Nor does She seem to be one who is to die with the body. She has passed all her life like a neglected prisoner, undeveloped, awaiting the opening of the doors to Immortality—is she not of the soul and sharing its destiny ?

And we may well believe that if we are to have, while in this life, better knowledge of that which, is to be, we shall obtain it when we become more intimate with the soul within, and by its aid.

We grant that Electricity, Gravity, Ether, and other Forces live on for ever, and we may also admit that Sensivity, which is developed from polarism and the conditions of Katabolism and Anabolism to attraction and repulsion, emotion or

feeling, rises to instinct and intellect. Certain it is that it is a developed and continued *Force*, just as much so as any other. Now, what ground have we for believing that this *one* force of all others comes to an end and dies, especially since it is evidently the most variable and progressive? Sensivity in its highest form is not a *part* of Intellect, it is the very Mind itself, the highest force in the brain, where it prepares unto itself a new form or body against death. It has tended to a Unit of Existence ever since it has been in the Body; it was prepared for it in lower organisms, and will rise from it to higher.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

I HAVE endeavoured in the foregoing pages to show, or rather investigate, the truth of the theory that there is in us all, in our mutual system, an Alternate Sex corresponding to the degree of male or female existent in our bodies. With this I have set forth the idea that this Inner Self has access to all the hidden stores of Memory, and appears to be the predominant factor in Dreams, and the purveyor of material and a coefficient power in all work of the Imagination, as well as the mysterious and occult capacities which seem to be in reserve for future evolutions.

I have also explained that in states of semi-slumber, as in the reverie or brown study, or whenever our conscious waking judgment partly reposes, the Inner Self steals forth, and combines images from memory with the aid of judgment, and that all abstraction of the mind to a single subject partakes of this.

Therefore it is a very important accomplishment to be able to enter into harmony with, control or

manage, this inner independent function, since the degree to which a man can do so gives him Imagination, or the power to act as poet, artist, inventor, or, in fact, carry out, if not originally conceive, all works of genius. Of which I am thoroughly convinced, but beg the reader to observe that I neither guarantee that the process shall be extremely light, short, and easy, or that the success shall be extraordinary, unless there be unusual gifts. All that any man can do by the system is *to make the best of what is in him*. Which I mention to spare small critics the trouble of declaring that I profess to be able to create Genius to any extent to order.

This control over, or agreement with, the Imagination is to be obtained, mechanically or corporeally, by simply thinking on a subject, and in a way not very easy to describe, yet which will in all cases come forth or suggest itself to the seeker. But far beyond this, when the practice of reverie or half sleep becomes habitual, is the employment of the two mighty powers Will and Prayer, and yet neither in the vulgar sense in which they are commonly taken.

Now, whether a sage go mountaineering or valleying in Thought, whether he walk the level plain of Common Sense, or soar to the clouds of Genius, he will find that all mental operations, all Magic, and all that Man has ever dreamed that he could do in occult art, reduces itself to simple supplication to and praise of God, hand in hand with his own developed Will. Herein is included

all that the Cabalists ever really achieved, unto which we may add the miracles of all Churches and Faiths, Shamanism, Voodooing, Theosophy, Faith Cures, and Necromancies of all colours and prices, whether warranted to wash or not, cheap or dear. Prayer and Will, Will and Prayer—all beyond mere Experience is embraced in those two wondrous words.

The quintessence of Christianity, as Christ meant it to be, was *Faith*, or Will, combined with Worship and Prayer. He meant that Man, free from all aid of Pharisee or priest of any kind, *per se*, and alone, or absolutely independent of influences, should pray directly to God. This prayer, supported by a pure, moral, altruistic life, was the beginning and the end of His teaching, and forms consistently the complete whole of His system, whatever may have been foisted in, of which there was abundance, by the good folk who stop at no fraud if the intent be pious, and who, to enforce a dogma, will not merely forge a text repudiated by the greatest scholars, but *continue* it to the present day in all copies of the Bible!

