

Philitis : being a condensed account of the recently discovered solution of the use and meaning of the great pyramid, whereby the mystery which has shrouded this wonderful structure for four thousand years has been dissipated, and its claim to be accepted as a revelation of the highest ethical and scientific truths exhaustively demonstrated ; to which is added a review of Piazzzi Smyth's second edition of "our inheritance in the great pyramid" and a disquisition, literary, philosophical, and descriptive / by Charles Casey.

Casey, Charles.

Dublin : Carson Bros., 1876.

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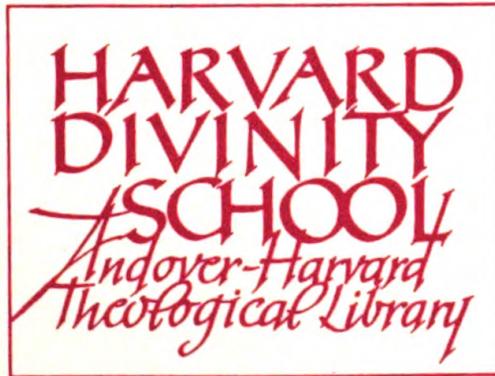
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PHILITIS:

SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY

WHICH

FOR FOUR THOUSAND YEARS

HAS SHROUDED

THE GREAT PYRAMID

IN EGYPT.

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BY

CHARLES CASEY,

AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "DARWINISM," ETC., ETC.

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7th July 1879

THE GREAT PYRAMID IN EGYPT

HAS BEEN PROVED TO BE A METEOROLOGICAL AND PROPHETICAL STRUCTURE.

Wm. H. Storer
The "PILLAR of WITNESS," Isai. 19. 19. 25.

This huge pile of solid masonry covering an area of thirteen English acres, having a substance of five million tons of stone, rising to a height of 486 feet, the highest, largest, and most ponderous stone structure ever raised by man, has been proved by the measurement of the Royal Astronomer for Scotland to be built on a plan most scientifically perfect, microscopically close, accurately square, and astronomically oriental.

It tells its date of erection to have been 2170 B.C., 150 years before Abraham, and 800 years before Moses.

The passages from the entrance to the King's chamber, centre of the Pyramid, are said prophetically to shew the duration of the different dispensations. A very fine, thin, but exquisitely true line indicated in 2170 inches that so many years were to elapse before the Redeemer came. The first entrance passage gives in inches the length of the dispensation from the dispersion to the Mosaic economy. The next gives, in 1542 inches, the years of the Hebrew dispensation. Then the next is the grand gallery which gives 1881-2 inches, and indicates the ending of the Christian dispensation at that date. There is a wall at the end of this gallery leaning inward, and so built, as though it might at any moment fall before these years were completed.

Does it not indicate that the Lord may VERY SHORTLY take the world by surprise, when even his own people are not looking for him? He said that his coming would be to the world as a SNARE; but he promised that they who watched for him should not be taken by surprise.

There is much reason to believe that the Lord will call his waiting ones at some unexpected time before the date 1881-2 closes, perhaps very soon. The number of years of each preceding dispensation precisely equalled the number of inches in the great Pyramid; this being the case, will not the present be as precisely fulfilled?

1 Thes. 4, 15, 17; 1 Cor. 15, 51, 52; Sol. Song 6, 11, 13, ARE YOU READY? "He will save," Zeph. 3, 17; Heb. 7, 25. WHOM? The unworthy. Every applicant, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," John 6, 37; Acts 13, 38, 39. "He delighteth in mercy."

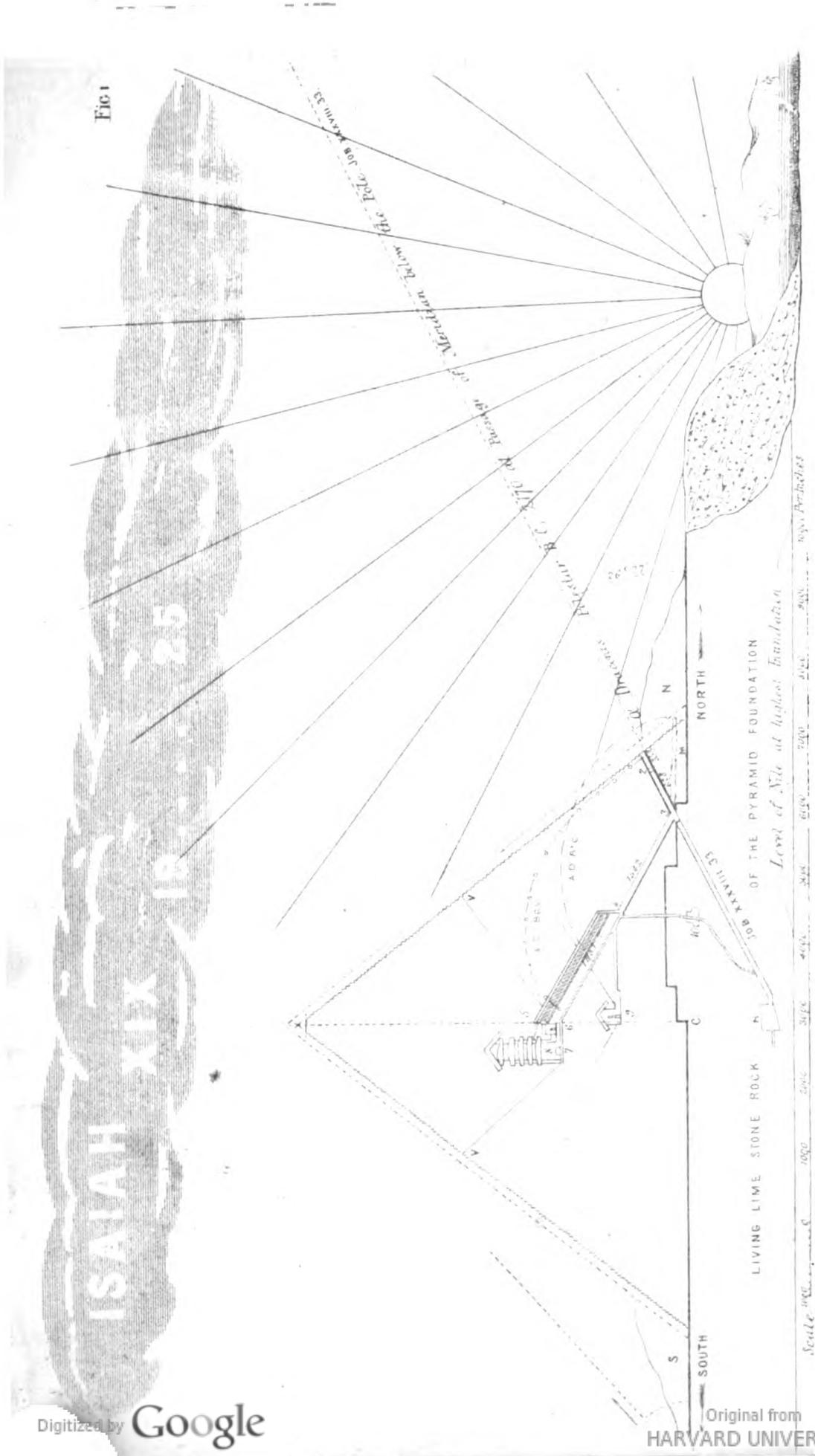
The signs of the times, the fearful ungodliness abounding, the terrible calamities, the almost co-incident manifestation of all the signs of the end which Jesus gave, with the testimony of the "pillar of witness" constrain us to send these thoughts. WATCH: Ezek. 33, 1, 6.

Read: "Philitis," by C. Casey. "The Stone Miracle," by Dr. Seiss. "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," by Piazzi Smyth.

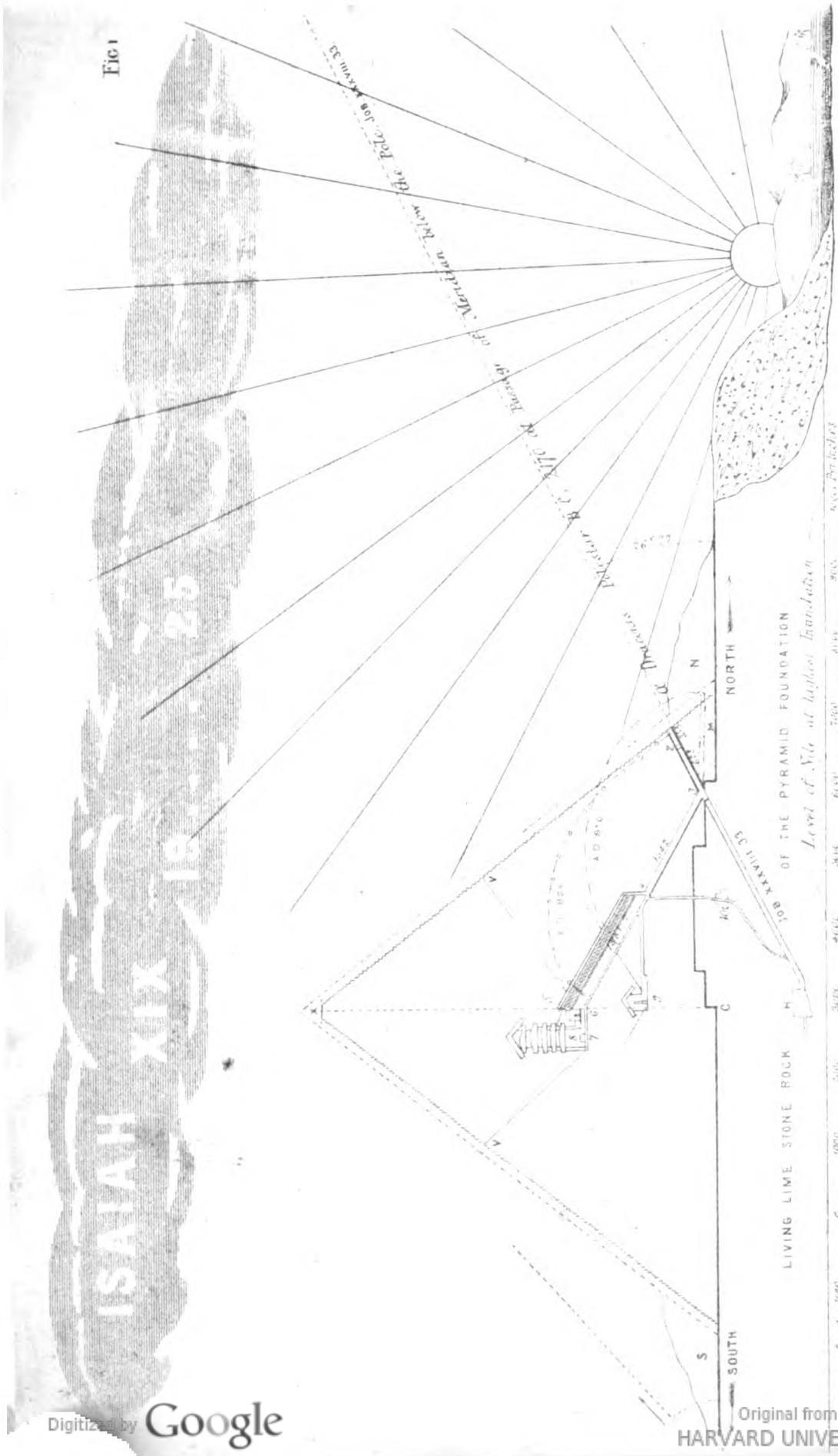
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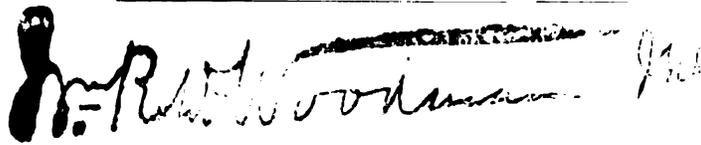
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VERTICAL SECTION OF THE GREAT PYRAMID AT JEEZEH, FROM NORTH TO SOUTH, LOOKING EASTWARD, AT THE RISING OF THE SUMMER SUN. How close to the utmost northern bound of Hill Pyramid was placed, and the Cliff platform extended by the Chips of the ancient Masons being banked up against it. Accumulation of the Debris of Angular Casing Stones by Mohammedan Masons at Cairo, with results of weathering from the uncovered Flanks of the Pyramid



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BEING

A CONDENSED ACCOUNT OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED
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OF

THE GREAT PYRAMID,

WHEREBY THE MYSTERY WHICH HAS SHROUDED THIS WONDERFUL
STRUCTURE FOR FOUR THOUSAND YEARS HAS BEEN DISSIPATED,
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THE HIGHEST ETHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS
EXHAUSTIVELY DEMONSTRATED.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A REVIEW OF
PROFESSOR PIAZZI SMYTH'S

SECOND EDITION OF

"OUR INHERITANCE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID;"

AND

A DISQUISITION,
Literary, Philosophical, and Descriptive.

BY

CHARLES CASEY,

AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "DARWINISM," ETC., ETC.

Third Edition—Illustrated—Revised and Enlarged.

DUBLIN:

CARSON BROTHERS, 7, GRAFTON-STREET.

1876.

JOHN FALCONER, PRINTER, 53, UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.

TO
MRS. C. PIAZZI SMYTH,
EDINBURGH.

Madam,

I am honoured by the permission to
dedicate "PHILITIS" to you, as a slight expression
of esteem for the noble qualities of head and heart
by which you are distinguished.

CHARLES CASEY.

OCTOBER, 1872.

PREFACE.



THE rapid exhaustion of the First and Second Editions of PHILITIS, and the continuing demand, have induced me to issue the present, to which has been added an account of most of the additional discoveries of symbolized truth made up to the time of writing. The rapidly increasing interest in the subject of the Great Pyramid is proved by the favour which has been extended to even the outline reference in PHILITIS.

C. C.

OCTOBER, 1875.

INTRODUCTORY.

I HAVE chosen for the title of this *brochure* the name of that wonderful Palestinian architect, PHILITIS, whose work in Siriad or Egypt, with the amazing revelations which modern science, within the last decade, has made known in connexion with it, will be found alluded to in octaves 160 to 182, and set forth in a condensed summary in the following pages, from which it will be seen that the structure known as the "Great Pyramid," in Egypt—held by western nations, for the past 3,000 years, to be merely the tomb of the fourth dynasty king, *Cheops* or *Shofa*—is in reality the most wonderful structure ever raised on our globe, no less as being the oldest, largest, and highest stone building ever piled by the hands of man, than as being an exponent of sacred and scientific truths of the most exalted and practically important kind; equally interesting to the scientist, the historian, and the believer in Revelation, and calling the attention of the thinkers of our age—religious and philosophical—to the most remarkable discovery that has been vouchsafed to our generation.

Thus far was written in 1872; but since then the whole subject has been clearing so rapidly from the mist of all the past ages, ever since civilized nationality has existed on this globe, that it would seem as if we were now on the very point of being able to declare positively, that "Philitis" was no other than the Melchizedek of the Bible, and the great pyramid that altar or pillar—*i. e.*, monument—which Isaiah (ch. xix.) announced would be manifested in Egypt during the last times, especially as a sign and a witness to the God of Revelation.

It may be well, in introducing this view of the great pyramid, to allude briefly to the entire number of those structures, by name, which stretch for some fifty geographical miles along the western reach of the Nile valley, just where the Lybian desert and the cultivated land struggle for extension—the traditionary mythical warfare of Typhon and Osiris—their line extends from nearly opposite to modern Cairo, and ancient Heliopolis, to past the site of the still more ancient Memphis, and is embraced between 29° 59' and 29° 26' north latitude. They are thirty-eight in number, of which only one—*viz.*, that known as the "Great Pyramid," or "the Pyramid of Cheops or Shofa," the *facile princeps* of the whole genus—may be called a *true pyramid*; thirty-four of the remaining number are rude imitations only, approximately true; and the remaining three, although classed as pyramids, can scarcely be called so, speaking critically.

The following table, for which I am indebted to the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, will give a concise view of the present and ancient height of each in British inches, and as close an approximation to the absolute date of erection as can be arrived at.

Commencing at the most southerly, we find :—

Pyramid or Pyramids	Present Height in British Inches	Ancient Height in British Inches	Date of Erection
Two of Biamoo - - - -	360	x	1800 B.C.
One of Howara (ruinous) - - - -	1,270	x	1850 "
One of Illahoon (ruinous) - - - -	1,580	x	" "
One of Meydoom (flat-topped) - - - -	1,494	x	" "
Southern of Lisht (ruinous) - - - -	822	x	1900 "
Northern of Lisht (ruinous) - - - -	1,080	x	" "
Southern of Dashoor (brick) - - - -	1,872	3,208	" "
Small of Dashoor - - - -	816	1,281	1950 "
Southern Stone of Dashoor (2 slopes) - - - -	3,834	4,029	" "
Northern Stone of Dashoor - - - -	3,918	4,111	" "
Northern brick of Dashoor - - - -	980	2,586	" "
Base of Mustabet El Farahoon - - - -	650	720	" "
9th at Saccara (ruined) - - - -	900	x	2000 "
8th at Saccara (ruined) - - - -	1,044	x	" "
7th at Saccara (ruined) - - - -	330	x	" "
6th at Saccara (ruined) - - - -	960	x	" "
5th at Saccara (ruined) - - - -	480	x	" "
4th at Saccara (ruined) - - - -	740	x	" "
3rd at Saccara (the great) - - - -	2,200	2,405	2050 "
2nd at Saccara - - - -	1,300	1,758	2050 "
1st at Saccara (ruined) - - - -	700	x	" "
Small of Aboosier - - - -	216	564	2050 "
Great of Aboosier - - - -	1,970	2,734	2100 "
Middle of Aboosier - - - -	1,284	2,056	" "
Northern of Aboosier - - - -	1,400	1,953	" "
Northern of Reegah (2 slopes) - - - -	500	1,150	" "
Northern of Zowat El Arrian (ruined) - - - -	730	x	" "
Northern of Abou Roash (ruined commencement) - - - -	480	x	" "
9th at Jeezeh - - - -	960	1,221	" "
8th at Jeezeh - - - -	660	1,332	" "
7th at Jeezeh - - - -	540	1,332	" "
6th at Jeezeh - - - -	834	1,440	" "
5th at Jeezeh - - - -	1,000	1,119	" "
4th at Jeezeh - - - -	884	1,440	2130 "
3rd at Jeezeh - - - -	2,436	2,616	2100 "
2nd at Jeezeh - - - -	5,370	5,451	2130 "
The Great at Jeezeh - - - -	5,410	5,828	2170 "

Thirty-four of the foregoing have been designed (with more or less outside, but unmeaning, resemblance as to form) on the model of the last in the list, but the first in point of time, viz., the oldest, largest, and most northern of the line—that which all nations and tongues have almost intuitively called the "Great Pyramid"—stands on the levelled crest of Jeezeh Hill, at the southern angle of the Delta. With this, the original and true pyramid, before us, we are

led to reflect that as to the peculiar shape, it is in a manner a representation of the half of one of the five solids of geometers, viz., the *octahedron*, which primarily points to a scientific, rather than to an art, use and meaning; nor do we know of any form in nature, unless the diamond, and that is not of the exact angle, which could have suggested the design. It is, therefore, as to architectural shape or form, peculiarly original, special, and unique. The question next arising is, as to its use and meaning?—and here we enter on a discussion which it is as well to consider fully in this place.

Until within the last decade there prevailed among all western peoples a belief that this structure, in common with the others passing under the same name, was merely a tomb—a mighty mausoleum—of the fourth dynasty king, known as Cheops or Shofu; a belief strengthened, if not originated, by the undeniable fact that all the later pyramids, (copied to some extent from this, the great original structure) were meant for, and used as, sepulchral monuments, there being found in each a basement or a subterranean chamber for the reception of the mummy—and in some of them the bodies of those they were built to inhumate. And, perhaps, the better way is to state, in the strongest form, the argument which has been so strenuously advanced by the tomb theorists; and compare, as we proceed, its relevancy and force as opposed to the modern theory of the sacred and scientific use and meaning of this one and only great pyramid.

In the first place, I will admit the possibility of Cheops or Shofu resolving to have a tomb built which would effectually preserve his mummied body for all time, and (following the traditionary account given by the Egyptian priests to Herodotus 1725 years after the erection of the pyramid, and 445 years before the Christian era) grant that he confided the execution of his order to the architect Philitis—a most remarkable man of the Noah and Enoch type of mind, who lived 150 years before Abraham, and 800 years before Moses, described as an oriental Hyksos or Shepherd King (but on that point we shall return presently)—who, accepting the order, designed and built a structure which, while it *might be used as a tomb*, did nevertheless contain, though not exhibit to the men of that age, a series of cosmic truths of the highest order, and in the most accurate manner—truths, not of a local or temporary kind, but suited in their relation to nations of a very high state of intellectual cultivation; for it is in fact only in proportion to the growth of modern science that men have been enabled to recognise the existence of those truths built into the structure of the great pyramid, not in language, not in inscription, but in number, weight, and measure.

It will be seen that this concession alters the issue, and the question, therefore, is *not* whether this structure was meant by

Egyptian Shofu or Cheops for a tomb, or even was used as such, but *is*:—Did Philitis, the architect—who was not an Egyptian, but a temporary sojourner in the land, from Palestine—did he introduce into it all or any of the scientific truths to which I will now briefly allude, and which are capable of being tested by all or any who may consider them assumptions?

I must now point out the existence of a subterranean chamber, situated 106 feet vertically below the base of the great pyramid, hewn out of the solid rock, and reached by an inclined tunnel of some 300 feet in length. This chamber is unfinished; contained no mummy; would seem never to have been used; but still will bear an apologetic explanation—thus, in the tomb theory:—“Its unfinished state and desertion may have resulted from a change in the mind of Cheops, who may have desired a superterraqueous, instead of a subterranean, sepulchral chamber.” Well, I will accept such attempt at explanation, the more readily as it is no more a part of the question at issue than that the unfinished vault is a part of the pyramid above it. It is simply speculative analogical theory, drawn from subsequently built structures, with nothing in their interior except a sepulchral chamber, and, therefore, though called pyramids, were constructed from an idea and for a use alike degenerate from the design and meaning of the architect Philitis.

This conclusion, however, remaining to be proved, I will now proceed to consider some points and features in the work of this inspired oriental architect, with the best aids which the most advanced modern science affords, and see how far the results will quadrate with the theory of the great pyramid being *merely a tomb*.

In the first place, we find that the architect chose for the point of erection a place which was eminently inconvenient for constructional purposes, as the rocky out-crop of the Jeezeh Hill had to be cut down and levelled; but which position was essential to a grand transcendental geodesic design, it being, in the thirtieth parallel of latitude, the very parallel which has to the north and south of it an equal distribution of terrestrial semi-surface; while the pyramid's site itself is the very point on the earth's surface about which the dry land, or man-inhabitable portion of the globe, is equally arranged; and it is also on the very best line for meridional zero which could be chosen for all nations.

This is a primary and, in the present age, an easily provable pyramidal fact in a scientific point of view; and a dispassionate candour must admit that this very remarkable position was not, by any conceivable necessity, required in a mere tomb meant for an ordinary king; but was of the utmost importance in a scientific structure, intended to speak in a subsequent day to all mankind. Yet were this a solitary scientific indication, it would have but a limited significance; but as one, and the primary point, it stands a remarkable fact, uncompeted with by any other building, ancient or

modern, and challenges refutation by actual test—not by verbal cavil or speculation.

We next find that this structure (call it a tomb if you will) was designed and built in its entirety on a plan so scientifically perfect, *that the sum of the measured four sides of base bears, within the nearest possible practical approach, the same relation to the measure of its vertical height that the circumference of a circle bears to its radius.* Now, this very extraordinary and very large-sized expression of a peculiar ratio ($\pi \times 2$) was certainly *not* necessary in a tomb, as proven by the also large contiguous pyramid of Cephrenés, and by each and all of the thirty-four others, not one of which contains the ratio. But it was essential in a scientific structure such as the pyramid was designed to be, and consequently it exists, appealing to confirmatory test, and not to be got over or set aside by the humorous puerility of such men as Simpson,* it being a fact as demonstrable as that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

We next find that a certain standard measure was used by the architect in the construction of all the expressional features of the pyramid; that standard was a cubit of 5×5 pyramid inches; and when one side of the square base is measured, it is found to contain this cubit 365 times with a fraction plus; thus giving our sidereal year of days and the plus fractions of the four sides, giving, in their sum, the equivalent of one day in four years, or showing leap year in the cycle of four years, such cycle being indicated in the four pyramidal sides.

Now, here is a feature derived from astronomy—not known with any approach to exactitude by the men of that time—undoubtedly unnecessary in a tomb, and not existing in any one of the other mere tomb pyramids, but a feature most necessary in a chronometric structure intended to come out in the modern scientific age of the earth, and consequently introduced into this building in a positive and irrefragable manner.

We next discover that this huge pile of solid masonry, covering an area of *thirteen English acres*, and having a substance of *upwards of five million tons of stone*, rising to a height of 486 feet (the highest, largest, and most ponderous stone structure ever raised by the hands of man), was built to a microscopic closeness, accurately square, and astronomically oriented. It is quite legitimate to ask if those features were essential to a tomb? and the reply is obvious. But they are essential to a structure of scientific indications, intended

*an acre
contains
42,560 sq ft
13
130680
4350
586280
29 feet
at base*

* The late Sir James G. Simpson, M.D., who thought it well to ridicule the great pyramid theory rather than entertain the arguments in its support—his ambition being rather to twinkle as a humorist than to shine as a philosopher. But there has since appeared another James Simpson, with a different faculty—a modest and mathematical man—who enjoys the honour to have made some of the most advanced and exact discoveries yet reached in the revelation of the great pyramid.—(1874).

47
12

the cubit from here
a foot wall, then 60
nearly 5000 was

to be proved and rendered vocal by the applications of modern science, and accordingly they exist indisputably expressive in the structure under consideration.

Further investigation reveals to us a still more impressive fact, viz., that the vertical height of this pyramid (which has already spoken, in its practical manner, of the time of the earth's circulation around the sun in its annual orbit) does likewise speak of the radius of that orbit; for the vertical height, as measured in terms of any linear measure, when multiplied by its own indicated numbers 10^9 gives, in the same terms, the mean distance of the sun from our earth—a most extraordinary knowledge exhibition 4,000 years ago. When we reflect that even in the time of Herodotus the sun-distance was supposed to be not more than 10 or 12 miles, increased knowledge, through successive centuries, increasing the distance to 14,000, 3,000,000, up to 36,000,000, 78,000,000, until, at end of eighteenth century, the estimate had overpassed the truth in a statement of 95,000,000, of miles as the sun-distance; and it is only within a very few years that the error in observation has been so far corrected as to give results between 91,000,000 and 93,000,000 of miles. Those who are unacquainted with the difficulty of the work, and therefore wonder at a difference of 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 of miles, may reflect a little when informed that an error of 3,000,000 miles would depend on observation of three-tenths of a second of space, or let us say a breadth equal to the thickness of a fine hair at 100 feet distance; and all the civilized nations of the earth have, at this very time, commissioned, not merely one or two savants, but many well-appointed and most expensively-equipped expeditions to different parts of the world, each and all working to their utmost, in the hope that, by combining the results of their various efforts, they may be able in this year 1874, A.D., to arrive at a somewhat more accurate determination than that which was obtained from the last transit of the planet Venus over the disc of the sun. But the divinely-informed architect of the great pyramid stated long ages before man began to make scientific effort, and in the solid form above alluded to, that the sun distance is 91,840,000 miles—a distance to which the most recent science-measure only now closely approaches.

The Astronomer Royal suggests under it
23,300,000, in 1877. But the latest investigation at
the Cape Observatory shows it was 91,840,000

We are here constrained to ask emphatically if this feature of the very highest order of cosmic truth was to be looked for in a mere tomb? The answer of candour must be in the negative. But in a structure raised by an inspired man, and meant as a teacher, through means of science, to all nations, such a revelation is essential, and accordingly it has been given, and stands to be questioned of by all men.

Next it appears that the cubit of 25 pyramid inches bears an exact relation to the only true and unchanging standard in the knowledge of man, viz., the polar axis of the earth, of whose semi-

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length or distance from earth's centre to either pole, this sacred cubit of the pyramid architect is the ten-millionth part precisely. Now, in building a mere tomb it would seem to an unbiassed thinker that any of the profane cubits—that of Memphis, of about 21 inches, or the Babylonian, of nearly the same length—would have suited equally well. Indeed, Sir Isaac Newton, proceeding on many data of early measures, went on to show that the pyramid had been partly built with the Egyptian cubit as a general working standard; but, although this might be suitable in a mausoleum structure, it would not be consistent with the character of a building meant to express sacred Hebraic revelation and scientific truths, and accordingly we find that although the profane measure has been used in the general, gross, and merely filling masonry, still the Hebrew, or sacred cubit of 25 pyramid inches, has been exclusively used in all and every part of the indicative portions of the work. And does it not naturally occur to the mind, that in building a mere tomb an inch or two in the standard would make no difference whatever, so long as the work was strong and cunningly done; and it is not easy to comprehend why a second and peculiar measure should have been not only used, but definitely and impressively indicated (as in the granite leaf of the ante-chamber to the king's room) for the purposes of a tomb. But as the structure was designed to express sacred and scientific truth, this standard and no other was essential, and therefore it was used remarkably, and now reveals that use in the chief passages, chambers, and, above all, in the coffer.

Again, we find that this pyramid inch is critically the five hundred-millionth part of the earth's axis length, and that when the length of the diagonals of the base is found in such inches their sum exactly expresses the precession of the equinox in an inch to a year, namely, 25,827 years. This would undeniably seem a superfluous feature in a mere tomb, but it is a grand and unimpeachable fact in a scientific structure, and accordingly there it is existing and solidified by a weight of five million tons of massive stone masonry.

But the mummy of the king required a sarcophagus, and so we find one, according to the tomb theorists, in the great central and upper chamber. Let us look closely at it—for truly it is the most remarkable ashes-coffer (if it was meant for such) that the world has ever seen—not, indeed, as a flattering proof of *art* in the designer, for it is plain, totally devoid of ornament or carving, a most bald and democratic burial case for a mighty king—unseemly, large, and unnecessarily out of proportion in height for such a purpose. But as a scientifically pregnant coffer, it is a marvellous illustration of the designer's skill and knowledge; for we find that the mass of its sides and bottom is cubically identical with its internal space capacity, viz., 71,250 cubic inches; also, that the

length of two of its adjacent sides is to its height as the circumference of a circle to its diameter; again, that the exterior volume is double the interior capacity, and that the sides and ends are twice that of the bottom; moreover, that when taken wholly, it stands in relation to the lower course of the king's chamber as the one-fiftieth part in capacity. One feels compelled to inquire if this relation was necessary in a sarcophagus? and conviction replies certainly *not*; but it was essential to a scientific unity of the room and coffer, and so it stands an inflexibly positive scientific fact.

Additionally we find that this remarkable stone burial case (if it will be so claimed) corresponds with the sacred, later, and divinely-planned ark of the Mosaic tabernacle in space capacity, although infinitely more massive and durable in its material. Its contents capacity is also found to be precisely equal to the Hebrew laver, four chomers, and that of the old Saxon chaldron; also, that its contents in water at 68° Fahrenheit, and barometer register at 30 inches, weighs critically one ton of 2,500 lbs., each of which pounds (within half an ounce of a pound, avoirdupois) is equal to five cubic inches of the earth's mean density; together with manifold other indications, all or any of which would seem superfluous in a burial case, but which are supremely necessary in a scientific and divinely-appointed standard of weight and capacity measure for all times and all nations; and, consequently, we find it thus sacredly preserved in the very heart of this mountainous mass—the jewel, as it were, encased in a stupendous casket of enduring stone—while the real sepulchral sarcophagus of King Cheops or Shofu is a rude thing, desecrated and re-used by the later Egyptians themselves, in a deep tomb, surrounded by a still deeper trench outside the great pyramid, but with peculiar hydraulic relations to the waters of the Nile, curiously realising the description of Herodotus as to the place where Cheops was buried, viz.:—“On an island surrounded by the waters of the Nile” (filtering in, or conveyed through the hill).

In the entrance passage we find a very remarkable angle, and which, so far as use in admitting a mummy is concerned, might have been much more conveniently constructed otherwise, as in the majority of tombs and sepulchral *wells* round about, where they are either horizontal or vertical. But inasmuch as this angle has a special astronomical use in indicating the date of the pyramid's erection, it was built with an axis-angle—as tested by sextant horizon, circular clinometer, and Playfair altitude azimuth—of 26° 27'. It must be admitted that this angle was not by any means necessary in a tomb-entrance, as almost any other would have suited *that* purpose sufficiently well; but in proof of its scientific necessity and essential importance in the great pyramid as a science structure, I may mention that Sir John Herschel, 30 years ago, showed that such an angular position pointed to the transit of the *then* polar star, α Draconis, below the pole, and at a distance of

3° 42' therefrom; and thereby enabled the building to tell its own absolute date of erection. This fact, almost infinitely precious for true chronology, has since then been remarkably fixed and confirmed by the Astronomer Royal for Edinburgh having shown that that peculiar position for α Draconis to be taken in, below the pole, was chosen to allow of a more important star still for chronology, viz., the Pleiades, to be taken above the pole, equally on the meridian at the same instant, and not only so, but with the vernal equinoctial point, the beginning of all reckoning of longitudes and right ascensions in the sky, simultaneously there as well. Without wishing to be redundant, I may again ask any candid and unprejudiced reader if it would not be more difficult to believe that this particular angle and other arrangements, indicating, with accurate chronology, a particular midnight, in one of a cycle of 25,827 years, could be either accidental or necessary to a tomb entrance, than that it was, as it proves itself, built with divinely-inspired forethought and scientific knowledge? for not again will this stellar and equinoctial positional relation occur until 21,812 years from the present shall have been told off on the great celestial dial of precessional rotation.

We next find it in that noble ascending passage, known as "the grand gallery, seven overlappings in the ascending walls, indicative alike of time division into a week of days, and the number of Pleiades, which constellation held so important a determining value in the adoption of date of construction. Its angle, rising from north to south, is 26° 17' 38"; its length, some 157 feet; its height, 27 feet 5 inches; breadth, between the ramps, 3 feet 6 inches; and above the ramps, 6 feet 10 inches—a truly grand passage, in itself commemorative of history, and leading to a notably symbolic and scientific chamber, but seemingly altogether unnecessary in its proportions for the conveyance of a mummied body to its resting place.

The readings of the horizontal passage leading to the so-called queen's chamber, and that room itself, are at present occupying the attention of zealous and qualified scientists; and in relation to other and yet undiscovered chambers, it seems to me that the unity of the structure would point to five chambers, two only of which (superterranean) have been opened, viz., the lower or queen's chamber, resting on the 25th course of masonry; and the king's chamber on the 50th. Looking at this question in connexion with the masonry courses, there would seem to be a remarkable indication of a chamber on the 100th course, thus:—

The vertical height of 5th course from base is 223 inches.

That of the 25th course	„	869	„
„ 50th	„	1,686	„
„ 100th	„	3,052	„

which gives the sum of 5,830 inches, or

the original vertical height of the finished and perfect pyramid, within a residual difference of two inches. On two of the above courses chambers have been found, conveying an indication of a chamber on the 100th course, as the 5th course has its significance in the commencement of the first ascending passage.

It now remains to mention how this revelation of the pyramid's true meaning came before the public. The late Mr. John Taylor, of Gower-street, London, some seventeen years ago, was led by a study of the pyramid's construction to conclude, that it was *not* merely a king's tomb, but a scientific structure—a bold and striking protest against the prevailing faith of 3,000 years; and he accordingly published his ideas in 1859, in his work—*The Great Pyramid: Why was it Built, and Who Built it?* In this work the new theory, or rather the old and true use and meaning of the pyramid, was set forth in a limited, rudimentary, and imperfect manner; but was followed up by him with a pamphlet on the same subject in 1864, which so impressed Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, that he resolved to test the theory by actual and scientific measurement. Accordingly, having provided himself with the best instruments that the most advanced skill could produce—from a scale which gave readings under magnifying glass to .002 of an inch up to the great “Slider,” with a length capacity of 350 inches, and angle-measuring instruments of proportionate character—he, at his own exclusive cost, undertook a work more thorough and laborious than that performed by the French Academicians in 1790. Accompanied by his heroic wife, he spent four months at the pyramid, living in a tomb, and working assiduously, sometimes by night as well as day, until he had completed the most minute and laborious set of observations and measurements that has ever been bestowed on any building. The difficulty of the labour cannot possibly be understood fully by those who have not seen that huge structure rising up in 201 courses of cyclopean masonry, toiled up to the dizzy apex, or penetrated through its suffocating passages, even as transient visitors. The results of his expedition were given to the world on his return in 1867, in *Life and Work at the Great Pyramid*, a work in which the whole subject is exhaustively treated, and demonstration established—on the one side, of the non-Egyptologic character; and on the other, of the Hebraic, Biblical, sacred, and highly scientific nature (even to modern scientific test) of the structure known as the great pyramid, supposed for so many generations to be merely the tomb of a king.* When any rational man has read that work, he is compelled to admit its conclusions, however much it may cost him in chagrin to renounce a long-believed-in

* Followed up since then by still further developments of the subject in the *second edition* of his work, “Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid,” published by Isbister and Co., London. 1874.

theory; for, to imagine that its manifold and marvellous expressions of sacred and scientific truth are *accidental* and without knowing design on the part of the architect, would prove the existence of an unsearching credulity as gross as that which would doubt the axioms of Euclid.

As might have been expected, this book caused an excitement amongst Egyptologists commensurate with its startling discoveries, and was received by many with derision, by others with the most acrimonious opposition; but, fortunately, the author was a scientist—a pyramidal-minded man—with a Carlylean terseness of expression, and could not be put down by the puerile witticisms of Simpson, or the more measured opposition of General Sir Henry “James,” any more than his measurements and the deductions therefrom could be overturned by mere verbiage; and, in consequence, we find that with the thinkers of our time, men not held in the bonds of prejudice, as well as with the general unscientific reader, the work has steadily won its way to acceptance, even by those whose view of action takes the angle of Thackeray. The question would arise, What *motive* could induce a man holding the position of the writer, and professionally engaged in the study of the most absorbing and the most exalted science of man, to take up, and follow out, the theory of Taylor?—not vanity, or the unrest of mental *ennui*, for position, eminence, and laborious duties alike answer in the negative; not gain, for the experimental test involved an expense few would incur for the verification of scientific facts, and still fewer have individually undertaken what would more properly have been a Government work—a work so ponderous that even now, to gain residual accuracy, not to speak of thorough exploration for additional chambers, no less a sum than £12,000 would be required; which sum,* it is to be desired, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be induced to grant for the thorough solution of the most practically interesting discovery of our age, connected with the past and future of intellectual and religious man. However, truth grows, and hope waits; and, as Philitis built up this solid stone apostle, so, after a lapse of four thousand years, a few comparatively poor but earnest, qualified, and laborious workers, have been privileged to rebuild its ruined significance, and, literally, to find for all the world “sermons in stone,” or rather “the very stones crying out.”

It will be remembered that the pyramid when completed was cased with polished lime-stone slabs, like those which still remain on the upper portion of the pyramid called Cephrenés, and presented from the hand of the builder a solid-mass surface without any visible

* The “Challenger” Dredging Expedition, now at work, and to be continued for four years, is costing £20,000 per annum. The Polar Expedition, just authorised by Government, is expected to cost £60,000; and the late mission of Sir Bartle Frere, to confer with the Sultan of Mozambique on the matter of the slave trade, cost £71,000.

opening, and that, for the first certainly known time, about 3,000 years after its erection, the Arab, Caliph Al Mamoon, broke in an entrance on the north side with the hope of discovering the vast treasures which tradition had said were concealed in its chambers. The result of his labour was the discovery of the true passages and the chambers to which they led, but no treasures such as he hoped for. The rooms were empty, with the exception of a stone coffer, empty and lidless, found in the principal chamber. From that date to 1859, though some stray ideas of a metrical order were occasionally ventilated, the learned in Egyptology allowed the pyramid to be alluded to only as a mighty mausoleum; and, had not the discovery in its perfection, of a totally different kind, fallen into the keeping and defence of a man so thoroughly able to exhibit and sustain its irrefragable proofs as Piazzi Smyth has shown himself to be, it would have been set aside or overturned by the torrent of opposition which was opened on it, but only, as results show, to leave it now fixed, solid and immovable as the grand and massive structure to whose elucidation its labours were devoted.

In the above remarks I have not alluded to the sacred, but only to the cosmic features of the pyramid; nor is a brief note like the present the place to more than hint at the sublime consonance of its prophetic and actual meanings with the Hebrew Scriptures. Built, undeniably, by an inspired agent 150 years before the time of Abraham, and 800 years before that of Moses, the chain of divine communication to Adam, Noah, Philitis, Abraham, Moses, and Solomon, appears lucidly expressed to the student of the Bible, and the manifold interpretations of, and coincidences with divine truth, dispensations, and prophecies—found in this “altar in the midst of Egypt, even a pillar in the border thereof, which shall be a sign and witness unto the Lord of hosts in the midst of Egypt,”—will repay and enrich the soul of the devout believer in Revelation with light and truth, even as that which filled the soul of the Patmos Seer with apocalyptic effulgence.

It may be thought that this is not the place to allude to the ethical readings of the pyramid, as *that* feature of the structure is being sedulously and solemnly investigated by men eminently qualified for the work; the results of whose research will, doubtless, be given to the world in no long time hence.* Yet, I may be permitted to hint at some results which have been communicated to me in advance by a devout and eminent thinker, as they are of such a nature as to profoundly interest all believers in Revelation.

The *descending* entrance passage is typical of that dispensation after the dispersion, in which men *descended* to the depths and

* Commander B. W. Tracey, R.N., has at present a work passing through the press devoted exclusively to the Scriptural view of the pyramid, which can be had from Guest, 54, Paternoster-row, London.

abomination of idolatry: when, following their own inventions, and rejecting patriarchal worship and revelation of the true God, they pursued a course which could only end in the bottomless pit (exhibited in the pyramid by a deep subterranean chamber without any finished flooring).

But the foreseeing mercy of God commenced a mode of salvation to man, first by separating, at a particular date, a peculiar people, under Moses, unto himself, from the rest of mankind, and through them introducing—also at a particular date in the world's history—the Saviour Christ, and the Christian dispensation. This first separation of the peculiar people, without at the time interfering with the sinful course of the rest of mankind, is typified by the first *ascending* passage, actually leaving the course of the descending passage, which still goes on descending as before to the bottomless pit.

The first ascending passage, moreover, or the Hebrew dispensation, having begun an ascent, continues to ascend for a period equal to that from Moses to Christ, and then merges suddenly into the still ascending but incomparably more capacious and more solemnly constructed “grand gallery,” typifying the Christian dispensation of the First Coming, as at present, and for the last 1874 years, in existence.

But to all this, some impatient disciple of Strauss or Renan will say—“Your speculation is merely a fanciful theory which might, with equal propriety, be applied to any angularly descending and ascending set of shafts or passages in any mine or tomb.” True—most true—if the ascent or descent were the *only* features in the structure. But, besides others already mentioned, and others still to appear on closer inspection, let us take the pyramid's unit of measure in our hand, and faithfully reading off Philitis's work, we shall find that he has foreshown accurately, as 985 years, that part of the first dispensation—from the dispersion to Moses—in an inch to a year, on the length of the floor of descending passage, from its beginning to the point of its intersection by the floor of the first ascending passage (produced). And following up this good man's work, we still further find the Hebrew dispensation of 1,542 years given precisely, on floor of first ascending passage, in an inch to a year, while still more upward, in the grand gallery, the present Christian dispensation is recorded as intended to contain 1,882 years, on the same scale.