Christ established the theology of a stupendous equality of Mankind before God, such as never occurred on earth before, when He taught that every human being, from the humblest slave up to Cæsar, should *pray directly* to the Deity, and ask that a realm of equality in justice and holiness should prevail here on earth. For, assuredly, to pray that God's Will should be done on earth

as it is done in heaven was asking for a very different state of affairs from what prevailed in Rome, or has been found there or at any court since. And the Apostles themselves, and after them the manufacturers of every sect or heresy, with the Roman Church at their head, and the Greek and Coptic and Protestant following after, one and all did their wretched best to work religion for man in direct contradiction to Christ's great idea that the worshipper should be his own only priest and church, without any intercessors or saints, or any agents whatever. In the manufacture of these, by agents to *orate pro nobis*, there went a degree of invention which would have in its time produced steam-engines, X rays, and flying-machines, if I may believe sundry Lives of the Saints which I have bought from time to time from wheelbarrows and colporteurs, the which works are as crammed with gross and palpable lies, and coarse folly and false and foolish miracles, as the 'Adventures of Baron Munchausen' or of 'Peter Wilkins,' albeit the Legends lack the humour and common-sense of the latter works.

Now, Prayer presupposes a God, and as I have in this work avowed my belief that all which exists is one material substance or Matter, and as this is invariably assumed to be Atheism, and a denial of all that is divine, I may awaken some opinion of being absurd or paradoxical when I declare that, utterly denying all mere Tradition as a basis

for Faith, the only grounds for actual belief in God are to be sought in Science, and, indeed, chiefly in what Science has done of late years. Now, I will not say that the existence of God, such as Man generally imagines Him to be, is *perfectly and clearly proved*. Perhaps it never will be so long as the Ideal of Him progresses. Whenever in the Past, at any time, men believed they had attained to absolute proof of His existence, and perfected Him as a Monotheistic Jehovah or Brahma, then there set in after a time such a fixed creed or such a Conservatism as was incompatible with Social Evolution. For whenever humanity believes *too much*, it becomes too superstitious and slavish, while, on the contrary, when it is sure of nothing, Anarchy sets in.

It is beginning to be a very general opinion that Matter is infinitely more subtle than it was conceived to be of old, also that there are Forces so hidden as to be unknown to us. As Aristotle believed there were only four elements, whereas we believe in nearly a hundred, and that all of these are probably but one, so Analysis is progressing to the idea of as yet undiscovered Laws. When it is considered that Matter in this world assumes millions of forms, and in a planet larger or smaller, probably or certainly, millions of others, we conclude there is no limit to the evolving force in Nature or its results.

As many of the elements and, to a degree, the real Forces were unknown to Man or imperceptible

to his Senses until the latter were aided by inventions and experiment, so it follows that there may be still subtler forms awaiting discovery. More than this, there seems to be proof that there are senses as yet unknown to Man in certain organisms, or that he has in himself senses and capacities which will be evolved in the Future. All of which admits the possibility of forms of matter, beings, or Intelligences, not now perceptible to our senses (which were simply created for a certain routine), yet which really exist. Modern Science is every day opening some new door through which comes light on this subject.

Admitting subtle and higher Intelligences, which is no more than admitting that there are on earth degrees in human beings, we come progressively to God: it may be *in a series* of beings; thereof we know nothing, and it is no more necessary that we should try to understand what is probably far beyond our best Intelligence than that a babe of a month should have the Integral Calculus explained to it.

For since no man who ever lived could ever yet fundamentally explain the simplest problem in Nature, it may well be doubted whether his mind could rise to or grasp the clearest explication of God, or the problems and paradoxes of Creation—albeit we are all crazy for the revelation, though we know it would wreck our small understandings—wherein we are marvellously like many women, who, being *quite* sure that some secret is really

none of their business, would 'harrow hell and rake out the devil'—yea, and become his prey—to find it out. Yet this we may understand, and it is better worth studying than all the 'metaphysic' ever invented, that Matter and Force are *infinite* in forms beyond our sense perception, and that in their extent they can hardly fail to include stupendous Intelligences, inasmuch as Evolution includes stupendous Ingenuity, which implies such Existence.

Nor is it very logical or consistent with all which we see in Nature to believe that there is an ascending series of intelligences from the lowest organism up to Man, where mentality ceases, while beyond him are innumerable marvellous creations ever evolving. According to Fichte, God reaches His highest development in Man, which is truly a very narrow-minded and ignorant idea, considering that Man does not understand the simplest of God's works. But to Fichte, as to all of the old schools, man's *senses* formed the limit of creation, and it never occurred to transcendentalists that despised Matter might contain existences very far beyond human beings—more refined, subtle, and intellectual. And if this be not as yet *fully proved*, one thing is at least certain, that it is far better supported by Science and rendered far more probable than was ever yet anything backed by 'Spiritualism.'

Nearly all of this is 'mere hypothesis,' but it agrees with what we *know* to be true, and is in

accordance with the 'trend' of modern science. What supports it is the consideration as to whether the infinite action of Forces in Nature on Matter is blind chance evolving without Thought or Intellect, or whether there be a guiding mind—of course like our own—that has been the first condition in all religions from the beginning!

Now, when we consider and realize (even when aided by Vol. Hartmann's 'Philosophy of the Unconscious') that the cleverest among us have no idea to what degree Phidias, when he cut his marble, or Shakespeare, when he wrote his plays, was, after all, only carrying out and onwards inherited Instinct and transmitted tradition and habit, we should in modesty admit that we are none of us quite so independent or original as we all believe ourselves to be. I can well suppose that a bird, carolling in the sunlight on a bough, has some dim perception that nothing can be happier or know more than it does. That there are marvellous degrees in human Intelligence, and that a Papuan is just one grade above an ape, is not reflected on. As before said, the very highest human genius has not arrived at the complete solution of the very simplest problems in Nature. This is shown in the study of Embryology, once considered so simple, but in which, as we proceed, with every new advance ten deeper problems reveal themselves. If the very transcendentalism of ingenious adaptiveness and of creation is a proof of intellect, then blind Chance in Evolution

is *of its kind* a Mind, since it embraces *our* minds, and who can say what higher hidden forms of Intellect—yea, a God? For He is Evolution embracing all things, especially Himself, the self-evolved, ever working in mysterious ways His wonders to perform—the Maker and the Made.

Now, that everything is not perfect in this world, according to our ideas, is palpable enough, but to conclude from this that there is no God at all, and that our imperfectly-developed minds have grasped the idea of Evolution as it ought to be or is, is illogical.

What further confirms this is the truth that all who lead good lives, according to their lights, doing their duty for its own sake, and all that is good *because* it is good, ever praying unto and praising God, are the best among men, and ever getting their reward the less they care for it. Be it delusion or not, he who lives in faith in God with all his Will, absolutely given and determined to walk in His holy Way according to His holy Will, with perfect humility and devotion and proper wisdom, that man is among men the happiest. Whether Evolution be blindly called blind chance, or if it *be* so, or all be managed by a Providence, *Faith in God is the best guide for Man*. And whether creation and the world be full of suffering, or errors, or not, the devout man is blessed by God, and by prayer he can rise so far as he needs to go.

Unto this conclusion I have been led by perfect,

unflinching, consistent Materialism, or by a faith that Matter is all in all, and there is no such thing as Spirit of any kind. And it appears to me, moreover, that it is only on this ground that we can arrive at anything at all like certainty that there is a God or higher Intelligences than ours, or a future, but that every step of modern Science is leading to this result. Now, according to the old system it was a very easy matter indeed to make your proof as firm and perfect as you pleased by first begging the question—that is, by assuming that a God made *quite* on your own lines existed, and then making or assuming traditions to support your fancies. The proof of the existence of God is in proportion to the wisdom of the recipient, and all that we can expect is to rise in faith for ever, yet ever gaining fresh proof.

It was inordinately arrogant of the Mystics, of whom Peiresc has in a book described about five hundred kinds, to aim at a union of the soul with God, and actual Identity with Him, which idea prevailed among innumerable Persians and Indians, or, I may say, still prevails. They prayed, or abstracted, or opiumed, or hasheeshed, or shouted themselves in camp meetings as Methodists or *Convulsionnaires*, into fits or syncopes, and believed that they were all inspired, when they were in a way only drunk. There is no such *union* with God or the Power above us. All that the purest and holiest should hope for is to be his humblest servant serving Him in truth. That is

better than all that the most ambitious mortal can conceive. Simple prayer, of which the Lord's is the ideal, and sincere praise is worth it all. He who does this sincerely, and who *lives* in it, and has daily recourse to it, will attain to absolute peace, and find that it is not only a protection from all troubles, but that God, who knows our thoughts and needs better than we do, will take every care of us.