Now, mere tomb-passages or mine-shafts giving such—not incidental, but precise and positive—correspondencies, have yet to be found; but here in this structure, built by an architect under divine guidance, their existence is alike consonant and to be expected.

Yet, here again, the sceptic philosopher may object by remarking—“Of the three dates asserted, the last is prophetic and

unconcluded, while the other two are still under disputation by chronologists." To this we may answer, that the limits of disputation are not very great among believers in Revelation; and that the pyramid dates come within these limits: even as the pyramid's sun-distance and earth-density numbers come between the best results of the highest reach of modern science.

But there is another date of a totally different kind, which may be appealed to, and this is the pyramid's own memorial date of foundation, as recently computed by modern stellar astronomy and the existing calendar, and thence found to be 2,170 years before the acknowledged birth of Christ.

Now, that most momentous event that ever occurred in the history of mankind is, according to our theory, marked, in the most signal manner, in the pyramid, by the beginning of the "grand gallery," from which point we have only to measure backward along the flooring the number of 2,170 pyramid inches or years, and see if it brings us to any intimation of the pyramid's setting-up or building. That date will be evidently some little distance down, inside the mouth of the slanting entrance passage; and there, remarkably enough, in a structure usually supposed to be without any markings, and certainly without any *written* language, or sculpture, the usually rectangular joints of the great stones forming the inclined, sloping walls, are made vertical or nearly so, in two successive instances, and in no other throughout the whole passage. Those two, however, are only to arrest attention; and almost as to Elijah, God was not in either the mighty wind, or the furious fire, but in the still small voice that followed, so the two strikingly visible vertical separations of continuity in the walls are followed by a thin, fine, but exquisitely true line, ruled at six inches behind the last of these separations, and in that line—evidently the work of a master-hand, and of that period—is contained the position answering to 2,170 B.C., or indicating that, after the drawing of that line, 2,170 years were to elapse before the Redeemer of mankind should appear. This, at least, may be alleged as a very unmeaning, impossible, and unnecessary indication in any ordinary heathen tomb or commercial mine-shaft; but it is a very glorious revelation, and test of divine guidance in a prophetic structure, inspired in the cause of the true God and the mystery of His purpose respecting the human race.

But that is not all, for on entering the grand gallery we come upon a square sepulchral aperture, partly in its floor, from the bottom of which a passage leads westerly for a short space to the edge of a dark, almost perpendicular, abyssmal shaft, which leads down, down, down, into the deep and dismal subterranean descending passage, just before it falls into the Hades chamber or pit, which lies some 180 feet down in the living rock. Now, at an inch to a year along the line of the floor of the grand gallery, this sepulchral

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chamber shows the date of Calvary in our Lord's life. The inhumation of His body in the tomb and His resurrection therefrom are exhibited (in the stone that covered the entrance to that sepulchral well being burst out or rolled back with triumphant power from its mouth) in mechanical features, which speak as incontestably to the eye of science as eloquently to that of faith—that the grave could not detain Him beyond the appointed time.

Thus and here we have the death, burial, and resurrection of the Messiah shown; and also the "passage" and "well" proof that it is only through His death, and acknowledgment of His resurrection, that the Gentiles may hope to enter into, and partake of, the Christian dispensation, and be thus saved from falling into the bottomless pit, towards which their prideful and wilful following the machinations and idolatries of their own hearts has been leading them on in one continued downward course ever since the dispersion and their throwing off the patriarchal teaching of God. Many other distinguishing features in the principle of revealed salvation to man, and his future destiny, seem moulded forth in other features of the great pyramid's internal architecture; but the foregoing may be sufficient to beget an interest in the minds of believers, and unbelievers also, as to the solemn importance of the varied revealed truths of the great sacred and scientific pyramid *in*, but not *of*, Egypt.

PART II.—1874.

No sooner had the views enunciated in the former part been published than they were rather hostilely taken up and questioned by some modern scientists, whose comment may be said to have taken this form—"If the claims of the great pyramid rest on science, you ought to supply more microscopically accurate data than those published if you expect to gain the attention of the learned world of the nineteenth century." But in this comment those modern scientists omitted to notice the closer approach to critical truth—exact results—and the smaller limits of error, when the measures of the great pyramid came to their ultimate application in the grand cosmical problem of sun-distance, than what the combined scientific results of all the modern world have shown up to the present time; when something like a million of money is being given to modern science to try again *de novo*, with the hope of its possibly attaining by these extravagant means, somewhat better in the way of certainty than it has hitherto been able to supply. This fact was omitted from the reflection of those learned men when they applied themselves to a consideration of the differences between the figures of different measurers of the base-side length merely of the great pyramid—thus employing their criticism on the husk, as it were, of the subject, to the exclusion of a consideration of the kernel.

Those differences, however, are in reality the errors of many modern learned men themselves, and are not in any degree chargeable to the ancient architect; for the actual base-side length, as built by him, is one and unalterable—as far as anything on earth, coming from the hands of man, can be; and if accuracy of deduction failed in one part of the general research, owing to rough or imperfect modern measure of one portion of the pyramid, yet the same great cosmical physical truths were also bound up, and should have been searched for, in the size, shape, &c., of other parts of the structure—viz., in the interior portion of the pyramid, which, being in a better state of preservation, was much more amenable to the efforts of one good earnest man, fully qualified for the work, than the large and dilapidated exterior, and consequently has been better measured in modern times by, not one only, but several painstaking men, who have obtained a greater uniformity in results than Government expeditions have on the exterior, without, too, at the time of their measures, knowing that there was anything important symbolized by what they were then measuring. Hence the grand truths existing all the time in the ante-chamber of the

king's room have only come to light in the short interval between publication of first and second editions of "Philitis," although measures sufficiently accurate had already been made, printed, and published over the world for some years, requiring only the Promethean spark of the true idea to animate in a moment the truths which lay buried in its symbolism, and had been involuntarily prepared for animation.

The modern measurers, therefore, have done their part—the measures of the ancient building had been taken with sufficient accuracy and published—but the mind of modern times was not acute enough to penetrate the idea involved. Thus, the length of the king's chamber has been before the world (given to the hundredth of an inch, or to five places of figures) for more than two hundred years (the interval occurring between the measurement by that early Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, John Greaves, when he visited the pyramid in 1638, and the exhaustive measurements made by the present Astronomer Royal for Scotland, Piazzi Smyth, in 1865). But during all that time no scientific importance whatever was attached by any one in the world to that particular length; and the remarkable manner in which its meaning came out at last is worthy of attention, showing, as it does, how number, weight, and measure, eminently pervade the one uniform plan which dominantly rules the whole structure—a plan which makes each part necessary to every other part, thus rendering it a sort of holy ground to the scientist, who finds in that amazingly vast building nothing of accident, nothing without a definite place and purpose in the general plan, and that plan, taken in its entirety, one of the most conceivably exalted character.

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The first fruits of the new harvest of more exact facts were obtained when Captain Tracey, R.A., studying in his artillery quarters at Bermuda the descriptions and measures contained in "Life and Work," was struck by the undoubted fact therein mentioned without a thought of its importance—viz., that the floor of the ante-chamber to the king's room is constructed partly in granite, and partly in limestone; that the granite portion measures 103.03 pyramid inches, and the whole length 116.26 inches, and that these numbers exhibit the squaring of circle problem again in a different form to that exhibited in the whole building—viz., by the *area* of the respective figures concerned—i.e., the area of a square measuring 103.03 on the side, is equal to the area of a circle having 116.26 for its diameter.

Now, this areal proportion would of course come out equally in whatever terms of measure that parti-coloured plan should be measured in by modern men. But it was presently further discovered by James Simpson, St. John Vincent Day, Professor Hamilton L. Smith, of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, and others, that, when the measures are taken in pyramidal inches,

they give certain results connected both with the exterior of the great pyramid and the physical phenomena of the earth and heavens, which are not attained when using any other unit of linear measure; for thus— $116.26 \times \pi$ (that invaluable number in modern mathematics as representing the proportion of diameter to circumference of a circle) = 365.24, the number of days in a year; also the number of pyramid cubits contained in the length of a side of the great pyramid. Again, taking 5 (one of the chief pyramid numbers), we find $116.26 \times \pi \times 5 \times 5 = 9131$ pyramid inches = length of a side of square base of pyramid deduced from *all* measures taken since the discovery of the corner sockets by the French Academicians—or, taking 50 (representing the number of courses of masonry between level of ante-chamber and base of pyramid), we find $116.26 \times 50 = 5813$ = ancient vertical height of pyramid in pyramid inches, as deduced from mean of all measures. And finally that $103.033 \times 50 = 5151.65$ pyramid inches, or is the side of a square of equal area—first, to a triangle of the shape and size of the great pyramid's vertical meridian section; second, to a circle having the height of the pyramid for a diameter.

At the same time the granite leaf in the ante-chamber—that feature which puzzled Professor Greaves so much in 1637, under which all who enter the king's chamber must bow their head—is found to contain the length of the whole sacred (Hebrew) cubit as well as its division into 5 parts, and again into 5 parts, or what we call pyramid inches—recording thus in its lasting granite substance, peculiarly and emphatically, the key to the whole system of pyramid metrology, reading which we find that the lower stone of the granite leaf is so placed between the floor and ceiling as to mark out by its centre on a scale of 1—100, on the one side the 5813 inches of height, and on the other, the 9131 inches of base-side length of the structure.

In fact, this little ante-chamber is a veritable microcosm of scientific detail, though yet in subservience to, or as index of, what is contained in the grand king's chamber—truly grand—constructed in solid polished red granite, whereof the world has had the accurate length for the past 230 years, yet never, all through those years, dreamt that it contained the truths now being enunciated.

These first began to appear to Mr. James Simpson when working out from the following approximate measures:—

Linear	{	Breadth	=	206.07
		Height	=	230.39
		Length	=	412.13
Diagonals of	{	End	=	309.14
		Floor	=	460.84
		Side	=	472.22
Solid diagonal	-		=	515.24

by certain rather intricate commensurabilities, which he calls the sums of the squares. For he found by taking half the breadth, or 103·04 as a special unit of division, to test and divide thereby the above quantities, and squaring the results, the following very remarkable and confirmatory outcome appears, in pyramid numbers of fives and tens, as shown below:—

Breadth — 2,000, whose square	-		=	4
Height — 2,236, „ „	-		=	5
Length — 4,000, „ „	-		=	16
—				
Or, sum of squares for linear dimensions			=	25 a pyramid number.
For the end diagonal — 3,000, whose square			=	9
Floor do. — 4,472, „ „			=	20
Side do. — 4,582, „ „			=	21
—				
Or, sum of squares for part diagonals -			=	50 a pyramid number.
Solid diagonal — 5,000, whose square			=	25 a pyramid number.

And the sum of the three pyramid numbers = 100, being the number of blocks composing the walls of the chamber, as first recognised by Mr. Flinders Petrie. In a more fractionally advanced theoretical consideration of the size and proportions of the chamber (not yet published), Mr. Simpson alleges the exact measurements to be:—

Breadth	-		=	206·0659
Height	-		=	230·3886
Length	-		=	412·1317
Diagonal of end	-		=	309·0988
Do. floor	-		=	460·7773
Do. side	-		=	472·1562
Solid or cubic diagonal	-		=	515·1646
And grand division test of this chamber			=	103·0329

Now, taking the chamber's length (its chief line, and the best measured line in the whole pyramid) simply as measured, we find it practically = 412·132, and multiplying by the special pyramid numbers, 5 × 5, we find it to yield absolutely 10303·30, or the same row of cyphers, save one in the 7th place, with differently-placed decimal point, which Mr. Simpson gives as test line of commensurability, chiefly from theory.

Let us take Professor Smyth's interpretation of length = 412·132 as the mean, taken from his numerous measures, which expresses—1st, length of base side of the whole pyramid agreeably with the

mean of *all* the direct measures thereof; 2nd, its vertical height; 3rd, its π -shape; 4th, the meteorological combination of sacred cubits and earth-commensurable inches; and 5th, the absolute length of that sacred Hebrew cubit ordained of God, in after ages, to Moses and the Israelites. In illustration of the 1st proposition, Professor Smyth takes the 412·132 as representing cubits of 25 inches each; and considering that number as diameter of a circle, that circle is found to have equal area with a square, each side of which measures 365,242, &c., sacred cubits; being equal to socket side of the great pyramid, as deduced from the mean of all the measures; and also to the number of days, and parts of a day, in a mean solar tropical year. The 2nd proposition is tested by taking the same length of 412·132 as cubits in the side of a square, whose area is equal with that of a circle whose radius = 232·520 + &c., sacred cubits; as also being = the already concluded height of the pyramid. In proposition 3 it is found that the diameter of a circle having 232·520 + &c., for radius: (*is to*) the periphery of a square whose side length = 365·242 + &c., of the same units : : 1 : π , the grand and leading pyramid proposition. 4th. The pyramid *inches inside* the king's chamber are found to tally with *sacred cubits outside* the pyramid to the 1,000th part of unity, not only in giving a coincidence in numbers, but in assigning a good scientific reason for them, demonstrating that both inch and cubit alike were designed and used by the Architect of the Entire Structure. And finally, 5th, the absolute length of the sacred cubit of the great pyramid and Moses is deducible to the ten-thousandth of an inch from a direct measure of the king's chamber, on being simply computed according to the modern determination of the value of π and length of year, and comes out from the local measure of 412·545 British inches to be 25·0250 + &c., British inches of the present day.

The indications by measure and angle of the lower and primary chamber known as "The Queen's" are coming out more and more. Piazza Smyth had already shown that the axis of the grand niche in the eastern wall of the chamber is measured, from the centre, by just one sacred cubit in length, whose pyramidal division into 25 inches is symbolized by the chamber standing on the 25th corner of the whole structure; but since then Professor Hamilton L. Smith, of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, has succeeded in recognising still further scientific development, and has shown—1st, the typical representation of the latitude of the great pyramid; 2nd, the angles of the polar star of that day, as seen above the horizon at both upper and lower meridian transits; 3rd, that the height of the niche multiplied by π and result by the pyramid number 10 = height of great pyramid; or, $185 \times \pi \times 10 = 5812$ (it is to be noted that 5813 should come out, but the measures of that chamber are comparatively rough; hence fractional discrepancy may be looked for);

3rd, the height of north and south walls measured = 182.22 pyramid inches, and assumed 182.62, give (1) $\frac{182.62 \times 10}{2} = 9131 =$ length of pyramid's base-side in p. in.; (2) $182.62 \times 2 = 365.24 =$ solar days in solar tropical year; with many other readings given in detail in 2nd edition of "Our Inheritance," from which the foregoing are taken.

Mr. Waynman Dixon also has had the honour of making a discovery in this chamber which is mysteriously inexplicable, viz., the existence of two channels seemingly similar in design to the air channels of the king's chamber, but which were evidently *not* meant by the architect for ventilating purposes, because they were hermetically sealed up by the inner or chamber-lining stone, giving no indication of their existence, until broken into by cold chisel and hammer, when it was found that they reached some 7 feet into the wall horizontally, then rose N. and S. at an angle of 32°, and likewise that they were cut through the chamber-lining block in its entire thickness, save the thin tympanum which was left to conceal their existence on the inner surface. The question, then, is, as they were not meant for ventilating channels, what was their use? It strikes me that they were meant for acoustic purposes, as the slight covering slab would serve as the veritable tympanum of an ear that led—where?—possibly, probably, almost certainly, to another as yet undiscovered chamber—an idea supported by the fact mentioned by Mr. Dixon, that although the smoke of a fire lighted in the southern passage went away, its exit was not discoverable on the outside of the pyramid. And when we reflect that a slight tap, given on the stone tympanum by a small metallic or other hard substance, would be faithfully transmitted through the length of the channel to its exit—the conclusion seems reasonable that those passages had an acoustic use, and were *not* meant for ventilating purposes.

Again, the publication of "Philitis" resulted, *inter alia*, in numerous inquiries as to who Philitis was, &c., to endeavour to satisfy which I would here dilate somewhat on the subject. We find from Herodotus that Philitis was a Hyksos, or shepherd king, sojourning in Egypt in the reign of the fourth dynasty, King Cheops. Manetho translates the term "Hyksos" as meaning in the sacred language "Hyk," a king; "Sos," a shepherd; and goes on to describe those shepherd kings as invaders who subdued the Egyptians without a battle—by some mysterious power which they possessed—and proceeds to recount "that eventually they quitted Egypt by capitulation, with all their families and effects, and proceeded to Judea, numbering some 240,000 souls, where they built a city sufficient to contain this multitude, and called it Jerusalem" (*vide* "Corry's Fragments," p. 173). Now, taking Philitis as the leader of *that* exodus, and keeping dates in view,

we find that the then King of Jerusalem was a very peculiar person, a king without written ancestral pedigree, of whom no death-record was preserved—and who was high priest as well as king—he to whom Abraham paid tithes, the Melchizedek of Scripture; hence the inference approaches certainty, that Philitis and Melchizedek were the same person.

But, as this question is now being debated with zeal, it is as well to say, that although it be interesting in a high degree to find that Philitis and Melchizedek are synonymous, yet as far as the pyramid question is concerned, the matter has no vital importance, for this “Pentateuch of stone” stands self-asserting, without regard or support from the name of its architect, as a testimony to *our* time that, *whoever* the architect may have been who was so eminently inspired with a knowledge infinitely transcending that of his and succeeding generations of man, the work of that architect remains eloquent and immovable, the but partially solved problem of our age, a pole star of science research—a historic and prophetic record—a testimony to exact truths, accumulating by research—propounding a thesis which, like the visioned ladder of the Hebrew, though resting on the earth, reacheth to the heavens, on which divine truths, angel-like, may be seen to ascend and descend, even as in the dream of the sleeping Jacob.

R E V I E W.

OUR INHERITANCE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID. By Piazzi Smyth, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., Astronomer Royal for Scotland. New and Enlarged Edition, 526 pp., 17 plates. W. Isbister & Co., 56, Ludgate Hill, London. 1874.

IN this, the latest work of the Scottish Astronomer Royal, the author has marshalled the argument in favour of the great pyramid's claim to a scientific and ethic meaning and use, in as condensed a form as the nature of the question admits of; presenting in the volume before us a summing-up and application of the extensive and laborious details given in his great three-volume book ("Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," published by Edmonston and Douglas, of Edinburgh, in 1867, containing some 1,653 pages and 36 illustrative plates), together with the most recent structural discoveries, as well as the latest advances that have been made in mastering the more deeply seated teaching of this most primeval building's symbolism.

When, some fifteen years since, the late John Taylor published what seemed to be a speculative theory respecting the great pyramid, his book was looked upon generally as a literary curiosity rather than an exposition capable of withstanding scientific test; but amongst the readers who gave a serious consideration to his theory, there was one (the author of the volume under review) whom it impressed so strongly, that he took it up practically and found it possible to advance it from the position of an inchoative thesis to that of a demonstrated scientific fact which has now a world-wide reputation, and is daily compelling acceptance from qualified and unprejudiced thinkers and scientists in both Europe and America.

As might have been imagined, the appearance of "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid" caused a violent commotion amongst Egyptologists, hieroglyphists, and all those who held by the idea, that the Great Pyramid was but a larger copy of the lesser mausoleums which stretch along the western bank of the Nile; and hence a wasp-cloud of impulsive, incompetent, and irascible persons swarmed, with buzz and sting, around the devoted head of the man who had dared to examine the grounds of their views and beliefs. But the standard had passed into worthy hands, and, leading a cohort of stern and doughty followers, the new Pyramidists put to utter rout the legion of turbulent and positive autocratic asserters for a mere tombic destination of the great pyramid.

And just here it may not be amiss to consider for a moment the qualifications and character of the man with whom the demonstration of this unique pyramid's sacred and scientific character is especially connected. Qualified by his profession as astronomer for patient and rigorously exact observation, sustained and abstract thought, the duties of his daily life making him familiar not only with the mensuration of our little globe, but that of our sun system, and even that system around whose centre in the infinite depths of stellar space our sun circles as a planet, he brought to the test and consideration of the pyramid measures the trained and vigorous skill of a specialist; and accordingly, when, in 1865, he went to Egypt, accompanied by his heroic wife, and having spent four months at the pyramid (living in an empty tomb), working indefatigably at his mensurations, and perfecting the most thorough, exact, and exhaustive set of measurements ever applied to any building in any age, returned with a body of results which have withstood every attempt to question their accuracy. Then, as to the mental character of the man, his book would show that, while he is not one to lightly adopt a fanciful scientific theory, he is still not of that timid class to be sneered down, pooh-poohed, or dogmatically bullied out of his convictions. In style—terse, vigorous, and graphic—he conveys his ideas to the reader impressively, while pervading his conclusions there is a deeply devout spirit which adds solemnity to the work.

Receiving the Bible as the inspired Word of God, and consequently being a Christian by conviction, he differs from many of our present unhappy so-called philosophers, who seem to think it necessary to the character of a learned and advanced thinker (as the phrase is) to deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, and to deify a knowledge, of which it may be said that its highest reach is doubt, its ultimate results negative.

Having thus alluded to the man, let us now turn to the work done by him, and primarily, it must be reflected on, that no person, of however active an imagination, can have any approximately true idea of the labour and difficulties of the accomplished measurements from merely reading the account given. But only those who have seen and explored the pyramid—as the writer of these lines did in 1860—who have looked up at, and been awed by, that mountainous mass of nearly six million tons of great, hewn stones, looming up to a present height of four hundred and fifty feet—who have clambered up its perilous slope, and stood in solemn silence on its giddy apex, then have walked round its vast base of nearly fourteen acres, and next slid down its descending, and laboriously toiled up its ascending, passages, in a thick darkness, which the lamp but served to render visible, oppressed by the confined air, high temperature, and dust—only such, with an experience like the foregoing, can have any true idea of the labour expended in achieving measurements

such as those taken by Piazzi Smyth. A work more thorough and perfect than that performed by the *corps* of French Academicians in 1799–1800, supported by a Government Commission; while this one man, out of his own private means, with a dogged resolution, sustained by a power of physical endurance possessed by few, prosecuted the work to completion with an unswerving tenacity, which makes us pause to ask—What was the motive which could have impelled to this sacrifice of time, health, and money? And when we find that the motive was simply and solely the desire and resolve to verify a scientific truth, it is not too much to say that history records few instances of more heroic and honour-worthy zeal than that exhibited by the author of the volume under consideration.

And although “Life and Work at the Great Pyramid” evoked numerous illustrations of envy, hatred, malice, and much uncharitableness from vain, flippant, and unqualified writers, the author being scoffed at, traduced, worried, and all but *argued* with, by opponents who only succeeded in proving their egotistic inefficiency to apprehend the truth:—still, even as the pyramid itself stands, massive and immovable above the sand-drift of the desert, so now stands, solid and irrefutable, the scientific thesis of its character, uninfluenced by the clouds of wittings which the wind of vanity has strewn around its base.

But next, let us see what that thesis is, and consider the proofs advanced in its demonstration.

(1.) As to the structure itself. It is duly oriented, and stands the largest and highest stone building ever raised by the hands of man. Its proportions have a peculiar meaning in the higher mathematics, its height—when perfect—bearing the relation to twice its base-side length which the diameter bears to the circumference of a circle, and the area of its right section being to the area of its base as 1 to 3.14159, &c., or the mathematical function usually termed π .

(2.) In geographical position it stands on a meridian in which there is more earth and less sea than any other; which rule holds equally good as to its latitude (the parallel of 30° embracing more land-surface than any other): and occupies that point on the earth north and south, east and west, of which there is an equal distribution of terrestrial land-surface (see “Equal Surface Projection;” Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh, 1870).

(3.) A unit and standard of length measure are rigidly set forth by the Pyramid, the former an inch (to which the present British inch approximates by the $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part), the latter a cubic foot of 25 pyramid inches, = to the “sacred cubit” of the Hebrew nation, and differing from all other, or profane, cubits of ancient days.

(4.) The length of one side of its base, divided by such cubit, gives the number of the earth’s rotations, and fractional parts thereof, on its axis during the solar-tropical year.

(5.) The height of the pyramid, raised to the 10^9 , gives the sun-distance as = 91,840,000 miles, corresponding with 8·90 seconds of parallax.

(6.) Its four faces incline to the central axis at equal angles of $51^\circ 51' 14\cdot3''$.

(7.) The initial unit of measure (inch) is the 500,000,000th of the earth's polar axis, and the cubic consequently 10,000,000th (ten millionth) of the polar semi-axis.

(8.) The sum of the diagonals of base gives the number of years contained in equinoctial precession as = 25,827, a discovery hitherto attributed to the much later Hipparchus. Yet 2,000 years before the thought had been grasped by the Greek, the architect of the great pyramid had built in the fact on the diagonals of its base.

Passing now from the cited leading features of the pyramid—which some may say are merely interesting, remarkable, or curious, even if true, as illustrating the possession of a height and range of knowledge in a remote age superior to, and surprising when compared with, the scientific acquirements of the present—we pass to another and thoroughly practical standard, contained in the central chamber of the Pyramid—variously called “The Coffin,” “Sarcophagus,” “Empty Box,” “Lidless Stone Chest,” by Western writers—but designated more correctly and traditionally by Hekekyan Bey, C.E., of Constantinople, in a volume published in 1863, as “*The King's Stone*,” deposited by the Arions in the *Sanctuary of the first Pyramid*, as a RECORD of THEIR STANDARD METRIC MEASURE, from which passage the reader will observe that the Western *tombic* theory is completely ignored by Oriental tradition and belief, which holds the pyramid itself to be a religious monument, in whose *Sanctuary* is deposited a standard of *metric measure*.

The utterly futile force of the tombic theory as an *argument* affecting the record of the vessel in question will be considered further on; and we now pass to a brief consideration of its metric features, as demonstrated by Piazzi Smyth.

(1.) In this syenitic granite standard (in form, an oblong rectilinear hollow) the outside is equal to double the cubic contents of the inside, and its sides to double the contents of the bottom.

(2.) Its cubic contents are 71,250 cubic pyramid inches, being the exact capacity of the Mosaic Sacred Ark of the Covenant; and *four* times that of the present British “Quarter.” The complete scale from the “drop” or “minimum,” to the “coffer,” or “ton,” with its admirable commensurability, must be referred to by the reader in the original volume, being too extended to introduce into a notice like the present. The same may be said of the “Coffin's Weight,” “Earth Density,” and “Mean Temperature” record, as also of the metric features of the lower, or “Queen's” chamber, which are being slowly but remarkably translated in their wonderfully consonant details, notably by Professor Hamilton L. Smith,

Result of the Earth Observation

of Hobart College, New York, and Mr. James Simpson, of Edinburgh, whose paper, given (IV.) in the Appendices to the volume before us, is a luminous illustration of the richness in design of both this and the more important "King's" chamber, as well as the high qualifications of the translator.

A contribution to the July number of *Life from the Dead*, by Professor Smyth, renders superfluous a more technical disquisition on the exhaustive proofs abundantly supplied in support of the leading cosmic truths already alluded to. But a reference to the work under consideration is necessary for obtaining a full understanding of the teaching of the great pyramid architect, as far as it has been unveiled up to the present day. There are, however, features other than cosmic and physical exhibited in the pyramid of an unmistakably prophetic character, which raises this monument, or "Pillar of witness," into the plane of a prophetic revelation in stone, anterior to all written prophecy. But a revelation which, when built into this monument, would seem to have been meant for *our* generation, as it was sealed up until the fulness of the time had come when, and when only, the veil of fable and misbelief should, and could, be drawn aside—and its glorious testimonies, luminous and infallible, exhibited—to rebuke the vanity of a knowledge-worshipping age, by showing that, even in cosmic truth, the highest reach of the most advanced modern science has failed to grasp the everlasting truths plainly and potently expressed, built in and bound down immovably, before the beginning of human intellectual history, under a mountain, as it were, of stone, by the inspired architect of the great pyramid.

To those who believe in the divinely inspired character of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, it will be refreshing to know that here, in this pillar of witness, eight hundred years before Moses wrote the Pentateuch, did Philitis, or Melchizedek, record, not in written characters that might or could be defaced or mistranslated, but in metric characters, fixed and unchangeable as the earth's axis, the three notable dispensations of our race—viz., That from the dispersion at Babel to Moses, the Hebrew dispensation, and the Christian dispensation, foretelling to a year the date of the birth of the Messiah.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

IN a former paper some of the leading cosmic, metric, and ethical features of the great pyramid, as exhibited by its divinely-guided architect, have been set forth or alluded to; but to those who desire to be fully acquainted with the wonderful results of modern investigation, of the theory first propounded by the late John Taylor, a reference to the volume above noted is essential, in which the author not only gives an application and summing up of the matter of his first and greater work, but also

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incorporates the contributions which other writers have made to the subject since 1868, in which year the argument of the pyramid may be said to have first taken definite and tangible shape in "Life and Work," securing at once that attention of the thinking world which John Taylor's volume had failed to do, it containing, as it were, but the outlines of a theory, while Piazzi Smyth's work at once elaborated, filled in, and demonstrated the thesis.

That work called into the field the able assistance of William Petrie; St. John Vincent Day (see his magnificent work, "Plates and Notes relating to some Special Features in Structures called Pyramids." Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh, 1869); Rev. Joseph T. Goodsir; Captain Tracey, R.A.; James Simpson; W. Flinders Petrie; Henry Mitchell, U.S.; Rev. Alex. Mackay, LL.D.; Rev. F. R. Glover; Hamilton L. Smith, U.S.; the Abbe Moigno, Chanone de St. Denis, Paris; Waynman Dixon, C.E., and other qualified writers, whose confirmations and discoveries are given in the volume which is being commented on, of the fulness of which no better proof can be advanced than a quotation of its index, viz.:—(Chapter 1) Introductory Statement Touching the Great Pyramid. (2) Geometrical Proportions. (3) Standard of Length employed in Great Pyramid. (4) Figure of the Earth and Sun Distance. (5) Geographical Indications of the Great Pyramid. (6) Structural Isolation of the Great Pyramid amongst the Pyramids. (7) The Pyramid Coffin. (8) Why of that Size? (9) Density and Temperature. (10) Confirmations by the New School. (11) British Metrology Past and Present. (12) Pyramid Capacity Measure. (13) Pyramid Weight Measure. (14) Linear and Superficial Measure. (15) Heat and Pressure, Angle, Money, Time. (16) The Sacred Cubit of the Hebrews. (17) Time Measures in the Great Pyramid. (18) Moses and the Wisdom of the Egyptians. (19) Mechanical Data. (20) Sacred and Prophetic Time. (21) Hierologists and Chronologists. (22) The Shepherd Kings. (23) Superior Testimony. (24) Preparations for Universal Metrology. (25) General Summation, Secular and Sacred. (Appendix 1) Mr. Waynman Dixon's Casing Stone. (2) Dr. Grant's Crucial Pyramid Investigations. (3) Dr. Leider's supposed Pyramid. (4) Mr. James Simpson's further Pyramid Calculations. (5) Rude Stone Monuments *versus* the Great Pyramid. (6) Recent attempts to Shorten both the Great Pyramid's base-side and the profane cubit of Egypt.

The work proper of Piazzi Smyth has singularly shaped itself as to "parts" and "chapters" into the prevailing pyramid numbers, being composed of five parts and twenty-five chapters, thereby preserving the unities, as it were, even in the dissertation, and in this connexion it may be advanced that, as to the existence of other chambers in the pyramid than those already discovered, three more may perhaps be theoretically predicated as existing relatively in the

planes of the 75th, 100th, and 125th courses of the pyramid masonry; the primary, or queen's chamber, being on level of 25th course; the second, or king's chamber, on the 50th course; and, as *five* is one of the ruling numbers in the structure, it would seem but consonant with its features to look for three other chambers in its mass, rising possibly in richness of revelation as they do in vertical position.

Referring back to the concluding assertion in the former paper of this review, viz., "That the birth of the Messiah is foreshown by the pyramid measures." The details of the discovery of this the most important and astounding of the pyramid revelations (which it was the privilege of the writer to have led up to), and the demonstration of its accuracy, must be referred to in the original volume, where the history of the circumstances which led up to the discovery and interpretation of the Messianic sign (which for four thousand years had been visible, yet unseen) is fully given, as well as the copious tabulated demonstration of the hypothesis. Surely this is a fact most worthy the deepest attention of those men who hold themselves to be the lights of our age. For it is either true or false; if the former, it is infinitely more important than theories respecting "Force," "Atomic attraction," "Protoplasm development," &c., &c.; and if it be false, let it be refuted. It is not hedged about by philological or debatable ground of argument, but stands on, and by, line, angle, and measure, in its plea for acceptance; or, to use the words of the Rev. F. R. A. Glover, M.A., "pure science readable without bias by all mankind." And surely it is eminently worthy the most serious attention of Christian teachers who are zealous for testimony corroborative of Holy Writ, not mutilated fragmentary record-writing on pieces of pottery, but clear indubitable prophecy, spoken in a language understandable by men of every tongue.

Until within the last sixteen years the prevalent opinion amongst Western travellers who had visited the great pyramid was, that in common with the other structures resembling it rudely in form, it was merely the largest mausoleum in the line of pyramids, stretching along the valley of the Nile, an idea largely defensible from the fact that all the other and later pyramids were unquestionably meant and built for sepulchral purposes. But respecting the original great pyramid, it may be worth while to quote the traditional opinion of oriental writers on the subject, however much such opinion is marred by the element of redundant imagination.

Thus we find Abou Ma'sher Ja'per Ben Mohamed Balker, in 884, A.D., writing, "The wise men previous to the flood, foreseeing an impending judgment from Heaven which would destroy every created being, built upon the tops of the mountains and in Upper Egypt, many pyramids of stone, in order to have some refuge against the approaching calamity. Two of these buildings exceeded

the rest in height. Upon the exterior of the building every charm and wonder of physic was inscribed in the Mossannad character, and likewise this declaration, 'I have built them, and whoever considers himself powerful may try to destroy them: let him, however, reflect that to destroy is easier than to build.'" In this extract it will be seen that under the error of supposing an antediluvian origin, there lies the vital truth that the structure specially indicated *arose from a religious faith*, and fear in and of God.

Again, Masoudi, in 967, A.D., says "that one of the kings of Egypt, whose name we will abbreviate to Surid Beu Sal, before the flood built two great pyramids (the great and second in Jeezeh group); and in the eastern, or great pyramid, were inscribed the heavenly spheres, and figures representing the stars and planets in the form in which they were worshipped. The king also deposited the instruments and the thuribula with which his forefathers had sacrificed to the stars, and also their writings, likewise the positions of the stars and their circles, together with the history and chronicles of times past, of that which is to come, and every future event which would take place in Egypt." This writer, it will be seen, even although the tradition is overlaid with astrological belief, still shows that the *prophetic character* of the monument had passed down to his time as a matter of *traditional faith*.

It is unnecessary to multiply Eastern authority for the sacred and scientific character of the pyramid as opposing and superior to the Western belief in the tombic theory, which, however, naturally arose and was confirmed by the erroneous conclusion that the use and character of the primary pyramid might be truly predicated from the unquestionably tombic pyramids of a later date. But it strikes the writer that Professor Smyth, and other Pyramidists, have wasted much valuable time in replying to and confuting the tombic theory, as, in point of fact, as far as radical argument goes touching the features claimed for the building, it would make no difference whatever if a massive mural tablet had been found set in the masonry of the exterior, a lid found on the coffer, a mummy of Cheops in it, &c., &c., as the fact would still remain, that the mausoleum (if you will) and sarcophagus (if so insisted) were designed by an architect who embodied in their construction all the primary truths claimed and verified, while still leaving them suited to secondary and inferior uses, just as the Royal *Scytale* of the Spartan kings, while essential to translating a decree on which hung the fate of nations, might serve or be used for any secondary purpose, even if such was of a no more æsthetic nature than stirring the cauldron of black broth for the public breakfast.

Therefore, the real and only question is, Whether the great pyramid does or does not contain the metric features claimed for it? If it does, there remains no doubt that the architect who embodied the truths exhibited must have been superhumanly

inspired, as in the age in which he lived no such knowledge existed among men. If it does not contain those metric features, demonstrative refutation is within reach of line and rule, and the pyramid stands to be questioned of and reply for itself to all gainsayers. To those who reply, "We admit the measures, but we deny the conclusions drawn from them," the answer is—That if the measures (as in the instance of the base-side length giving the length of the solar tropical year) exhibited but one instance of pre-conceived design, it might be said that such coincidence was accidental; but when a concatenated chain of design is shown of the highest order of scientific knowledge, the denial of such design in the mind of the architect is of that class which refutes itself by the absurdity of its assertion.

In laying down the volume, any dispassionate reader who has paid due attention to the argument advanced must be impressed with the conviction that, in this our day and generation, no more important question or discovery has arisen or been made than the character and revelation of Sethic Monument, or Great Pyramid, in, but not of, Egypt.

CHARLES CASEY.

APPENDIX.

I HERE subjoin a letter from the Rev. F. R. A. Glover, M.A., now on his way to India, written to the Astronomer Royal of Edinburgh—not meant for publication—but which is interesting, even in its off-hand style, in showing the critical accuracy of the measurements made in the granite leaf, key to Pyramidic metrology, as well as the verification of the existence of the "Messianic lines" in the first descending passage, which were, in the summer of 1872, theoretically asserted by me to be absolutely essential to establishing the ethical character of the Pyramid. After some five weeks' close work on outside lines—face, aris, angles, base, diagonals, vertical lines, &c., tested by all and each of the true Pyramid numbers—I failed to find the sought-for mark, and reported my idea, and the failure to verify it, to Professor Smyth. With his characteristic courtesy, he looked into the merits of the thesis, and said—"You must search *within* the structure for this class of truth"—and furnished me with Mr. Menzie's theory, acting on which, as a pivot, I began to work afresh, and with hope, the result being a predication of the existence of the looked-for sign at a certain indicated point in the first descending passage. Having transmitted the opinion to Professor Smyth, I waited reply—the delay in receiving which led me to suppose that he had set the matter aside and forgotten it. But no; instead of this, I found he had tracked up to apparently the very required sign in his already published book. It being but verbally described there, and not instrumentally measured, he sent to Cairo for solution, without saying what was intended to be connected with any numerical results that might come out. Then came the astounding reply, giving the undeniable figures testified to by Dr. Grant, of Cairo, as well as Mr. Waynman Dixon, as now again by the Rev. Mr. Glover—That the thin fine line, evidently the work of a master hand, on either side of the passage, and the existence of which had escaped the observation in any way of all and every writer on the Pyramid, until noticed by Piazzi Smyth in 1864, gave the very date, 2,170, within a small fraction of an inch. The irrefutable and exhaustive demonstration by which Professor Smyth established the discovery of coincidence is to be found in pages 395 to 401 in second edition of his work, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," where it stands solid and immovable as the Pyramid itself, of whose manifold revealed truths it is the chiefest.

“CAIRO, 12th November, 1874.

“Your letters reached me here four days after my arrival. I have been somewhat unwell, the result of a forty-mile drive to the Holy City from Jaffa, which occupied from sundown to sunrise. The journey was performed in a so-called *spring* waggon—a hideous illusion—for the road, though well laid out, seems to have been left in the most complete state of artificial unusableness as regards any approach to comfort, combined with which, the uneatable food, the riding all sorts of horses at all sorts of paces, and finishing with the same distance back again to Jaffa, on a galloping horse that wouldn't canter, and couldn't trot—and then unstable winds, adversely helped by sea-swell between Jaffa and Alexandria—produced an uneasy and long-abiding qualmishness, which obliged me to seek the assistance of Dr. Grant on my arrival here. I feel, however, so far recovered as to visit the Great Pyramid. . . . (Later)—I have been to that vast structure in company with a party consisting, among others, of a young Mr. Steele, ship-owner, of Liverpool, who is making a tour round the world, a young Mr. Beecher, cousin of Sir Wrixon Beecher, of the county of Cork, Ireland, and a Mr. Grafton, merchant, of Alexandria. I must now bear testimony, resulting from experiment, by saying that I find the cast of the boss to be most fairly confirmatory of the *entire* of the sacred cubit and its divisions, giving, as it unequivocally does, the inch elevation and the five-inch span, with an inch base for the side slope, and, I think, $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch base for the upper slope. All this came out most clearly when the model was submitted to test under my small instrument, for it happens that the circular disc which carries the graduations of degrees is *just one inch* in radius; so, that, when the sector is opened, and its inner edge laid along the horse-shoe span, the (then) lower edge of the disc just all but impinges on the bottom edge of the slope; and, as the whole width is seven inches at bottom, taking off the inch base at either side, leaves the exact five inches plane on the top, and with whatever irregularity of level—if any there be—as regards the alignment of the lower line of the boss. On the boss itself there is no indication whatever of any irregularity of shape. I am, therefore, led to conclude that speculations on such assumed irregularity are simply speculations on supposed existences, having no foundation in fact.

“I have been asked more than once, ‘Why are we to place more reliance on Professor Smyth's account than on any one else's?’ or ‘Why should we reject every body else's measures, and receive his as correct?’—to which queries I have replied by citing the case of some half-dozen authorities asserting that the walls of the ‘King's Chamber’ consisted of *six* layers, and others asserting the walls to be composed of vertical columns instead of horizontal layers. So when our party reached the King's Chamber I was there able

to demonstrate to them the superior value of one good and true witness, compared with a multitude of incompetent narrators, and thus establish your claim to reception as the most correct and laborious of Pyramid measurers, whose account and figures remain unshaken, rejected only by those who have not tested them, or that class of modern, superficial visitors, who merely wish to have it to say that they have 'done' the Pyramids—who, going into the Pyramid to see nothing, are most successful; and then, having seen nothing, and feeling their unqualified incapacity to grasp the subject, declare oracularly that 'It is all bosh!' and, even worse than that, repeat flippantly the shallow mistakes of others, by which, among congenial minds, they become lions of great eminence, but very, very low degree.

"In the lecture which I gave at Jerusalem—the Bishop presiding—I had the satisfaction of illustrating the absolute accuracy of your adopted measure of the base-side length of the Pyramid—which had been questioned by Mr. Buldock, M.P.—I trust to the conviction of that gentleman, as well as the Bishop and a most attentive audience. And at the Pyramid, one of our party having quoted the opinion expressed at Winchester by Sir Nelson Pycroft, 'that the story about the *Messianic lines* was all bosh!' I took care to let the party have ocular demonstration of their existence, and thus see the folly of the assertion expressed by the Honourable Baronet, in declaring that 'the lines *were not there, whatever Professor Smyth or any body else had said.*' When I had shown the young gentleman above named that the *lines were there*, I said to them, 'Now you see that however difficult it may be to distinguish them, by superficial observers, the *lines are there*, and I shall ask you to confess now and at all other times *that you have seen them.*' To this they gladly consented; and so this story and this verification of the *reality of the lines* will be repeated as often as I shall be called upon to speak of the matter, if only '*pour encourager les autres,*' such as the Honourable Baronet, '*et hoc genus omne.*'

"But oh! what a wreck within, no less than without, is that great and glorious pile of merciful interpretation, designed to bring home to the mind and conception of man the presence of *special Providence* in his behalf of the great here-manifested Almighty!

"What Jerusalem and its surroundings exhibit ('The Glory of the Earth' become desolation, devastation, defilement) obtains equally at this 'holy mount,' once all-glorious *within*, without spot or blemish on its radiant golden-sunned surface, but now a ruin, almost a wreck—existing apparently but to be subject to the insult of being supposed to be an erection meant to glorify the contemptible idolatries of a king and people who could find the god of their worship in four-footed beasts, reptiles and vermin. Let us suppose that the time shall come when its glory shall be vindicated by restoration. For if the Holy City is to be restored, shall not

the mount, if *it* was the mount?—and if not this—to which was Moses referred for pattern and reality of number, weight, and measure—what? For is not the Pyramid essentially and eminently the teacher of measure, weight, and number?—the emblem, in its perfections, of the truth and equity of the Godhead. Will it, then, be permitted that the monument erected to exhibit and declare the attributes of God to the universe shall be left to dwindle, by wasting influence of the elements, into nonentity? Is that monument which bears God's *mark* on the earth, mechanically set up and brought to our perception by irrefragable proof, to be allowed to disappear? No, my good man, don't believe it; you and I may not live to see its restoration; but what if we did? Yet it is no more impossible to restore than it was to build it—undoubtedly a great deal less so. It wants but the will—money follows—and all the Lord's people will be *willing* in the day of His power, when once again shall be raised the words—'Grace, grace unto it!' 'Grace to that which was begun, set up, and finished, before *Abraham was*, to the glory of the Eternal,' as I Am's self had said; and shall we to whom grace has been vouchsafed as chosen to bear witness of the great work, shall we think that 'the Galilean' has spoken in vain? Verily not.

"Concerning the interior devastation of the grand thing, I must say that now, having seen its apparently almost irrecoverable condition, I am impressed with a great admiration of those who laboured, almost against possibility in measuring, in such a hopeless place of work, and yet who so wonderfully succeeded in producing that fair and intelligible representation of the ruin exhibited by the measurements and drawings of C. Piazzini Smyth, aided by his incomparable wife.

"Never mind, then, good people. Let the Devil's agents howl their curses along with their master! 'The Lord will have them in derision.' That little line, true to .7 of an inch, will laugh them to scorn—that thing, which has length *without* breadth or thickness, is, as it were, the rod of iron of the great Shepherd King, that will break in pieces all that oppose. Nor is the time distant, for doubtless the day of redemption draweth nigh!

"And, indeed, the Pyramid itself, by the rapidity of its decay, seems to require or indicate that the time should not be long. The ante-chamber is being more and more wrecked, and the white stone of the floor fast disappearing. Dr. Grant tells me that Mr. Wayman Dixon has taken the distance from socket to socket by the theodolite, and worked it out by trigonometry; but as, I regret to learn, he will not return here for three months, his figures are not accessible. I must confess to being anxious to realise the measure of 761.68 feet myself; and, having with me the makings of a 50-foot brass measuring rod, whose length will greatly reduce the difficulty—or, at least, shorten the process—I shall try and per-

suade Dr. Grant to go out with me on Monday next, and test the measure.

“Your observations on the present state of the so-called Christian mind are terrifically *true*, and a letter received from Germany records, I regret to say, the same opinion in just so many words—too confirmatory, alas! of the need of that being done which I have been proposing for India.”

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.

The readings of this chamber are alluded to by Professor Piazzzi Smyth thus—in his contribution to No. 11 of Mr. Hines' serial, *Life from the Dead*,—“Deep in the almost solid interior of the Great Pyramid, in its white-stoned, seven-sided chamber, called in modern times ‘The Queen's Chamber,’ there is a metrical reference, not only to a cycle of seven days, but to six ordinary days succeeded by a seventh of more elevated character; making altogether a sufficiently recognizable symbol of the true Biblical week, a period of time peculiar in construction to the earliest Divine command to men contained in the Scriptures; and which was in its origin equally binding on all mankind, though in subsequent ages made more especially obligatory on the Hebrew people alone;” and in “Our Inheritance,” page 360, *et seq.*, the following features are given:—

- (1.) The central axis of niche in east wall is removed one sacred cubit's length southward.
- (2.) The top of niche is one similar cubit broad.
- (3.) The height of niche multiplied by π , and that by pyramid number 10 = the height of the Great Pyramid; or $185 \cdot \pi \times 10 = 5,812$.
- (4.) The height of niche, less height of its inner species of long shelf, equals half of base-side length of pyramid, or $185 = 39 \cdot 6 \times 10 \pi = 4,568$ inches.
- (5.) The height of the north and south walls measured = 182·22 pyramid inches \times 1 inch, and assumed 182·62, give
 - (¹) $\frac{182 \cdot 62 \times 10}{2} = 9,131 =$ length of pyramid's base-side
in p. inches.
 - (²) $182 \cdot 62 \times 2 = 365 \cdot 24 =$ solar days in tropical year.
- (6.) The breadth of Queen's Chamber measured = 205·6, assumed 205·0, gives $182 \cdot 62 : 205 : : 205 : 230 \cdot 1 =$ height of King's Chamber from floor to ceiling.

- (7.) The square root of 10 times the height of north or south walls, divided by height of niche = π ; or

$$\pi = \sqrt{\frac{182.62 \times 10}{185}}$$

Professor Smyth accredits the discovery of theorems 3 to 7 to Professor Hamilton Smith (of Hobart College, Geneva, New York), who sums up his study of that room in the two following propositions:—

1st. Either there is proof in that chamber of supranatural inspiration granted to the architect; or

2nd. That primeval official possessed, without inspiration, in an age of absolute scientific ignorance, 4,000 years ago, scientific knowledge equal to, if not surpassing, that of the present highly developed state of science in the modern world.

It remains for those who deny the claims put forward on behalf of the use and meaning of the Great Pyramid, to choose either horn of the dilemma, or else disprove the mathematical results on which the propositions are founded.

From a number of suggestions which have been forwarded to me, I subjoin that of a venerable Christian lady as being worthy of consideration:—

“**SHEM—PHILITIS—MELCHIZEDEK.**—In Patriarchal times the Head of the House was Priest of the Family, as we see Abraham was to his Tribe, hence, Shem, the father of the race in which Abraham was born, was High Priest (for them) to the Most High God. He lived for some thirty-four years after the death of Abraham (taking the marginal chronology of the Bible as record), and being Head, and Priest, must have been the Melchizedek to whom his son Abraham gave the tithes of all for God's service, and who administered to Abraham the sacramental bread and wine.

“Can we, then, wonder that the builder of the Great Pyramid, Philitis, was acquainted with the scientific facts embodied in the structure? as being inspired by the Most High God at the time of its erection.

“The days of Shem's Priesthood did not begin at the 20th or end at the 50th year, as did those of Aaron and his sons, his Priesthood continuing nearly half a century after the death of Abraham.

“C. L.

“Sept., 1875.”

I had thought of excluding from present edition the following Metrical Disquisition—being urged to do so by the Bookseller's argument, that “Poetry is at a discount in the present age.” But on mooted the question amongst a large circle of readers, I find that the great majority of opinion is in favour of its being retained.

Those, however, who desire to read exclusively of the Great Pyramid can pass to Octave 182 and end at Octave 210.

UNITS AND STANDARDS

OF THE

GREAT PYRAMID SYSTEM OF METROLOGY.

(1.)—LINEAR MEASURE.

The sacred cubit of both Noah, the Great Pyramid, Moses and Solomon	{ = {	Length of Earth's semi-axis of rotation divided by 10. ⁷
"	"	= 25· Pyramid inches.
"	"	= 25·025 British Imperial inches.
"	"	= 23·481 Old French inches.

Application to SQUARE MEASURE.

A square of 100 sacred cubits in the side	=	One Pyramid acre
"	"	= 0·999 of the British Imperial acre.
"	"	= 0·957 of the old French "arpent commun."

(2.)—WEIGHT AND CAPACITY MEASURE.

One Pyramid pound weight	=	Weight of 5 cubic Pyramid inches of Earth's Mean density.
"	"	= 1·028 of the British pound avoirdupois.
"	"	= 1·050 of the old French pound, "or poids de marc."
One Pyramid pint measure	= {	One Pyramid pound, or 5 × 5·7 cubic Pyra- mid inches, of water, at temperature 50° Pyramid (68° Fah.) and barometrical pressure = 30' inches pyramid.
"	"	= 0·987 of the old British wine pint.
"	"	= 0·836 of the old French "chopine."

(3.)—TEMPERATURE MEASURE.

Freezing of water	=	0° Pyramid scale of temperature.
½ from freezing to boiling	=	50° Pyramid (68° Fah. 20° Cent).
"	"	= Mean temperature of all inhabited lands.
"	"	= Most suitable temperature for the health of man.
"	"	= General reference temperature for all Metrology.

(4.)—ANGULAR MEASURE.

The whole circle	=	1000° Pyramid.
Prime Meridian for Longitude reckoning by all nations	} =	The Meridian of the Great Pyramid.

(5.)—TIME MEASURE.

Era for present reckoning begins with the Birth of Christ, in solar years.
 Shortest day period = The Biblical week, of six working days, followed by a day of
 rest devoted to nobler thoughts.
 Date of the memorialization of this system in stone = 2170 B.C.
 Chronological dial, the Precessional circle of the Pole of rotation in the sky, whose
 whole cycle = 25·827 years.

C. P. S.

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, EDINBURGH,
5th October, 1872.

PREFACE.



I.

I know that prose, in this our generation,
Has preference to verse in public taste:
The lighter minds seek novels of sensation,
While thinkers Carlyle's canon have embraced,
And robust readers find their recreation
In pages where the trembling poet's chased
Through septic serials—where the critic throng,
With sleuth-hound ire, pursue the sons of song!

II.

An age where the "Material" holds the sway,
And Cash hath talismanic power to rule—
When sentiment or song (*except they pay*)
Are voted as the vesture of a fool;
Imagination (or "bosh" I should say)
Is but for misses in their teens at school;
And even the charming grace of conversation
Is a lost art, not worth the preservation.

III.

What may be called a sensuous, selfish greed
The age now worships with sublime devotion;
While Fashion preacheth non-Horatian creed—
Nil admirari, crushing all emotion;
And Nature, giving Folly's mandate heed,
Its streams of habit flow into an ocean
Of soulless, temporal selfishness, which rolls
Its brazen billows o'er Material souls.

IV.

In composition, hence, 'tis held a crime
 To write in measured and harmonious verse;
 Reason is said to be divorced from rhyme,
 And Fancy's play that metric bonds coerce;
 That all in thought of beautiful, sublime—
 Wit, humour, pathos, tenuous or terse—
 Can have in prose their only true expression,
 Which is not wholly true, 'tis my impression.

V.

The poet's office, privilege, and duty,
 Is to idealise truth, nature, feeling—
 To lend to thought and nature hues of beauty,
 Ever before Truth's altar humbly kneeling;
 From meditation strife still winning booty,
 To grace his triumph, when his soul revealing
 In conquering verse, he hears his work and name
 Applauded from the capitol of Fame.

VI.

To win such triumph is the meed of few,
 And though the Forum with their lyres resound,
 The poets dread the critic's lictor crew
 Who with their fasces smite remorseless round;
 Yet some, from desperation, courage drew,
 And with their toga girt their loins around,
 Have shown how well they could their foes belay,
 And fought like "Schwartzwald" boars when brought
 to bay.

VII.

In point of fact, the poet's works require
 The highest genius, and profoundest thought,
 Sound Reason's force, Imagination's fire,
 An eye and heart by which each shade is caught
 Of nature, feeling, fancy, and desire—
 With skill by which a web of words is wrought
 Of Persian richness, or of drugget plain,
 To suit the subject of the muse's strain.

VIII.

'Tis his to see the inner life of things,
 To give a voice to nature, and to throw
 A light upon the heart's most hidden springs,
 Imparting thoughts which in his bosom glow.
 This done, he stands among earth's mental kings,
 To whom allegiance all men own and owe,
 His sceptre potent, and his glorious crown
 Ablaze with gems of justly-won renown.

IX.

And now I purpose, in the form of verse,
 To give a varied—we'll say—Disquisition,
 On men and things, and partially rehearse
 The scenes of travel, with no special mission.
 And if, at times, I men or things asperse
 With censure, 'tis not from a disposition
 To cavil blindly, but to give impression
 Of judgment in its full and free expression.

X.

I choose the measure "Berni," "Pulci" used—
 Th' *Ottava Rhima* which, in English tongue,
 Byron with such a vigorous life infused,
 When he in it his latest epic sung!
 And let me hold myself a space excused
 For a descant on that fierce satire, flung
 From fever'd brain, with such a vast profusion
 Of light and shade, of order and confusion.

D

Byron's Works.

1

An angel once, sojourning from the skies,
Forgot his harp when heavenward taking wing;
A demon, passing, found th' ethereal prize,
And with foul breathings muffled every string:
Then, meeting Byron, with a glad surprise,
Gave him the lyre, and hailed him as its king;
And this is why its most seraphic tone
Is blent with faithless scoff or hopeless moan.

2

No doubt that Byron wrote of men and things,
Of women, love, the world much as he found it—
Or rather, as he sought, as best of springs
Is often muddied by the banks that bound it.
Had better teaching trained his muse's wings,
And holier influence his sad soul surrounded,
He would have soaring sang, and singing soared
To heaven's bright portal—lived admired, adored.

3

But now we read and wonder, pity, blame,
Condemn the sin'ster genius which descended
From "Harold's" height to seek ignoble fame
In theme which reckless scoffed at all that tended
To elevate the soul, whose heavenly flame
Its teachings quench, by doubt and satire blended.
But graceful glide, fell fang, or glittering scales,
Should not protect the serpent which assails.

4

And, therefore, nathless beauty, grace, skin, eye,
 We place our heel upon the subtle head,
 When he would bar our path—'twere base to fly;
 And, though it looks like warfare with the dead
 To strike him now—not so; with justice I
 Hold him to compt—*he lives while he is read!*
 So his abettors may not seek to plead—
 “*De mortuis nil,*” *et cetera*, in his need.

5

Had his most noted satire been confined
 Within due bounds, then, as an illustration
 Of prurient lewdness in a gifted mind,
 'Twere bad enough, yet might have palliation;
 But when with wit profanity's combined,
 And when he scoffs at truths of revelation,
 He must be looked on as a man whom truth
 And virtue fled from in his early youth,

6

And never more returned; they seldom do
 When driven forth by pride and passion's power;
 Those rebel forces which relentless slew
 Conscience, and reigned in riot from that hour.
 His turbid soul no peaceful pleasures knew,
 And paints itself in “Juan” and the “Giaour,”
 Whose genius, like wasp-hiding rose, oft brings us
 To stoop and smell, when—out it flies and stings us.

7

He had a vision'd soul, a subtle wit,
 Expressed the noblest thought in matchless phrase,
 Which leaves less charity for what he writ
 Of vicious, impious, or degrading traits—
 None who dared check but felt how hard he hit;
 And if his spirit now could on this seize,
 I feel assured he would on it descant
 As ribald rhymer's rhapsodising rant.

8

His was a soured, a sated spirit, which
 Saw all things *human* with a jaundiced eye.
Nature, he loved and worshipped: rare and rich
 His gifts heaped on her shrine. At such times, high
 As condor's flight his spirit soared; the pitch
 Of his rare song was lark-like then—and why
 He saw in *man* the one foul blot on earth
 Arose from blemished body—pride of birth.

A jealous genius and a brooding heart,
 Tremulous as woman's to the breath of praise,
 That, souring, shrank at censure; with no part
 Of Cato's nature to sustain or raise
 His soul above the critic's caustic smart;
 His vanity once wounded, not whole seas
 Of after-praise could quench his vengeful thirst,
 Which, parching, madden'd, and as "best is worst"

When it has been corrupted, so he threw
 A baleful, blighting light on all things human.
 He scoffed at feelings which he never knew:
 Doubted the love, the purity of woman;
 Believed not Friendship; thought e'en Truth not true;
 Wasted his sympathies on Greek and Roman.
 Mark ye the contrast—as 'twixt bad and good—
 Between George Byron and poor genial Hood!

The gifted, genial, generous Thomas Hood,
 Whose sympathetic genius stirs the heart;
 Who that has read his "Bridge of Sighs," and stood
 At midnight there, but felt the poet's art
 Had sanctified that dark and turbid flood,
 Evoking feelings which made big tears start
 In holy sadness, strengthening his humanity
 For deeds compared with which all else is vanity.

For Christian-loving, charitable deeds,
 For raising up the down-trod and forlorn,
 Guiding the hand that th' impoverished feeds,
 Drying the wearied eyes of those that mourn,
 Culling from out fallen souls sin's baleful weeds,
 Soothing the hearts by racking conscience torn—
 Hood, like the *banian*, food and shelter yields,
 But *upas* poison Byron's influence wields.

Our kennelled passions need no carrion food
 To stimulate their leashed and muzzled rage,
 That hungers, as a ravening vulturous brood,
 For instinct's licence. Moralists and sage
 Have ever aimed to furnish such a food
 As may their keen voracity assuage;
 But Byron, with the skill of genius trained,
 Excites their rage to licence unrestrained.

Nathless, this proud, fierce-passioned, reckless man
 In painting Nature stands without a peer.
 He wrote from seething impulse, without plan—
 His pictures glowing, perfect, bold, and clear.
 With quill in hand he never paused to “scan
 His burning thoughts, checked but by tuneful ear;
 His genius, like the tiger, should it bungle
 In the first spring, slunk, growling, to its jungle.”

These are *his* words—not *mine*—both true and graphic;
 But, then, we find he seldom missed his spring;
 And when he flung off reams of verse seraphic,
 Words came, as serfs at edict of a king,
 To bear the treasures of his mental traffic—
 The argosy which did to Murray bring
 Gems from all mines of old or modern thought,
 In settings rare, by inborn genius wrought.

Ravenna's woods—the Adriatic shore—
 The Bernese Alps and blue Italian lakes—
 The bounding ship—the storm-roused ocean's roar—
 The midnight sky, when rumbling thunder breaks
 And lurid lightnings flash—dark legendary lore—
 The dream of passion which the Poet makes—
 Produced in him that which he called his “*estro*,”
 Th' extreme intenseness of a great maestro.

From highest note in alto, down the scale,
 Through tenor, baritone; to double bass
 Of Passion's octave does that skill prevail,
 Without of effort even a seeming trace.
 Love's susurrating chords—sad Sorrow's wail—
 Melodious fugue, whose compass doth embrace
 Thought's utmost range, from Fancy's lightest air
 To the hoarse tones of Vengeance or Despair.

But here there rises up a little cloud,
 Not bigger than a woman's hand, which throws
 Such shadow on this censure, that I've vow'd
 To dissipate that inky blotch of Stowe's
 Which smirched the fair fame of a people proud,
 And justly, of their women. The cheek glows
 With blush of shame for that aged shrieking sister—
 No wonder that the nations “groaned” and “hissed” her.

The ghoulish instinct which inspired Stowe
 To drag a leprous scandal from its tomb,
 And with a reckless hand its seed to sow
 Broadcast o'er earth—and desecrate the tomb
 Of silence—shows a prurience, shameless, low,
 As sordid mind, sunk in suspicious gloom,
 Has ever reached—whose "Story," even if shown
 As true, the world had better not have known.

But *false* as I believe the defamation,
 I find no terms of strength to give expression
 To the deserved degree of condemnation.
 A jealous wife's suspicion-crazed confession
 Artistically coloured in relation
 By Puritanic cant to make impression
 For an erotic record—which would blister
 True woman's tongue—can her sex call her sister?

Had Stowe come out with her disgusting "Story,"
 As being to kindred minds a skilful pander,
 A hit for cash—or Yankee yahoo glory,
 Why—while despising, we could understand her.
 But no—she masquerades as moral tory,
 To give a deeper venom to the slander—
 A dead wife's memory as a plea thus giving
 For her atrocious torture of the living.

Alike forgetful of her sex and nation,
 This meddling woman—old and yet not wise—
 Most justly wrecked a wide-spread reputation
 (For "Uncle Tom's" admirers now despise)
 When, "lionised" by English rank and station,
 Her vulgar impulse clutched the scandal prize,
 Which might, with skill, to dollars be transmuted
 By Lady Byron's craze being framed and bruited.

But Nemesis is just! the ruthless scribe,
 Who to pale lips the poisoned chalice pressed,
 Now cowers beneath the world's well-earned jibe
 And feels—if heart beats in that callous breast—
 The pangs, which words are feeble to describe,
 Which she inflicted with remorseless zest.
 Perhaps her dæmon may inspire this preacher
 To write ('twould pay) a "Tilton" view of Beecher.

Oh! but to think how Byron's gray goose-quill
 Would, dipped in caustic, have this parrot spitted—
His eagle grip—her screaming, wild and shrill,
 As she was piecemeal torn before he quitted
 His lethal clutch—but the dead lion still
 Is rudely hooped by donkeys, when permitted
 To show their courage and triumphant bray,
 For lion's die—and asses have their day.

“After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,”
 And those he loved and hated share his sleep.
 Gone to his compt, let pitying sorrow dwell
 On all his faults, and charity still keep
 Her vigil in our hearts, when vagrants tell
 The faults of his wild nature, and would heap
 On him who “Hebrew Melodies” has carolled
 Imputed crime—The writer of “Childe Harold.”

His *printed* works alone for judgment stand,
 And on *them* I have passed a free opinion.
They live, but he is dead; let no base hand
 Unseal his tomb, or trench on the dominion
 Of Him before whom all the earth shall stand,
 While mercy's angels float on pois'd pinion
 To bear to trembling myriads the award
 Of pardon from their Father, Judge, and Lord.

Enough of Byron: let us change the theme;
 Discursive play is wise, when work permits,
 And trust the reader may not “rashness” deem
 A critique on the polished Prince of Wits—
 A wit not always wise, as it will seem
 When we dissect one of his happiest hits;
 And as he spared not when he played the critic,
 Let us be pungent when we're analytic.

“A little learning is a dangerous thing”
 (With caustic terseness writes the pedant Pope),
 “Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,”
 Expresses well the couplet's jealous scope;
 False as familiar is the metal's ring,
 A polished, pointed, petty, leaden trope;
 'Twere strange if true—but it *is* true, though stranger,
 That in much learning there is greater danger!

A little light, or air, or food, or money,
 With equal truth might "dangerous" be called—
 To say that *none* were *better* seems quite funny.
 Conclusion witless, weak-hammed, blear-eyed, bald;
 Samson's dead lion—but no comb of honey.
 Pope's courtier heel by peasant's toe was galled—
 Hence jealous pride and pedant fear are noted
 In the splenetic sneer which I have quoted.

'Tis true, a little learning has a danger.
 But 'tis for those who hold the creed of Pope,
 As very little helps th' unlearned stranger
 To see the weakness of his churlish trope,
 And drive such snarling curs from wisdom's manger,
 Breaking to fibres caste's excluding rope—
 Thus founding firmly in the world's college
 The honoured chair of democratic knowledge.

A little food is better far than none,
 A little cash than coin-forsaken purse,
 A little air when more cannot be won,
 A little light—save when weak eyes we nurse;
 A little learning, too, much good has done,
 While *none* has ever proved a baneful curse—
 Hence, when Pope's couplet by a man is used,
 It may be as a pedant's quirk excused.

Knowledge is to the mind what air and light
 Are to corporeal growth, and health and strength—
 Its absence causes withered mental blight,
 And, as with money, a great knowledge-wealth
 Is prone to enervate, and cause the slight
 Of truths that seek for credence but by stealth.
 And wisdom's essence is in brief expressed,
 As in all else—"The middle way is best."

Therefore, if you cannot drink long and deep
 Of the Pierian spring, why, taste or sip;
 If you can't run or walk, why, limp or creep—
 But thirst not vainly with a longing lip;
 If but by inches, still breast up the steep,
 Nor pause for partial stumble, fall, or slip;
 And you will find, when you your place have won,
 A little learning better far than none.

Pope adds—"Slight draughts intoxicate the brain,"
 And here (if we his figure fairly use),
 That drinking deep will sober it again,
 Is a conclusion reason must refuse—
 "Delirium tremens" rather should obtain;
 Nor will the "poet's licence" here excuse
 A statement full of turgid thoughts, confusion—
 False as to fact, in figure, and conclusion.

Go to your schools, your workshops, and your marts,
 Find there your proofs of learned intoxication;
 Pass through the halls of all the minor arts,
 And see how slight your search approximation
 Is to the sweeping dogma—both its parts
 Being contradicted by investigation;
 Then cite one Theban Bacchus—one deep drinker,
 To match our scanty-learned immortal tinker.*

Did sweet Will Shakespeare drink, or deep, or long,
 From gelid waters of Pierian spring?—
 Yet tower his thoughts as Andes, o'er the throng
 Of pigmy Pope, and pedants, who would cling
 To their Parnassian crags, and pipe their song,
 In chattering, quirky notes, as small birds sing,
 Of "little learning's danger" to the thinker—
 Oh! that *our age* had one such shallow drinker!

Did Robert Burns take deep Pierian draught?—
 And yet while language lasts his works shall live;
 From mother Nature's bounteous cup he quaffed;
 And full and freely we his faults forgive.
 'Gainst his strong breast how Pope's small, rush-like shaf
 Is shivered—and how few men *now* believe
 The draper's son of Plough-court can compare
 With the inspired Ploughman of "Auld Ayr."

Tell me—"What's a' the learnin' o' your schools?"
 (Thus asks the conscious, common sense of Burns.)
 What are "your Latin names for horns and stools?"
 (How kicked as footballs, such spent aids *he* spurns!)
 Then cries—"If honest Nature made you fools,
 What serves your grammars?"—and then proudly turns,
 With a contempt whose bold tone never stammers—
 "Ye'd better ta'en up shoos or knappin' hammers!"

* Bunyan.

Did Greece her eminence in letters owe
 To her sons' study of a foreign tongue?
 Not so—as well all classic scholars know
 To her own thought and language close she clung;
 Through Art, Philosophy, and Letters flow
 Ideas purely Greek, carved, spoken, sung;
 Hence Athens was the world of thought's Metropolis—
 Not Susa, Babylon, or Heliopolis.

Thus Shakespeare, Bunyan, Burns, without aid
 Of foreign thought, or style, have left behind
 Works that will shine, when Pope's best efforts fade,
 Enwoven in the universal mind.
 Nor Greeks nor Latins they; their marks they made
 On Time by native thought and tongue combined—
 Their "little learning" was no "dangerous thing,"
 As little Pope in little strains would sing.

Yet do I not the classic wings decry
 When used by those who do not idolise.
 But Genius needs not pinions such to fly,
 Though Talent oft must use their aid to rise,
 As stilts, they make a little man look high;
 But stalwart Anaks all such helps despise.
 The difference 'twixt such you will mostly find
 Is memory's power, compared with power of mind.

In this discussion it will have been seen
 That "classic learning" as Pope's thought, assumed,
 Which creed pedantic, since his age has been
 To this our time, as orthodox presumed.
 Great men have held it. But this age, I ween,
 Will see the true old Grecian faith resumed,
 Of works immortal, but conceived and wrought
 By Nations in their native tongue and thought.

The lesson I would strongly here impress
 Is this—that men, and nations too, should *think*,
Observe and *think*, and then their thoughts express
 In their own mother speech—not merely drink
 Of tongues long dead. Should follow, worship less
 The dusty past—should shape and forge the link
 Which their own age is—in time's mental chain
 Should work their own, and not a dead man's brain.

Should draw their inspiration from within;
 Be archtype men, not mere imitators;
 Their thoughts will thus be redolent of kin,
 Of kith, their age—not copyists, but creators.
 And then whatever place their work may win
 In the opinion of their commentators,
 It will, at least, be free from the objection
 That it is merely other minds' reflection.

Of course there are, there will be types of mind,
 Which, like the tendril, grow but where they cling;
 Light as the cloud, they float with every wind—
 Mere fluttering thinkers, whose weak, feeble wing
 Have but a wren-like power—the Hindu kind,
 Who, in degrading worship, their minds fling
 Beneath the wheels of some huge idol's car—
 Their shield of genius crossed by sinister bar.

But be *thou* self-reliant—*think*—nor heed
 If thy first progress should be small or slow—
 Strength comes by use—exertion follows need:
 Seed, bud, leaf, blossom, fruit—the rule we know;
 Be deaf as adder to dependent creed—
Observe and *think*, and thou shalt surely grow
 To mental manhood, and that vigorous force
 Which is not gained from any outer source.

When *thought* with *learning* is by rule combined,
 And knowledge by the acquirer is digested,
 Be the draughts “deep” or “shallow,” we will find
 Their use is *not* with drunkenness invested.
 Britain's museum, filtered by the mind,
 Or “Mavor's primer,” it may be protested
 Alike, as the cool spring, are prone to sober,
 Or, at the most, refresh like “mild October.”

But when the mind by learning is inflated,
 Puffed up with vain conceit or empty pride—
 Whether by deep or shallow, starved or sated—
 The world's great broad view censure will deride.
 But when the fetter'd mind's emancipated
 By faithful strife, with honest zeal allied,
 Then sage's lore and rustic learning tend
 To aid the soul in its great aim and end.

'Tis not in *learning* that the danger lies,
 But in the spirit by which it is gained;
 The honest thoughtful soul will ever rise
 In stature, as truth by it is attained.
 Knowledge is *one* great path to wisdom's prize,
 And should be followed with a faith unfeigned;
 Yet *learning* is not *wisdom*—mark, O, youth!
 Distinguish *knowledge* from great *moral truth*.

There have been, are, men truly good and wise
 Who could not read—but who from natural parts
 Could see, and hear, and think, and thereby rise
 To wisdom's height unaided by the arts.
 And there have been, are, men whose wearied eyes,
 O'erworked brains, and quickened feeble hearts,
 Have been the price paid for a life of study,
 Who still are fools, with soul-spring foul or muddy.

The man with mental vision clear and strong
 Observes men, things, and of them makes dissection,
 His innate conscience judging Right from Wrong,
 Who has begun by honest introspection—
 Who sees an All-wise power rule life's great throng,
 And earth and man as its divine reflection—
 Though learned lore be hid from his sealed eyes,
 He educated stands most truly wise.

The truth is this—that learning is an aid
 To all, if ruminated ere 'tis swallowed,
 Digested slowly, till its truths are made
 Part of the mind; and when this rule is follow'd,
 If much or little, knowledge thus assayed
 Is mental gold; but when the mind is hollow'd
 By verbal gas, balloon-like it is ready
 For cloudy flight—no sand to keep it steady;

Or if some wisdom-sand is stored in rising,
 'Tis soon cast out to reach a higher plain,
 Until, at length, and not at all surprising,
 Pure folly's tenuous ether it attain;
 Then down float reams of vapoury theorizing,
 But not of wisdom's sand a single grain.
 It drifts, yet knows not of its drifting hence—
 It will not ope the valve of common-sense.

And so it floats, the sport of every wind,
 Requiring strongest glass to note its motion;
 Reason's unaided eye would fail to find
 Its speck-like point in the empyrean ocean—
 Till, when expanding gas, with height combined,
 Causes at last the natural explosion,
 The parachuteless soarer, headlong hurled,
 Is dashed to fragments 'gainst the thinking world.

The sum of this digressive disquisition
 Is that Pope's couplet will not bear the test,
 Yet has had credence for its terse precision
 For full thrice fifty years, as if possessed
 Of truth unquestioned—"Witty Pope's decision!"—
 "His happiest hit!"—"So piquantly expressed!"
 None dared to call the glittering bauble "paste,"
 Its setting was so richly, quaintly traced.

But, gentle reader, you must know some readers
 Who may as "learned cormorants" be class'd—
 As most uncritical voracious feeders;
 Of appetite insatiate—mighty, vast;
 Of *quality* the most perverse unheeder—
 So through the mind a quantity is pass'd;
 Such so-called scholars may be copious drinkers,
 But "Barrett" to "Bacon" when compared as thinkers.

Such "bookful blockheads ignorantly read"
 ('To use old Butler's most expressive line),
 "With loads of learned lumber in their head,"
 Yet think themselves of wisdom's grape the wine—
 Jackdaws in borrowed plumes, with strutting tread,
Thought, as a thing confounding with its sign;
 To "pluck them" it but needs they be invited
 To *reason on* the borrowed *thoughts they've cited*.

The class of study, or the line of reading,
 Which a man follows are his mental food,
 The source of health or sickness, sometimes breeding
 A complex malady, so many-hued
 That you must know the patient's list of feeding,
 Though the inquiry may be counted rude—
 Else in your diagnosis you will err,
 And cannot tell what treatment to prefer.

Corporeal lesions also are reflected
 In an abnormal action of the brain;
 If you would know how such may be detected,
 Read "Forbes Winslow;" but you'd best refrain,
 Else you will find yourself and friends suspected
 Of being partly, if not quite insane.
 A book to sell—to bring in patient's fees,
 But *not* "professional"—sirs! if you please.

Of course the Doctor had no thought of *cash*
 When he would startle simple vacuous readers;
 His revelations, heroic and rash,
 Were simply made to show how many needers .
 There were of his sensation lamp's red flash.
 A plan which has had most illustrious pleaders—
 That noble impulse, which the bosom fills
 Of great Professor Holloway—*his pills!*

The Mathematics are mind's seltzer waters,
 Philosophy its claret; while the Arts,
 Presided o'er by Mnesomyne's daughters,
 Are sparkling champagne, Logic's lethal darts
 Its *eau de vie*; the theologian's slaughters,
 Historian warfare, and its other parts,
 Have their equivalents from port and sherry
 To brew of Guinness; Allsopp, Bass, and Perry.

Its tonics, stimulants; its tranquilizers,
 In things material, as in things of thought,
 A torpid liver helps your moralizer—
 We know what horrors "Dante's" suppers wrought;
 Mohammed's monomaniac sympathizers,
 Unskilled in diagnosis, thus were caught,
 And bound in credence of an *Inspiration*,
 Which had in "*Epilepsy*" its foundation.

One-fifth the human race we find believing
 In "Koran" writ on scapulæ of sheep,
 As *Gabriel's* dictum its precepts receiving
 As *Prophet's* trance—a cataleptic sleep.
 Disease-deceived, and millions hence deceiving,
 It is enough to make a stoic weep
 To think what bloodshed might have had prevention
 By prophylactic means I need not mention.

63

64

Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and his boots;
Joe Smith the Mormon, and uxorious passion;
Napoleon's "star" (the "Chicken" of his "Toots"),
With thousand leaders of men's faith and fashion,
Might here be shown as having impulse roots
In some disease; hence, when we lay the lash on,
'Tis with the hope that medical inspection
Will Leaders henceforth hold in strict subjection.

65

It would not do to catalogue the cases
Which bear upon the point—so "*quantum suff.*";
The reader, doubtless, will discover traces
Of the rule stated—numerous enough;
Its application, too, the memory braces.
I might cite more, but 'twould seem "filling stuff;"
Let us then take an illustrating scheme,
Which springs from an unbalanc'd "self-esteem."

66

You will have noticed that "*The rights of man*"
Is oft the theme of rash cyclopean writers,
Who quite ignore, in their "Atlantis" plan,
What should run parallel with Truth's inditers,
Man's duties, which should rank in foremost van
Of disquisition by those sturdy fighters;
For, if man's strivings joined his *Rights* with *Duty*,
This fair green globe would sing in joy and beauty.

67

Hence we will pause to note this term "right,"
To see what man has moral right to do,
And in the definition which I cite
I trust you'll find a maxim clearly true,
Bearing the test of reason, conscience, light,
If new to you, being true, it is not new:
Man has the right to do such acts—none other—
As do him good, and injure not his brother.

68

There is a false old maxim which assumes
"A man may do what he likes with his own."
A cancerous lie, whose rancid breath consumes
The moral sense on which its fetor's blown—
A wicked, smiling adage, which presumes
To place man's selfish heart on conscience throne.
But, reader! grasp this thought with reason's might—
Man with *his own* may do *but* what is *right*.

64

69

Then the Creator, worshipped in pure love ;
Man's law with man—the golden heavenly rule—
Ourselves conformed by wisdom from above,
In mind and body temperately cool,
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove ;
The feast of Life—one joyful generous Yule :
The mortal mass, if leavened by such leaven,
Would, in this fleeting life, foretaste of Heaven.

70

Oh! what a sickening sorrow clouds the soul
When looking down from philosophic height
On the mad crowd swayed by the base control
Of selfish impulse. 'Tis a sorry sight!
Immortal spirits, burrowing like the mole
In holes of sense, hid from the blessed light—
That noontide, heavenly summer ray which lightens
The eye of Faith, and all true pleasure heightens.

71

Though such millennial yearnings seem as vain
As hope of Autumn fruits in budding Spring,
A vision'd far-off hope on Time's vast plain,
When o'er the earth the promised Shilo king
In glorious sceptred righteousness shall reign,
Subjecting Satan's power and death's sharp sting—
O! what a rapturous joy invests the thought
Of that time when those glories shall be wrought.

72

There are some prideful writers who profess
To know the year, the day—as if 'twere given
To *man* to know what *angels* fear to guess!
That sin presumptuous, for which he was driven
From high estate who would unbidden press
Into the secret councils, and had riven
His starry crown. But our shrewd "Cumming" seers
Have market for their twaddle—hence no fears.

73

Who would be wise beyond what is revealed
Are, with their idols, ever let alone—
Even reason's truth remains from such concealed ;
And, when their wind of vanity is sown,
Their whirlwind reaped, their condemnation sealed,
They stand with heads of fire and hearts of stone,
"Pigmies, though perched on Alps" of turgid pride,
Whom thought will pity—frowning scorn deride.

65

74

But it is wise, on this the world's great stage,
To glance behind the scenes at certain times,
To scan man's motives—not a pleasant page—
In the blurred volume of his woes and crimes.
"Things are not what they seem"—a maxim sage,
As oft our *heroes*, when unmasked, are *mimes*.
But Machiavelli's rules, for prince or peasant,
I would not recommend as wise or pleasant.

75

But in an off-hand manner, not profound,
We may with profit moralize awhile:—
It has been falsely said that the whole round
Of motives centre in a selfish guile—
The withe by which our nature's sheaf is bound ;
But here the cynic viper bites a file,
For, if 'twere true, it follows with consistence
That Wesley—Howard—never had existence.

76

To him who, looking through the veil of things,
Would weigh the motives which impel to action—
The difference 'twixt the beggars and the kings
May be express'd by evanescent fraction.
Ambition prompts! one down war's gauntlet flings,
The other aids *his* poverty's attraction
By simulating old, or blind, or lame—
Glory or alms, the motive is the same.

77

Some casuist may dispute the foregone verse,
Asserting—"Glory is not *always* selfish!"
Which seems at first admission clear and terse ;
But alms are *sometimes* sought with aim not pelfish.
We need not here the surface sense coerce ;
Turtle and oyster both alike are shell-fish—
Generic sameness classed in different groups,
Yet oyster stews still rival turtle soups.

78

"You doubt the fact—" well, that but goes to show
You've never been to "Windust's oyster cellar"
At City Park, New York, else you would know
That in the statement I'm no story teller ;
Yet if you doubt, why you must only go
And test its truth by asking for a "queller"—
Id est, "a dozen stew." No "waiting" in that grotto,
Where "*Nunquam non paratus*" is the motto.

E

And even Soyer, doubtless, would confess,
 That dish as unsurpassable in flavour;
 Th' ambrosial quality I can't express,
 Save by the statement that *I* know no savour
 Comparable with that delicious mess—
 Its memory still a gustatorial favour.
 Fresh turtle steak, eggs, soup, I've duly tried,
 Yet oyster laureate I must still abide.

Rank, station, office, are things 'accidental,
 Drappings of wealth, or rule, or power, or fame,
 Purple or sackcloth of the essence mental,
 The chequer'd spaces o'er which moves life's game,
 Of merit often *not* the well-won rental—
 But nude or vested, man is still the same;
 Minturnean cell changed not old Caius Marius,
 Nor penny dropped in palm of Belsarius.

Yet "dress" and "address," tact and talent all,
 Are sock, robe, buskin on the world's stage.
 Genius—unready at the prompter's call;
 An "unstamped star" few managers engage
 Till death has whistled down the curtain's fall,
 And works, like wine, have flavoured been by age.
 But dress, address, and tact are "bills at sight,"
 While "genius" note is quoted as "a kite."

At least when unendorsed by solvent name;
 And who should quarrel with the cautious rulers
 Who keep the coffers in the bank of fame,
 And are so often "tried" by vain befoolers,
 Who, when their draft's "declined," fret, fume, and blame
 The wanton doubt of him who, like the mule, errs
 In obstinately still their draft refusing,
 With a crass scepticism past excusing.

Then, "on the market" hawk their cherish'd paper
 And sound the public's elephantine ear;
 But, like "Wood's copper coin," damned by the "Draper,"
 They cannot purchase even a pot of beer.
 In the broad daylight still they flaunt their taper
 To aid the sun. They cry, but none will hear;
 Until at length, to taste's immortal scandal,
 They quench their taper, and write man "a Vandal."

67

84

Disgusted, soured, to solitude retiring,
The sink to level of Athenian Timon,
And vengeful ire appeasing blood requiring
(Here Timon puzzles—being hard to rhyme on),
To Anaconda critic's coil aspiring,
They seize, crush, swallow (venting first their slime on)
Such luckless bardlings as may chance to stray
Beneath the branches whence they watch for prey.

85

Yet, to the mass, the accidents of life
Are commonly the things that make impression—
A title, handsome horses, face, or wife,
Are held as merit's natural expression.
Exceptions to the rule need cause no strife,
As I will urge but one—a small concession—
That worth or motive few can passing note
Through mask of manner and a well-cut coat.

86

I have a friend, of stalwart mind and frame,
Shakesperean head, and Atlantean shoulders,
Dark eyes, whose stern regard time cannot tame—
One of those men compared to granite boulders,
With life devoted to some iron aim;
And yet this man, so stern to chance beholders,
Is woman-souled, and gentle as the breeze
That wafts the Nautilus o'er summer seas.

87

Of truth and manliness a great admirer;
By sea-marge prone to lonely meditation;
Of knowledge-wealth a most devout desirer.
His life to study's shrine a dedication,
Yet to ignoble fame no vain aspirer;
Careless of all but mental medication—
Like Alpine eagle in the cloud he soars
Above the plain of knaves and fools and "bores."

88

Children and flowers, music, painting, song,
He loves with deepest, tenderest emotion;
With sternest pity sees the fever'd throng
Bow down to selfish greed in blind devotion;
A hearty hater of the false and wrong;
A tranquil summer lake, or wintry ocean,
As roused or calmed by contest or reflection—
Head-strength, heart-softness, blended in perfection.

In surface-view this man appears to those
 Whom, thirty lines back, I have indicated—
 The Brummell, brainless connoisseurs in clothes—
 As “odd,” “morose”—hence I am vindicated.
 Not that here altogether I oppose
 Polonius’ precept; but Laertes’ *station*
 Compelled observance—hence ’twas good instruction,
 And would have aided much his “introduction.”

You know what stress Phil Stanhope, in his “letters,”
 Has laid on dress and what he calls “the graces;”
 His son’s success (though gyved by bastard’s fetters)
 Would show their value. When we strive for “places,”
 The polished “fop” will oft precede his betters:
 By women prized—somewhat as antique lace is.
 So, if you *will* go to the world’s vain fair,
 See to your doublet, and rehearse your air.

Nor am I of the class that groaning blame
 Ought but the sombre in this life of ours,
 Who, if *they* halt, think mankind should go lame,
 Whose acid nature life’s whole current sours:
 They love to wield the judgment sword of flame,
 Forgetting earth, with fruits, bears also flowers:
Ravens in mind, they hold the *peacock’s* plume—
 Devised of Satan—pray, sirs, give us room!