It is all very simple, but there is no wisdom beyond it; it is worth all the volumes of theology ever written. Pray in sincerity to be made good and wise, and do your best according to your lights to carry it out in life, and wisdom and purity will *not* be denied you. Add to this, earnest development of your Will little by little, ever continued, and you will attain to wondrous power, even to what is called *miracle*.

It is well to add to this that a contented mind is a great aid to such elevation. Few indeed are those on earth who realize the blessings which they enjoy or *should* enjoy did they really think of them. But they become accustomed to them, and take them as a matter of course or as a due, giving most of their thoughts to Something More, and ever more again, till all life is full of discontent. Now, with every prayer, and every day, every soul should earnestly reflect on what he or she has that is good in life and enjoyable in all its fulness, and thank God for it. Doing this we shall soon note that new and special blessings

begin to come, and truly it is marvellous how *often* they come when we once begin to be grateful for them in prayer. *For the sincerely thankful are ever blessed.* A deep conviction or firm belief in all this will bring a degree of content and happiness over all our life which no pen can depict, 'since gratitude brings luck.'

In such a disposition we can enter into and understand the hidden mind within us, and bring it into sympathy with our Waking Reason or Common Sense with great ease. It is a being who has been as a neglected child since birth, without religion or moral sense, an elf of caprices, a wild fairy, but approach it with prayer and Will, and in time it will be a gentle, sensible friend.

Now, there are myriad and million—many who, if they *had* read or heard all that I have here written, would sincerely say, 'But what is the practical use or sense of it all, and how is a man any the better off for knowing that his mind is male and female, or that there is another way to prove the existence of God than that of dogmatic assertion?' The practical use, friend, is that an active mind trained to *think*, even on such impractical topics as you deem these to be, is every day rising in social value above you and your kind, and reducing you to the ranks with great rapidity. I do not say that it is by study of this special subject that one will become your better, but that the consideration of all or any kind of human conditions in relation to science, is sure to result

in valuable culture. And this is a truth by far too little considered of many books, which even if we disagree with them still have to a great degree (perhaps more than better ones) the gift of inducing the reader to *think*.

Let him who would be happy lead a blameless, or rather a genially and *truly* good, life, completely inspired with sincere prayer, and let him who would be wise and brave and fearless of all save God, cultivate his Will till there is in him the self-reliance which defies all that there is of earth earthly, of sin sinful, all folly and vanity, despair, irresolution, and timidity. And if Prayer be as it were of Woman, and Will the special power of Man, let us not forget that the perfection of both will be found in their being One, whereunto Prayer and Will, or Will-and-Prayer, in the same meaning will inspire both.

It is a great gain for any man when at any time (although the younger the better) he realizes in fulness the value of Thought as a habit in itself. To which many will reply that it depends on what he thinks about, which is all very well, as far as it goes, but it is only a poor half-truth. For the great question is: '*Is he a thinker at all?*' For if he be that, in very earnestness and truth, he will come right in the end, just as a very great and powerful stream washes itself clean from all impurity. No work is of any *real* value which does not make us *think*, though it be written in the most correct and elegant manner, while the

writing which awakens us to *action* of any kind, and, instead of weakly criticising books and things, teaches us to create, act, and reflect, is to be esteemed above rubies. Yes, though it be bristling with defects and typographical errors, and all the sins against the Holy Ghost of Rhetoric (the detection of which forms the capital of so many of the critics who are the Detectives of Literature), it is to be prized, for it achieves that which ought to be regarded as the chief aim of life.

And now, Reader, if this book of mine has made you *think* or reflect, or in any way whatever inspired you to read further in better works, and learn more or act, I shall have accomplished to perfection all that heart could desire, whether you agree with what is here advanced or not. For it is not to 'suit the views' of my readers that I write, nor even to make views, but to induce them to create views of their own, which is as the training of officers compared to the drilling of privates.

THE END