If earth and life and instinct all are wrong,
 And joy and beauty vanity or crime,
 What means the vesper note of redbreast’s song—
 The tints, the perfume of the rose or thyme—
 The eye, the ear, the ideal—and the throng
 Of faculties that have their use in time—
 Those sights, these scenes, that please the ear or eye
 As relaxations? We can scarce tell why.

A ball-room crowded with the brave and fair,
 Soft music’s strain, and lights, and flowers combining,
 With mazy dance of footings, light as air,
 Where floating houris, motion’s grace refining—
 With wealth of beauty, form, and glance, and hair,
 Produce that sense of “charm” beyond defining,
 Which, to the sterner sex, is quite entrancing—
 No wonder ladies are so fond of dancing.

The dimpled arm, marmoreal bosom's swell,
 The gauzy cloud zoned at the supple waist,
 The satin-slippered feet, that scarcely dwell,
 When waltzing sylph is not too tightly laced;
 The susurrated thoughts which lovers tell—
 To hint at would be treason against taste:
 Yet men at forty, ladies past their teens,
 Yawn before supper, even in such scenes.

Or change the picture, see a grand review—
 Say fifty thousand men, in pomp and pride.
 I have seen eighty—and, 'twixt me and you,
 'Tis vain such marshalled host-scene to deride—
 When squadron'd cavalry sweep into view,
 As if from out the earth. And how they ride!
 A human hurricane of fire and steel,
 Which, terrible as death, you see and feel.

Through three such squadrons it was once my lot
 To pass unscathed, that moment's wild sensation
 Is best express'd by quoting line from "Scott,"
 As "worth ten years of peaceful meditation."
 But, reader, take my word, you'd better not
 Attempt to realize the situation,
 Else it may happen—as result—your fate
 "A crowner's quest" may formally relate.

The park'd artillery bellowing on the flanks,
 The flying field-guns instantly unlimber'd,
 The belching line-fire of the serried ranks,
 The bristling squares, are things to be remembered—
 Aids' "madden'd chargers' wild impetuous pranks"—
 The mask'd battalions (where the ground is timbered).
 But, in my judgment, grandest may be reckon'd
 The roaring charge of tartan'd "FORTY-SECOND!"

The "*tout ensemble*" of the glittering "staff,"
 With sash, and plume, and gold, and decoration,
 Where snorting steeds ha! ha!—which is their laugh.
 But for the "war horse" turn to Job's narration.
 A wrinkled old man, with short hair like chaff,
 Field-glass in hand, holds in the midst his station,
 Who—moveless, silent, fate-like—holds the thread
 Of fifty thousand wills within his head.

He speaks a word, and o'er the smoke-wreath'd field
 The plumèd "Aids" are spurring as for life;
 Extended lines in columned masses wheeled—
 Dense, vast, and sinuous change the game of strife—
 The covering guns, a bellowing blazing shield,
 Pushed forward in the spaces; drum and fife,
 And bugles' blare, pierce through the thundering brunt,
 As bannered host in columns reach the front.

Yes! sad Othello's sigh for "plumed troop,
 The neighing steed, shrill trump, and rolling drum,
 Ear-piercing fife, the banner," and that group—
 "Pride, pomp, and circumstance"—war's glorious sum
 (I wish he'd heard the Pawnee's yelling whoop,
 "Blood in their eyes," and in their brain bad rum),
 I sympathize in (This same Moor, Othello,
 I've always thought a dense, though honest fellow)

This is the enamelled mask which carnage wears;
 But take it off—war's hideous face is shown,
 Its baleful look of horror on us glares
 From fields where thousand broken forms are strown—
 Where the stark dead in stony stillness stares,
 While helpless wounded writhe, with anguish groan—
 Where hoof, and wheel, and shot, and gash, and shell,
 Have drenched the earth with gore—a sickening sight
 and smell.

The young, the brave, who in the dawning light,
 In strength and splendour stood a glittering host;
 Now, crushed and mangled, shock the solemn night—
 God's shatter'd temples. Glory!—this thy boast?
 The shuddering soul turns from the woeful sight,
 And sees in vision each pale flitting ghost
 Glide o'er the ranks—the heaps—of deadly strife,
 And wring its spectral hands o'er its late house of life.

There mingled foemen lie in peaceful sleep—
 Guns, helmets, falchions, scattered; nevermore
 Shall their loved presence glad the eyes that weep
 In hopeless sadness—resting in their gore
 Till hasty trench-graves from remembrance sweep
 Their broken bodies from war's threshing floor,
 And wounded wretches eke the span of life
 By mutilations of the surgeon's knife.

Still, Truth and Right are more than wounds or death—
 To man more precious, and to God more dear.
 The heavens are tainted by a coward's breath—
 Earth by his footsteps. Slaves, alone, have fear;
 But freemen, nerved by justice, truth, and faith,
 Have the immortal instincts of the seer.
 And in th' eternal future see the crown
 Reserved for those who earn a just renown.

That noble army who have martyrs been
 To heavenly impulse in man's human breast,
 Who bend above us from their height serene
 And voiceless still breathe down the high behest;
 "To prize o'er life—o'er all the eye has seen—
 The *true*, the *right*; and ever hold as best
 Their blood-sealed testament, their deeds, their fame,"
 Our strength in dungeon, battle-field, or flame.

'Tis well, perhaps, that now we sing "The Navy"—
 "The Army" having had its meed of praise—
 In briny sketch of outline free and wavy;
 I hope the muse, in "tacking," won't "miss stays,"
 And may escape the locker of "Old Davy."
 So now—"Bout ship!" "Down helm!" hurrah! "She pays!"
 "Sheet home," my hearties! now she's going free;
 So "list, ye landsmen," while we sing "the sea:"—

I've been on board once, when a frigate's crew
 Delivered broadsides, and the crash was awful;
 Then up from hatches, like bee's swarm they flew,
 When "piped" for "boarding," each with "plug" a jaw full;
 Cutlass in teeth, up shrouds they swarmed; a view
 To make one hold the breath; and, though scarce lawful,
 I felt just then an impulse sanguine—shoutable—
 That would have scaled the maintop of "Redoubtable."

The cheering *tars*—"blue jackets" they had none—
 Breast bare, sleeves roll'd up, pistol-belted, flinging,
 On hammock'd bulwark, spars, shrouds, as each won
 His proper place; their rousing cheer still ringing.
 The bronzed and bearded crew in their wild fun
 Seemed mad as schoolboys, wildly, reckless, clinging
 From topmast crosstrees to the spanker boom,
 Bowsprit and catheads, where a man had room.

All this is now by science being changed,
 And iron takes the place of wooden walls;
 Turrets and monitors are so arranged
 That all the fighting's done by shells and balls.
 Steel-pointed rams for muscle is exchanged,
 And guns are used whose calibre appals.
 What old three-decker could do ought but founder.
 If raked by cotton-charged six hundred pounder?

But query will the element of "pluck"—
 That *armour plating* of the "jolly tar,"
 Which entering-shell, through port, would laughing chuck—
 To which King, Kaisir, Emperor, and Czar
 Have for a thousand years their standards struck—
 Have its escutcheon cross'd by sinister bar?
 That dexter courage which by "Blake" was wielded
 Against "Van Tromp," for three days, till he yielded.

And though old England still may rule the seas,
 Her naval warfare will be less exciting,
 Less picturesque, of war's old wine—the lees—
 Leaving no scope for saline epic writing.
 (How Dibdin's muse indignantly would sneeze
 At modern steam-men doing sea-men's fighting!)
 Hence future bards may grade on glory's roll,
 A *victory by its cost in tons of coal.*

It may be right—I won't dispute with science—
 Yet prejudice compels me to prefer
 A wooden ship for portage when I hie hence;
 Perhaps 'tis fancy causes me to err,
 But I could ne'er in safety feel affiance
 When in a metal; yet I must here defer
 That "Davy's locker" may have whole crews "clap'd in"
 By wood or iron—"Royal George" or "Captain."

I like the wooden hull and canvas cloud,
 With each sail drawing, close hauled on the wind,
 To hear the music strain of stay and shroud,
 To hold the wheel, and, if you feel inclined,
 Just "ease her off a point," which is allowed,
 When the foretopsail's weather edge you find
 Is "shaking?"—then when the full breeze she feels,
 Like uncurbed barb, she onward plunging reels.

114

Or when it freshens with the sinking sun,
 And "reef," and "double reef," to' gallants "housed,"
 Tell of a storm before which we must run—
 When maddened billows, into fury roused,
 Beat on her bows with force that seems to stun,
 And night and terror seem as though espoused—
 A hell of winds above, of waves below,
 The good ship battling with each ruthless foe.

115

Would you an awful grandeur, seeing, feel—
 On some wild wintry midnight go on deck,
 Nor mind the drenching spray, but by the wheel
 Cling to the taffrel, then you'll find a check
 To the heart's action—what a plunging reel
 She gives! as headlong, like a sinking wreck,
 She rushes down to that Tartarean valley,
 From which you feel that she may never rally.

116

With breath held hard you feel your hand-grip tightening,
 As up between you and the lurid skies
 A mountain mass of waters tinged by lightning,
 With hues metallic, right before you, rise;
 And now her "jib," seen in the flashes brightening,
 Rakes 'mongst the stars, as up its breast she flies,
 Then on the foamy crest, a moment flushes,
 Ere down—mid clap and thunder roll—she rushes!

117

In such an hour you feel that from their lair
 The Prince of Air, and all his hellish legion,
 Against the ship with demon fury bear,
 To crush her down to their infernal region;
 Their howl and shriek are heard in upper air,
 While water-fiends each bolt and plank are sieging—
 Oh! how you pray for sunrise, and remember
 How many ships went down in last December.

118

You come to love a ship, I know not why,
 But just as if she were a living thing;
 Your more than home for months, when sea and sky
 In an unbroken circle, round you cling;
 She has a speech which you learn by-and-by;
 In spanking breeze her cordage seems to sing,
 And groan in storm—in short, there is a spell
 Cast round the heart on which I love to dwell.

But if you are in love, or debt, or haste,
 Canvas is torture—and you take to steamer;
 Or when in hostile times you may be chased,
 And close to windward see a fog-veiled steamer,
 'Tis well to have, say, "eighteen knots" at least
 Within your boiler; and, unless a dreamer,
 'Tis pleasant when you from the skipper learn
 "That the strange sail is dropping fast astern."

But not in love, or debt, and having leisure,
 Give me a clipper, with a willing crew—
 Small fear then of delay, *ennui*, or seizure,
 Or vacuous horrors, which are termed "blue;"
 Each day, each hour has its peculiar pleasure,
 Such as no steamer-passenger e'er knew,
 Ev'n in "Great Eastern's" screw-and-paddle village,
 Which lacks but flower gardens, trees, and tillage—

At least to minds attuned to true enjoyment;
 To some a ship is but a floating prison;
 With eyes they see not—and, without employment,
 They mope in bilious mood abaft the mizen:
 Sleep, eat, and drink, as if life was to cloy meant;
 No single thought has past their stomach risen—
 Dutch lugger-minded men, of great capacity
 For stowing cargo—sometimes called rapacity.

One solemn thought broods ever on the deep—
 That there is but a single plank between
 You and the millions that beneath you sleep
 In the blue depths, or 'neath the billows green;
 And need there is a constant watch to keep—
 Watch such as but for which we twice had been,
 In wintry midnight's terrors, cast away—
 Once off Mileta, once in Fundy's Bay.

And now, that you have had the sea and shore
 In warlike aspect, let us change the theme,
 And hope an airy subject will not "bore"—
 A speculation on what seems a dream:
 The time when æronautic man will soar
 Th' empyrean void, which I forsee and deem
 As certain as our railroads and our steamers,
 Although such faith may class me amongst "dreamers."

I have *my* plan—but no, I will not state it;
 The Spring is now, the Autumn time must come—
 At present you, perhaps, would underrate it;
 So you must wait—for, meantime, I am dumb.
 When you've a "crotchet" 'tis not wise to prate it
 Until prepared to march, with fife and drum,
 A demonstrating hero—your invention
 In all the morning papers having mention.

Yet I don't mind so far the rule relaxing
 As just to hint that a more tenuous gas
 Lies at the bottom of the thought for taxing;
 But I had better let the subject pass.
 Still I will say the chemist's skill is waxing
 More cunning in its search, and we may class
 The mechanician as his coadjutor—
 The "Condor" still their model and their tutor.

In every quill of his expanded wing
 He holds the medium of mid-air suspension;
 That subtle gas (¹) which makes him still the king
 Of all the floating tribe: *its* comprehension
 Is the required—the yet unmastered thing,
 To round the circle of a great invention;
 O'erlooking this, the fundamental principle,
 The *mechanician* strives with the *invincible*.

The secret of ærial navigation
 Most probably a Yankee will discover—
 They "go a-head" of every other nation;
 And some fine day we'll see a Sam Slick hover,
 With starry vest and striped "continuation,"
 Who, deftly lighting on the cliff of Dover,
 Will time his flight from "Plymouth Rock," as reckon'd,
 At "thirty hours, twelve minutes, and a second!"

And offer straight to sell his "patent right,"
 For Europe, Asia, Africa, *and* Jersey;
 And "trade not fixed," at once will take his flight
 To Russia, passing o'er the Thames and Mersey
 At just the most convenient speed and height
 For dropping clouds of pamphlets, which avers he
 Can "lick a gale," "a hurricane," "creation,"
 With his "sky-skimmer," called "The Yankee Nation."

At Petersburg, with "Cousin Czar," will "licker,"
 With elevated heels placed on the stove,
 And "whittle" while he makes his "little dicker"
 (You'd never think "a steel-wedge trade" he drove).
 When "he gets through" he'll mount his cushion'd wicker
 His "flint being fixed," "I rather guess" he'll "rove"
 To the "Creation's hub"—cute Boston city,
 Where all the men are "smart," the women witty.

Of course there will be a "big demonstration"—
 The Mayor, Militia, and the Fire Brigade,
 A pyrotechnic patent new "oration"
 (For the occasion ordered, stamped and made)—
 To "celebrate" the "tallest speculation"
 That ever towered in the range of trade:
 A "Greenback Lift," immensely transcendent,
 Quite equal to the Massachusetts's rental.

A monster meeting, organized next day
 On "Boston Common," "Sam Slick in the Chair,"
 A "Company" proposed—"one bound to pay,"
 Say fifty thousand dollars on each share;
 Its "office," the sky space over New York Bay;
 Pre-emption rights secured—"the biggest scare"
 That ever fell on Wall-street's "bulls" and "bears"
 Since "Jemmy Fisk" "rang in" on Erie shares.

Some fifty million "stock" is quickly sold,
 And fifty million more is vainly sought for;
 The first instalment ten per cent. in gold—
 On "evening change" the shares could not be bought for
 A "thousand premium" from the "bulls" who hold,
 And "fraction interests" by the "bears" are fought for,
 In "Yankee Nation Transcendental Aërials"—
 See all the daily papers and the serials.

"An hourly postal transit is proposed
 To all parts of the *u-ni-var-sal* world.
 The Company feel also much disposed
 (When once their flag of progress is unfurled),
 If the shareholders do not feel opposed,
 To have 'expresses' regularly hurled
 To Luna, Venus, Jupiter, and Mars,
 Returning through the nearest wayside stars."

Connecticut, the last proposal hearing,
 Bestirs herself and packs for safe transmission
 Samples of wooden clocks, with—prospect cheering—
Pine hams and nutmegs in the best condition,
 For planetary use; and better—hope endearing!—
 The starry “strangers” may be wildly wishing
 For untold cargoes of each “Yankee notion”
 Through all the coasts of the empyrean ocean.

Then “Hail Columbia!” Strike up “Yankee doodle!”
 Hooray for genius of immortal Slick!
 He faced the music! He’s no dough-pate noodle,
 The critter who *can* whittle down a stick!
 And when he *nibs* it, saay! each old-world noodle
 You’d better b’lieve, and bet high on the trick,
 That *he* can “rake in” ’bout the biggest pile
 In this here planet. Let us go and “*smile*.”

For enterprise, inventive speculation,
 Hard-headed sense, and energy, and “grit,”
 For “fancy drinks” and “platforms,” and “sensation,”
 For “bunkum,” “free thought,” humour, and for wit—
 (Here Holmes and Prentiss are my nomination
 Who the gold centre with their shafts have hit)—
 For bridges, railroads, schools, and lightning presses,
 Rich lands, great men, and sleeping cars “expresses.”

For fire-brigades, revolvers, woman’s rights,
 For spirit-rapping, forests, mountains, lakes,
 For vigilance committees, and free fights,
 For trotting horses, candies, buckwheat cakes,
 For turkeys, peaches, oratoric flights,
 For chewing, smoking, fever, and the “shakes,”
 Dyspepsia, fast life, early deaths and marriages,
 Sleighs, buggies, yachts, velocipedes, and carriages.

For sherry-cobblers, gin-slings, brandy-smashes,
 For boarding-houses, taxes, and hotels,
 For river-steamers, and for railroad crashes,
 For bursting banks and boilers, beaux and belles,
 For counterfeits, shad, ice-cream, lightning flashes,
 Billiards, brag, euchre and artesian wells—
 Amongst the latter, Belcher’s at St. Louis,
 Nearly three thousand feet deep: *this* quite true is—

139

For men and "wimmen" babies—but *no boys*
 Or *girls* to mention—and for "institutions,"
 For money-making—keenest of all joys—
 For getting "big-lick" contracts from the "Rooshans,"
 For rifle-shooting, and disguised alloys,
 For *paying* prisons, skating evolutions,
 And all that's "high-faulauting," "tall," and "grand"—
 I "cave in" to "Columbia, happy land!"

140

For whole-souled men, Kentuckey I would name;
 While Maryland for beauty bears the palm—
 Virginian "F. F.'s" have chivalric fame,
 And Pennsylvania's type is "Quaker" calm;
 But my Pegasus would perforce go lame
 In an attempt to "trot the full round" psalm
 Of all the States, and all the sun-set glories
 That hue the Indian lands and "Ter-ri-tories."

141

But as it now remains that I relate
 Some facts pertaining to an ancient nation,
 Kemi, "once learnéd, wealthy, wise, and great—
 Mizraim" as known in Hebraic narration—
 The Arab "Muzr" stamped by darkest fate,
 With mind and body's deepest degradation,
 Sharing with China, boast of a chronology,
 That you, I trust, will pardon my apology

142

For classing with mythic record of Chinese,
 And taking up the "Egypt" of the Greek,
 Of whose dim history we can only seize
 "Sermons in stone," and indications seek
 In obelisk, temple, pillar, tomb, or frieze,
 For hints like those cartouche and carvings speak
 Of the once famous mummies, learning's sires,
Now used to feed a locomotive's fires. (2)

143

Speak of mutations—of great Cæsar's dust
 "Stopping a hole to keep the wind away"—
 But here, a Royal Pharo's embalmed crust
 Is smashed to fragments for a furnace prey;
 Bought by the ton—and by a stoker cast
 Piecemeal to urge the mocking flames' fierce play;
 And "Morning Mails" impatient driver sing
 Out—"Bill! we're late, smash up another king!"

144

We'd spare the mummies if we had the scrolls (3)
 Which by the zealot Omar were devoted
 To heat the Alexandrine baths instead of coals.
 For thrice twelve moons, not even a scrap being noted,
 These were the mummies' mental hearts and souls,
 Meant for all time, to be revered and quoted;
 Each worth a king, for the Sarpedon's treasure
 No mummied monarch's memory can measure.

145

The bigot Caliph's barbarous conclusion
 Has left us purblind, passionately groping
 For light to pierce the darkness and confusion
 Which shrouds the past, and now we must keep moping
 O'er stony hints, whose study yields contusion
 To Egyptologists who still are hoping
 To delve out *that* which never will be known—
 The dream within the Sphynx's head of stone.

146

The mighty, monstrous, hill-hewn, brooding Sphynx—
 So calm, majestic, solemn, pride-subduing!
 You gaze in awe until you think *it* thinks,
 And reads your thought although your gaze eschewing;
 You feel that from your inmost soul it drinks
 Your vital strength—that it some spell is brewing,
 And may, uncrouching from its sand-lair, rise
 And stare upon you with its stony eyes.

147

That awful Sphynx!—I can't describe the feeling
 That it evokes—the influence it exerts;
 A mystic fascination o'er you stealing.
 The *reason why* I leave to the experts.
 I only say you feel your reason reeling,
 And strive in vain to find *why* it asserts
 That mental, potent, affluent, binding spell,
 Which reads—“*All thou wouldst know, I—I could tell.*”

148

“Thousands of years I've crouching lain and known
 Nations and peoples rise, fall, flourish, fade;
 Their arts, their wisdom, knowledge, I alone
 Could now reveal; but on my lips is laid
 The seal of silence; in my heart of stone
 The secret lies, which none may now invade,
 Of all that was, that is, that will be known of man—
 Now, mortal, read my riddle if you can.

"*You* feel me speak, as millions of your race
 Have heard me centuries ere thou wert seen,
 As millions more through time will hear my face
 Speak to their souls while Delta's grass is green,
 When of *thy* presence there remains no trace
 On earth, more than if thou hadst never been—
 Then, mortal atom, bow thy soul in fear;
 I am a god, whom thou dost, feeling, hear.

"The desert sand through ages wove the shroud
 In which I've wrapped me; but between my paws
 My temple stands, in which thy fellows bowed,
 And trembling heard my priests proclaim my laws,
 When kings and tribes their votive offerings vowed
 To me, the typed eternal, unknown cause.
 They were—I am—and, while the Nilus flows,
 Shall mock thy fever'd race by calm repose."

A crowd of Arabs, yelling for "Bucksheese,"
 Come trooping madly, and the spell is broken.
 Discordant, shrill, as flock of startled geese,
 They scream and cackle. Cudgels are invoked
 Vain as 'gainst gnats; the clamour will not cease—
 No hope of riddance save by "hurdah" token;
 And the Howadji, worried, tries in vain
 To marshal meditation's routed train.

They go at last, but with them they have taken
 All retrospective musings. In the shade
 Of an old tomb, by tenant long forsaken,
 The worried dreamer his retreat has made,
 And by the chiboque's aid tries to awaken
 The thoughts stunned by the Ishmaelitic raid.
 'Tis vain—'tis well—for now the Sphynx appears
 Stripped of its glozing power, its veil of years.

I now see but an idol, carved with skill,
 Of monstrous size, whose solemn head humanity,
 Though mutilated, wakes our wonder still;
 Yet, judged by Grecian art, a barb'rous vanity,
 Cut from the crest of solid rocky hill—
 A type of despot power or priest's insanity:
 Head thirty fathom round—just think of that—
 I wish, for tent, I could have had its hat.

154

False, feline outcome of man's slavish mind,
 I spurn thy dumb, dark legendary speech;
 Typed stony record of the soul resigned
 To creature worship, which in thee would teach
 That man was less than that which he designed;
 And cunning priests their creed by monsters preach—
 I mock thee and thy teaching, while the soul
 Mourns for the race bow'd 'neath thy dark control.

155

A thought of gloom carved in enduring stone
 ('Tis pity that the features are defaced);
 Its height in full, as some years since made known,
 Some four-and-twenty fathom; length, when traced,
 Shows one-and-forty yards. The tape alone
 Gives any notion of the creed encased—
 Body of beast, with kingly breast and head—
 A creed to crush the mind with awe and dread.

156

The sensuous, sensual, fear-degraded men,
 Who knew not God, Omnipotent, Eternal,
 Stood dwarfed, awed, trembling in its temple den,
 Prepared by grovelling dread for faith infernal—
 Fit tools for priests and despots' uses, when
 Their weak, soft minds accepted as supernal
 The doctrines, ceremonies, rites, and laws,
 Promulged between the mighty monster's paws.

157

The passive, mild, paternal, thoughtful gaze,
 The sensual lips and vast robustuous breast,
 Swayed, as imagination always sways,
 Through eye to soul, thus lending worship zest;
 The feline body's strength would next amaze—
 The talon'd paws to crush, supplied the rest
 Of all that the most zealous priest would need
 To bind the millions in his self-made creed.

158

In the "decadence" records of our race
 There is not one, of any age or nation,
 In which the meditative mind may trace
 So marked a line of mental degradation
 As in th' Egyptian—basest of the base—
 From the Sabeian stellar adoration
 Down through Osiris, Isis, Nilus, it descended,
 To Bull, Stork, Cat, until in Leeks it ended.

F

That glorious valley rescued from the Turk,
 If even by Russia, were an untold blessing;
 Better if France would do the goodly work—
 But best if England's power, the land possessing,
 Would scourge the vampires that now breed and lurk
 'Neath Moslem sway, who now "the hand caressing,"⁽⁴⁾
 Until to cut it off "they feel ability,"
 Which is the canon of the Turk's civility.

And never yet did strength make greater blunder
 Than when the "Allies" bade the "Schlave" stand back,
 When he would make the treacherous Turk "knock under,"
 And purge the earth of the degraded pack:
 That northern storm, with lightning flash and thunder,
 Had soon dispelled the pestilential rack
 Of deadly cloud that ever brooding lies
 Where the degenerate Moslem flag now flies.

There was a time in which the Crescent flew
 The sign of triumph o'er corrupt religion;
 For though 'tis said the Arab prophet drew
 His inspiration from a *dream* and *pigeon*,
 We know the Cabaa idols he o'erthrew:
 His list of virtues I must here abridge on—
 But even your banker "furnishing account"
 Will in *Arabian figures* state th' amout.

Your banker's balance! How it weighs "on 'Change,"
 The street—the world's market! few the spheres
 In which its influence hath not potent range
 To make or mar. What kingly power appears
 In Rothschild's name! And hence it is not strange
 That money rules so widely hopes and fears.
 Yet you and I have known "the wealthy bore,"
 Worth money merely, but worth nothing more—

Who to the cold, hard, yellow idol bows
 In earnest, mind-absorbing worship—who
 At Mammon's shrine alone pays soul-felt vows—
 Who by this scoundrel lust is eaten through—
 Whose kindly nature no appeal can rouse—
 Whose heart is but a purse (a clasped one, too)—
 To meanest vice the most ignoble slave
 That charitable Earth accords a grave.

164

Yet, classed 'mongst motives, money hath achieved
 More than all others, both of good and ill,
 Compelling Faith—which nothing else believed—
 To work out issues, and great ends fulfil.
 Its *tyrant rule* has ever good men grieved,
 While as a *slave*, swayed by a noble will,
 It hath done wonders, and still stands in Time
 The meanest motive—or the most sublime.

165

As it is served or made to serve the ends
 Of good or evil, love of kind or self—
 To curse or bless with equal power it tends—
 A gruesome ogre or a gleesome elf,
 Its *master* blessing, while its *slave* it rends—
 To wisdom, treasure—or to folly, pelf—
 A root of good or evil—as it grows
 In wise or foolish hearts its fruits disclose.

166

The proud, the meek, the simple, and the wise,
 The great, the lowly, toiling hind, and king,
 The strong, the weak, seek, need the glittering prize,
 Without which life's a bow without a string;
 For money "fills the chair" in life's assize,
 As well as bidding fleets and armies fling
 Their boastful banners to the wooing breeze,
 And march or sail o'er continents or seas.

167

Bread riots, mutinies, alike obtain
 When "pay" or "wages" is withheld or fails;
 Men are content to risk their lives for gain
 In cases where no motive else prevails.
 With bare Exchequer, say what king could reign—
 Say what the cause that peoples most our jails?
 Scott wrote that "Love ruled court and camp and grove,"
 But now-a-days the love of gold rules love.

168

Some fair and gentle reader here may frown—
 Or blush I should say—'gainst this thought, objection;
 But do we not in city, village, town,
 Read daily instances where crushed affection
 Seeks solace in "large damages" paid down,
 And counts complacent price of their rejection,
 Where aching vestal brows are sooth'd, consoled,
 For loss of bridal wreath, by virgin gold?

169

Our patriots, too, whose burning words aroused
 A nation's heart, we all have seen subdued,
 Their ardent souls auriferously drowsed—
 Their hearts (no more by "native land" imbued)
 When once with sacred metal's cause espoused,
 They stand serenely, consciously unhued—
 The patriot's flush from pallid placeman gone,
 Their "*dies patriæ*," henceforth "*dies non*."

170

A golden apple was, as we are told,
 Of discord in th' Olympian Court the source;
 The great Athenian orator of old
 We know the cup of Harpalus made hoarse;
 That thrones and lives have oft been bought and sold;
 That truth and justice still have had their force
 Cramped, shackled by the potent power of gold,
 Which few have tested, striven with, controlled.

171

Those whom its want—its influence—never knew
 In form of test may lightly hold its power,
 As Carpet Knights who hold their valour true,
 Whose feats of arms have been in lady's bower;
 But few are those—the glorious veteran few—
 Who've fought and conquered in that heart-tried hour,
 When Mammon's glittering force the soul assailed,
 And honour's lance and conscience shield prevailed.

172

"Knowledge is Power" seems a dictum rash—
 Except 'tis added as an explanation
 "That it is so when *turned into cash*"—
 A gloss "that holds in every rank and station,"
 With which you'll find experience does not clash
 In record facts of any age or nation.
 So mind your banker's balance from this hour,
 For 'tis the *balance*—you will find—*of power*.

173

Grenada's grand Alhambra stands to-day
 A monument of Moorish taste and skill;
 Eight hundred years they held the Frank at bay,
 And romance verse records their valour still;
 Read "Irving's" charming "Legends" of their sway—
 A most delightful book an hour to fill;
 But now, as type of a degenerate race,
 Ignoble Caliphs fill Mohammed's place.

174

I hate the Turk—creed, morals, manners, all—
 And so would you if you sojourned among them ⁽⁵⁾—
 The rulers most, who hold in woful thrall
 A people who, could tyranny have stung them,
 Would have dashed down th' enforced cup of gall,
 And risen upon, and sabr'd, shot, or hung them;
 But cruel force and Islam's fatal teaching
 Have made them slaves in heart—no use in preaching.

175

As God of Justice lives, the day will come
 When Moslem sway and creed are crushed alike;
 When the leagued forces of all Christendom
 The enfranchising blow will strongly strike,
 Slaying the monster evil, which now some
 False-judging men would foster, as the dyke,
 Rampart, and fortress of a balanced power—
 Oh! how I pray the hastening of that hour.

176

This turban'd incubus doth blighting squat
 Within the "garden" of the central earth;
 Its influence causing flower and fruit to rot—
 Turning a teeming plenty into dearth;
 Its rule, 'gainst Freedom, one continuous plot,
 Whose kingdom knows no *home*, no *freeman's hearth*—
 A power whose cup of crime hath now o'erflown,
 Whose time has come, to be by force o'erthrown.

177

Its sensual life—insatiate grinding greed—
 The wrongs of every type, degree, and hue,
 That in its life unmanly swarm, and breed
 Fanatic zeal, crass hatred of the true,
 In all that squares not with the Koran's creed—
 Call out to Heaven against Mohammed's crew.
 Arise ye Nations, in your banded might
 Against the Turk!—and God defend the right!

178

No theme is this for "scurvy politician"
 To weigh in balance of "the expedient" scale;
 But for some zealous, fiery, rhetorician
 Who would the ear of Christendom assail
 With record of the Turk's corrupt condition;
 And who, like Peter Gautier, "would prevail
 In rousing up the warlike indignation
 Of Europe 'gainst the Sooltan's creed and nation."

To me 'tis sure as anything not past
 That the great Russian empire—which will grow
 One of two future nations supreme, vast—
 Will be the first to strike the righteous blow :
 The *first* to *strike*, but *not* to *hold* the *last* ;
 For though the Schlave the Turkman overthrow,
 His sway will yet be yielded to a nation
 Destined to consummate emancipation.

And when three generations shall have pass'd—
 When o'er Sophia's Mosque the Cross shall wave ;
 When Turkish force and Islam faith are class'd
 As bygone evils ; when from out her grave,
 Her blood-stained shroud and cerements from her cast,
 The resurrected orient land shall lave
 Its strength in wisdom's fountain—we shall find
 Warmth, vigour, beauty, in its life and mind.

Then will this grand old storied valley glow,
 Its life-pulse quickened to a healthful beat ;
 Thought-current, like her rivers, swelling flow,
 Dispensing blessings—art and learning's seat ;
 Until its future fame shall rise and grow,
 And Western nations as a sovereign greet
 Egyptian thought ; while in her fruitful breast
 Her children shall in peaceful plenty rest.

Siriad ! The land of mysteries sublime !
 How Sihor's valley and its banks abound
 With proofs that reach back to the youth of time
 Of art, skill, science, wisdom, high, profound,
 Unmatched in any age, or race, or clime.
 Its temples, tombs, and pyramids astound—
 From Thebiad's awful grandeur to the site
 Where Jeezeh's structures guard historic night.

In Lybian desert where its eastern line
 Bounds the Nile valley, we successive find
 The latter pyramids—a group of nine ;
 Next Arrian-Reeghah, with two slopes combined—
 Then group of Abooseir more southward shine ;
 Saccara's group and Dashoor's—one designed
 With double slope, and one of brick composed,
 But ruined now, with tombs around disposed.

184

Next Lisht, Illahoon, and Howara stand,
 While those of Biamoo complete the list—
 Some thirty-five in all—that seem as planned
 On the initial type; but those of Lisht
 And one of Dashoor seem now heaps of sand
 While Aboo Roash does but of base consist.
 El Farrahoon's design we find the same,
 And flat-topped Meydoom has no better claim.

185

Of all this number *one* alone contains
 The special features which shall be rehearsed;
 In angles, measures, plan, *it* now remains
 The proof that its wise architect was versed
 In highest truths of science, and sustains
 Its claims o'er all by whom they were aspersed—
 'Midst monuments of man it stands alone,
 The oldest, largest, highest, earth has known.

186

How, in its presence, modern pride is bowed!
 Its hoary wisdom whispering from the dead—
 Sublime, mysterious, awful! With the shroud
 Of forty centuries wrapped around its head
 We catch its muffled tones, now low, now loud,
 And hear with wonder nigh akin to dread
 The cosmic truths now by its stones revealed,
 Which for four thousand years have lain concealed.

187

By its vast hugeness mind and eye are dazed
 And into silence awed. We stare and stand,
 Striving in vain to grasp *how* it was raised—
 To comprehend the skill by which 'twas planned.
 Pigmies in mind and stature, stunned, amazed,
 We stand and feel before that structure grand—
 The mightiest altar that has ever been,
 Which cannot be imagined until seen.

188

Thus turn we from all others to where rise,
 On Jeezeh's Hill, this wondrous work of man,
 This builded mountain towering to the skies,
 And "the Great Pyramid" in outline scan:
 Some thirteen English acres base supplies,
 Its height to eighty and one fathoms ran;
 While, as to substance—measurement has shown
 That it contains five million tons of stone.

One hundred thousand men for twenty years
 Toiled at this Pyramid ere it was crowned.
 In twice an hundred and nine mighty tiers
 It rose, and then from apex to the ground
 Was cased in limestone, which for thousand years
 Kahira has her building quarry found.
 Cephrenes' pile a portion still retains—
 Of that of Cheops not a slab remains.

Gazing rapt, awed, upon that mighty pile,
 The mind is filled with wonder, and we ask
 Is it a tomb or teacher? Whence its style?
 What men, what age conceived, achieved the task?
 Wonder of wonders in this land of Nile,
 Of what great thought is this the type and mask?
 Here let us reverently pause, and seek
 The hidden wisdom which its structures speak.

Its chambers, passages, mysterious coffer;
 Its layers, angles, measurements, and stone—
 All, each to unsealed eyes of men now offer
 Solutions (for four thousand years unknown)
 Of truths which stand against the doubting scoffer;
 But clearer from their test, as fully shown
 By scientific labours, faith, and teaching,
 Which Smyth "translates" as pyramidic preaching.

Wilkinson, Lepsius, Jomard, and Cecile;
 Le Pere, Coutelle, with Perring, Lane, and Vyse;
 Greaves, Osburn, Bunsen, must, we deeply feel,
 Have honour paid their labours. Though the prize
 Fell to the lot of Taylor to reveal,
 The theory which now the earth and skies
 Attest as truth. Since whom we homage pay
 To Smyth and Petrie, Goodsir, Mitchell, Day.

Leseur, Renan, Bunsen, each believed
 'Twas built four, six, eight thousand years ago—
 Zadkiel, too, the same result achieved
 By astrologic formulas. We know
 Those were men by a *theory* deceived
 Which had no science-spring from whence to flow;
 And as is ever—*their sage proofs on paper*
 Were tinder made by touch of science-taper.

194

Herodotus *historically* shows

What Herschel by *astronomy* makes clear;
 And *hieroglyphic* search their plan o'erthrows,
 As Osburn proves. Its age now to a year
 From Smyth's exhaustive demonstration flows,
 Unreached by Simpson's anesthetic sneer;
 While Day and Petrie swell the ranks of those
 Who nobly worked its meaning to disclose.

195

Piazzì Smyth, a faith and zeal nerved man,
 Took up the clue which Taylor dimly saw,
 And to the crucial test of Taylor's plan
 Gave money, time, and labour—left no flaw
 In the exhaustive proof, whose labours ran
 Through months of trial which weak minds would awe—
 Then, boldly conscious of Truth's deathless power,
 Gave to our age its grandest, gravest dower.

196

All honour to that brave, fond woman's heart
 Which nerved the wife the husband's toils to share—
 Which Love constrained from home and friends to part,
 And Ocean's wrath, and Desert's gloom to dare—
 Help meet in work of science, truth, and art,
 Most worthy Honour's brightest wreath to wear;
 For gentle hearts, imbued with faith sublime,
 Are rare, as precious, in our sensuous time.

197

Five times five centuries ere the Christian age,
 Occurred the mighty Mizraite migration
 From Shinar's plain, led by a monarch sage—
 A Hiksos king, who, moved by inspiration,
 Did here, on central point of earth, engage
 'To build in stone that wondrous revelation
 Which, in "Time's fulness," has at last been read
 By zealous heart and scientific head.

198

Of size supremely vast, of shape unique,
 The oldest structure ever built of stone;
 In vain through range of Nature's forms we seek
 For model from which might be simply shown
 The builder drew his thought—not Fancy's freak
 Nor accidental stumbling made it known;
 The mind that with the mighty thought was fired
 Was from above with perfect plan inspired.

Thus duly facing north, south, east, and west,
 On best meridian point of Earth it stands ;
 Its height, to square of base, will bear the test
 Of radius to its circle—here expands
 Our wonder, finding clearly thus expressed,
 A ratio which undoubting Faith commands,
 In the belief that he who thus expressed it
 Was Heaven-guided ; mortal brain ne'er guessed it.

A cubit measure has been used, we find,
 As the initial standard in construction—
 "A square of five in inches"—and defined
 As "sacred cubit;" showing, by deduction,
 A twenty millionth part of length assigned
 To polar axis, in such parts reduction ;
 While Earth's sidereal year, in days we trace,
 Each day a cubit, in the side of base.

And further still, though each side gives a year
 In terms of cubit, there's a fraction plus ;
 Hence the four sides, by demonstration clear,
 Show one day surplus in their cycle ; thus
 Proving how wisely provident the seer
 Who, in his plan, did "leap-year" thus discuss—
 A marvellous exactness, strange, surprising,
 Beyond empiric chanceful theorizing.

No! reason shows, as an inspired design,
 Our year of days thus fractionally given ;
 And when we reverently stretch our line
 On base diagonals, the mind is driven
 To swerveless faith ; for here the lengths combine
 To give the sum for which so long had striven
 The great Hipparchus. Here has inch expression
 The equinoctial period of precession.

The entrance-passage in its angle shows
 The year, the day, of the wise builder's plan,
 Which Herschel first observed. Our wonder grows ;
 When, in its angle's incidence, we scan,
 That when the Pleiades and then Pole-star⁽⁶⁾ rose,
 And o'er meridian plain their courses ran,
 The extended line of passage angle vision
 Fixes their culminations with precision.

In the ascending passage, called "The Grand,"
 We find its *seven* lappings, which define
 A *week* of *days* as by the builder planned,
 With other readings as we may incline;
 And then, when in the central room we stand,
 Its floor, roof, sides, are teeming with design—
 The mean of earth's weight, temperature, and density,
 All here expressed with accurate intensity.

Here stands the *coffer* in this cryptic room—
 The one thing found in central heart of stone;
 Three thousand years, in silence and in gloom,
 It held its secret, known to him alone
 Who sealed it up as if till day of doom;
 But now revealed, its hidden meanings shown,
 As for all nations—the *true standard measure*—
 Of pyramidal truth the chiefest treasure.

When "Al Mamoon," the Arab Caliph moved
 By fable dreamer's fabulistic teaching,
 Worked at the northern face until he grooved
 An entry through the solid mass, till reaching
 A passage—which the ancient entrance proved—
 To central chamber, without further breaching,
 This *empty*, lidless *coffer*—*not a tomb*—
 Was all he found in Cheops' royal room.

The number *ten*, to its *ninth power* raised,
 And multiplied by pyramidal height,
 Gives a result at which we stand amazed—
 "Our earth's true distance from the source of light!"
 He who would cry "Mere chance!" is simply crazed,
 And should a pitying smile alone excite;
 That truth to general man was then unknown—
 Hence Philitis has inspiration shown.

I've merely *hinted* at this theme, in hope
 To win the reader's interest in its truth—
 A theme most worthy of the widest scope,
 Of sage's wisdom and the zeal of youth.
 Compared with subjects o'er which thinkers mope,
 It is—if I may use Lord Hamlet's trope—
 "Hyperion to a Satyr." In man's history
 It stands the greatest fact, the grandest mystery.

209

But as that hoary pile doth still devour
 Its shadow daily, so it seems to hide
 Its secret truths. Four thousand years its power
 Appeared with magic mystery allied,
 Until at length came the appointed hour
 When scientific search, so long defied,
 Expelled the Genii of the powers of night,
 And gave its prisoned secrets to the light.

210

Honour to Smyth! and all that noble band
 Of scientific men, who gave their mind
 To rescue from the deserts' drifting sand
 The greatest truth to modern times assigned—
 A revelation grandest 'mid the grand
 Of all that science gave to human kind:
 An honour to their nation, age, and race,
 Who have achieved what time can ne'er efface.

211

The rigorous printer bids me "hold my hand,"
 Says that the limit of my space is run;
 Else I had meant this canto to expand
 'Till it embraced the Valley of the Sun,
 And taken the reader through the Syrian land,
 From Galilean hills to Lebanon—
 Mused on the sacred mount, 'mid Hinnom's gloom,
 And bowed on Calvary's awful, sacred tomb.

212

O'er Bethlehem's crib, by Galilean lake,
 On Tabor's lonely head and Carmel's range,
 Esdrælon's plain, where Bedouin herds now slake
 Their thirst in Kishon's stream—still without change,
 As when Elijah bade King Ahab take
 The Baalite priests and slay them. Thick and strange
 Troop visions blood-stained, slaughter-hued sensations,
 As thought unveils that battle-field of nations.

213

Hill-bosomed Nazareth, the Hermon hills,
 Nain, and dark Endor of the witch's cave,
 The Jezreel plain, which subtle fancy fills
 With battling hosts: that night when Saul (once brave),
 With brooding soul (whose horrors fancy chills),
 Sought spectral counsel how his cause to save.
 The wretched King—the Prophet's ghost—the sentence—
 The agonized despair which mars repentance.

His dismal ride, head fired and heart of lead,
 As round the foe in darkness veiled he passed—
 The fateful morrow, which the mantled dead
 Had told him would be on this earth his last—
 The battle—Israel's rout, who headlong fled
 To rugged Gilboa, Achish following fast:
 The awful end foretold by Samuel's ghost—
 Saul and his sons found 'midst the slaughtered host.

The self-slain Saul! His mutilated corse,
 At Beth Shan fastened to the city wall
 In vengeance, without pity or remorse,
 By the fierce King of Gath—a thought to gall;
 But Jabesh-Gilead's valiant men take horse,
 Rescue the body of the anointed Saul,
 Which now an honoured sepulture hath found,
 By fire and soil, in grateful Jabesh ground.

But, gentle reader, here we now must part;
 'Tis yours to say if we shall meet again.
 If I've awakened thought, or touched your heart,
 Winged a dull hour, or lightened care or pain
 (Which is the office of the Poet's art)—
 Then has the Muse not been invoked in vain.
 I wait your verdict—"Lictor's rod" or "bays,"
 Your tempered censure or judicious praise.

CALVARY.



The blushing dawn crept o'er the Eastern sky,
As slow the sun with vapour laden-beams
Embraced the brows of kingly Lebanon.
O'er all the fair expanse of Canaan's land
Nor vine, nor fig, nor ancient cedar tree,
Rejoiced, as they were wont, to hail his beam.
O'er Sharon's plain, on Hermon's dewy bend,
On Olivet, and Carmel's wave-washed mount,
On Tubor, whence the ancient Kishon springs,
On Jordan's rapid stream, and that dead sea
Whose pitchy waves entomb the plain of Sodom,
The morning's light went forth in sombre hue;
And sad and slow the wavy trembling beams
Streamed through the tear-fringed gloomy cypress boughs
That sighed their sadness to the wailing breeze.
The palm—the mastic—and th' eternal oak,
The prickly pear, the sycamore and lemon,
From every leaf sobbed o'er the conscious plain
In whispered breathings of impending woe.
The queenly rose, the hyacinth and lily,
The rich carnation, tulip, and sweet rosemary,
Wept from their petals tears of heavy dew,
And drooped their heads upon that gloomy morn.

Within Jehoshaphat's rough, lifeless gorge
That hears alone the Cedron's angry plaint,
The vapoury curtain, slowly circling rose,
And creeping up the mountain's woody breast,
Clung round the leafy crown of Olivet.
By many a winding path up from that plain,
Whose sterile bosom bears no gentle flower,
An eager crowd to David's city pressed—
From east and west and from the northern side,
In through the Golden Gate—by David's tower,
And north of Gihon by the Bab-es-Shem;
They come to keep the ancient holy feast
Which Moses, by Jehovah's high command,
In Mizraim's land, when Israel journey'd forth,
Established as an ordinance for ever.

And now from lip to lip a story flies,
“How in the night there had a tumult been,
And armed men despatched o'er Cedron's vale,
Up to the Garden in the Olives Mount,
Where they had found, secured, and captive led—
Jesus the Prophet—Him of Galilee;
And how they'd brought Him in the middle watch
Up to the Palace of the high priest Caiaphas,
Who, with the Elders and the Scribes, had held
A council on—this more than mortal man!

And how it had been proved by sworn men
 That they had heard Him say—He could destroy
 The glorious Temple, and in three common days
 Rebuild it up—though forty and six years
 Had been expended on its sacred walls
 By hundreds of the holy sons of Jacob;
 And how—the council judged Him worthy death
 And bound him fast—and now in conclave sat
 Before they send Him to the Roman governor.”

As thus they speak, the swaying crowd takes drift,
 And eager flows around the high priest's door,
 For it is heard that Jesus cometh forth.

And now, in that first morning light, appeared
 That wondrous man—His high, calm, heavenly brow
 Erect and massive, from which flowed His hair
 In wavy folds, soft as the silkworm's thread;
 His stature middle, and His mould of form
 The animated model of perfection;
 While from His deep unfathomable eyes
 Flowed tenderest love and mercy on the throng
 That curse Him some, and some that waft Him pity;
 They bear Him on to Pilate's judgment hall
 (But enter not, for then they were defiled).
 Pause. Look within. There's Pilate on the seat!
 See you! how nobly mild Christ stands before!
 How beautiful His brow! what floods of soul
 Pour from the deep abysses of His eye
 Upon the Scribe, the Pharisee and Priest,
 Who clamour 'gainst His character and deeds,
 And cite their witness to the charge they make.
 How eloquent His silence! With a look
 How He confounds those base and gold-bought knaves
 That falsely swear against His gentle life!
 Lo! See you not a glory round His head,
 Like to the brightness of the dread shekinah?
 Hark! Pilate asks “Art thou the Jewish King?”
 Hush!—that is Christ—how His deep accents thrill!
 “My kingdom is not of this world, else
 My servants would their Sovereign's life defend;
 I've come into this world to publish truth,
 And he who is of Truth will hear my voice.”
 See! how the brow of Pilate writhes in thought!
 What said he as about to leave the seat?
 'Twas but an equivoke to conscience-sting—
 He asked in seeming jest, “And what is Truth?”

Now comes he forth. There's pardon in his look!
 Make way in the gabbatha!—hark to Pilate!
 “I find in Jesus, whom ye here accuse,
 No taint of crime—no thought of evil deed.
 There is a custom at this feast of yours
 Which Cæsar's royal mercy questions not,
 That there be granted to the public voice
 A sentenced prisoner; wherefore do ye choose
 That I release—Barrabas or your King?”

Oh, what a fiendish yell burst from that crowd
 In sentence on the mild and sinless Christ!
 "Give us Barrabas! Christ away to Calvary!
 The Cross! the Cross! Let Him be crucified!
 He's not our King—we have no King but Cæsar;
 If He dies not, thou art not Cæsar's friend."

That cunning cry! The loss of Cæsar's favour
 Quells the still voice of justice in his breast;
 And Pilate beckons to the Roman guard.
 They seize the victim—bear Him to their hall,
 And having bound Him to a pillar fast,
 They scourge Him with a wanton, brutal zeal;
 Then o'er His bleeding shoulders rudely throw
 A purple robe, and plait a thorny crown,
 Which pressing on His high and polished brow,
 They place within His hand a wand of reed,
 And bow in mock obeisance one and all,
 With ribald laughter hailing Him as King.
 Thus tortured, mock'd, but uncomplaining still,
 They lead Him back to Pilate, who comes forth,
 And leading Christ, on the gabbatha cries:
 Behold the man! as though he would invoke
 Their better nature by the piteous sight;
 In Him I find no cause of death at all.
 Once more I ask ye shall I set Him free?
 Again, more loud, more fierce, more hellish, rose
 That rabble's cry for blood, which Pilate heard
 With troubled soul, and then he washed his hands
 And said, "Behold, His blood is not on me."
 Whereat they cried, "Then let it be on us
 And on our children," which, when angels heard,
 They wept, for oh! it was a fearful curse
 That Israel from Jehovah ask'd that day.
 Then Pilate yielded to their zealous hate,
 And, with a troubled and misgiving soul,
 Delivered Christ up to be crucified.
 They drag Him forth, all bleeding, faint and pale,
 And placing on Him the huge, cursed beam
 On which, in outstretched agony, to die,
 They hurry Him away without the wall.
 Within the vale of Calvary, where was found
 The skull of Adam, they have holes prepared,
 And when they'd pierced those sinless, holy hands
 Which never had been but in blessing spread,
 And nailed those feet, through tendon and through nerve,
 That ever bore the messages of peace,
 They raised the burdened beam, and with a jolt
 That thrilled with writhing torture every nerve,
 Let it fall home into the place prepared.

And now, behold! between the heavens and earth,
 From whence He was, and that He came to save,
 Exalted, bleeding, hooted at, and mock'd,
 Reviled, reproach'd, forsaken, and alone,
 Bearing the sins of mankind in His flesh,
 There hung the great foreshadowed Lamb of God.

Oh! how the hosts of Heaven, with rapid wing
 In countless myriads cluster'd round His head,
 And burned to breathe into His human soul
 Their painless nature; but it must not be,
 As mortal man, so must He suffering feel,
 And drink the wine-cup of the wrath of God.
 There is a cry upon the vapoury air,
 Amid the darkness of the veiled sun,
 Above the groaning of the heaving earth,
 And the dull chattering of the sheeted dead—
 A cry of anguish, burthened with despair—
 The last wild shriek of human agony:
 "Eloi! Eloi! lama sabacthani?"
 Then bow'd His head—the sacrifice was done.

Ye heavenly choirs, sweep now your golden harps
 In swelling strains of ecstasy and praise,
 The mighty deed—the covenant of God!
 (Made ere the deep foundation of the earth
 In the great void of chaos had been laid)
 Is now completed—and the souls of men
 Through time, and in that measureless profound
 Of countless cycles, which we call Eternity,
 Shall be redeemed to everlasting life
 By this, the offering of the Son of God.

When on the Mount of Olivet Our Lord
 Wept o'er the vision'd future of His race,
 And from His soul's great deep came welling up
 That yearning sob, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 He saw prophetic on the web of time
 Fate's pencil trace the famine and the sword.
 The fire—the bondage—and the stalking pestilence
 Beheld—the leaguer'd city, and the troops
 Of Roman Cestius, and the legion'd vale—
 The breach—the slaughter—and Bezetha's flames,
 And saw the Roman chief, though victor, fly
 With bleeding legions to the camp at Gabeo,
 Leaving a space that the elect might flee,
 And fleeing, find security in Pella.

Still, still, unrolled the cycle of futurity,
 And, lo! he saw commotions and seditions;
 And then, at length, the Roman Eagle came
 Once more, and perched upon the outer wall.
 Not "*Cestius*" now, but "*Titus*" bears it on;
 Her time has come—the time of wrath and woe—
 And now the vial of Almighty wrath
 Is poured on thee. Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 What speechless horrors crowd upon His sight—
 Famine most fearful—when the mother's soul,
 Bereft of pity, turned to wolfish rage,
 Slew, roast, and eat the babeling of her breast.
 He sees the Temple on Moriah's Mount,
 The glorious Temple, given to flame and blood;
 Within its holy porch there's shriek and groan,
 And thrust, and ward, and blasphemy, and death,

The Roman soldier and the Hebrew priest
 Writhing in deadly, though unequal, strife;
 The strong men's groan, and woman's frantic shriek,
 Crushed children's wail and madden'd warrior's cry
 Go up from out the flames in which they perish.
 Thus seeing, Christ in agony bow'd down,
 And weeping, cried, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

On Sion's hill now waves the Moslem flag,
 On Mount Moriah towers Omar's Mosque;
 The glorious Temple to its lowest stone
 Has been uprooted by the conqueror's plough.
 Beneath the shadow of a ruined wall
 (A fragment cherish'd with fanatic care),
 There—bow'd in sackcloth, ashes on his head,
 Tears in his eye and wail upon his tongue,
 Is seen the Jew—the son of sons—whose sires
 Invoked the blood of Jesus on his head.

Mount Olivet unchanged looks down on Cedron's vale,
 The olive trees still wave in old Gethsemane;
 And standing there beneath those sacred boughs,
 The gnarled preachers of two thousand years,
 And looking back on all we have described;
 We see how hath fair Salem's glory gone;
 We hear the words of Him whose deathless love
 Wept over thee, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"
 And as we look and muse amid the scene,
 Our souls respond to the rude soldier's cry,
 Who, looking up to Him upon the cross,
 Exclaimed—He truly was the Son of God.

NOTES.

¹ Some years since the author submitted to the Aeronautical Society a paper, stating convictions founded on an observation of the *floating tribe* of birds, and extending over many years, to the effect that they possess within their organism the power of extracting from the atmosphere a gas composed of its lightest elements, which, filling the quills and bones of the creature, renders it capable of floating, or possessing equipoise with the dense outer atmosphere, without the mechanical aid of wing use. An examination of the connected valves in a freshly-plucked pinion quill will point to a support of this theory. But no amount of word argument will convince equally with observation, if every reader will take the trouble to remark the facts of the floating power even in the sea-gull—or, easier still, in the crow—as to how it raises or depresses its elevation when “skating” with out-spread wings, and without using the beating motion or use of tail feathers—by the generation of this more tenuous gas, and its expulsion at will, the creature increases or diminishes the actual weight of its body; and as the nature or chemical properties of this tenuous gas is the problem to be solved, rather than the *modus* of its production by the organism of the bird, it naturally falls within the province of the analytical chemist for solution, although results would undoubtedly be aided by a thorough knowledge of the respiratory system—blood elements—and their consequence of extremely high circulation and heat in the blood of the feathered tribe alluded to.

The following appeared, January, 1874, some two years after “Philitis” was published:—

“*Abaron*.—A rather astonishing bit of chemical news appears in a Paris letter to the *Turf, Field, and Farm*. It describes a discovery related at a secret session of the Paris Academy of Science last summer. The discovery is that hydrogen, hitherto considered an element, is in reality a combination of two elements, one of which is nine times as light as illuminating gas. The new element is called *abaron*, meaning weightless. It will not burn, extinguishes flame, is without odour, taste, or colour. The discoverer is M. Lebarre, a well-known French chemist, and his discovery was not an accident, but the result of a series of successful experiments. The influence of the discovery, should it be substantiated, upon ballooning will be manifest. The tremendous lifting power of *abaron* will render possible the employment of metallic balloons, capable of resisting all strains and shocks, and of preventing the escape of gas by exosmosis.”

² “Of the once famous mummies, learning’s sires,
Now used to feed a locomotive’s fires.”

“I shall only say that the fuel they use for the locomotive is composed of mummies three thousand years old, purchased by the ton or by the graveyard, for that purpose.”—MARK TWAIN.

³ The Caliph Omar’s well-known reply to his lieutenant, who, at the request of John the Grammarian, sent to ask if he might spare the scrolls contained in the Sarpedon and Alexandria libraries:—“If,” said the stern zealot, “these scrolls contain anything contrary to the Koran, they are pernicious; if they are in consonance with the Koran, they are useless. Let them therefore be destroyed.”

⁴ The Turkish proverb, worthy of Machiavelli:—“Kiss the hand of your enemy until you can cut it off.”

⁵ S. S. Hill, F.R.G.S., in his work, “Travels in Egypt and Syria” (Longmans, London, 1866), at page 170 writes:—“If the heart of a Christian be chilled, and a shrill accent escape his lips at the first instance of inhumanity which he witnesses during a sojourn among people under barbarian rule, what will be his feelings when he enters the gates of the detested city of Manfalout, which was long the theatre of periodical iniquity that has no parallel throughout the earth—of crimes which moralists in general must have neglected to publish to the world from a false senti-

ment of delicacy? Caligula became humane in the presence of a victim of his tortures; yet the cruelties of the Romans, the torture of the rack, and all the frightful inventions of the monsters who pretended to Christianity, even up to a late age, seem mercies and benefits conferred when compared with the enormities which are yet perpetrated under the sanction of the rulers of Egypt.

"I have just said that a false sense of delicacy may have induced tourists of far greater pretensions than the writer of these remarks to throw a veil over what it should be every traveller's duty to expose—every Christian's, every man's to condemn—and what the rulers of any civilized people ought to combine to put a stop to for ever.

"I shall, at least, say that upon the north side of the city, fronting a spacious plain of the great Egyptian valley, there is an irregular mass of connected buildings, within the walls of which are chiefly, at present, perpetrated those crimes. Here *about a thousand male infants are annually slaughtered, to obtain about three hundred* guardians for the wives, female slaves, and daughters of Mussulmen—'true believers'—throughout the Empire. But to merely say slaughtered is to use language too weak to describe the sufferings of the children who survive the tortures they endure."

Hector Horeau, in his "Panorama d'Egypte," giving portraits of the different classes of slave women whom he had seen in the slave mart, had them named to him as from Nubia, Darfur, Abyssinia, Hordonfou, and Georgia.

S. S. Hill, at page 125 of work already quoted, says:—"Scarcely an hour before I sat down to write these lines, I saw at the gate of Cairo forty negro women sitting in the dust, while the dealer in human flesh was occupied in paying the dues exacted as a town excise before the living merchandise was admitted."

Piazzzi Smyth, writing in 1865, says of the slave trade:—"There is much secrecy used now in carrying on these affairs. We saw a slave family pass our camp at the Pyramid at 2 p.m., in order, said our old cook, that they may arrive at the city gate just after dark, and then the merchants in the town will meet them there, and carry them off to the private place of sale."

The author's opinion of the religious, civil, social, and political degradation of Egypt (derived from observation in 1860) is sufficiently expressed in the stanzas relating to the subject.

⁶ The true Pole Star of 2170 B.C. α Draconis, it being the largest star anywhere near or about the Pole, but was actually $3^{\circ} 40'$ therefrom. This distance would have vitiated its use for accurate purposes, had not the Pyramid architect struck out a method of using it which eliminated that vitiating quantity. He used it when it was crossing, or on the meridian below the Pole, and the Pleiades (near the Equator) were crossing it above the Pole, and then a plumb-line dropped from above would pass equally through both the polar point and the polar star as accurately as if said polar star were precisely in the polar point of the sky. Men of the Pyramid day (naturally speaking) knew nothing of the *why* they were only to use the then polar star at one particular instant of the night; for we read, in the beginning of astronomy of Schedo, that 1600 years after the Pyramids' day, a Greek made himself famous by finding out that the Pole Star of his day was not veritably in the polar point!!! That star, then one in Ursa Minor, but it was more than twice as far away from the Pole than was α Draconis in the Pyramids' day; so what a simple discovery for a first of progressive development educationists to make, and they went no further than that for a long time. But at the much earlier date of the Great Pyramid's erection its architect bound up the correct use of the Pole Star for meridian alignment with the simultaneous use of it in the meridian and *below the Pole*, with η Tauri, in the chief star of the Pleiades, also on the meridian and *above the Pole*, to enable the date of the building to be correctly computed from the precession of the equinoxes—a something among the phenomena of the stars which all mankind were then, and long after, most sublimely ignorant of, from any finding out of their own learned men.

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THE TRANSITION.

IS THE BIBLE A RELIGIOUS BOOK ?

PART I.

AN ADDRESS TO THE TOILERS.

PART II.

THOUGHTS ON OTHER WORLDS.

BY REJECTED.

They, who wish for good Government, must use their Heads,
as well as their Hands.

Published for the Author by

W. STEWART & CO.,

41 FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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AN ADDRESS TO THE TOILERS.

P R E F A C E.

WHO are intended by the Toilers ?

But first, why do I address them ?

Long thought, long study has led me to the conclusion the cause of all human troubles may be a hitherto unsuspected error. A possible cause that has never been properly studied by our best minds. It is—

Just as this Earth is now known to be an atomic world, part of a system itself, again but part of a still larger, so we ought to be part of a corresponding Intellectual System; that, by some error, we have got isolated from the Universal Society, and are suffering from that isolation.

That we are told how to recover community.

But such recovered community might introduce a different system on Earth, and be fatal to present forms of government. Consequently, the discussion of the subject is suppressed.

The suppression is natural enough. But I doubt if the danger is quite of the character supporters of present government fear. I do not see, even if there is a Universal System, and we sought to adopt it, that the change would be instantaneous. We must keep our present house till the better is ready.

On the contrary, it seems to me, our present house is tumbling down, and no one seems prepared with any escape from utter anarchy. Whilst, if a Universal System really

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exists, and was outlined for us of old, there would be something to replace that now rotten.

Then, on the supposition of Immortality so many profess to believe in, we have to join a Universal System sooner or later; and what advantage can it be to anyone to support separation from the Universal, when in the next stage of existence he must enter it by compulsion, and be asked why he opposed its claims?

The arguments for a Universal Society could not be studied as long as men were ignorant of any Universe but this Earth. That is till quite recently. We can study them now; our ancestors could not.

The arguments may be long and perplexing; it is not so easy to picture life on worlds we have never seen. If we really had visitors from the Heavens of old, "the words of the wise and their dark sayings" may require much puzzling out. Please to reflect, "The Wise" are not our wise ancestors, saints or otherwise, but our said visitors.

Our "Toilers" are they who cannot join in the actual discussion. Not merely the manual worker, who, when his daily toil is over, is too tired for brain work; but brain workers also, educated, whose means permit of no leisure for profound study of any business but their own. Though all these, when their own work is done, may be too tired for hard work of another sort, they ought, at least, to have leisure enough to think over what government they would prefer, and reflect whether their government is honest or not.

The government or management of a community surely concerns the Toilers. These addresses, then, are intended to let them know what all the discussion is about; to make it as easy as the case allows to watch the struggle, and to see fair play.

When I say: We were told, thousands of years ago, we were starting our civilization on wrong principles, I allude to the Fable, or Allegory, given us by supposed visitors from other worlds, telling us "not to Eat of the Tree of the

Knowledge of Good and Evil," and that we should be turned out of their, the Universal, System if we did.

Now, we have not on Earth, a single government, a single society, a single religion, which is not professedly a branch of the "Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil." On nothing else do men agree except in asserting their Rules are those of the Forbidden Tree. The opposite, or Universal, system does not exist on earth, is utterly unknown, its foundation principles would be repugnant to all our ideas. No one founds a new religion or a new society here, without first assuring all it may concern he founds on the "Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil," or protesting his adherence to its principles. Any suspicion of the opposing is, as of old, still rejected as disgusting. But, spite of all this pious rejecting, the facts remain.

We are not in the Universal System. We have no intercourse with Higher Intellects. We have no rational assurance of Immortality. Our belief is all make-belief: acted, hypocritical, theatrical, and we have troubles which really are consequences of our own acts, though it may please us to call them, in the nature of things.

Why suppress all this? If there are miseries we can remedy, is it not on you, the toilers, they fall most heavily? Why refuse the remedy told you of old,—
"Return to the Universal System?"

TO THE TOILERS.

IT was said thousands of years ago, before there were Kingdoms, Nations, or Republics, before even men had Religions, or had formed any ideas about Gods or Spirits, when, from being mere savages, some were trying to unite together, possibly against wild beasts or other forces of Nature, possibly against other savages; be that as it may, it was said at the very beginning of attempts at Social Union, "You are working on wrong principles, you will never form permanent Society on that foundation. You may build up a very wonderful and beautiful structure, but eventually it will all tumble down again, because your Foundation is rotten."

This, *foretold of old*, is now coming to pass. You all know your foundations are rotten. You know each Nation is trying to protect itself from its neighbour, as a man would try to protect his house from robbers. You know the pick of your strong men, who should be supporting your women and children in comfort, are taken for this robber purpose. Whilst others are making guns, and other weapons of slaughter for them—Honest Nations, if there are any, have to do just the same to protect themselves. This leaves to a much smaller number the whole work, not only of supporting themselves and children, but also of supporting these useless millions of robbers, and guardians against robbery.

The whole system is rotten, and men were told so before

it began, and it is supported by Religions as false and rotten as itself.

They who told men their Foundations were rotten, told them at the same time what Foundation to take, and what equivalent for Religion they should have adopted.

Now it seems this question is connected with that of—
How came we, men, on this earth at all?

Well, we, the toiling mass of men, must leave such questions to those who have brains, and time and means for such studies. Enough, we now know we live on the surface of a Ball floating in Space, much as a balloon does in the air, and some say a Great Power put us here, others give other reasons for our Origin.

It also seems the question of the two Foundations for Society depends much on this question of Origin. Now, though we, the Toilers, may not be able to determine which is the real Origin, we may easily see the difference between the two systems. One is the base, or Foundation of all, or nearly all, our Systems; the other is a Foundation, not yet tried, but recommended thousands of years ago.

It starts on the supposition a Great Intellectual Power put us, men, on this earth, was our Origin, Cause of our being here, is in a sense, our Father.

Now all Religions profess to be on the Authority of God, who, they say, made this world and all others, for, as we now know, there are many others, countless others. Your teachers also told you, GOD put us, men on this earth. They tell you *He is King, LORD, owner, possessor, all we live on is His Property, we being his Subjects, Servants, Slaves, etc.* You also know, all through our Bible the word *LORD*, is used for His Name.

Now, the word *LORD* would be the Translation of Adoni, or Baal, in the Hebrew, the original Language, and belongs to the *LORD*, owner, master, etc., class of Ideas. Meaning, we are servants, slaves, etc.

Now mark this carefully. For even you, the Toilers, the uneducated, can understand it.

The word LORD, and in the Original, Adoni or Baal, was substituted for a totally different word men were told to use.

The word commanded to be used, was the word translated "I AM." The exact word and its sound, is hardly known now, so long has LORD been used instead. But evidently it belongs to the Class of Ideas, AM, Being, Existence, etc., and refers more to our Origin than to Lordship. Is akin therefore to FATHER, the word we are ordered to use in the LORD'S Prayer.

And the Relationship to the Supreme Power, becomes that of Origin of Being, Father and Child, as opposed to Lord and Slave.

You know, of course, the Rights of Author of Being, of Father, are quite as great as that of King or Lord. A Father's rights over a child are complete, especially when there is no other Power to protect the child, and the child is as much a slave as any slave can be—and yet the ideas,

Lord and Slave,

Father and Child, are totally different,

and the Social System founded on the two sets of Ideas would be totally different.

Now we are also told "*Father, Hallowed be Thy Name.*" Instead of Hallowing the Name, your teachers have substituted another Name, Lord, or Baal, for author of Being, Father.

You see, there can be no higher Title than Child of GOD, especially if it is added, Hallowed be the Name; that is, no other title allowed alongside of it. And they who call themselves Children of God, are to regard no other parentage.

It follows, all who so regard themselves must try to act as Children of GOD. Must try to be worthy of their Father, Consider themselves of the Highest Birth, be Gentlemen, in manners, in cleanliness, and honesty of work, and they must regard all other Children as Brethren.

It destroys all other Relationships. *Mixing two is not*

Hallowing. As there is only one Kingdom, that of your Father, you cannot belong to separate, or hostile nations. This is another Bible word often so translated as to mislead: Heathen, for nations; disguising the force of how much separate Nations are forbidden.

Nor does it require much Intelligence to see the Fable of Babel forbids a Babel of Languages. GOD'S children must all have one Language.

Different Languages were necessary for the Lords of the Different Nations. If all spoke one language, it would be more difficult to teach them they were enemies. To say, "the other Nation is a Pirate or Robber nation, they want to murder you, steal all you have, and carry off your wives and children as slaves;" not understanding one another, they do not know the other nation is being told just the same.

Now, if Father was really the Type of Government, Fathers would not be quite so ready to give up their Children to slaughter. *Patriotism instead of being a virtue is quite the contrary. Love of Country is another name for hatred of other nations.*

There are other words, and Rules, in the Bible that are so translated to you as to give a wrong idea of the Book and what it teaches; that make it appear, it justifies the false systems of Government.

The system it really commands you can easily learn if you wish it. Do not imagine all the educated, and all the wealthy wish to keep up the false, many know all our teaching is false, but it is only quite lately any have suspected what the Truth is. Now this has never been tried, there is no experience of it. Many are frightened at the proposed change. Also, many now in power do not like the change. The change from Lordship and ownership, to Fatherhood and Brotherhood—and the Few who do wish it, will be powerless unless you, the Toilers, support them. You will have honest leaders, if you will help honestly yourselves. But the time of change must be a time of Trouble.

And yet the whole Change could be made quietly and without injury to any.

I am told many of you will not listen to all this unless you are told who says it :

What can it matter whether Mr Jones, Mr Brown, or Mr Smith says it ?

Cannot you see the difference between Father and Child, and Lord and Slave, for yourselves ?

Besides, who does say it ? The Bible says it. But who wrote the Bible ? No one seems to know.

The Bible says : The Supreme Intellect, who made our and all other worlds, and put us men on this Earth, claims everything that is, all as His own Property. *Commands us to regard ourselves as His Children and to administer His Property for the benefit of all His Children.*

Other Systems say, the Earth is the Property of the Lords thereof, and to be managed for their, the owners, benefit.

And you cannot attend to this distinction unless Mr Brown or Mr Jones tells it you.

I have already addressed an apology to you, the Toilers, for not coming amongst you. Health prevents it. I cannot address meetings. But if I could, how could one individual educate a people ? Could one Teacher teach all the children of a country ? *One* might think out the best plan of Education, but then he had better not waste time in teaching a few himself. At the teaching itself, thousands must work. Also those who are taught must work. None can teach children who will not learn.

You all know much is wrong in human society. None can feel this more than the Toilers for their daily bread. Now, is this something wrong—something that cannot be helped ? Is it a necessity that only a few can really enjoy life, and the many must be content with bare subsistence ? Or is it something that can be helped ? Can all really enjoy life ?

May not this question be difficult ? Has it ever been

answered? We have had Empires, Governments and Statesmen for thousands of years, and has any system yet really studied the enjoyment of life by the many?

If there had been an easily seen arrangement by which all could enjoy alike, would no one have suggested it?

If there was an error easily detected, would none have pointed it out?

So, if there is an error, it may require much thought to detect it; still more to put it right. Showing a house is likely to tumble down, is one thing; building a strong one to replace it, another.

That things are wrong has long been known. The sort of struggle now going on is not new. Three or four thousand years ago slaves were oppressed, and were trying to get free. There have been constant changes of Governments, Monarchies, or Government by one, Government by a few, Republics, etc. In every case some out of power saying: "Give us the power and we will put all right;" and so they did, *for themselves*. Their own palaces, parks, etc., were all arranged for themselves; also, all arranged for the people, *to work for them*.

But is it not your own fault? How do you choose your arrangers, your leaders?

I would now address those who mean work, and who know their work. Do you not know that to do work well there is always something to be learnt?

Can a carpenter make a handsome cabinet who has not learnt his business? Could a boat's crew go to sea and catch fish if not one of them knew their work? Could a teacher teach, who had not learnt? Could one of our large steamers cross the ocean without a sailor to guide, or an engineer to manage the engines?

In time of war, each nation may have spent one hundred millions on its army, but if one employs its best generals, and the other has no generals, what would be the result?

How are you to select your leaders? There is an old Fable, used more than 2000 years ago, when there was a

social disturbance much as now. The parts of the Body all wanted to be specially considered; the Arms wanted things arranged for them, the Legs for them, and so on; and some one pointed out, there must be a Head, the part that did arrange, and the Leaders said, "We are the Head, we must arrange," and the people submitted.

Yes! There must be a Head. But does it follow, "*We are the Head?*" Is this not self-assumption of Leadership, something the led should examine?

In the last great war of our times, the French were led by a Napoleon because a relative had been a great general. The Germans were led by Mölke because he was a great general. Is not this a lesson for all?

Do you choose a carpenter because his grandfather was a carpenter, or the captain of a ship because his grandmother could steer a boat?

If you want good Leaders you must take trouble in selecting them. Not take anyone, simply because he says himself, he is the best.

Some seem to think all they want is honesty. If you wanted a ship built, would honesty be enough? Take an honest man, who has never even seen a toy boat built. Well, he builds of perfectly honest materials, and strong work; when launched, the ship rolls over and sinks.

You employ a scamp who knows all about ship-building, but must scamp something. You may secure honest work by watching all he does. But he will not submit to this for an honest price. He may, if you will pay him £15,000 for a ship worth £10,000.

So you may have to choose between an honest man who does not know his business, and a scamp who does know.

For the Government, is honesty sufficient?

Reflect. If it requires knowledge, something to be learnt, skilled work, why do you take as leaders people who know nothing, simply because their grandfathers or grandmothers did?

If it requires no knowledge, no brains, no learning, why do the governing people claim such immense honour, as if they were the grandest Intellects the Race could produce? Why do they look down on every one else?

Can you not ask yourselves that question?

I assert, Government does require knowledge and skilled work; and a Leader of men has much to learn, and should have brains.

I am not now addressing those "who have no work to do." We may have to feed such, care for them, and find them work; but they are not the people to think out our difficulties. I am addressing those who have skill in their own work, know what skill is, and what it is to learn a business. Such men, as a rule, can think.

Think then. Have not all who would enjoy life two tasks to fulfil?—1. Their own work; and to do it well. 2. To see those who work for them also do good work.

All should see their children are well taught. All should see, they, who profess to supply them, supply what they profess, Government included.

Now that the questions of Government are not easy, let us take wages. Many seem to think, increase wages and all will be right.

I ask skilled workers, who know what thought over their work means, to think a little.

If any one worker has his wages doubled, he can get double of everything he could before. If his wages are raised enough, he can get all he wants.

The same, if any particular industry gets its wages doubled, whilst others do not. But if wages are doubled all the world over, no one is a bit the better. Why?

Cannot you see, you do not eat gold, nor drink silver; you do not clothe yourselves with them, nor build houses with them. If a single worker earns £1 and it is raised to £2, this does not alter the general price of goods—he can buy twice as much; but if all the workers in the world get double wages it does alter the price of goods. Everything

costs twice as much to produce, and sells for twice what it did—or £2 will only buy what £1 would before. There is not an atom more corn in the world, nor meat, nor wool, nor cotton, nor wood, nor bricks, because wages are doubled.

At one time, in some countries, one shilling would buy as much as £1 will now. What better, then, is a man for the £1?

Some seem to think, wages everywhere should be doubled, and the cost of everything halved. How could it be? If the price of the labour is doubled, how can the cost of the article produced be halved?

Can none see now, wages will not settle the question?

What will? It has been asserted there is a system where no money is necessary at all. Where all could live in Palaces, and enjoy life in Parks and Gardens, and have every luxury; but it is not easy to conceive such a system. Would a single statesman in the whole world have the least idea what to do without money?

Another question. Should gold or money rule everything else? If it should, ought not the dealers in it to be under some control? Suppose the dealers in wool or cotton, the material for clothes, ruled everything else, no one could get any meat, or bread, or house room, or anything else till he had first got wool or cotton?

Well, if gold is to rule all else, naturally all the scamps in the world want the control of the gold. Should they be allowed to have it? This brings us to another difficulty of government, requiring not only brains but trained thinking. You all know nature produces a certain proportion of scamps. Some are murderers by birth, more seem to be thieves by birth, and these tend to make others of weak minds thieves by example.

Some Races produce more murderers and thieves than others, and it has always been a difficulty with governments to deal with these people. Evidently the cost of dealing with them falls upon the honest; one of the things increases the cost of living for all.

Does not this require thinking over?

Then Education, the very teaching to think—is there no difficulty about that? Why is every religious sect so anxious to get hold of the teaching?

Cannot you see why? Read the Church of England Catechism—“your duty towards your neighbour.” Is it not all your duty to your rulers, etc.? Is there a word in it about the duties of Rulers? Who would imagine, from reading the Catechism, or even the Prayer Book, that the Bible was full of directions to these very rulers, that the Bible was mostly occupied with *their* duty.

The control of Education is like the control of gold. Naturally, the scamps want the control of Education; that is, to tell other people their duties. But should you not attend to this very matter; who is to teach? and what?

If any can control Education, they can teach what they like, give children what ideas they please, *and prevent their getting other ideas.*

Every nation and every sect wishes to write its own history, and teach its children its own history. Glorifying itself and vilifying all others. Children are seldom taught true history. In many countries, the Bible is not allowed to be read.

Note. I hope my readers will not imagine I am specially attacking our own rulers, etc., because I am pointing out the Church Catechism is not Biblical. Ours is not a horrible despotism, and many are honestly studying these questions, and seeking the real causes of human miseries, if there is a remediable error, or if the misery is in the very nature of things?

I am writing because very old traditions seem to say, it is not in the nature of things, it is remediable—the error being one of the Infancy of Civilization. I write boldly, not because I think our Rulers a pack of scamps, but because I do not think so.

Well, then, if one commodity—gold—is to control all

other commodities, ought we not to think who should control the gold?

If teachers are to teach our children, ought we not to think who should teach? By teaching what history they please, each nation is taught to distrust and hate every other. The whole system of war is kept up by histories more or less false.

Another thing, very much connected with this history teaching—the control of the Press. Does not this concern the toilers? They are to be told what pleases the Controllers of the Press. They are not to be told what does not suit them.

This is a matter personal to myself, a grievance of my own, so you may receive all I say with suspicion.

I ask: Ought you to allow the control of the Press, of what may or may not be told you, to be in the hands of mere Tradesmen, mere Shopkeepers? Or even in the hands of any particular set?

Many now know the fact, I have not been able to find a printer or publisher, because I deny the Heavens and Hells your teachers teach your children. I deny the Bible teaches any such Heavens or Hells. I assert the Bible distinctly tells you, its Heavens are the Heavens of Nature, the Heavens GOD made, and not the Priests' Heavens. For this I can find no Publisher, except one, who also ridicules the Priestly Heavens and Hells; and so, as the great Controllers of the Press would call him, not a respectable Publisher.

Now listen. Why can you not get the Truth told you?

Because you yourselves will not support any Publication whatever.

Who does support the Papers, etc.? Advertisers. The same who cover all your walls with their Filth. These are not the men who want their fellow-men taught to detect Falsehood from Truth. These are not the men, who want you to know false Heavens and Hells are taught you, and the Real Heavens are not. They think, and rightly,

false Education supports false Trading, etc. These Advertisers control the Press. Even an honest printer has to say, if I do not please these Advertisers I shall get no business. All must publish and print to please those who pay. They cannot work for those who do not pay.

If, then, you want Truth, you must support your own Press, and make it independent of these Advertisers.

Now I come to what I more particularly want to talk about.

The moment we talk of Religion, I am asked, Have you read Dr Flummery on Religion? Or Professor Mummery on the Heavens? Or Madame Sybilla on the Immaterial? Or the great French work on Mortality? Or the still greater German work on Profundity?

Yes, and not one of them has anything to do with what I want men to think about. I want my fellow-men, especially the toiling many, to consider something totally different.

What? Not very easy to explain to those who cannot or will not think for themselves. The Controllers of the Press, as already said, do not want it explained. Not because all are dishonest—some may be; but many more because they are satisfied in the Old Times all teaching was erroneous, either from ignorance or dishonesty, and they think showing all past teaching error, will so destroy confidence as to weaken social ties and make Government difficult.

If all Religion, under the pretence of Duty and Piety, was merely to render the many servants of the few, and the many begin to see it, confidence may be destroyed. Was Religion for ages more or less humbug?

It looks like it. As if for Ages the Scamps had partly got the control of Education, and manipulated Tradition and History to suit their own purposes. One reason why imposture was not detected was, the Scamps used honest but weak-minded, pious people to teach children and the ignorant. These honest inspired confidence in the taught. The honest who were not weak minded were put out of the way.

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The Scamps and more thinking honest did not believe. Why?

Because it seems the oldest traditions asserted something, so incredible, in those days, no thinking person paid any attention to it, and it is perhaps only now, with a greater knowledge of Nature than men ever had before, that some are beginning to ask, were these supposed incredible assertions true after all?

The chief assertion is—*Civilization on this Earth was started by civilized Beings who came from some other world, or worlds.*

With, perhaps, a few exceptions, *this assertion has never been believed by honest intelligent thinkers.*

It is easy to show this :—

1st. For ages no human being suspected there was any other world than this; so never conceived visitors therefrom. So, when the old traditions spoke of visitors from Heaven and children asked about them, their teachers romanced, and thought no harm in doing so, believing the original was just such romance. And scamps would not profess ignorance; they professed to know all about the matter, and made out *such* Heavens for those who obeyed them, and *such* Hells for those who did not, as they thought would most influence their dupes. Pious ignorance, really believing and teaching the Falsehood, increased its influence.

But cannot any see, real intelligent belief would try to find out the Truth, not invent Lies?

2nd. Honest Thinkers, ignorant of any other world than this, invented all sorts of explanations of how men came to think of Superhuman Beings. It was dreaming they saw their Parents or dead Friends. Or, it was seeing indistinctly at night, or hearing natural sounds they did not understand. Or, the Spirits of the supposed dead really can move about. Or, some minds can impress their own dreams or thoughts on weaker minds, etc., etc.

But not one of these explanations deals with the original supposition.

There were Civilizations on other worlds, possibly before this Earth existed at all; and Intelligent Beings from elsewhere started our Civilization.

They could not deal with it whilst satisfied there was no world but this. And it is hardly 200 years since even Science knew this, and all our Religions were invented more than 200 years ago. So the subject has never been discussed, how a Civilization from elsewhere could start Civilization here. And to determine this, the opinions of our ignorant Ancestors' Saints, or otherwise, are of no value whatever. Nor are the opinions of Messrs Mummery or Flummery, nor of Madame Sybilla, nor French Morality, nor German Profundity.

Nor has it anything to do with waltzing tables, or dancing furniture, with winking pictures, or speaking or nodding images. These may all be real events; but if they are, they are Earth events, they have nothing to do with other worlds. Try and keep the two things distinct. All your dancing furniture, etc., etc., can be done by influences here. If Powers can come from other worlds, we want them to do something that cannot be done by any here.

Reflect. If our Civilization was started by the Civilization of some other world, all this asking what Messrs Mummery or Flummery, or Smith, Jones, Brown, or Robinson, think about it is nothing to the purpose. *Because they have never thought about it at all.*

All your Religious Teachers are now utterly puzzled on finding out there are other worlds—and all your learned till quite recently, knowing nothing of other worlds, spent time inventing theories of how men came to think of other intelligent Beings who were not men. This perfect conviction there was no other world ruled all their reasoning. Now, and now only, are we beginning to find out *there are other worlds*. Consequently all their reasoning on *no other worlds* is now valueless.

What the unlearned, the toiling many who have not time for profound study, should now observe and watch

is—All their Learned, their Rulers, and Leaders, pious or otherwise, are now conscious of this blunder, and are all in mental confusion over it, and some more or less in panic.

For ages, and for evident reasons, the uneducated were told there are such Heavens and Hells. It is now known *there are no such Heavens or Hells*. Real Heavens, unsuspected Heavens, are now known of, and your Teachers, *who professed to know everything, did not know of them*.

So some now say: "You see the whole thing is humbug; there are no Heavens and there are no Hells; then there are no Angels and there are no Devils. There is no Future Life, and there is no God that anyone knows anything of."

All that is the result of teaching Lies. But is not the conclusion hasty? There are Heavens, for we see them. Certainly they are not the Heavens we were told of; and granted there may be no such Angels or Devils as we were told of; but does it follow none of the worlds we now know of are inhabited?

"Well they may be. But what has that to do with inhabitants of other worlds coming to us? They cannot traverse empty space."

May not we, the unlearned, ask our learned how they know no Beings can traverse empty space?

1st. Is space empty? This now seems doubtful. Well, all know our learned were themselves taught error from childhood, till about the last 100 years or so, and are now in more or less mental confusion on finding out they were in error. Things existed they knew nothing of; may not other things exist they know nothing of?

Now you, the Toilers, must think a little for yourselves. Do not trust so confidently in those you now know were "Blind Guides."

Think. Cannot you see this? If not a single creature of any sort lived in water, would not every one feel sure there were none, because there could not be any—they could not breathe?

If, now, any one found an animal living in water, would not all the learned at once say he was mistaken? Would not the Professors of Science show it impossible? Would they not say—The finder, being ignorant, thought it lived in the water when it was only swimming; it was probably a rat.

Do you not all know that? Cannot you see then, if there is a positive assertion some Thinking Beings have passed through so-called empty space, we do not want scientific proofs they cannot do so?

If I had never seen animals living in water, I could never have invented them, nor told how they could breathe. Yet water swarms with life. Now I cannot tell how Intelligent Beings traverse space, but that does not prove none can.

Well, it was asserted of old, Beings not of our Earth at all, could traverse Space. No one, unless perhaps the few who had talked with them, believed a word of it. "Other worlds; what stuff." So when intercourse ceased, we may easily imagine what followed.

If you will only observe what is going on in our own days, there need not be much difficulty in picturing what went on 1000 years ago.

Mrs Flannel, such a beautiful character, so pious, so good, and so clever, sees the Old Faiths are melting away. Children ask, and you cannot tell them there is a God. Poor working people toil, and you cannot comfort them with hopes of a Future. Mrs Flannel sees all this with a true woman's longing to restore the comforts of Religion to all these poor people. She is inspired to do so. She confesses there are no Heavens with rows of Golden Harps, and the Good God never made Lakes of Fire for people to burn in for ever and ever. But He has shown her, oh! such lovely Heavens, where all is Peace and Love. You have only to work honestly, love one another, and believe in Mrs Flannel, and all is done.

But has not this sort of thing been going on ever since

the year one? Pious people have invented Heavens one after another, for the sake of comforting the toiling poor, and giving them something to hope for hereafter, *if they did their duty here*. And cannot you see, not one of these inventors believed in any Heavens whatever? For in that case they would not invent their own.

Now, what does it matter whether there are Civilizations on other worlds than ours, and whether they started Civilization here or not?

We shall see it matters a great deal. But it is not a question to answer off hand. It requires a very great deal of thought to answer it; and what we ought to do if it is true, and what we ought to do if it is not true, are totally different things.

1st. If it is true; there are other and Higher Civilizations, and on conditions we might join such; Immortality, or a Future Existence, becomes a conceivable possibility. Whilst Mrs Flannel's Heavens or any other pious Heavens, however comforting and desirable, give no promise whatever, for even Mrs Flannel herself knows nothing about them.

2nd. If there is no other Civilization than ours here, there is none for us to join, and a Future State is all bosh, and Mrs Flannel, or any one else, had better use their great talents in showing us what to do here, without any reference to, or hope in, a hereafter.

Cannot you see this does concern you? "Work, work, work, be very, very honest, and obey your leaders, and you will have, oh! *such* Heavens, hereafter."

Many suspect the Humbug of all this. Yet many do long for a hereafter. And if you can be divided into pious labourers, and impious labourers, something is gained. You will not all pull together. Now, you can all see the very essence of every Religion. "Your duty to your neighbour" in the Church of England Catechism, is the very essence of the Teaching of all Religion. "Work, work, work, and look at the hereafter."

I have said, I was a sickly child, never strong. Well

do I remember the impression pious friends produced, telling me "You are quite strong enough for work, quite able to fulfil your duties, but you are not strong enough for pleasure. You must avoid life's pleasures, reserve yourself for its duties."

In other words, being weak, it was to be all strive and worry, no amusement. And does not this well represent pious advice to the poor? "You have plenty for all your duties, if you waste nothing in pleasure."

However, that was long ago. More attention is paid now to the enjoyment of all. Others are thinking over such matters, and all are not Scamps.

Understand then. The Question now submitted to the learned, is—Was our Civilization on this Earth started by the Civilization of some other world?

I ask all to watch the Argument on this question. All need not study the difficult evidence on more than human subjects, any more than they need study the Heavens in which our society is said to exist, or make the calculations by which the distances of the worlds are known, their size measured, and in some cases the very condition of their surface, what we should see if there. But we can be told this without making the measurements ourselves. Only, of course, if any one likes to take a telescope, and look for himself, he should find what he has been told is there; not look and find something different. Then be told that is because you have not Faith, the eye of Faith.

Well, there are the worlds; and any one can see them who looks.

Old Traditions say, visitors from such worlds came here and started our civilization, and that they ceased coming for some reason or other.

Our ignorant Teachers, convinced such visitors were talking about this Earth, because they knew of no other world to talk about, interpreted accordingly, and so made arrant nonsense. If interpreted as telling us something of other worlds, will it make better sense?

For this, we do not want Mrs Flannel's ideas of what the Heavens are, nor anyone else's opinion of what the inhabitants ought to be.

We want observations of the Real Heavens, and if any are reported to have come from them, we want to know what such reputed visitors really said. Do they seem talking about such Heavens as we can see?

Now, it may be very difficult to judge what intelligent Beings from other worlds would talk about. But the more we know of the worlds around us, probably the better we could judge what visitors from them might talk about. There are some things they might not care about, and probably not talk about; as the purely local affairs of our world; the very things would be all important to our own scheme makers. Other things they might think much about, as the general Rules, common to all Societies, and difficulties common to all worlds. Such might not come into play at all on an isolated world, being rules regulating intercourse amongst Civilizations of utterly different types. These questions might never be thought of by scheme makers thinking of no world but their own.

So it was supposed, if the Supreme, or any He sent to us, told us anything, it must be about our world, because there was no other, and our wise have pointed out, as the Supreme knows everything, and we have been told wrong about our world, all this about His Teaching is Humbug.

Reflect. Do Chinese come here to tell us about England? Or would we ask Americans to tell us what we were doing? Should we not expect Chinese or Americans to tell us about their countries? Can you not see, then, our visitors from other worlds were supposed to tell us about ourselves, because your Teachers did not believe there was any other world to tell about, and the learned point out they tell us wrong, therefore it is all humbug. Of course, if you think Chinese come here to tell us our own history, it may well seem humbug. But if they are telling us their history, how do

you know it is humbug, because it is not like yours? Is it not your reasoning that is humbug?

Astronomers do not take what any observer tells them on faith; they look for themselves, and verify it. Just so, do not take what any one says about the visitors of old on faith; read yourselves and see.

They say they come from the Heavens, and the Heavens they mean are where the Sun, Moon and Stars are. They say GOD made their Heavens, and they tell you not to make your own imagery of the Heavens, nor form your own ideas of dwellers therein.

They tell you. "Do not form schemes of your own, what you think ought to be. Do not adopt schemes of imaginary Right and Wrong. If you want to join us, we are telling you what we really are. Our GOD is the Author of "WHAT IS," and we accept what is. Our God says "I AM, WHAT I AM." He does not call Himself "I AM what I ought to be." He tells us, and we tell you, to study *what IS*; not what ought to be. "Thou shalt not eat of the Tree of the Science of what ought to be." Our God made the gazelle and the tiger, the lamb and the wolf, the dove and the hawk; food, corn and fruit, diseases, plagues and blights.

"And the very Name given you, I AM, which you were told to hallow, you have changed into Adoni or Baal, Lord or Master. Why? Do Lordship, Ownership, Mastership ideas suit you better when teaching others, to act lowly and reverently to you their betters, and keep from picking and stealing what belongs to their lords, masters, owners, etc.?"

"Does not your own Book tell you, I AM claims the whole Universe as His own; *because He made it?* Is there nothing in your Book about 'curing the mote in your brother's eye, whilst you leave the beam in your own?' Is not picking and stealing trifles from your Lords and Masters, a mote compared with claiming the whole Earth as your own?—I AM'S Earth, and dividing it amongst

yourselves, 'laying field to field and house to house, till there is no place left' (Is. v. 8). Where any have a right to be as children of the Universal Father, *and because they are His children*. But only a right as your subjects, and derived from you?"

How can visitors from other worlds come here? They have no right here. There is not a spot of Earth is God's Earth—their Father's Earth. It is all parcelled amongst you; and they come not where they have no right to come.

Possibly you would not treat them, as they treated them in Sodom. But you would ask, whose subjects they were, and "GOD'S subjects" would not satisfy you. Besides, how are they to come? How are they to get this world's clothes? Would you clothe them and feed them? Yes; you would in the Workhouse, and set them to break stones.

You may reply, "That is nonsense; they could easily work a miracle and get clothing."

Very well, they say, they will work a miracle when they come again. *Clearing you off the Face of the Earth; you deny their right to be on.*

If visitors came from other worlds, it might be difficult to understand what they were talking about. Different nations here, seldom quite understand each other. As long as it was supposed there was only GOD and ourselves, and possibly the Spirits of departed ancestors, all thinking of nothing but this Earth, no one could see why all should not be perfectly plain and clear.

But if they were not of this Earth at all, but belonged to a totally different state, it might not be so easy to explain to us who had no ideas of any such state.

Then, though they use GOD'S name, as His subjects, it may be no more the Supreme Being who is speaking than a Missionary is Queen Victoria, because he uses her authority. Properly enough they may act in the name of their Government, without being the actual Government.

That they talk of things we never thought of, and

never should, but for their telling of them seems clear enough. These, not being Earth matters, they evidently have difficulty in describing.

Now, as soon as we regard our supposed visitors, as not telling us our own affairs, but something about themselves, we shall see they apparently talk of themselves as of different ranks. Some just above us, indeed our own ancestors, are spoken of as amongst them; others, Higher and more Ancient, to whom they are subject.

They, just above us, seem to say, there are many things they can no more do than we can. They seem to want us to seize ideas, evidently important to them, which we have never formed, probably not paying full attention to what they were telling us, from our certainty they were speaking of Earth matters only, and not seeing they were using Earth objects, trying to make us comprehend such objects were most like theirs.

Have we ever understood what they mean by Spirit or Spiritual?

What many seem to understand by Spiritual, is something they cannot see or comprehend; but they are to believe some one else can see and comprehend. This enables Scamps to tell them anything they like, and say: "You do not see it, because you are not spiritual;" and Spirit seems a sort of vapour, impalpable air, which only a few eyes can see, and that vaguely, is in fact very dreamy.

Now, this does not seem at all what the original traditions meant by Spirit. On the contrary, they seem to use Spirit for what is most substantial and real.

We are apt to forget, all our terms for mental powers feelings, etc., are taken from material objects, etc. Good and bad, strong (minded) and weak, warm feelings and cold, etc., etc. We understand all these well now, but children do not always at first—they may think a great man must be very big in body, etc. Also, all nations do not use the same emblems. Some may use the fox for cunning, others the weasel; for strength, some the horse,

others the lion, etc., and in translating from one language to another there might be confusion ; the second people, not knowing the first, used the object as emblem for what they used another.

Seemingly, our supposed visitors wanted to use another emblem for what they meant by Spirit. Not Air, but the Ether which fills all space, and in which the worlds float. The argument to show this is too complex for our present purpose. But our ancestors did not know of this Ether, for them it merely meant the upper Air. Our astronomers now know of it, but it seems the most difficult substance to form any idea of. It seems to be everywhere, all round us, just as the air is. In some ways it seems solid, more compact than the diamond ; in others it seems like empty space, offers no resistance whatever to objects moving in it. Solid emptiness—yes ; but we can form no clear idea of solid emptiness.

It seems our visitors could breathe this Ether, and live by it as we live by breathing air. As at one time men knew nothing of this Ether, they could explain by air, but they seem to have pointed to Space, and tried to explain it was the air beyond.

If any will think, we can easily see our ancestors would never have regarded Ether or Air as emblems of the substantial or permanent, but would take solids as the ground for their emblems.

Beings really Immortal might not regard solids as the emblems of the fixed or unchanging. For them, solids may become fluids, and fluids vapour ; mountains and cliffs would wear away. They might watch worlds themselves come into existence and go out, whilst the Space such worlds were formed in, and in which the Immortals themselves lived, remained.

This Space we regard as emptiness, or rather our ancestors did, for our astronomers do not now so regard it ; the Immortals, it seems, regard it as substance, for they speak of it as made. Powers made the Rakiah (Hebrew), which,

for the present, I translate Space. We do not regard Space as substantial ; it seems they do. So in time we may need another name for this substance, their emblem of the unchanging, of reality, of Spirit.

Our meaning of Spirit is a Babel meaning, a word used as if we understood it when we do not.

Let us avoid Babel terms.

Apparently our supposed visitors are represented as considering Intelligence as cause of the Material, or Material is a sort of dream of the Intelligent. This is by no means a new idea ; many now incline to this opinion, and we shall have to study it in due time.

According to this view, Nature is a sort of Dream of some Great Intellect, into which Dream less powerful Intellects can be admitted.

It is only those who dream much can understand this well—they who know how difficult it is to tell some dreams from what we call Reality. How difficult it is sometimes to shake off a dream—to wake out of it ; a dream formed by our own mind. If, then, a more powerful Mind could impress his dream on us, it might be impossible to shake it off ; that would be the weak conquering the strong.

There is little doubt, some who have only had one or two dreams in their life, have not learned to separate them from reality. There seems little room to doubt some dreams are firmly believed to be real events, part of the history of the dreamer's life, and influence him as real occurrences for the rest of his life.

We will study all this in time. Enough for the moment. We see how many want to put their own ideas of what ought to be in the place of Nature, to explain God's dreams by their own. How they want to substitute their Heavens and Hells for His, the Real Heavens.

This struggle to replace *their* Heavens and Hells, by the Real or God's Heavens, is a foretold struggle. The foretold ending of Idolatries, of Babel, or Muddle.

We see, then, our supposed Visitors of old did not regard

Spirit as we do, but apparently intended almost the contrary; something as real as Nature, or the real Heavens—not misty like our Heavens and Hells.

Connected with this, another matter also very ancient, part of the old Traditions, but never explained by the Idolatries or Religions falsely founded on them. The Sacred numbers, 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 12, etc.

The 7 Spirits, the 12 Patriarchs, Apostles, 12 foundation stones, etc. These symbolise something evidently very important to our Visitors; of no importance whatever to our Earth Teachers; about which they take no trouble, although told they are the very foundations of The Temple which is Emblematic of the Social System our Space Visitors recommend.

We are evidently told, Day and Night, or Summer and Winter, the Day and Night of the year, are emblems of the two. The 4 seasons—Summer, Winter, Spring and Autumn; or the 4—Noon and Night, Morning and Evening—are emblems of the Spiritual 4; as also are the 4 quarters of the Heavens—North, South, East and West. Whilst the Months, or the 12 Constellations representing the Months, are emblems of the Spiritual 12, into which, it seems, our Visitors regard all Nature as divided.

In their Teaching, they repeat and repeat these Emblems, and insist on them. Our own Teachers treat them with supreme contempt.

Surely you all know no Society can be established except on some principles or other. It seems, then, our Visitors declare there are 12 essential principles in all good Governments. It seems they also accuse us of only attending to 10 and omitting 2; which 2 they consider especially important.

As already said, they assert a Supreme Intellect rules the Universe, claiming it as His, because He made it, and He commands all Created Intellects to regard Him as Father, and they tell us, the Best System of Government—His—is on the Father and Child Plan. That the Lord and Servant

System is not so good. Also the Lord and Servant System rejects two of the foundation principles required by the Father and Child System. Introducing these two principles apparently destroys the Lord and Servant System.

Then the 7. We will leave this at present.

Reflecting on what Immortals might require, we may find some principles must be important to them, that need not be in a limited Society of short-lived Beings; because these latter would cease to exist before the full consequences of their acts could be developed. The consequences would fall on their descendants; with Immortals, they would fall on themselves. Hence, Immortals would regard consequences to fall on themselves as important; short-lived Mortals would regard consequences to fall on their descendants as of small account. Hence a difference of the two Teachings.

Now what does all this amount to ?

Very Old Traditions, as old as any history we have, connect the origin of our Civilization with Visitors from the Heavens.

For some reason, they ceased to visit us. In the Biblical Traditions, the last visit, as mere men or equals, was the visit to Sodom; after that, visits ceased, except with a display of power, as if not wishing to be again subject to insult. *One* later Visitor, as an equal, is told of—that one we crucified. But many doubt he was one.

On the visits ceasing, our ancestors, knowing of no world but this, interpreted all the Traditions as relating to this Earth. Scamps Founding Religions, to induce others to toil for them, invented such Heavens and Hells as they thought most likely to influence weaker minds. Inventing Heavens is, itself, proof they did not believe in any real Heavens.

Scamps naturally favoured honest but weak-minded teachers for children, who believed in them, the scamps; and persecuted the honest who were not dupes.

The discovery, Real Heavens existed, dismayed the scamps.

Real Heavens, and countless other worlds are now known of. *Are they inhabited?* Are our ancient Traditions, after all, records, or echoes of things told us by visitors from the other worlds?

Proofs, however learned and profound, no visitors ever came from the Heavens of our false Teachers, because such Heavens do not exist, are not proofs no visitors ever came from the Real Heavens, *for they do exist.*

And no proofs, however profound and scientific, that no visitors could come from the Real Heavens, can be of much value till our Professors of Science explain to us how they know what is possible and not possible in Nature. Granted, at present, they pretend to know all about the Heavens; but that is just what our false Teachers have all along pretended.

Here our would-be Comforters, genus Flannel, ask, "But are we to allow all our children, all our toiling multitudes, to be without hope, or belief in future happiness? May we not invent Heavens and Hells more suited to modern civilization?"

Honest people do not waste time inventing when better things of the kind exist already. Trying to invent, implies you have not the thing already; means you do not believe a word of what observers of the Heavens are telling you, or you are absolutely convinced Immortality is impossible in the Real Heavens.

But if a Future Existence is impossible in the Real Heavens, explain how is it possible in Heavens of your invention?

But in truth I am not writing for you, but for a class, granted, much more ignorant—those who see the Real Heavens, and wish to know more about them. For them, if any, who wonder if the Real Heavens are peopled, if there is a vast social community corresponding to the vast physical system we now know of. For minds who cannot comprehend Immortality in Heavens evolved from the intellect of Mrs Flannel, or any other human being.

Leave Mrs Flannel full liberty to explain her Heavens, and the Society of Immortals therein. But why may none discuss the possibility of existence in the Real visible Heavens?

First, we want to know what our supposed visitors really said—and, pray notice the distinction between this—and what anyone else may think they meant by what they said.

You have the Bible and other old Traditions in your hands, and can read what they say. I am going to offer my explanations of many things they said. But such are *my* explanations, and may be of no value; so do not confuse explanations with the real old sayings themselves.

For instance: "Thou shalt not eat of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil." You know that is not mine; it is in the Original.

I say it means: "Thou shalt not study the Science of what ought to be, so to live," or with the intention of making yourselves what you think you ought to be. That is my explanation; it may be wrong. The command itself is not mine.

Then the Supreme Being is represented as calling Himself I AM, and as Maker of all that IS. That is not my assertion, it is in the Old Tradition attributed to our visitors.

I say, *my opinion*, granted. Study then, "What IS." The actual works and laws of the Creator; and do not study "What ought to be." Never mind the Heavens and Hells that ought to be; nor the Society that ought to be in them, however beautiful, and pure, and holy such may be, *because you are not going to live in them.*

If you study any, study the Real Heavens, and if you contemplate any Society of Immortals, contemplate dwellers in such Heavens; *because you may have to live with them.*

Or, you may live in "What IS"; you know nothing, and can know nothing, of "What ought to be."

When they rejected or disobeyed "I AM," our ancestors

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were turned out of Paradise. That is not my assertion ; the old Traditions say it.

I explain, be it fable or not. If you are turned out of a house, or a system, or society, you are no longer in such system or society, and must be in some other. This is my opinion, you can take it for what it is worth. That you are turned out is not my opinion, it is in the original.

What system are we in ? You can see that as well as I can, only, *it is not the one we were turned out of.*

Besides, these very ancient Traditions, there are some later. Our New Testament, these are accepted only by Christians. They relate, again, a visitor came from the Heavens ; him we crucified. To him is attributed a prayer, Christians call the Lord's prayer.

This prayer is not mine ; the explanation that follows you can call mine and reject, as such, if you please.

This prayer is addressed to The Supreme Being, who is called FATHER—as if Author of our being. Well, then, we are told to so regard Him.

“Hallowed be Thy NAME.” That is part of the prayer.

I explain. Anything is done in the Name of a King or Government, etc., when it is done on the authority of such King, Government, etc., in accordance with the Laws thereof.

“Hallowed.” Mix no other authority with that of the Universal FATHER. If you mix, you make impure ; if you ever touch improperly, you defile.

“And Uzzah took hold of the Ark of GOD, and he died there,” 2 Sam. ch. 6. If anyone touch a mirror or polished metal, he will see the mark of his finger on the polished surface ; he has defiled it. And he would leave the mark on everything he touches. We cannot always see it, as we do on polished metal, but it is there. That such touch may be of importance we now know ; that stain may contain the seeds of disease. We now know such seeds are so minute there might be several in such finger stain. But this was not known of old to our ancestors, any more than

the Heavens and other worlds were known. Apparently, it was known to our visitors; hence their insistence or cleanliness, and their advising destroying many things by fire. They advising just what modern Science is advising to check disease.

Observe then; these reputed visitors seem to have known what we are now finding out, but which our ancestors did not know, and did not understand when told. Observe this.

“Hallowed be Thy Name,” then, does not mean GOD and the King; GOD and the Church, GOD and the Priest, etc. That is not hallowing; it is mixing, adulterating.

“Thy Kingdom come,” is not my saying. I explain. If you ask for a Kingdom, or Government, or System to come, you do not consider yourselves in such Kingdom, etc. You do not ask for that to come you are in already. Consequently, by your own confession, if you use the prayer honestly, you are not in your Father’s Kingdom.

Do you pay the slightest attention to this prayer that you all have on your lips? Do you ever think of its meaning? and how do you pray when you have no conception what you are praying for?

When an inferior begs a superior for assistance, surely the inferior is bound to do all he can for himself. The weaker should only ask the stronger to do what he cannot do for himself. If in our public prayers we pray for a good harvest, are we not bound to clear the ground, plough, sow seed, and do what we can ourselves?

If we pray for a Government or Kingdom, should we not do all we can to establish it?

“Thy WILL be done on Earth as in Heaven.” Now I beg a little more careful thought as to the meaning of this. I may be wrong in the meaning, but think. We are not in the Kingdom, yet we pray for “The WILL” to be done as if we were in Heaven; as it is done in Heaven. But who is the Will to be done by? Surely by ourselves. How can you pray then, “Thy Will be done,” and take no pains

whatever to do it? Is not that mere mockery, turning all into ridicule? If we are to do The Will, must we not find out what The Will is?

This may be difficult, especially if it is true, as we are told, there is a Veil over the meaning of our Traditions. We may reasonably pray for the removal of such Veil, and to be helped in finding the true meaning; but surely we must try to find it?

We seem told then to do "The Will" now, whilst still not in the Kingdom. As if efforts to make our Governments like the Kingdom would show we really understood, and wanted, what we ask with our lips. Think of this. Granted it is *my explanation*. But what explanation do you yourselves give? You are not in the Kingdom yet. Why?

If we were in the Kingdom, the Traditions say our Visitors from Heaven would come here again. Why do they not come? Is it because this earth is not part of The Universal Father's Kingdom? But for some reason is cut off? They have no right here; there is not a spot where they would not be trespassers. Is that why they do not come? We might not now treat them as in Sodom, nor might we crucify them if they offered to teach us. But what should we do?

Now, it seems the visitors who most want to visit us are not the Great Powers of the Universe, but are of the Rank just above us, some of our own ancestors amongst them; but they are not permitted to come till we comply with certain conditions told us; anyway, till we show clearly we want their communion.

We are told the Essence of the Kingdom is the FATHER and Child Plan. We are told not to worship the Supreme as Baal or Lord; not that He is not Baal, but He tells all to regard Him as Father.

They tell us, in Allegory, granted, we are all to consider ourselves of one Family, and to have only one language, and not to form separate nations.

They tell us not to lay land to land till there is no place left which is considered their Father's, and where, if they come, they would have a right to be.

How are they to come? How clothed, if we do not clothe them? They have no possessions here, they have none of our money—How are they to live?

“But there are plenty of places. All the Churches are GOD'S.” Are they? Well, then, one comes, as one came of old. Ready to work and earn His livelihood whilst teaching or talking to us. A carpenter, his basket of tools over his shoulder, his saw in his hand, his ruler in his pocket. Christ enters one of *his own churches*, as it pleases you to call them. He mounts *his own pulpit*, and you do as the Jews of old did; you hear him, then turn him out. Dare you say so? Would you not turn him out at once, and refuse him all hearing whatever?

Have I forced myself into your pulpits? Have I not sought to address you through the Press? Have I not gone with money in my hand, and have not your Publishers and Printers refused to work for me? Except one you call an Infidel. Why? Because I point out GOD made the Real Heavens, and not your beastly Heavens and Hells That is the Reason; you have told me so yourselves. How can visitors from the Real Heavens come to you? That is your very reason for abusing them; they could not confirm your Heavens and Hells, the Imagery you yourselves have invented to Authorise your Teaching, “act lowly and reverently to all your betters, and keep your hands from picking and stealing.” When you yourselves have taken possession of the whole of GOD'S Earth, and not left a spot where His children have a right to be, *as His children*.

Every soul must have “the mark of the Beast,” and be able to show whose subject he is to have a right to live on this Earth.

Can none now see the difference from your School Teaching?

1. The Heavens, the Old Traditions are telling us of, are the Real Visible Heavens.

2. Visitors from the Real Heavens are represented as starting Civilization on this Earth.

3. Our first ancestors, whom they tried to teach, did not understand them, and refused their aid.

4. Apparently our early ancestors preferred their own system, and considered these visitors claimed a right to be here, whilst our ancestors thought this Earth their own, a Universe in itself, not a mere province of a larger Commonwealth ; and they considered themselves men, not children, and they did not want any teaching. They resented being treated as children. And were they not right ?

But this involves the very question of Immortality. If we are Immortals, we must be children.

If we have reached full development, if there are none senior or wiser than we are, how can we be Immortal ? Refusing the Teaching of the older Intellects is rejecting the offer of Immortality, is denying our childhood to them. We are wise as they, and want no higher state. We know "what ought to be" as well as they do. We have our own great intellects, our own wise, and do not want them.

Can you not see the difference in the teaching ?

It is not GOD and this Earth. GOD contemplating this Earth as His chief work, as the centre of His Realm, and the men of this Earth as the only companions worthy of Himself, as His all but equals.

It is. Countless worlds and systems of worlds ; vast Societies of Intellects of all Ranks and Degrees ; Beings as varied as the worlds ; Intellects who regard all as children of their Society who can and will join them. Whose idea of man is not an Animal with so many fingers and so many toes, and such and such teeth ; but who has such and such intellectual faculties. One fit for rational society, who understands reason, will learn if taught, grows in knowledge, and if he joins any Society will submit in reason to its rules, etc.

This Intellectual Universal Society professes to regard all the worlds as the property of a Supreme Intellect, on the assumption He made them, and they claim the right to visit all the worlds, and stay on them, as being children of The Supreme.

It seems, however, all do not acknowledge this Commonwealth ; some prefer having worlds of their own, and deny the right of any to trespass on their worlds. It seems the Supreme Power permits the isolation of such worlds, and tells those who desire community of worlds, they must be content with such worlds as agree to such community, and that they must not trespass on worlds that do not want them.

There appears to be a struggle between the two ways of thinking ; the war that might arise, however, being restrained, or made conditional, by the Supreme Power, becoming more like what we now call the Government and the Opposition.

All these ideas arise from contemplating the Infinity of the Real Heavens, and could not have been studied by our ancestors, ignorant of other worlds.

It may be, then, not so much The Supreme Power who is finding fault with us, although we may be violating some principles of His Realm, as the Rank of Intellectuals just above us, including some of our ancestors, who are complaining we will not join their Community, nor allow them to come here, denying their right to be here, claiming this Earth as ours, and refusing them any accommodation.

They say they will come when we rectify this, publicly confess our ancestors were wrong in their past treatment of such visitors, and publicly appoint places where we shall be glad to receive such visitors.

They accuse us of stealing the whole Earth, of appropriating what should be common, of calling ours what belongs to the Supreme Government, of making separate Kingdoms of what should be a province, of want of hospitality, of insulting visitors, of murdering the servants of

the Universal Society sent here as Teachers ; and they say, give us signs you repent of so treating us, and we will come again.

These, then, are the subjects I think we have to study—to reflect on.

Is it so ? or is the whole Romance mere Fairy tale ?

Speaking plainly, there seems great Difficulties both ways ?

As to Immorality, what is Immortal ? Our bodies certainly are not. What is ? Not very clear ; but then we are told it is a guarded secret, and we are not permitted to discover it. They, our visitors, will show us the secret when we recover intercourse. Is this Romance ?

Then, though we now see and know so much more of The Universe around us, can we see any trace of intermediate intellectual action ? We see Nature—the Works of the supposed Supreme Intellect—and we see our own acts here, but do we see any action suggesting all possible Ranks and Powers between us and The Supreme ?

Have we satisfactory answers to these questions ?

On the other hand, it is asserted we want evidence of Higher Ranks, because we have refused intercourse with them. The Rank most anxious to communicate with us is that just above us, having some of our own ancestors amongst them, and they are not permitted to do so till we ourselves do something enjoined. But when we do, renewed intercourse is promised ; and meanwhile, they declare they have left a sign of their action, something which is neither our work nor yet natural—“The Veil.”

Now, reflect on some things we are told. Our Leaders are called “Blind Guides,” “Children of Satan,” “Generation of Vipers,” “Thieves of the Inheritance,” “Murderers of the Servants of God,” etc. These are not my assertions. What do they mean ?

We have seen what they may mean. That we have assumed this Earth is our own property when it is claimed as the property of some larger Community, of which we

are merely children—our world is only a province. They have as much right here as we have—in fact, we hold from them ; that we insult and murder any of them who might come here.

If this is so, the accusation is against us as a Community—as a Race ; and we must not misrepresent this as meaning all our leaders are scamps, pickpockets, etc., as regards ourselves. A pirate community might be isolated from the general community of the honest, called thieves, etc., etc., but this would not mean the chiefs of such pirates were the most worthless in their own community. They might be the bravest and most manly, and the appeal of the honest to their better nature, might be to them as such. Sneaks and traitors amongst them might be as despised by the honest as by the pirates. Traitors not seeking to betray for the sake of ending piracy, but for the money bribe. Consequently we, members of the pirate state, so to speak, are not justified in regarding our leaders as the most worthless of beings, because honest communities regard us all as pirates.

And if our Traditions are not all romance, should we not regard what is told us from such point of view ?

And just as I think we have misused certain terms—as Baal, or Lord, for Father, Heathen for Nations, etc.—I think we have misunderstood other words ; Sin, Original Sin, etc. We give a Babel meaning to Sin ; a spiritual meaning as we delight to call it. Is it not Error, the Original Error, etc. ? The Error of rejecting the offered Universal Communion ? Error, because we did not understand what we were doing. It may become Sin if you like, when you understand and still reject the offer. Then, apparently, you select to join the Opposition.

Of course, there may be no Universal Society ; it may be all mere Fairy tale. There may be no Immortality, etc. But these are the subjects we propose studying. The YES or NO we want to prove. They have never been studied ; could not be whilst we knew of no other world.

The great questions now before us—the hitherto unanswered questions—are :—

- I. Was Civilization on this Earth started by visitors from elsewhere ?
- II. Is this Earth claimed as a province of a larger Community ?
- III. Is the Father and Child Plan the true System of the Universal Government ?
- IV. Are there really 12 essential principles, or foundations, for the system called Father and Child ?
- V. Must two of these be left out, if the Lord and Servant System is preferred ?

Note.—Twelve seems only the first or initial stage of the Father and Child System. Higher Ranks are more complicated ; the next Rank seems to require twenty-four. But it seems always a multiple of twelve ; whilst the Lord and Servant principle seems to require multiples of ten.

It is for you, the workers, to watch the arguments for the two Systems. Naturally, the Lord and Servant Governments desire to suppress all discussions of the Father and Child System, and all about the two omitted principles said to be subversive of Lord and Servant.

It is for you to prevent this suppression.

Now, is the Bible a Religious Book at all ?

Is information about the Heavens, Religion ?

Is information about China, Religion ?

Is information about the inhabitants of China, Religion ?

Why is information about the inhabitants of Heaven, Religion ?

Is not Religion the Science of what ought to be ? Does it not teach you what you should be ?

But the Bible tells you what really *IS* ; and tells you never mind what ought to be.

Speaking for myself, other minds may see no force in the argument.

The existence of an Infinite Intellect, or a Supreme Creator, no more proves my Immortality, than it proves

the Immortality of a cat or a black beetle, if no Immortals exist already.

If a Society of Immortals actually exists, we may possibly join them. If they take an interest in us, does not that imply they regard us as possible children?

I may be asked, What would I advise practically?

Should this be left to the responsibility of any one person? Should not your best Intellects reflect on it?

Our visitors seem represented as regarding our isolation as mere silliness, childishness; we having no idea of the real import of what we were doing. They still claim us as not yet officially reckoned amongst the Opposition, and they call on us, the whole Race, to repent, or to renounce our rejection. If this is so, dare any counsel a modified form of acceptance?

Seemingly, when the time of Trouble arrives, when our decision has to be made, they bid all who wish to terminate the Separation, to quit those who still persist in it. "Flee to the Mountains," whatever that may mean; get out of the general Sodom as it were, which will be destroyed or separated, or whatever it may be.

Be this as it may, apart from Miracles, and Miracles are not our province, is there any chance of inducing the whole world to change? We do not even know our supposed visitors exist. How can we hope to persuade the whole world to give up present systems and adopt one there is no experience of, simply because some think visitors from other worlds would come here if we did? When would they come? How long are we to persevere in their system to satisfy them?

Then, if they did not come?

And seemingly their system must be very rigidly carried out. "Hallowed." No mixture allowed with any other. How could we make the whole world adopt a very rigid system?

Miracle apart, left to ourselves, there seems only one plan—to try the system on a small but sufficient scale. We

must have enough to establish the twelve principles, or twelve departments of work they command. Then there are some tasks they seem specially to require—"Fruits of Repentance," as they call them. Probably meaning, show you really regret having done so-and-so, by trying to repair the effects of your folly. Thus, "we gave you certain things; you destroyed them; replace them."

It may not be easy to replace, yet, as they seem to require it, they must think it possible for us to do so.

Also, there seem some things they absolutely forbid, which we must totally cease from, banish the very ideas from our minds. They assert *we cannot retain such ideas and be God's children*, nor be of their Community, and these are ideas we especially value and cling to.

If this is so, many might really prefer the Opposition Community; and we may divide, as they are represented divided, into two, and on the same question. Or some, even when they understand, may prefer the system of the Tree forbidden to the others. The Tree all here eat of now.

The Tree that teaches . . . What?

Shall we then permit the formation of a small community of such as are willing to submit to the rules given us? Find them a suitable place, and the means necessary? And the number, however few, yet must be sufficient to form such system, and give assurance of fairly carrying it out.

The Experiment might then be watched, and other Governments could be modified as they approved or disapproved of the model shown.

The experiment may not be quite free from risk. Conducted as directed, it should show clearly either:—

I. All Religions are false; all hopes for a Future baseless; that we are mere animals, and the utmost we can hope for is to make the best of our life here. All Traditions to the contrary are pure Romance.

II. Or, the Invocation will succeed. The Heavens, so to speak, will be opened. But all Traditions assert

when Angels come, so do Demons. When the Gate is open for one, it is open for the other, and we shall not be regarded as in our first infancy, but as invoking consciously, and accepting the consequences; and the first consequence, seemingly, will be some penalty for our prolonged separation—not, perhaps, in anger or vengeance, but in accordance with some general rule that all must take the consequences of their acts. Not necessarily the full consequences, but sufficient to check carelessness and indifference; and such penalty our visitors, but little in rank above ourselves, may have no power to remit. Besides, submission to some penalty may show we value the advantage of Renewed Intercourse.

Indeed, do not we ourselves think, even children should bear some penalty for thoughtlessness. causing annoyance to others? Should the causer of injury utterly escape? Yet few would wish children to bear the full consequences of their carelessness. Their parents may have to bear the full consequences, if even they can. But the children should have some punishment.

In our Babel, or Baby, way of reasoning, it is sometimes said, if an Infinite Intellect made the Universe, He would or should have made it so perfect as to be self-working, and not require His interference again.

What an Infinite Intellect would or should do, I leave to the Professor of *what should be*, being incompetent to determine it myself. Still, the idea suggests that the Created Intellects might be governed by general rules, and know how to act without constant or impertinent appeal to the Supreme Power.

Hence, as above, they may have no power to remit all penalties, though they may have power to prevent or cut short full consequences. Consulting both the general welfare, requiring carelessness to be checked, and the individual whose existence might be crushed if he personally paid the

full penalty. But this is a mere guess, though it seems sanctioned.

I have now, I think, said all that is necessary as introductory to the work of The Transition.

One of two things. Either Superhuman Beings have visited the Earth ; or they have not.

1st. If they have, they might again. The condition seems, we are to join some Universal Society ; an intellectual Universe, corresponding to the Physical Universe we now know of, and which our recent ancestors did not know of.

If we want renewed intercourse we must :—

- I. Re-establish the Oracle ; that is, have some Official Place where our visitors may come.
- II. Must show them some proofs we will not treat them as our ancestors did ; or, as they put it, we, as a Race, must repent of the past treatment.
- III. We must try to establish a State as like their system as we can ; or, on the Father and Child principle ; and fulfil one or two other directions.

This is not the work for one man. The Race, or some portion of it, must show they want renewed intercourse and will comply with the terms.

My single work is done. I can only offer now to work with others.

2d. If there have been no Superhuman Visitors, why should we let our various religions teach us to hate each other, and divide us into nations all at war ? We now have experience of many forms of Government, cannot we we select some not necessarily hostile to all others ?

Cannot we form, or adopt, some common language? Cannot we spend our wealth on anything more enjoyable than cannon and fortresses? Could we not spend the money now wasted in churches and cathedrals in housing our working people a little more decently? Why persist in Religion, hate and war, if we have no authority for hating each other?

In short. If we have had Superhuman Visitors, they tell us—the Father and Childhood, and, consequently, the Brotherhood System, rules the Universe; and they bid us adopt such system.

If Superhuman Visitors are all Humbug, so is Religion, and so are separate Nations and war.

In either case, must we not change our whole system of Education? For the purpose of attempts to join a supposed Universal Society, should we not study Nature and gain all the ideas we can of the Real Heavens? For this purpose I reprint some thoughts on the worlds around us and their possible inhabitants, but hope others more competent to deal with such subjects may be induced to aid in educating the Public.

PART II.

WHAT follows is an attempt to picture space societies. This first effort should not be taken as representing any really existing state of things, but as a mere mental exercise. We must begin with some sort of picture. Afterwards, we can omit what is evidently wrong, and add anything that may be absolutely required. Science may aid us, pointing out what cannot be and what must be. Future attempts may satisfy better our knowledge of nature.

Nothing is suggested as to the methods by which our supposed beings pass across space from world to world. For the moment we are writing for all, and very few could grasp ideas about how bodies could flit from world to world. Wings, of course, are merely symbolical. Wings require an atmosphere, and would be useless in vacuo.

Let us not attempt at once grasping all our problems, but confine ourselves to a few possible results of the power of such passage.

Let us picture a vast world, not quite circumstanced like ours, but whose inhabitants, as far as they knew, were immortal, only did not possess even a pretended revelation. They knew no more of the space around them than their senses and instruments could tell them.

These reasoning beings differed much from the lower animals subject to death. They were less tied to the surface, could rise higher in the atmosphere, and continue longer there than any animal. None had perished, as far as they knew, and their substance suggested no inevitable dissolution. Their origin they did not know. The oldest merely remem-

bered a time when they began to think and to study nature but knew they had existed some time previously, like the lower animals, occupied in mere physical life. Some fancied they remembered elders who had gradually left them—as they had supposed, for distant parts of the world. But now that the race had multiplied, and knew the whole world, they found no trace of such, so probably their dim recollection was mere fancy.

And time passed: They had multiplied much, and their vast world was becoming well peopled, but none died. The elders seemed simply to become less and less tied to the surface, to be able to reach greater altitudes, and to sustain themselves longer. And they had studied their world profoundly, and the surrounding heavens as well as they could, and they began to take interest in the question of their future, and what they were to do if their world became too densely populated. Already they began to think if they could ever pass to any of the nearer worlds, and especially the nearest. Now, this was almost as large as their own, and very near. The two, indeed, revolved round each other, and travelled together round the vast central sun of their system. They had observed much, and knew a good deal about it.

And time passed. They had learned many secrets of nature, and some had reached the neighbouring world, found it unoccupied, and were peopling it.

Here some of my readers may think, "You profess to be trying to image how things may be in space, and you have at once to assume an impossibility—bodies passing from one world to another."

To call it impossible is to beg the question, for all religions infer the same, yet none explain how. If we let ourselves be distracted by every temptation to digression, we shall make but little progress. One course of subjects at a time. How such passage might be effected can be considered in due time.

And time passed. Their powers had much developed ;

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they had reached and peopled several worlds, and the knowledge gained by the study of nature under such varied circumstances was comparatively great. They had found no world inhabited by thinking beings, or any traces of such, and were getting certain none such existed, and that the vast inheritance of worlds might be all theirs in time. Till, at last, their explorers, sent to a distant world, reported having met the explorers of another race.

The report was soon verified. At first both were astonished and somewhat terrified. Would their peace be troubled and their progress barred?

But they soon established intercourse, some of each earned the other's language. They differed too much to amalgamate, or associate intimately, but exchanged ideas, and learned much from each other. Like themselves, the new race had fancied itself alone in space. They now agreed to colonise in opposite directions; and as space seemed boundless, there would be room for both. Still the idea could not but occur, if another race, why not many? Yet space was vast; and if they met other rational races, being rational, they could make agreements with them, as the two had done; and surely they need not fear irrational animals?

So for a time all went well.

But at last an embassy came from their neighbours, and in great terror. A new race was colonising towards them; so horrible, communion was impossible; and so powerful, they feared it would overcome their united forces; and seemed so malignant, they had no hope of its leaving them in peace.

Trusty observers were sent to join their neighbours in watching the intruder. Their report was even worse. This disgusting race showed every intention to dispossess the present owners, and seemed determined to enter into no agreement whatever.

So the struggle began, and continued long, with no hope of any termination but the complete conquest of one side,

and the strain was getting terrible. Till, when least expected, their opponents begged a conference. It was granted, though treachery was suspected. It now turned out, a still more horrible race, and more powerful, threatened them all, and their late enemies begged them to come and see if it were not so. Taking due precautions, a deputation was sent, the allies hoping somewhat that they who seemed so horrible to their enemies might turn out friends for themselves. But it was not so. They were really, as represented, far worse than their late opponents.

But events now came more thickly. Other races were discovered ; and no doubt remained : space contained endless races. Some could be friends, others only in the most fearful antagonism.

The new knowledge about the inhabitants of space, and finding themselves surrounded on all sides, caused a temporary truce throughout the realms. Information was sought, and terrible things heard of.

Races that were immortal, and could not be annihilated, sometimes suffered frightfully if conquered. Some might merely be reduced to slavery, more or less severe. But sometimes the races were as horrors to each other, the sight loathsome, the touch defilement. In such cases, the conquerors wanted them out of sight, and to deprive them of all power of movement, to avoid all chance of contact. And as, naturally, they wished to part with the least they could, they would force them on to the smallest and most worthless world they possessed. There they would deprive them of every member and every faculty they could which might enable them to leave their prison. And as, usually, such parts, etc., grew again, they sent, periodically, to tear them off before they matured. And, owing to the horror they had of their prisoners, they sent their own criminals and most depraved to perform the task, who often executed it with great cruelty.

And the inhabitants of many vast worlds might thus be crushed into one small one, or a mere satellite. At times

even many antipathic races might be confined together on one small globe.

But all this was merely self-protection. The victors could not trust the vanquished with liberty. Worse happened when the stronger had no horror of the conquered, but delighted in torturing—endless torture. Endless, that is, till the victors were conquered in their turn; but that might not happen for ages.

So, terrible things were reported in space. There seemed no real security. However strong any were, stronger might at any time encounter them.

Now, all this should not be regarded as mere romance. No speculation is yet attempted as to how conscious beings could pass from world to world; merely the consequences of immortal intellects being able to do so, and having no revelation or knowledge of any power to control their fears and passions.

Granting the circumstances, it would seem almost impossible that something analogous to what has been indicated does not happen. When we see the vast varieties of life on a single world, and the antagonisms among a single race, what might we not expect from endless races in the infinity of space? Would all be developed monkeys? Might there not be developed elephants, tigers, etc.; or, derived from lower types, spiders, scorpions, etc.; or from the still wider departures of various worlds?

It may be objected, with animal bodies they could not traverse space. Be it so; but when changed, as we are told we shall be, may not the antipathies remain? Tradition indicates that the two great powers of our vicinity are in terrible antagonism.

What analogy leads us to imagine only one race, or all profound benevolence?

Learning their dangers, then, from bitter experience, some of our space communities might seek safety in union, such as could uniting against those who were utterly incapable of association. Or there might be vast organised

confederacies in the midst of vaster chaos, less powerful only from its internal hates.

Reasoning, then, from the analogy of nature, we seemed to this—

If we are immortal, our predecessors might strive to communicate with us: and if there were great antagonisms in nature, they might try to image them, our confederacy heaven, outside it hell.

These words may be the echo of something really existing.

But if there is a Supreme Government in nature, what then?

Let us continue our romance.

We can now easily imagine a feeling of sadness, if not of terror, pervading some of our space communities: "Why so much beauty and enjoyment in nature, but only for a time, then such prolonged misery?"

And some said, "There is so much design in nature, and so great connection, that it suggests intellectual origin. But why should any intellect create such pleasures merely, when lost, as a foil to intensify wretchedness?"

And some asked, "Is appeal to the Supreme Power impossible? Can no conditions obtain a hearing?"

And they thought of a conference of all who would join in some effort; but nothing seemed satisfactory. At last a rumour spread that a visitor from no known race had talked strangely of higher powers, and of a community that could give all the security wanted. But they could not find him, and little importance was attached to the report. Yet they resolved to have the conference of the chiefs of all the realms that were friendly. And a vast world, and a time, was fixed for the meeting. And though many ridiculed, many came, and the conference was opened.

And a prince rose and said, "Amongst us the strange visitor was first seen. I am glad you have found him and invited him here."

And they said, "What do you mean?"

He replied, "I saw him just now."

So search was ordered, and he was found, and came.

And he said, "A community capable of giving you all you need does exist. My prince sent me to tell you of it. Now go; reflect carefully on what you require, and on what requests you should make to a Higher Power. Also let my message be made known to all—not merely to those you deem allies, but even to your enemies. And at such a date—which gives you full time for all this—meet here again, and my prince will come himself and hear your requests. Be careful to honour him, for he is powerful. Farewell!"

And he was gone.

And they were much astonished, and examined carefully where he had stood. And their senses were keen, and many could move with great swiftness traversing space, but none had detected his flight.

So they separated, and spread the report; and many laughed "at the trick."

Yet many prepared seriously for the next conference, and most came in their utmost state. Some to honour the expected visitor, some to guard against trick or treachery, many from mere curiosity. So the meeting was large, and watchers were placed in space around.

And a light as of a new sun was seen, and instantly the prince was in their midst, and his company on either side, and forming a canopy over him.

And all were awed, for they felt as children before armed men, and their state as tinsel in strong sunlight.

And he said, "Fear not, your troubles are all known; and you are watched and guarded that trial should not go beyond a limit; and the remembrance is true some of your eldest have of being tended at first, till they had learned to help themselves. You have not been uncared for; but to show ourselves we waited, so commanded, till you felt your need of help.

“And now I am appointed to rule you, to visit you from time to time, and to teach and discipline all who choose to join us in all you should know of the infinite society. And such as will submit to its rules shall enjoy its benefits and security, and they who will not submit must take their chance for a time in the chaos of nature—for a time, for there is another vast society hostile to ours, which eventually enslaves all who do not join us, as between us no permanent neutrals can exist.

“And now let such meet as you appoint, at such and such places and periods; and at such meetings I will at times appear, and instruct you, and aid you in such difficulties as you cannot solve yourselves.

“Now, farewell.”

Then they besought him, “Pray stay a little, and you and the princes partake of such as we can offer; it is but little but pray partake.”

And he answered, “Of wine only.”

And they each took a cup, and he wished all peace and happiness. Then departed as they came.

And the report of the meeting spread through all the realms; and many believed in the friendliness of the visitors, but others ridiculed their credulity: “They are more crafty than we, and intend to throw us off our guard, and reduce us all to slavery. Who ever heard of any state troubling itself for the benefit of others, except to gain greater benefit itself?”

And some did as told, and their chiefs met at appointed times; and the prince came often, not in state, but as one of themselves, and visited various worlds, and gave many useful lessons in the science of government.

And taught, “You must not hate those who seem to you horrible, or even disgusting. Reflect, the works of the Supreme are infinite, and infinitely varied. That the intellectual creation, as a whole, should study the whole works of God, they must be variously constituted; some must enjoy life where others could not exist,

and have faculties they whose labour is different have not.

“Now, we pass through many stages of existence, developing at each stage. You do not carry the body of one state into the next, but you retain your knowledge; thus always your power depends on your accumulated knowledge. Now, they who cannot associate with pleasure in one state, may meet as similar beings in a higher grade; and the exchange of ideas, and enjoyment of intercourse, may thus be greater than if they had both been alike all along, and had only the same experience.

“And if at any time you cannot arrange disputes by agreement, and I or any higher judge should not be accessible, and you can only settle by force, let your war be as a game of strength and skill. If you conquer and must compel your opponents to obey, take service from them in reason, use no unnecessary violence, let them enjoy life where it does not injure you; and, above all, leave them opportunity to develop in all that is not hostile, that you injure not their future; it will be to your own injury if you check their growth. And if you are conquered, serve faithfully.

“Despise none who do any necessary or useful work.

“Listen to a parable. In a new creation the Supreme placed young spirits, and all were joyous, loving, and benevolent. They studied the works of God, and multiplied; and as their labours became more and more varied, some seemed pleasanter, others more arduous. At last some were irksome, yet needful, that they might master all the realms of science.

“And some of the younger saw no necessity for such work, and declined their share. But as all were loving, and none would compel, at last trouble came, the neglected things being necessary. So they repaired to the Judgment, and were answered, ‘You know what to do, and must submit.’ ‘But, Lord, none of us can compel; our very nature must be changed if we are to use force.’ And God

said, 'I will give you those who can enforce decrees, strong spirits shall be born to you.' So the difficulties were overcome, and for long all worked well. But in time they who compelled were regarded as cruel, as instruments of punishment, and of a lower nature. Gradually they were shunned, then excluded from the more festive meetings, and finally from the associations for higher science. For a time they endured; but, finding they were losing opportunities to advance in knowledge, they sought a hearing from the Judgment. 'Lord, why are we in dishonour among our brethren? We have fulfilled the duty appointed to us. We have used no force for our own ends, but only as ordered by the rulers; nor do they accuse us of unnecessary violence, We have been excluded from the meetings and have not complained, but now the higher learning is closed to us. Lord, may we not also study all Thy works? And the Lord was angry, and summoned the spirits, and said, 'What is this? Did you not beg of Me, and did I not give you these to help, you? Why do you exclude them from your assemblies and hold them in dishonour? Now, *they* shall rule you all for a time, till you learn to honour all who do their labour honestly.'

"Attend to the meaning of this parable."

So, many of the communities learnt to work harmoniously uniting when possible for mutual advantage. Other, finding themselves restrained from violence, deeming their liberty restrained, began also to seek alliances with such as thought the same.

So a new principle was introduced. It was no longer each striving as a mere animal for itself, but they now combined for or against what was called the new influence, a few only struggling to keep isolated.

The above romancing is intended to direct ideas into a fresh channel. Fellow-students must learn to regard our earth as the atom in space science shows us it is. They must contemplate the possibility of space being full of

intelligences. Strive to picture society as infinite. For assuming the existence of such society is merely another form of our supposition, "We are immortal."

But in such exercises all should keep to certain rules. Attribute nothing to the space beings your knowledge of nature tells you is impossible. Before long, I hope to discuss such matters more fully, when we argue whether such beings can really exist. Then we will examine all the conditions our knowledge and the analogies of nature may suggest—what elements, faculties, etc., might traverse space from world to world, what could not. At present we are proving nothing, merely trying to bring our minds into the current of ideas required to determine our problems. Or, if any will, that seems to me necessary.

Study nature, then, for nature must guide us; without nature we shall not solve our problems.

The above should be regarded merely as a first attempt to picture the society from which, be it romance or truth, our supposed visitors, angels, etc., are supposed to have come. But it will probably require much thought, and much reflection on the real physical heavens, before any satisfactory picture can be formed.

On the supposition that the real heavens are peopled by real space societies, and that our Bible is really describing such, the foretold or promised unveiling of the meaning of the symbolic and allegoric portions now permits of deducing the social system recommended to all created intellects to "the children of God," as they are called, or at least so much of it as may be needed by the inhabitants of a small world like ours.

The Jewish or Levitical system was never intended as a universal system, but merely as an oracular sketch-plan from which the true could be deduced.

The true, however, must be worked out by hard brain work, by use of our talents. Intellects must understand the system they adopt.

It cannot be obtained without permission. But per-

mission was given symbolically when the veil was rent—permission to obtain.

But we are not to obtain without doing our duty, our own work, any more than we shall obtain food, corn, fruit, etc., without our own work. We do not create food, yet we must work for it. Even so, we must work out our social systems, etc.

This labour has been increased, not diminished, by our rejection of the offered intercourse with higher intellects.

The subject seems very vast, and needs much more study than men have given to it.

Then, in the old days of ignorance of the universe around us, space intellects or space society could not be contemplated; nothing but earth was contemplated, and the teachers and leaders of men invented their own heavens, etc., making them what they thought would most influence the uneducated mass of men to do as they desired—that is, obey their rulers, lords, etc.

Now, the Bible points out several errors made by these old teachers. “Blind guides” it calls them.

One is, the invention of their own heavens, their own idolatry, as it is called, instead of studying the real heavens, the works of God.

Another is, misusing His authority, His name as it is put. This commandment, “Thou shalt not take My name,” etc., they have not taken as a commandment to themselves not to teach falsehood, their own ideas, in His name, but have passed it on to the uneducated as meaning you shall not say, “By God, by Christ,” etc. Much as if one of our own despots would allow of any laws but his own being promulgated in his name, but would much object to any one saying, “By Harry, by George,” etc. “Thus making the command of God of none effect by your tradition.”

For, honestly, which of the two would a despot care most about?

And not only is the name used for any teaching that

suits you, but the name, the name ordered, has been changed to suit the views of earth rulers.

Lord—that is, Baal—has been substituted for the name commanded. This suits the lords, or possessors of the earth, better than the commanded name. It makes lordship the rule of the universe, and the lordship and ownership of some, what all should submit to—implying, of course, servitude for the many.

The word, in the passage where it is commanded, is translated "I am," but ever afterwards is changed into "Lord." There seems some doubt now about the original word, but probably there is none that it referred to being, existence, and probably life. It was usually joined with another word, translated by our meaningless God—the true translation should probably be Powers. And we now see the force of Christ's argument. The Existence Powers of Abraham, etc., is not the existence power of what does not exist, the dead, but of what does exist. The Rabbis of old, who knew the meaning of the words used, felt the force of the argument, lost in our wretched translation.

This, of course, made the Supreme Creating Intellect the Author of Existence to all created intellects, and corresponds to "Our Father" in the Lord's Prayer.

Making fatherhood and childhood the order or system for the universal society.

But all being children of the Supreme Power, all therefore equal by birth, not the same thing as equal by office granted, still an equality the lords and aristocracies of old could not allow; so each nation appointed its own priests and teachers, and they had to support the lordship of those who appointed them. So Lord was used and the name ordered forgotten. Your "fathers forgot My name for Baal," Jer. xxiii. 27; "They shall call Me no longer Baal," Hos. ii. 16; "Ye shall call Me Father," Jer. iii. 19.

Indeed, a very little study, especially of the later prophets, will show that though the worship of the Supreme as Lord was accepted, it was neither commanded

nor approved; a father's rights are certainly equal to that of any Lord, undoubtedly where the father is represented as also omnipotent. Yet lordship and service, and father and child, represent different ideas of rule, and all created intellects are ordered in the Bible to adopt the latter. Of course, those who refuse this relationship cannot expect to be regarded as children.

Now, all rational hopes of immortality rest on the Biblical tradition, no others give anything intelligible. They tell us how to obtain it, and they tell us how to obtain really good government. They also tell us, all the powers of earth, and all the armies thereof, and all the houses of talk on earth, will not secure good government, so long as they violate the laws of nature and the commands of the Supreme.

Now, you are rejecting the teaching of the Bible, its clear teaching without the veil. But as of old you reject it, and its teacher is

REJECTED.

THOUGHTS ON OTHER WORLDS.

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ON OTHER WORLDS.

THE MOON, MARS, AND JUPITER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE TRANSITION; OR, THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE."



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PREFACE

I HAVE been asked, what is the use of my speculations ?

I only write for those who care about old, so-called religious traditions, relating that in times past visitors, angels and others, came from the heavens and conversed with our ancestors; for many base hopes of immortality on such supposed intercourse.

Did they come? I deny the heavens and hells of the old religions exist, and consequently that any could come from them.

But the heavens astronomers now tell us about seem to be real, and the worlds in them real worlds. Could visitors come from them ?

I see no use in trying to familiarise our minds with places that do not exist. But we might try to picture places that really exist, and to fancy what life might be like in them.

If we could picture other worlds as astronomers tell us they really are, we might imagine what inhabitants of such worlds would be thinking about, and what they would be likely to tell us about if they came here.

Can none guess what I am driving at? With such ideas in our minds, drawn as correctly as we can draw them, certain questions would probably arise; as, on such a world is life so or so? We should see some things could not be; probably some alternatives, one of which might be.

With such mental preparation, if visitors came to us, we might partly comprehend what they were telling us about. If we are thinking of heavens and hells of our own invention,

places that do not exist, and refer all told us to such rubbish of our own, how could we judge of what visitors from real worlds were telling us ?

Once get a few to realise what the heavens are, and to contemplate life in other worlds, and I propose interpreting much told us in the traditions about such visitors from this point of view—Do they seem telling us about other states of existence—real states ?

Some say, Thinking beings cannot live in such circumstances.

Why not ? Think a little. If not a single animal existed in our waters, should we have supposed life possible in water ? “How could they live ?” “They could not breathe,” etc. Yet our waters swarm with life.

You are not asked at present to suppose life as different in circumstances as land and water here. But even on this earth we see social forms that suggest reason in types utterly different from our own. Bees and ants. Is rational society on such types absolutely inconceivable ?

Some of our traditions seem talking of the real heavens, and, be it romance or not, picturing life in real worlds other than ours. If romance, they are by some who knew as much of other worlds as we do. Apparently more, for they seem to have worked out some general laws that look necessary when we reflect on great varieties of existence, yet hardly so in the single type of one world only. I cannot well explain this to minds that think the study of nature useless, and grammar the only education fit for man. Nor do the principles come out from the contemplation of imaginary heavens and hells—idolatries, as the Bible calls them.

THOUGHTS ON OTHER WORLDS.



THE MOON.

WE hardly see more than half the Moon, because the same side of it is always turned towards us. It goes round us just as if tied to us by a string, so that the tied end must always be towards us. We never see the other side.

The side toward us is covered with what look like volcanoes—extinct volcanoes. We see no signs of volcanic action going on now. When was all this active volcanic action? Volcanoes, as far as we know them here, require water. No water, no volcano.

Well, there is not a drop of water to be seen on the Moon. Nor can we see any air there, nor any signs of an atmosphere. No water, no air.

If they were there when the volcanoes were active, where are they now?

Has all the water gone down into immense caves, formed when the mountains were thrown up? Or is all the water now on the other side—the side we do not see? Is the air there too? Is that side inhabited? It might be, if it had air and water.

I have been writing that some of our old religious traditions, the Biblical amongst them, assert the worlds around us are inhabited, and some by reasoning beings like ourselves in thinking powers, but possibly with different bodies. The worlds being so very different, we can hardly imagine animals

quite like ourselves living in them, and it might be interesting to reflect on what sort of life some of them must be leading. Only in each case let us be guided by what astronomers tell us about the world we are considering. Try to picture what we might really see there.

Now, as we never see the other side of the Moon, any dwellers there would never see us. What would they see?

At night they would see the same heavens as we, only clearer, because of their small atmosphere; but they would have no Moon. By day they would see the Sun, the same size we see him, for they are the same distance from him.

But their day and their night would each be about a fortnight long. Their day would be a month long; they would not have days, months, and years, but only days and years. What we call a month, they would probably call a day—a period of one day and one night.

Now, if there is water on the Moon, how comes it there is none on the side we see? Some suppose the Moon is slightly egg-shaped, with the long end towards us. In that case the water might all run down to the flattened end—the end away from us. The air would do the same.

So we might have a central, perhaps nearly circular ocean, and a belt of habitable land round it. This, as far as our ideas go, could only be habitable as far as the air or atmosphere extended.

The Moon, being much smaller than we are, about 2000 miles across, would be about 6000 miles round. So the half turned away from us would be about 3000 miles.

Let us suppose the water is 1000 miles across,—an ocean about 1000 miles every way, some 3000 miles round, more or less,—the habitable belt round it would probably not be more than 100 miles wide; for the air would thin away and hardly support life, except over and just round the ocean.

All we see being so mountainous, we may suppose the mountains surround this supposed plain on which is the ocean, etc., and it and the habitable belt are in a depression with a wall of mountain round it; this might also deepen the

atmosphere, aiding it to support life. The atmosphere also probably contains more oxygen or vital air in proportion than ours does. The water may be quite as oxygenated as ours.

The ocean, then, may swarm with life, and with types much like ours ; but spite of the smaller size of the Moon, and its weaker attraction, making all things much less heavy, there may be no birds, the air being too thin to support flight. The rarity of the air may also prevent running types of animals, or all effort requiring strong respiration. Owing to the diminished attraction or weight, jumping would be easy, also falling would not give equal shock. Quite possibly progression of the kangaroo type may be common, and the reasoning beings, the human beings, might be developed kangaroos, not monkeys.

Monkeys, being tree or forest animals, probably do not exist on the Moon.

In the very thin film of atmosphere, vegetation might not tower up aloft, but keep close to the ground, where the air was densest. This also might protect it best from the extreme changes of temperature caused by the long nights and days of a fortnight each.

The aquatic vegetation might be as great and varied as with us. The land plants would probably exhibit what is called the sleep of plants much more than here. Possibly many might spread out in the day, and the whole plant fold up at night. The under sides of the leaves in the day would be the outer sides at night ; they might be densely woolly or covered with hairs, so as to protect during the long night.

Remember, the year would consist of twelve days, sometimes thirteen. There is no six months' summer or winter as with us. All the months are much alike, their climate changes taking place monthly, in each of their long days.

We can hardly imagine their plants grow, flower, and fruit, each day. So each plant might have its growing days, flowering days, and fruiting days ; possibly making more progress

in each during its long day of half a month than it would do in fourteen days here, retarded by fourteen nights.

As all their days would be much alike, with no variation such as we have in our northern and southern hemispheres, there would be no general spring or general autumn; yet probably different plants would fruit, etc., at different times,—every day some flowering, others fruiting, etc., each keeping its own day; but why, the rational kangaroos would probably not know, though doubtless they would have very abstruse theories on the subject.

As they would see exactly the same heavens we do, but without any Moon, it is quite likely the night object which would attract their attention most would be the constellation Orion; and they might count their days from the night it was overhead, and call them first, second, and third, etc., day, up to 12 or 13, as the case might be, then begin again. As each plant might fruit in its own day, they would probably feel satisfied it depended on its own constellation—either the one the Sun was in, or the one opposite and visible at night. Probably the learned might be divided on this point.

The animals, apart from the purely aquatic, might be many of them amphibious, coming on land in the long mornings and evenings, taking refuge in the water during the great cold and the great heat. The purely land animals might be still more markedly than with us divided into day and night animals; some clothed in the densest fur, others partly protected above, naked below. The rational beings quite naked, as with us, clothing themselves as occasion required. Although supposed of the kangaroo type, they were tailless; indeed, on all worlds the rational races may be tailless. They were enormously developed in the lower limbs, but the chest and upper limbs were larger than in the kangaroo, and they had true hands. The head, of course, was more developed, and with long hair.

They were all one race, and not divided into light and dark races as we are; and they had only one community.

What sort of life did they lead? All their days were

much alike. They cultivated plants for food and other purposes much as we do, and they hunted and fished for much the same purposes—especially to obtain the thick furs of some animals. They made clothing, etc. They had all the minerals and metals much as we have, and used them; and they had fire.

As a rule, they worked twice a day and rested twice. Beginning work as the Sun thawed the earth after the long night, and the plants began to open out, they worked till the extreme heat, then sought shelter. The heat was modified, however, by the great evaporation from the ocean, far beyond anything here in our short days. The vapour raised really added to the bulk of the atmosphere. As the heat passed off open-air labour was resumed. Then the vapour would begin to condense, protecting from the extreme cold for some time; then it would fall in torrents of rain, and finally in snow and frost. The air would gradually clear, diminish in volume, and finally the intense cold would set in—the second period of general rest. The ocean itself would freeze over. Then the Sun would rise again, the thin clear air would give little protection, the waters would melt, the plants open, and work begin again.

Now, our supposed habitable part of the Moon, the belt round their ocean, might not be as large as France, and its population might be much less, perhaps not two millions. We suppose them all of one race, of one language, and forming only one community. All had the same birthrights, and were of the same rank by birth. Their life was singularly calm and uneventful. Our Earth, always acting on the same point of the Moon, caused no tides in their ocean. Those caused by the Sun were distinct, but feeble. The great changes of temperature caused atmospheric disturbances, but not so violent as here, the volume of air being so small. On the whole, one day was very like another. Great floods and hurricanes were unknown. Special droughts, blights, and pestilences were also unknown. In fact, there was no disease, and few accidents; from the small gravity of the

Moon, falling was hardly thought of, and want of air prevented rising to any great heights.

In this calm life the inhabitants lived to a great age, 300 years being not uncommon. As their world could not support a large population, few of their women had more than three children. Growth was slow; they were young till 50, and they bore children when about 60 to 90 or 100. They often married as we do, and family groups were not uncommon; but as there was no private property, no private inheritance, the purity of birth had not the same significance; also with only one race there were no half-caste. There was no impure birth. Nor was there any struggle for existence as against each other.

Life, however, was not without its struggles. Let alone the tremendous changes of temperature, food was not secured without work. The soil was stony and sandy, and very salt, as if it had been part of the bed of the ocean. The vegetation was not dense. The amphibious animals, twice a day, came up in swarms, and would eat everything within three or four miles of the water that was not protected. Twice a day the land animals would do the same for all beyond that distance, and little not looked after would be left for our human kangaroos. The smaller animals, the equivalents of our rats and mice, were especially troublesome. Curiously, there were few insects or crawling vermin. What there were, were mostly useful, as our bees, etc.

Some animals, of course, fed on the rats and mice, and some of the land animals attacked the amphibians. These animals, of course, were favoured by the rational race. They were fed when necessary, and turned out when their natural food abounded. They would be shut into the enclosure for the food plants at the feeding time of the rats and mice, etc.

There was, then, the care of these animals, as well as the cultivation of the food plants, to be looked after. There was fishing, which gave a large part of their food. Fighting the amphibians and hunting,—this last mostly for the thick furs so much needed for night workers,—building dwellings and

storehouses, gave much employment. At the foot of the mountain slopes in many places were vast natural caves. These were used as dwellings, giving protection from the extremes of temperature. Others were tunnelled out artificially. But dwellings were also needed near the shore, both as fishing stations and for protection against the amphibians. These were generally dome-shaped, and very thickly roofed, to protect from heat and cold.

But one great labour was securing fresh water. There were no rivers, and no fresh-water lakes. The vapour raised every day fell back in the night, mostly into the ocean itself or within the 100 mile belt, and ran back, unless frozen, and soon dried up in the sunshine. No rivers were formed, though there were streams for a few hours each day. Owing to this, fresh water, however, being lighter than the general very salt water of the ocean, there was a film of comparatively fresh water over the ocean, increased also and kept there by its daily freezing, forming a crust of ice. This was so marked near the edge, or shore, where the land water ran in, that for some distance the water was almost drinkable.

To collect the ice every morning was a distinct task, and carrying it up to the higher grounds another labour. Of old this had been one of their troubles; but in recent times they had dug canals from the ocean into the interior, about a hundred of them, from 60 to 100 miles long, as the case might be. Into these much of the fresh water ran daily. They were nearly quite fresh water. When frozen they made capital roadways; goods on sledges could be run rapidly along them between the ocean and the mountains.

They had no steam-engines, and not much machinery; and though they had wheel-carts and carriages, they had always some difficulty with them,—their animals, being all jumpers, might do for riding, but were not so good in harness,—and sledges that could be pushed rapidly over the ice by poles were much preferred. The winds were too light for traffic purposes. On the water their boats were mostly propelled by oars or paddles, except some drawn by amphibians. One

species of these was very tame, and easily trained. They swam rapidly, were easily harnessed and guided, and were prevented from diving by attaching bladders of air. They fed mostly on land, so were easily kept. They were valued much as we value horses.

Now, in muscular power the lunar animals were as strong as we are; and weights being very different, they did not tire as we do. But consider the difference of circumstances. A day a month long, divided into four periods, two of work, two of rest and sleep; the working periods each about eight of our days long, the resting periods each of six or seven of our days. Owing to the lightness of the work, they did not tire so quickly; also owing to the slower respiration and thinner air, they worked more slowly. They took, therefore, much longer tiring; indeed, so long, that many could work a whole period through, eight of our days, without ceasing, but then would take a good six or seven days' sleep.

Their meal-times were, of course, totally different—they took four heavy meals in their day, our month; naturally one at the end of each long labour period before the long sleep, and one on waking after such long rest. After the heavy breakfast, as a rule they did very light work for about six hours or so of our time, and then worked on with short rests and light meals for the eight days or so of our time.

Now, what did nature look like to the Lunarians? It was, of course, very limited compared with ours. Of their own small world they could only see one-sixth at most. They had neither tropical nor polar regions, forest and lake scenery were nearly wanting. Still there was variety; their ocean was not an exact circle, and there were beautiful bays here and there. Nor was the mountain circle quite mathematical, and the mountains were formed of rocks, etc., as varied as ours, marbles, granites, slates, limestones, etc., with their various colours, cleavages, etc. Nor was the plain between the ocean and mountains equally wide all round. It was, however, only at one place the mountains really came down to the sea and formed cliffs. At this place the plain was narrowest, and

separated by a spur from the higher ranges ; here, too, a line of islands stretched 200 miles or so into the ocean,—almost the only islands in it. There was one, however, of considerable elevation, almost exactly in the centre of the ocean. It was on these islands that the loftiest plants grew, the nearest approach to trees like ours.

What was their scenery like ? The great difference would be in the sky. Great masses of cloud were seldom seen ; they formed, but mostly at night. There was little deep blue, much more deep black. The sunrises and sunsets differed considerably ; they also differed as seen from the east and west sides of the ocean. Recollect, the mass of the atmosphere was over the ocean, and that it ended between the ocean and the rim of the Moon as we see it. Consequently on the eastern side the Sun would rise over the mountains almost without twilight, whilst at sunset it would shine through the whole atmosphere, increased by the vapour raised in the sunshine of fourteen of our days. There would be a long twilight, and some of the colours of our own sunsets. On the western or setting side it would be quite different. There would be little twilight, as the Sun set over the mountains, nor on this side could the sunrisings compensate for the sunsets of the east, for the atmosphere would be nearly free of vapour.

The deficiency of the twilights was partly compensated for by the magnificence of the Zodiacal light. Another object long unknown to us was well known to Lunarians—the solar corona. Slowly as the Sun rose over the black mountains with no atmospheric glare, there was ample time to see the larger masses of flame before the glare of the actual disc.

Besides the eastern and western sides of the ocean, Lunarians had their north and south. On one side at night they could see all the northern constellations as we do, and not some of the southern ; on the other side all the southern, not some of the northern. Remember, they never saw our Earth ; they had no Moon at night.

Although they had not the various climates we have, they might have one variation. When it was mid-day on the eastern side, it would be before the Sun had passed over the ocean, or, when the air was thinnest and driest, the heat would be more scorching; when the Sun was vertical on the western side, it would be after it had passed over the ocean, and the air was most loaded with moisture,—this might cause considerable difference in the vegetation; still more if the soils also differed. North and south might also show different types, not so much from different conditions, but from original separation.

If we regard the rational beings as differing from us physically and in their circumstances, but as like us intellectually, we may now see pretty much what they would be doing and thinking about.

Their social system would differ much from ours. There would be no different ranks of life corresponding to ours. What difference there was would depend more on age, and partly on intellectual differences. Professions like ours would be nearly unknown. One race, one society, one language, there would be no nations; there would be no profession teaching each nation it was the favoured of God, and all others were sinks of iniquity. War being unknown, there would be no cut-throat profession, with its vices or its virtues. There was no patriotism, and little thought was paid either to courage or cowardice. Nor was law a profession. Land was common to all; there was no inheritance. Also there was no money; gold was not a god. Law, therefore, was not a separate profession. There being no special inheritance, there was no special female virtue. Nor, indeed, beyond the distinction required for child-bearing, was there much difference between the sexes; they did not vary in strength as with us, and they laboured together at the same things. On the whole, from the prolonged childhood, and the mothers being the chief teachers, and being most at home, the females had the greater influence; all were more attached to them, associating ideas of comfort mostly with them. Still, a few

individuals, regarded as leaders and heads of the whole community, were mostly male.

Now, gold and war have taught men much ; we owe much of our civilisation to them, and wanting them Lunarian civilisation differed much from ours. Their inventive powers were less educated : it was one reason why they had less machinery. Fire they never knew the want of. At one period of each day the ground in places was literally red-hot. Lead would melt in the heat. Food had only to be placed in the sunshine to be rapidly cooked. Very little friction on an exposed plate of stone or metal was needed to obtain fire.

All our common metals were known, and they also had plenty of coal. For at one time the moon had plenty of water and air, so we may suppose abundant vegetation, and coal now.

They had plenty of earthenware, baked mostly in the sun, but not the finest porcelain.

They knew little of music ; sounds in their atmosphere were feeble compared with ours.

The eye was their chief organ ; they saw rays we do not. Colouring was magnificent in their grand sunshine. Photography they had perfected of old, and made great use of it. Of electricity they knew a little, not much. They used gold and silver much, and had cups and utensils of them, but they were not used as money. Instruments of iron they also had, and some other metals. Glass they had, but very little, and inferior. But they had magnificent crystals—caves of them in some of the mountains, and they had vessels of crystal ; they had both the telescope and the microscope, crystal not glass, but not so powerful as our more perfect instruments.

All manufactures requiring great furnaces were far behind ours. In fact, a great furnace was an abomination with them ; the smoke and noxious vapours did not rise, but spread over the surface, and no trade winds carried them off. Besides, they had a tradition forbidding them. It was said, continued furnaces would destroy their air.

They knew of our gunpowder, but did not use explosives

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much; they had no need of them, either for war or hunting, but used them a little in mining and blasting rocks. They needed them little for other purposes. Elastic forces were the same as with us, whilst weights and the resistance of the air were very different: a stone thrown, or an arrow from a bow, would go much farther than with us,—far enough for all practical purposes.

They had writing and printing, but not our movable types. They had few books—very little literature, indeed; with no wars they had no history, and with only one language they never thought of grammar. Their education consequently was so far deficient. They hardly had newspapers, though each locality published a bulletin two or three times a month, giving any news there might be from other parts; and they had methods of signalling rapidly from place to place.

Their equivalent for money, their standard of value, was a particular fur. There were not many of the species, and the animals were strictly preserved; only so many might be killed yearly. Most adults had one skin, but few had two. Even a small piece was of value; other objects were valued as if by such standard.

Their writing was mostly on a fine parchment, and parchments and the tissues of some plants served mostly as paper with us.

Their ordinary work, then, was much like ours, builders' and carpenters' work, digging and gardening, hunting and fishing, boat-building and making the necessary instruments for their various trades, cooking, teaching the young, etc.

Their art appealed mostly to the eye,—painting and carving, and especially making articles out of crystal and the rarer stones, telescopes, etc. They had prints and engravings.

Of their philosophy, science, museums, etc., we will speak presently.

But before we proceed to these, will my readers permit a few reflections? Will they also remember I am seeking fellow-students, fellow-workers in a special line of study? I am not trying to write an interesting romance for the idle,

but am preparing, or seeking the data or instruments, for some very hard work, intended to solve hitherto unsolved problems,—problems connected with the immortality many hope for, with universal life, etc. ; and these speculations on what existence may be like on the two or three worlds nearest us, which our astronomers can tell us most about, are merely intended to show how I think such speculations should be worked out.

Supposing, as some do, all the work of a Supreme Intellect, we are not to image our own heavens or hells, but to try and image His as they really are, or, if any prefer it, to strive to make our imagery correspond to His imagery ; not seeking abstract right and wrong of our own invention, but being right when our ideas represent His, and wrong as our imagery departs from His.

Consequently the heavens we try to image rational beings like ourselves in, are the worlds He has made, and we try to picture what life would be like in the actual circumstances of such worlds. When we have accustomed our minds to such studies, beginning with the easiest, or the worlds most like ours, we may be better able to judge what visitors from such worlds would be thinking of when talking to us, and from such first studies we may proceed to contemplate worlds differing far more widely.

Now, in our Moon we see what look like the results of large oceans of air and water, but we see neither air nor water now. Quite recently, if I understand the professors of science, the opinion is gaining ground, the smaller worlds tend to lose their atmosphere, the larger to increase theirs. Or, following the rule on our earth, the stronger take, the weaker lose.

If so, the Moon may be losing both its water and its air ; and I have imaged it at the time it still has some left, but on the side we do not see, as there seems none on the side we do see.

I have imaged the water forming a central ocean. The whole Moon may be mountainous, like the part we see ; then

its ocean would be studded with islands, and the life would be different to that now imaged. But I purpose picturing island life on another world. Also there seems reason to believe many small worlds go round their primaries with always the same face to them as the Moon to us. In some, then, there might be islands, in some not. Let any one else who fancies the work, picture the difference island life would cause.

Now, our Lunarians had no banditti, no pirates, no hordes of robbers, no hostile nations, and no combinations to protect from such. They had no very wealthy, no depths of poverty. A whole flood of ideas, therefore, had never been conceived, corresponding virtues and vices had never been formed. History and romance had not been built upon them. They had no various forms of government; the wars of despots, aristocracies, and class struggles were unknown. Various religions and priestly hates were not even imagined. They had different theories of the origin of things; and opinions varied as to life hereafter, but not to the extent to cause their shortening each other's lives here.

In short, they would have appeared to us a very simple-minded people, with very limited ideas; and their community would have reminded us much of a busy swarm of bees or ants,—very animal like and very stationary.

This would not be quite true, only their intellectual troubles and problems would not be evident at first sight. They had criminals, though few; their whole community was very small,—not equal to that of some of our large towns,—so that they could hardly develop the extremes of character we do. There was little thieving, but there was some; very few murders, mostly the result of quarrels, seldom premeditated, and they had appropriate punishment. There were idiots; and the variations of temperature sometimes, when not fatal, caused insanity. But all this would hardly cause more disturbance than ants and bees seem to have with unruly members.

But they had the most intense desire to know what was on the other side of their world. On this they had taxed

their wits to the utmost. They had spent much wealth and lost many lives over fruitless efforts to get round. Of these efforts we will speak presently.

Another great object was the meaning of the heavens. During part of the night the stars shone with a brilliancy and distinctness unknown through our denser atmosphere. And they had used the telescope for centuries, though they had none so powerful as our most recent. These two studies, and the question of life hereafter, raised the Lunarians as much above the animals as ourselves.

Now, for ages they had imagined the Moon was the real centre of the Universe, and the all-important object in it. The whole heavens went round it once a month, and the Sun and a few other objects moved about inside the immense outer sphere of the sidereal heavens, the Sun moving so that, in the course of their twelve or thirteen days, they could see every part, their year. Even after they had learned to use the telescope they did not detect their error, for they could not measure the distances of any of the celestial bodies. They had no base like ours to measure by. Their longest line was from one side of their ocean to the other, a little more than 1000 of our miles. Whilst we can get a 4000 mile base with equal ease; and we have a near object, the Moon, for our first experiments. We can measure its distance exactly, and then use it for some other measurements. The Lunarians had no such advantage. They knew the curvature of the surface of their ocean well enough, and they had measured their base-line almost to a nicety; but their nearest objects were Venus and Mars, and their 1000 mile base was not enough for their science.

That they were on a ball floating in space they were well aware. The greater curvature of their small world, and the extreme clearness of their atmosphere at times, made it evident things were partly hidden by the curve of their world. With us, objects are so diminished by distance, and our atmosphere renders them so hazy near the ground, that without the telescope the hiding is rarely distinct. On the

Moon the curvature partly hides objects neither obscured by distance nor atmosphere. The curvature was well known to every Lunarian, and consequently the size of the globe they lived on was guessed very nearly. Nor had they any delusion that the heavenly bodies were floating in the higher parts of their air, they were too near the limits of their air for that; indeed, they were sure some of their mountains rose above it. They had one advantage, the slow movement of the heavens,—a month instead of twenty-four hours allowed of much more accurate observation. Also, they could use stations almost free of atmosphere; and they used photography to fix positions.

Their knowledge of chemistry was considerable, the action of sunlight on all substances far beyond anything seen here, and the use of the lens had early led to photography. Yet these advantages had never balanced the smallness of their base line.

They began by perceiving the nearest heavenly bodies were at least three hundred times the distance of their base; and as they improved in accuracy, that they were over one thousand times, probably two or three thousand times. But this only gave they were more than a million of miles off, and some two or three times farther; and the Sun might be ten times the diameter of the Moon, some 20,000 miles across, and with flames 1000 miles long,—a vast body to Lunarians. But all this did not astound them as our discoveries of the real distances did us, and they still saw no impossibility in the heavens going round them in a month; and few suspected the Moon itself moved, though a few did.

They had not the spectroscope, and did not suspect the movement of light. They had the prism, and knew the colours, but they had hardly begun to study light itself.

As to the heavens, then, the advance of their science was thus far. They only knew half what happened. They had no observers on the opposite side of their world. They knew nothing of eclipses; one half the transits of Mercury and Venus they never saw. From the slow movement of their heavens, and the darkness caused by want of atmosphere,

they could see all their stars down to the horizon, the planets easily when much nearer the Sun than we can. In their best telescopes they could measure the apparent diameters of the planets well enough; and considered Venus was when farthest fully four times as far as when nearest, and Mars perhaps eight times as far. Jupiter, however, not three times as far; and as to Saturn, there did not seem so very much difference between his farthest and nearest. As they could see them all quite close to the Sun, and knew when they passed from one side to the other, and knew the two nearest passed backwards and forwards whilst the others always passed the same way; also the two nearest, Mercury and Venus, sometimes passed in front and sometimes did not; and Venus especially was at her apparent largest when in front, and smallest when she passed behind,—they had little doubt the planets moved in circles round the Sun; they thought in exact circles.

They now concluded Venus and Mars were both when nearest fully 2 million miles off, and the Sun about twice that distance from Venus, or 6 million miles from the Moon; and if so, he might be 50,000 miles across, with flames 2000 or 3000 miles long. This seemed enormous much, much larger than the Moon. Then Mars might be 300 miles across, and Venus perhaps 500—small Moons; but Jupiter was possibly as large as the Moon, 2000 miles across. Now they knew perfectly the Moon was itself a ball; did it go round the Sun too, between Venus and Mars? Many things supported this opinion,—Mercury took so long going round, Venus so long, Mars so long; the longer the farther they were off. Then the Moon's period would be a year, the time from Orion to Orion again. But, then, what was the meaning of their day—their month-long day? Surely everything went round them in that month?

But in their larger telescopes they had recently seen both Mars and Jupiter turned round, one in about one-thirtieth of their month, and one, the larger, in about one-seventieth part of their month; if it were as large as the Moon, then it went

round seventy times quicker. But would not this pace make things fly off it? Yes, it had four small objects near it which had probably been flung off, and smaller objects might be there they did not see. The same with Saturn, its ring might be a mass of objects flung off. Then why not the Moon turn round once a month? It had no bits flung off, because it went so slowly.

They now suspected gravity, and were trying experiments to prove it. They could make one very pretty experiment not so easy with us. The very slow sinking and rising of the Sun, and the darkness caused by the want of atmosphere, with the facility for throwing balls or arrows high up, from their small weight on the lunar surface, enabled them long after sunset to throw objects up into the sunshine. Children were fond of this amusement. Murder not being a science, they had not invented cannon. But they were now making gigantic cross-bows, catapults, etc., with the view of studying projectiles. Possibly we seldom think how far we could throw by springs, rotation, etc., if we spent as much on a cross-bow as we do on a cannon. With such instruments the Lunarians could throw immense distances, with their small gravity and unresisting air. Also, if thrown up, the end of the rise and commencing fall was very slow compared with ours, allowing of much better observation for calculations. The two curves, the ascending and descending, were more alike. In some cases they could almost disregard the atmospheric complication.

One thing their astronomers had hoped. If the Moon went round the Sun in a circle 12 million miles across, they could use that for a measuring base, instead of their hitherto wretched 1000 miles; and they had tried it. One star in the south certainly had a movement, but it was very feebly affected by their 12 million miles. It was at least two thousand times that distance, 24,000 million miles. Inconceivable! Why, it must be a globe of fire as large as the Sun, and others were certainly farther away and perhaps bigger. This was puzzling. But, then, if the old idea was

correct, and the Moon did not move, how account for the whole moving phantasmagoria round them ?

Again, there were some puzzles neither theory accounted for at all. The planets, and especially Venus and Mars, watched carefully at rising and setting, were not quite where they should be if the Moon stood still, or if it moved smoothly round. At one time they were a little to the right, another a little to the left ; very regularly, and as much of one as of the other. This was utterly unaccountable.

They had another problem. They knew the curvature of their ocean, and the supposed size of the Moon from that curve. But perpendiculars on opposite sides, determined by plumb-line, did not point exactly to the supposed centre, but a little farther off. The difference was small but perceptible. Science could not answer these questions.

So of late they had been studying their old traditions, to which for centuries they had attached no importance, beyond using them as books to teach children to read.

Now, they had a Bible, and traditions that at one time beings, not lunar beings, visited the Moon and conversed with Lunarians, and told them of other worlds, and gave them this Bible. But this was 8000 years ago. They had seen nothing of them since, and knew nothing of any other intelligent beings than themselves. They had no ghosts nor any inferior psychic manifestations, so never thought about them.

Now, the first chapter of their Bible was almost the same as ours. "In the beginning God made the Moon and the heavens, etc., . . . and God made two great lights to give light on the Moon; the greater to shine by day, and the lesser to shine by night : He made the stars also. And the evening and the morning was one month, etc. And in six months God made all, and finished His work."

Now, other traditions, not the Bible, related God created other spirits besides the Lunarians, His obedient children, who lived with Him in the Sun ; and some who were not obedient, who lived on another world called Ertha. It was this Ertha had been the second light, and shone by night.

The Bible did not relate this, but spoke of obedient and rebellious intellects who were not Lunarians, and went on much as follows:—

Now, the Moon was half covered by water, and half was dry land, and habitable and like a garden, with many large and beautiful trees, and a great variety of fruits.

And tradition said, And there was a deep atmosphere over all, and the air was so dense there were animals could swim in it as fish now do in the ocean; these animals had very large quick-moving fins.

And the Bible went on—And men (their kangaroo men) had multiplied very much,—tradition said to about 70 millions,—and some rebellious intellects came to the Moon and taught there was another God, and made men rebel; and they became very wicked, and split up into different parties, and murdered each other, and ceased working, and became feeble for want of food. And God said, Men are not keeping their world like a garden, and do not enjoy it as I intended, and do not honour Me, but are rebellious: I will sweep them away.

And God sent messengers to them to warn them; but they paid no attention, and became more and more wicked.

And God said, I will destroy most of the Moon by fire; and it shall lick up all the waters of the Moon, and shall destroy the air, and all flesh shall die. Only I will leave a small portion for a time. And He sent messengers again to tell those who would escape what to do.

And they said, All the waters of the Moon and all the air will be swept off it, and all shall die. Only what is called the round sea shall be left, and that shall be made much smaller.

Now, in those days the round sea was much larger and deeper; it was bounded by two large continents, and its coast was the higher mountain ranges that now surround it. And on each side it joined the great main ocean of old times by a wide channel between the continents, and the channels were where the bounding ranges are only 2000 to 3000 feet

above the sea. Then they were covered, and the water was high up on the sides of the mountains.

And the messengers of God told them there shall be no water left except where the round sea now is. And see on the coast round it, there are caves. Take refuge in them, and take animals of all the kinds you care for with you in the caves. And make stores, two years' stores of all food for yourselves and for your animals, and seed to sow the ground with. The ground where you live, it is now under the round sea, but that sea will become much smaller, and you will live around it. And as it goes down you will find another set of caves below you, now under the sea; go down to them, for as the sea falls so will the air, and you will have to descend.

Now it happened only four families listened, and they went and fitted up four large caves as told, and some others near for the animals and for stores, and made passages from one to the other. And they were told it would be calm at times and they might fish. But beware of going out to sea, for the sea will run off; and if you get into the running channel you cannot return, you will be swept to destruction. And when the new caves are dry, go down and stay in them till all the trouble is over.

Now, tradition said, Of old there was no night. When the Sun was down Ertha gave an almost equal light, but milder, not so burning; also it screened from the great cold, and the Lunarians mostly worked when it is now night. And when the destruction came Ertha ceased to shine, and there was great darkness, for no stars were seen; also for one day the Sun never rose, or was not seen, so the darkness was complete for two nights and one day, about six weeks of our time. And there were great noises, and shocks like earthquakes, and terrible storms. And after that the Sun shone out and it was clear, and they saw the stars at night.

And the Bible also said, There was great darkness for a time, and noises and shocks; and when the Sun shone again the sea had gone down, and their caves were far above it.

And they watched, and the sea kept on going down. And on the third day, when the Sun shone, it had gone down very much, and they saw caves below them, and got down to them; and the angels of God helped them and the animals, for the rocks were very steep and slippery, and there was no good path. And in four days more the water had run down very much, and there was nearly level ground between the mountains and the sea; and on the fifth day they were told to leave the caves and go down to the level.

And the history goes on that for about 100 years the waters gradually got less and left more ground, and as the people and the animals multiplied there was always ground enough. And they planted the ground with the seeds they had saved; and finally the Moon became as now, and had remained so for long—8000 years, history said.

And of the four families, each had three sons and as many daughters, twelve pair. And from these twelve all the Lunarians are descended. And each of the twelve worked at their own work. One planted the ground, and raised food and fruit; one looked after the tame animals, the flocks; one built houses or fitted up caves; a fourth hunted; the fifth built boats and fished; the sixth taught the children; another worked at pottery and vessels of clay; the eighth worked in iron and minerals; the ninth wrote history. They all worked, but some not separately, but aiding those who needed help.

And they were taught and helped by the angels as they needed help; but when they had taught them all necessary, they ceased visiting them, but said the time would come when they would want help again, and then they would come. But for 7000 years none had come they were sure of, though some thought there had been a visitor.

Now, before they left finally they had dictated the Bible. It told of the early history of the Moon, and of the destroyed civilisation. And it spoke of other worlds, and of the children of God and of the rebellious. And it promised immortality to all on some conditions. Their life should be

about 300 years on the Moon, then another 300 on a much finer world, a paradise, then something they did not understand.

For the original Book seemed to have been in another language to theirs. It used words and spoke of things they knew nothing about. Then, as their learned said, we have invented things and given them names, and developed language since the Bible was written. Now, if the old people before the destruction knew of the same things, they may have called them by other names, and we should be puzzled. They talk of flying dragons, and large dangerous animals which we know nothing of. And men had invented thunder and lightning, and killed each other with thunder and lightning, no doubt taught by the rebellious. But what did this mean?

And they were very, very wicked, and used to burn children. But was all this fable or not? For there are fables in the Bible; we are told they are so. Indeed, we are told that although four families were saved from the destruction, and they really had twelve pair of children, yet the four and the twelve are allegorical. The four are day and night, morning and evening; and the twelve are the twelve months, the twelve constellations, the divisions of the year, and their appropriate labours.

Also there are seven spirits of God. What this means we do not know. But it seems connected with the centre from which the whole universe is surveyed and governed, and the six grand points of regard, north, south, east, and west, and up and down. So we suppose the seven relates to space and the twelve to time. But this is only guess; we do not know what they mean.

And before their visitors quite left them, they gave them instructions and commands. And the commands were—

1. You shall have no God but the Creator only.
2. You shall make no image of your own, nor worship it.
3. You shall work honestly, and make your world a garden, and enjoy it.
For God also worked, and made all things; and His work is good.

4. You shall honour your parents and the old.
5. Parents, love the children God gives you, and teach them truly.
6. You shall not murder.
7. You shall not steal.
8. You shall not tell lies.
9. You shall love one another, for you are all of one family ; and all are children of God who obey Him.

They had no command about the seventh day, for evident reasons ; nor had the tenth, the distinction of property being so different. They had various other rules and advice, not given as absolute command, but as direction and aid.

Now, besides this, the very ancient Book of 7000 to 8000 years ago, they had the record of a later visitor. About 3000 years ago, 5000 from the destruction, some said a visitor had come from heaven, a man, but not quite of their own type. He came occasionally for about three years, and once with two others like himself.

At that time the Lunarians quarrelled, and threatened to divide into two nations, east and west. And it was reported the visitor came chiefly to those in the wrong ; finally, some were destroyed by fire from heaven. That the visitor before leaving visited the leaders on both sides, and told them they were all children of God, and must all be one family. That all would live again ; but at the end of the second life some would become immortal, some would cease to exist. That if they rebelled they would be destroyed as by the first destruction ; but if not, in time they would be all carried away by the angels to another world, their bodies being changed ; for the Moon would fail to support intellectual life, for the water and the air would get less. Also the rebellious against God were under punishment and correction, and would be for 10,000 years ; counting from the destruction, 5000 years were past and 5000 were to come, and then the end.

Now, those who believed this, as it was 3000 years ago, believed there were only 2000 years more of life on the Moon. But the records were not very clear. It seemed the visitor was not seen by more than a thousand at most. What

the quarrel was about none knew, for all who started it and led it perished at the time. And if any who survived knew, they were too frightened to tell. So some believed, some did not.

For the last 200 years they had been measuring the air and sea as perfectly as they could. In the air they could detect no alteration; some thought the sea, marked at the centre island, had fallen about 3 inches, but most thought this merely from error in the first measurements.

Few except the very old troubled themselves about a future. Life was quiet, enjoyable, and easy; and as none aged for 200 years, they no more worried about another world than the young do here,—less, indeed, for early death was not brought home by disease, all nearly were healthy.

Besides these Bible traditions and a few more doubtful of the same type, they had myths of another class, much as we have.

The Sun and Ertha and the Moon were all children of a more ancient god, who usually slept and left the government to the Sun. Now, the Sun had married Ertha and had children, and many of the children were placed on the Moon, who nourished them. And Ertha quarrelled with her husband the Sun, and rebelled against him, with some of her children. And the old god woke up at the disturbance, and the Sun submitted the matter to his father; but Ertha would not, and was very violent; and the old god told the Sun to destroy or subdue Ertha, and he would give him other wives. And Ertha was bound and fastened to the Moon, and her rebellious children on the Moon were destroyed; and some who were gods, and not mortal, were bound with Ertha. And Ertha was naked, and there was no water and no air where she was bound. So for the half month she was roasted by the Sun, and for the half month frozen by the cold. So she was bound and to be bound for 10,000 years.

But other myths said she was destroyed, utterly dissipated, with the water and air that had been on the Moon; all were turned into vapour, and this vapour was the Zodiacal light

which was spread round the Sun. And the old god gave the Sun twelve wives, Orion and eleven others. And he had two daughters, Mercury and Venus, who kept near him and attended him, and three sons, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, who hunted everywhere far and near.

Now, the Lunarians read and taught the Bible and traditions and the myths to their children; but when the children asked questions, they simply said they knew nothing about them. For the Lunarians had no class of wise men who pretended to know all about God and the higher intellects. None pretended to know more than others.

Now, science was puzzling over these long-neglected myths. What was Ertha? Would Ertha explain any of their difficulties?

Lately they had discovered another planet, Uranus. Were there more? Were there many balls moving about in space? Why were some of the stars obscured at times? were they Suns with dark balls going round them? Did any of these balls ever strike each other? Had Ertha and the Moon come together? And was Ertha now stuck on the other side of the Moon? What would they look like from Mars or Venus—two balls stuck together? Or was there a neck between them, like a dumb-bell? Had all the water and the air and everything movable tumbled between them, or raised a great mountain on each before they finally joined; or what? Would this account for any of their difficulties?

So they were making very careful experiments and observations. But the more careful they were the more they were puzzled. The centre of the Moon itself might not be the centre of the curve of their ocean, yet it was so very near it, that going round such centre did not account for the irregularities in the movements of the planets. Also, if the Moon and Ertha were joined together, the centre of gravity should be farther off. Now, fully to account for the variations, if they were owing to the Moon itself, it must turn round a point once a month about 12,000 miles from its own centre, some said 15,000. If that point were in Ertha, Ertha must

be much the bigger of the two. But, then, it was difficult to imagine such a long band joining them; and the smaller Ertha was, the longer must be the connecting band. Were each floating on the surface of the immense ocean formed of all the water of the two? Or, had all this water got frozen, was it a bar of ice? They could not conceive. No theory was satisfactory.

So now they were studying all their traditions very carefully, did any explain what had become of Ertha? Needless to say, many thought Ertha all stuff—all Erthshine, they called it.

But the result of all this was, the Lunarians were getting perfectly frantic to see the other side of their world. For over fifty years they had struggled to the utmost. It seemed every problem of their philosophy, every doubt of their traditions, the whole secret of the universe, perhaps of immortality itself, would be solved by one glimpse of that inaccessible side. Was it inaccessible? Not merely the old, and professors of science, but all, even the young, were getting interested in the subject.

Now, their mountains were full of caves, and all within reach had been searched ages ago. But some were too high, they could not breathe so high up. And especially on the highest range were two sets of caves, one about 5000, the other some 7000 feet above the sea. These were popularly called the caves of the four families, but the lowest was 1000 feet higher than they could reach. And the cliff was hard and perpendicular, or they would have taken up breathing bladders and cut a path, but there was no hold.

Remember, had they formed stages, their extremes of heat and cold would have split many things to pieces, and the expansion and contraction of metals would soon loosen their hold. They could have conquered all this could they have breathed quietly on such elevations, but they could not breathe at all. Nor might they find anything in the caves if they did reach them.

It seemed more profitable to seek if beyond their mountains

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there were prolonged valleys or low-lying plains reaching away from their ocean, and lying so low as to have respirable air over them. If they could penetrate along such valleys for 300 or 400 miles, they thought they might do the rest of the journey with artificial reservoirs of air. They had only to get half-way to see all beyond.

Now, at two opposite sides of the boundary of their habitable land the ranges sank to 3000 and 4000 feet for about 100 miles in each case. These were the beds of the Straits of Tradition, where ancient Ocean flowed out. There was a pass in the one of little over 2000 feet and in the other of just 3000. These led into large basins about 60 or 70 miles across, again surrounded by ranges nowhere under 6000 feet. There was a third pass, a break in the highest range, just over 4000 feet; but it was very difficult to breathe so high up. It was a narrow ridge, and their ancestors long ago had made a tunnel some 1200 feet lower, which gave access to another basin. But it was also surrounded by inaccessible mountains. All seemed to indicate the water of old was all in large basins or lakes, and a network of banks or coast had been the habitable land. All these basins they knew well, and had searched many caves at the foot of the hills. Here they had found bones and fossils. Indeed, such things were as common with them as with us. All these were collected carefully and stored in their four great museums.

They had found skeletons with two hind legs much like their own land animals, but where the forelegs should be, formations they did not understand. They were something like the fins of some of their amphibia, but, as a rule, much longer in proportion. They suspected, and rightly, they were the animals who could swim in the ancient thick atmosphere of their globe. They had also found remains of strange plants; and in one place they had found a fossil tree 100 feet long. They had nothing like it now, the nearest was a plant 50 feet high on the centre island. But this 100 feet specimen was where nothing grew now at all, where there was

neither water nor air could support such a giant plant, and it must have grown there, nothing now existing could have carried it there. This seemed to confirm their traditions.

They had one other place of study. In mining they sometimes sank deep shafts. In one, about 1000 feet below their own sea, they had come on a large cave, and water at the bottom of it. This was long ago. They had put a boat on the water, and explored it farther and farther. They found long passages and many immense caves. The roof was so low at times they could hardly proceed, and in some cases they were sure there were passages under water.

Then they had found immense openings, funnel-shaped, like craters, they being at the bottom or small end. The walls looked very high, as nearly as they could estimate 12,000 feet. The air did not seem to reach more than half-way, the upper parts seeming quite unchanged by the action of air. The places were dangerous, the least movement caused slipping of the loose material of the sides. Report said one of these openings had got so closed, and a party of explorers had never returned from it. In one or two places there were banks, and they had to haul their boat over such. One of these openings had long been the end of their wandering, but the water certainly went farther. There was a cave or passage just below the surface on the farther side. The water was very deep. In places they had measured 100 feet. At last a diver fancied, with a suitable bell, he could penetrate some hundreds of yards, perhaps a mile, and they could tie a cord to him. He did, and nearly half a mile off the roof rose again, and he could float; here he saw light a long way off, perhaps a mile, so he came back. This was enough. The obstacle was passed by others, and they reached a small open basin of water nearly a quarter a mile across. Yet this was still only the bottom of another but longer funnel; altogether they estimated they had penetrated nearly fifty miles, and felt sure the water went farther, but could

find no passage. There was life in this water, some very strange forms, some without eyes, but long feelers. They caught many, and put them in their museums. They suspected there were some small amphibians, for animals plunged off the banks as they approached, but they never caught them. They thought most of these cave sea animals hideously ugly. They also found magnificent crystals and a few new minerals in these caves.

One object they had found, not in these, but in a small cave in one of the valleys. Whether it was animal or vegetable, they could not make out. They had a sort of porcupine, and the object looked like one of its quills with a soft fringe on each side. They had placed it in a crystal case in their chief museum, and were almost afraid to touch it. A prize of the finest fur of the year was offered to any one who found another like it. All the learned puzzled over it. The most satisfactory opinion was, it was a fringed whisker. For instance, some of the amphibians had bristles on the upper lip almost like those of their porcupine. Now, this, it seemed, had been hollow ; it might have contained blood and nerves, and the animal might have curled it up when angry. It must have been a large animal had such whiskers ; this confirmed the traditions of the terrible animals of old, and they drew pictures of heads like seals with these whiskers. Children enjoyed these pictures, but thought them more comic than terrible.

But all this amounted to very little. If the Lunarians drew a circle all round their world just beyond their boundary mountains, all they knew of that circle would not be 400 miles, and it would be nearly 4000 round. Then the highest mountains would probably have the largest spurs, and the longest and deepest valleys extending from them. If they could only get into some of these, possibly not fifty miles separated them from all they wanted to know. If they could only but top those mountains. If their atmosphere were only a single mile deeper.

Thus the Lunarians in their advance in science had arrived

at a point where they were studying more than the problems of their ordinary daily life,—their origin in the past, the problems of the future. They had not all the advantage we have, only a small part of their own world was accessible to them. They thought if they could see the whole of it, all science would be open to them. How they were to get beyond these barriers nature had set them, I cannot conceive, if they are breathing animals, and shall not attempt to picture it.

At present I only propose picturing life on worlds supposed to resemble our own, and to be habitable by beings who would think and reason much as we do. It seems to me at a certain stage of civilisation the problems of immortality would occur to all. Also at a certain stage of progress, in every case, it would be perceived their own world was not the Universe, but was a mere atom in an indefinitely vaster Universe.

It also seems probable, when first they thought of such matters, they would think of the possibility of intelligent beings elsewhere. Then could they communicate with such. And what more natural than to romance such intercourse. If their civilisation had ups and downs, these romances of an advancing period would become the Bibles of after declining ages, to be themselves puzzles in a period of renewed progress.

Or in time all would have their Bibles, which might vary in each case, as the circumstances of each world suggested or concealed ideas from its inhabitants.

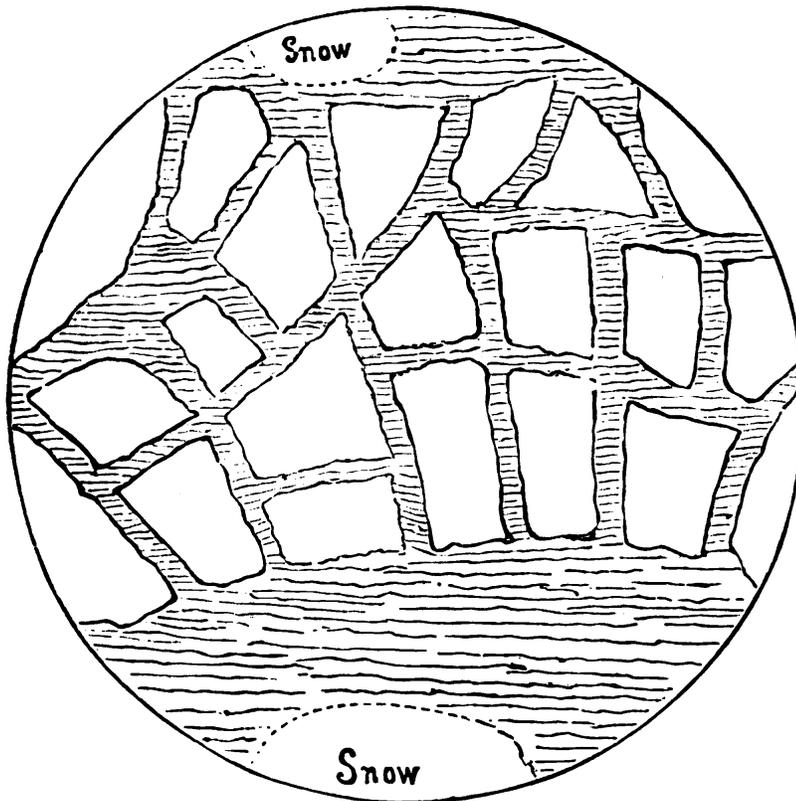
In the preceding I have tried to confine myself to what I believe the present state of knowledge regarding our satellite ; and if I have made mistakes in the physical condition, the social condition should be changed accordingly.

Has there not been a suspicion at times, in eclipses and occultations, of an atmosphere, wanting at other times ? If there were an atmosphere, might there not be solar tides in it ? also expansion and contraction from the great changes of temperature ? Might this make the atmosphere some-

times visible on the limb, sometimes not? It would not be impossible to calculate when such change might be expected.

If any seem interested, I propose contemplating life in Mars and perhaps one or two other worlds.

MARS.



THE above is not a map of Mars, nor does it represent one side of it more than another. For maps I would refer my readers to Peck's *Atlas of Astronomy* and *La Planète Mars* par Camille Flammarion. The shaded parts are supposed to be water: the great ocean is about the southern pole. What looks like snow is near the poles, but not exactly round them. If the so-called canals are really water-

channels, there can be no large continent on Mars, only a multitude of large islands; and even this is doubtful. At the distance of Mars we can only see channels 50 or 60 miles wide. Now, first, there seem to be no mountains on Mars, except, perhaps, near the poles. Or it is comparatively low, flat land.

Now, is it likely, if the whole of Mars is cut up by water-channels, that they are all 50 miles wide? Is it not likely there would be smaller canals, say from 1 to 10 miles wide, which we could not see, dividing the islands into smaller ones? Does not the whole suggest a salt marsh?—low lands and sea-water; and it looks all so much alike, all the way round.

Can we picture what it would be like to live on?

Countless islands, low-lying, in the midst of an ocean. For passages 50 miles wide, which look to us mere threads, would be more than they could see across, and Mars being smaller than our Earth, its curvature would be greater; 50 miles would represent nearly 100 with us, and all their land seems low.

Then all this water would be tideless. The small moons of Mars would cause no tides, and the solar tides would probably be nearly imperceptible. The seasons might be much like ours, but longer, as its year is almost twice ours.

Being so much smaller, not much over one-half our diameter, gravity would be much less; all objects would seem much lighter. The atmosphere is less than ours, and storms would probably be less violent; but, as objects would be lighter, their wind might blow them about as much as ours would here; and if it blew along one of their channels steadily, it might raise the water at one end like a tide, and flood low lands.

They are farther from the Sun, and the heat would be less; but in their lighter atmosphere the Sun might raise as much vapour as with us. Indeed, we see snow and clouds, and the whole suggests damp.

In the absence of continents and mountains there would be neither rivers nor vast burning deserts. All would be insular, and probably coast-like. It does not then suggest rock, but loose sandy soil or mud.

The vegetation, sea-coast, or dense and jungly. Fungus and mildew in abundance.

The animals, marine or amphibious ; reptiles and insects in swarms. Birds plentiful ; for though the air might be thinner, the weights of animals would be less.

Now, if there was an intelligent ruling race, equivalent to man, what would it be like ? Unless they could fly, they must either be amphibian, or each set pinned down to its own small island ; and in the absence of stone and minerals, the development of their civilisation must have been very slow at first, and if like us, they would at first be nearly powerless amidst their swarms of reptiles and amphibia.

Let us suppose them, then, amphibians themselves. Of what type ?

For present purposes, let us call man all intelligent reasoning animals that associate, form communities, have language, and build, and progress.

On Mars, then, we require a building amphibian, forming societies, etc.

Let us take the beaver. The Mars man is, then, a developed beaver.

At the time we are regarding him, he has ceased to have a tail, whether the original beaver had or not. Tradition said his jaws and teeth had originally been much stronger ; they had dwindled, but the cranium had much increased.

He had both stone and metals now. Iron and aluminium were those in most common use. They had plenty of glass, and the best. Ivory and wood were abundant.

Their dwellings were nearly all on piles, raised 6 to 20 feet above the soil, and usually on a platform, from which all vegetation had been burnt off, and covered with asphalte or concrete, extending considerably beyond the dwelling. This to keep off the countless crawling things and small reptiles.

Their vegetation produced a vast variety of gums, turpentine, varnishes, etc., etc., and their dwellings and their piles were all well varnished and protected, and gums and incense were burnt inside and out to keep insects off.

Cleanliness was their great virtue; otherwise, mildews, blights, and diseases would have prevailed.

Large land animals, like our cattle, did not exist. But they had milk and eggs, and plenty of fish. But they were chiefly vegetarians, having an immense variety of vegetables and fruits. Their grain was mostly of the rice type, their grasses being nearly all water or marsh plants.

They formed large dams or tanks, partly to collect their rain-water, very necessary in the absence of rivers, and partly as reserves of fish, etc.

They differed widely from us. They were not naked; nature clothed them. The perpetual in and out of water and constant dabbling in mud would have necessitated ceaseless changing of clothes, spending time in dressing and undressing. So nature clothed them. But then all ideas of nakedness were absent, all ideas derived from dress, decency, and indecency were never thought of. Certainly they often covered themselves at night, just as animals creep under cover or into holes; but this did not suggest nakedness.

But more, they had nothing corresponding to our religion; they had no tradition of rebellion against Higher Powers, nor of original sin. They had never thought of rebellion. They were still in intercourse with Higher Intellects; they had never rejected nor forfeited intercourse. They were still actually governed by them. A theocracy, as we call it.

It was not one of the worlds where eccentric forms of government were studied. In truth, the natural difficulties they had to contend with were too great, their civilisation required help to start it. Fire was not easily procured, nor minerals from an endless sea-shore.

Their science was far advanced, for they were taught by their visitors. They were profound chemists. From the seawater they extracted various salts, and reduced the metals.

Acids and alkalies they knew well. Iron and aluminium they obtain from the soil.

But they knew much we do not. They knew the ultimate atomic structure. They knew much more of electricity and some other forces. They knew every plant, its qualities and products. They had the remedies for every disease, the antidote to every blight; and they valued the aid of their friends far too much to forfeit it, and, in case of error, submitted to any penalty sooner. Not that there were no faults or crimes, no murder, no thieving, nor that once or twice partial rebellion was not started; but it was always crushed out when they were told to do so, and at one time the visitors themselves had destroyed a whole district; but none knew what for, so the error or crime did not spread.

The visits were very seldom now. They could take care of themselves. Yet the chief government was still by Oracle, to which all difficulties were referred. There was an official place—a magnificent temple on the largest island. There occasionally was a visible presence, more usually only a voice above a throne, as if from one not visible sitting on it. There was an appointed period for intercourse. If wanted at other times, there was a special ceremony of invocation. If a visitor came, a signal was given.

They knew of their future existence, and how the change was effected, and ancestors occasionally visited them; so death did not trouble them. Astronomy was not a study; they had been told all about the worlds around them. In the museum attached to their great temple they had beautiful models of our Earth and some other planets. Of our Earth they had a partial history and many pictures. Its mountain scenery, rivers, and waterfalls they admired much, for they had few of their own. They knew, too, of much vaster worlds going round vaster Suns than ours, and of complicated systems, of many Suns; and of the Suns themselves they knew more than we do, and something of their inhabitants. What they knew they had been told plainly. Some things told us in allegory they did not know, for the ideas would have

suggested rebellion. This does not matter to those already in rebellion.

On the whole, then, their ideas were very different to ours. They had neither wars, nor dress, nor nakedness, and a mass of ideas; vices and virtues connected therewith were wanting. But they knew of other worlds, of their inhabitants, and were not puzzling about immortality, so had many ideas we have not. They were much more devoted to science, and having but one language, studied nature instead of grammar. They used the telescope little, but the microscope much. Having little history or romance of their own, they were very fond of both as related of other worlds—worlds they expected to visit hereafter.

On their small islands there were few grand routes. Their water-channels were their grand means of travel and traffic. They had sails; and having steam, electricity, and some other forces, they could propel ships swiftly enough. Being all amphibians, they had little fear of drowning. Most could swim across any of their channels.

But all was not smooth life. Besides the perpetual struggle with fungus and vermin, they had occasional floods—not often, still to be guarded against. Volcanoes were rare, but there were some in the southern ocean. Now, an earthquake wave did not spread indefinitely in a vast ocean like our Pacific; when it reached the channels it ran up them, causing terrible havoc on their low lands.

To guard against these, they had built immense embankments along the channels most liable to flood, and they had gone on adding to them for centuries. They soon found these raised embankments better places to live on than the low marsh lands. Every new dwelling would have its raised terrace, and the embankments gradually grew. Then they planted them specially with shrubs and trees, with binding roots to consolidate the embankments as much as possible.

Question—Do these immense embankments, with their spreading vegetation on each side of some of the channels, cause their double appearance at times? At times; for if

they are really planted as suggested, the foliage might vary with the seasons, at times be distinct, at times fade into the general tint of the islands.

Now, when we come to the morality and philosophy of the Marsians, and their ideas of future and higher stages of existence, we come to what their visitors from such higher stages taught them, and what that is we cannot well discuss yet. For it is nearly what we, for the purposes of our proposed studies, shall consider taught us by the same visitors, when they visited our ancestors of old. Only in our case it is only taught us in fables and parables, which have to be puzzled out, we being accused of refusing their direct intercourse, therefore told we should obtain all such knowledge with difficulty, as children who decline the aid of competent teachers increase trouble.

One thing seems unlikely, that the Marsians had the same community of landownership we supposed in the Moon. Although they were all one race, had all one language, and had no wars, etc., yet with the labour necessary on each island to embank it, form water-tanks, etc., and for each dwelling built on piles, etc., it is difficult to conceive that the local community on each island would not regard such land as its own property. On the other hand, each being so limited, the necessity of commerce, of exchanging products with other islands, would probably make something like hotel life very common. Every island would have large residential buildings for strangers, as well as harbours and storehouses for goods. Ideas might be modified accordingly. They might be essentially traders. They might have commercial laws, judges of disputes, etc.

Depending so much on such exchange might make the Marsians very industrious in the cultivation of their own small territory, especially in the produce most suited to it. We should then expect very little to be left uncultivated for hunting grounds of wild land animals. Fishing would replace hunting with them.

Their time, then, would be spent in keeping their dwellings

and land above water, and each community making the most of their own island. Ship and boat building and fishing would be important; endless scrubbing and painting to preserve from rust and mildew; large factories to produce metals, etc. In this they would be aided by their knowledge of chemistry and of electricity, balancing their deficiency in mining.

Their education would be much what their visitors taught them. Their games would be mostly aquatic, and their children would play in the water. Lectures on science, and especially new discoveries, would interest them much. They would have museums and assembly rooms.

Their great delight would be the theatre. This is probably true of all worlds under the direct influence of the universal society. It seems one of their great means of educating.

Of course, from their earliest civilisation, they would never have considered their world, Mars, as the centre of the Universe; would never have supposed all the rest of the Universe went round it, or had been created especially for their benefit.

They never had regarded themselves as *the important* people, nor as *the wise* of the Universe. By the wise, they meant their visitors with the experience of countless worlds, not their own Solomons, or Daniels, or Mahomets.

They were taught to reason, and how to settle all disputes, and very difficult matters were reserved for the Oracle.

With them, as in the Moon, the separation of the sexes was not so marked as with us. Dress did not exaggerate their difference, and they all worked and played together. When so much depended on commerce and intercourse, hospitality was a necessity, and almost all travelled. They were long-lived.

Their world, carefully cultivated as it was, supported a large population—some 300 or 400 millions. Yet all considered themselves but as one family—as children of the Universal. As to class distinctions, they selected, indeed were commanded to do so, for leaders or for offices, such as were most fit, and not because their grandmothers had held such offices. All worked, and all joined in the pleasures of life.

JUPITER.

I HAVE proposed concluding these first essays in contemplating life on our neighbouring worlds with picturing it on Jupiter, the giant planet of our system. But, governed by the rules proposed, that in these studies we are to be guided by what observers tell us, that we are not to romance our worlds, not to make our own heavens, but try to fancy ourselves in the actual circumstances, and also obeying some apparent directions of our supposed visitors of old, not yet known to my readers, I find it is not easy to picture this planet as a nursery for an infant race.

Let us illustrate thus :—Can any imagine our, or any other Sun as a nursery for infancy? On this Earth would mothers choose an iron-foundry for a nursery? On what, for the present, I am calling the Biblical supposition, that these are vast space communities, their work might be carried on in appropriate localities, or factories, if any prefer it, and we cannot imagine the work in the Suns and in worlds like ours to have any resemblance.

It seems possible to imagine dwellers in such furnaces, but not flesh and blood like ourselves; not developed monkeys nor developed animals of any of our types. If, now, we would contemplate worlds of an intermediate type between our Earth and Suns, such as, if I understand our astronomers, they consider Jupiter and some others really are, we seem to require a corresponding variation of type in our supposed inhabitants. This, in the present absence of all rational ideas on such subjects, I feel unable to represent, so very few would understand me.

I do not think such globes are nurseries for infants, but suspect they are intended for the next, or higher stage of

existence. For supposing immortality, I suppose successive ranks or stages of advance, and believe our old traditions sanction this. In trying, then, to picture inhabitants on various worlds, it seems necessary to change the type of denizen to suit the physical type of the world dwelt in; and Jupiter seems to require a type quite different from beings like ourselves, or such variations as might suit Venus or Mars, worlds more or less of our own order.

Any way, however, we should have to try to picture the physical condition of Jupiter, what we should see if there. Let us try, subject, of course, to the correction of actual observers.

It is of vast size compared with our Earth—more than ten times the diameter, more than one thousand times the bulk. How heavy it must be; and how such a vast mass would pull down everything to its surface!—a pull of more than one thousand worlds like ours. But it does not. Some of these enormous globes seem like cork, their materials are so light compared with ours. Are they spongy, or what?

First, many of them seem to have enormous atmospheres, and what we see are dense clouds floating in their air, and not the solid land in them; this in some cases we do not see at all. Have they solid earth? We think so; for they throw up at times enormous coloured or darker clouds, like smoke compared to the white mists. Are these from volcanoes? If so, is there not solid earth?

If they were all solid, they would be heavier than our earth; if all atmosphere, lighter in comparison. What proportions are necessary to make them the weight they really seem to be? These may vary a little in each case, according to their temperature. But let us think a little more on what may make them so light.

Imagine an immense globe, all fluid and air, as astronomers seem to think many are, and also very hot. But not solid as yet, but beginning to form. The immense hot ocean might have many things in solution, and as it cooled might deposit some, getting thick and muddy, forming a scum on its

surface. Or vegetation and even animals might grow on such scum between water and air, and help to thicken it.

Take a globe, say 50,000 miles diameter of water, and 15,000 miles of atmosphere all over it, the whole being 80,000 miles diameter,—much what Jupiter or Saturn would really be, Jupiter rather larger,—and in this vast ocean a sediment is forming and settling down.

Now, something else. Imagine a vast cave or hollow in the centre of a world, just where the centre of gravity is. In the middle of such hollow there would be no weight at all; nothing would tend to fall, or to move in one direction more than another. If one sprang from one side as from a floor, he would not fall back, but strike the opposite side or ceiling as it were. Or in each world there is a place where things would rest without any visible support, and as that spot were approached the less would be the tendency to movement.

Observe, also, many things as they deposit from air or fluid show a tendency to flake, or cake, as hail, snow, and soot in air. Indeed, does not this tendency of the atoms begin the solidifying?

Now, to our scum beginning to form sediment in our ocean of 50,000 miles diameter, 25,000 miles to its centre, originally clear, from cooling or some other reason it now has 1000 miles deep of mud or sediment slowly sinking into its depths. At half-way down, 12,000 to 13,000 miles deep, the same 1000 miles would now be only half its first diameter, and consequently four times more condensed. If tending to cake originally, far more so now. Halving the depth again, it would be sixteen times as dense, or almost forced to cake. But now it would be approaching the centre of rest, so much of the globe would be above and pulling it back. The slow settling would become slower still, and as it consolidated the principle of the vault would offer greater and greater resistance to the pressure above. But our scum would be growing on the surface, and sinking in its turn, thickening and consolidating our sediment. In time this might become so

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compact as to prevent the filtering through it of the central portion of the original heated ocean or atmosphere, this condensed by the pressure would aid the vault in supporting the increasing mass of solid. So there might remain a vast mass of light weight and highly heated. Finally, such worlds might be shells, their immense thickness easily supporting what still remained fluid, vast oceans.

What would be the effect on objects on the surface of such shells? The pull all round, but the great central pull taken away, it can all be calculated for each special case.

Next, the immense atmosphere, say 15,000 miles deep. Some say such enormous pressure would make the lower part thick and pasty. Would it? Here I really ask experts to help us. Does a pressure of 1000 atmospheres make the water at the bottom of our ocean pasty? In some cases of explosions, the new formed gases must be subject to a pressure of thousands of atmospheres; is there ever any indication of a pasty mass being formed? In a vast atmosphere, are the lower parts condensed proportionally to the pressure, or does the elasticity increase out of proportion, resisting compression in some geometric ratio? It might be more satisfactory to a public who may be interested in our proposed studies, if recognised experts would answer these questions.

Until contradicted, I am assuming both air and water remain perfectly fluid on the worlds we are now contemplating.

What temperature could the ocean be? Water boils according to the pressure. The atmospheric pressure in Jupiter must be very great; would water boil at a low red heat? Its atmosphere seems loaded with vapour; is it impossible to make a guess at the temperature of its oceans?

Now, if the specific gravity of Jupiter is accounted for, partly by its being a shell, and partly by its immense atmosphere, the dense clouds in which are nearly all we see,

what would life be like on the surface of our supposed shell? We are supposing this some 50,000 miles diameter, more than six times that of our Earth, and its surface, therefore, more than thirty-six times that of our Earth—let us say forty times the surface.

Has it, then, forty times the number of continents and oceans we have, or are they much larger than ours? We have already pictured Mars as a mass of islands, let us then picture Jupiter as continental; not with one hundred continents or so, making it a gigantic Mars, but say with four times as many continents, oceans, etc., as we have, averaging them ten times the extent of ours, more than three times as long, and three times as wide. We might group them in three or four groups, as ours are grouped in two great divisions. Say four, and these again two and two; two sets forming one grand group, two another, these far more widely separated than the sub-groups from each other, the two largest oceans being much the widest, one nearly 50,000 miles long by 30,000 wide. These oceans were tideless. Jupiter's Moons are too small to cause tides, and the Sun too far, whilst the rapidity of Jupiter's rotation prevents any cumulative action. But there were ocean currents.

That the continents are vast, seems indicated by signs of immense volcanoes. Probably, then, there are enormous mountains and rivers, valleys, fresh-water lakes, etc., to correspond.

Now, though Jupiter is so far from the Sun, it is very brilliant, as if it were white paper; it seems really covered with white clouds, which reflect much of the sunshine. But if so much light is reflected from its outside atmosphere, so much the less must penetrate to the bottom, and shine on our supposed shell. At the bottom of the immense atmosphere of Jupiter, then, there would be much less sunshine than on our Earth. The brilliant clouds to us would be dark on the under side, and the lower air gloomy in proportion.

Also, we never see through these clouds, never see the solid ground in Jupiter. Then, probably, the dwellers thereon

never see us ; never see any stars at all, possibly not even the Sun, merely see more light at mid-day, and less at midnight. But as this deep atmosphere would be always illuminated, except just at the midnight portion, the twilight, morning, and evening would be very long. Real night would be very short. But Jupiter's whole day is only about ten hours ; five hours day, and five hours night. If the twilight is very long, the real darkness must be very short, perhaps not three hours, and this only near the equator ; near the poles there would be constant light from the illuminated atmosphere, yet always clouded and dull. With a slight variation in the eye, a little more like a cat's, and the dwellers in Jupiter might see little distinction between night and day. They might live in what to us would seem but slightly varying twilight.

The same deep atmosphere, protecting from sunshine and from exposure at night, would make the temperature everywhere very equal on the surface of the ground. There probably are no seasons in Jupiter ; so no tides, no seasons, no great changes of light or temperature, no heavens at night.

What would there be ? Perpetual sameness ? Probably not.

Besides the supposed white clouds, here and there, and not constant, there are enormous darker clouds. Are these from volcanoes ? If so, enormous volcanoes. Hence, may we not imagine vast mountains and mountain ranges ? If so, with an atmosphere loaded with clouds and vapour, probably rivers to which ours would be mere brooks, fresh-water lakes larger than our Caspian, veritable inland oceans, we see movements indicating currents of air ; so we may expect storms and winds to which ours would be child's play. Then their dense air in motion would sweep the land with the force of water, and possibly their ocean storms, their waves would be what we only see in some earthquakes. Rivers far larger than our Amazon, liable to floods out of proportion to anything here, might have to be reckoned with.

If visitors from Jupiter came here, well might they advise us : found not your towns in river-beds, build not with the

mud of the same ; build on mountain spurs, build with stone, and be careful about your cement.

And what might the dwellers in Jupiter be ? As above said, what I really think of them cannot be discussed yet. Supposing them an infant race like ourselves, I would not image them giants proportional to their world. If we imagine everything exactly proportional on every world, would not much of the charm of variety in nature be lost ? If, as we are supposing, there are intelligent beings can travel from world to world, it would be the differences that would interest. Similar intelligence in dissimilar circumstances.

We shall not, then, picture the inhabitants large proportionally to their world, but merely not quite lost in the growth around them.

So deep an atmosphere would probably be very buoyant ; its density, too, would offer good resistance to wings—flying might be almost like swimming ; whilst the great extent of surface would suggest the need of rapid locomotion. Our Jovians would probably be flyers, and flyers of the bat type of wing. Probably the men of no world would be feathered.

Remember by men we now mean what we fancy our immortals would mean. The intelligent inhabitants of any world. Beings forming communities, building, reasoning, and progressing. Mere instincts, however developed, would not suffice. Bees, ants, etc., would be mere animals, one generation the same as another ; not learning from nature, not accumulating knowledge, not progressing. There would, perhaps, be another condition we are not contemplating yet. Their definition would not be so many fingers, so many toes, teeth, etc. All that would have nothing to do with their definitions ; they are animal conditions, not intellectual.

Now, spite of the Jovians being able to fly, for ages any race might know nothing of their world beyond their own continent. A sustained flight of 1000 miles—500 miles out and back—would not carry far over an ocean 20,000 across. Then their dense atmosphere, probably very hazy at the surface of the ocean, might hinder clear vision beyond 10

miles more or less. Boats and ships they might have for traffic, but their tremendous storms and enormous seas might long prevent an early civilisation from mastering their distances.

If they really did not see the heavens at night, possibly not even the Sun, merely an extra brightness moving round once in ten hours, it seems possible their ideas of time might be vaguer than ours; for they have no seasons we know of. Owing to the equal temperature, caused by their vast atmosphere, they could probably live everywhere up to their very poles; and here, especially, there would be not even the distinction between day and night, merely a light revolving round the horizon.

But their grand atmosphere, which dimmed the light, conveyed sound magnificently—sounds we know nothing of. The ear was their great organ of sense, their great source of enjoyment; by it they knew all going on around them for 100 miles. Besides, the delicate membrane of their bat-like wing, when expanded, was extremely sensitive to air vibrations.

Animal life, then, we would suppose chiefly aquatic and aerial, mostly swimming or flying; and probably some animals were of immense size, yet not in proportion to the size of their world.

Vegetation might be enormous. Trees might tower 1000 feet or more, into their dense atmosphere; whilst its heat and moisture might produce a jungle to which ours would be open country. Parasites and creepers might bind all into inextricable confusion.

It seems difficult to picture a representative civilisation on Jupiter.

We can hardly fancy any rapidly conquering so vast a globe. If here for thousands of years the Asiatic and American groups were isolated, for how long would the quarters of Jupiter remain unknown to each other? We seem driven to contemplate more than one civilisation on such a globe, rising, perhaps, from quite different types. One, our bat-like men; the other, what? Possibly powerful

amphibians, using their seas and immense rivers as means for overcoming distances and land obstacles. Each for ages developing, utterly unsuspecting of the other. When at last they met, what would happen?

Quite another phase of existence would then begin. But at present let us deal with one type only, our bat-men. Let us place these in the northern hemisphere on one side—on a continental group extending from near the pole to near the equator, with its corresponding oceans, one quarter of Jupiter. Though the habitable portion would be much less, we see every reason to believe the volcanic and mountain dimensions are larger even in proportion to the size of Jupiter than here. We may then reasonably suppose mountains twenty miles high. We may also picture lava eruptions forming veritable lakes, possibly 20 or 30 miles across, and these perhaps would long remain fluid, from the absence of cold nights, and because the earth surface seems much hotter than ours. Such volcanic ranges and lakes might be a boundary in one direction, the impenetrable forests in another. They might fly over these, but for long be unable to clear them for cultivation. Stormy oceans might bound much of the rest.

Would their atmosphere produce vast floods or not? We see apparently enormous clouds, and towards the poles the cooling of their surface air must be extreme and constant. Does it sink, producing strong currents of air? There seem distinct movements amongst the clouds apart from the rotation of the planet. The heated air from the ocean or ground must rise. Indeed, the whole suggests ceaseless movement, and probably storms, in an atmosphere so laden with moisture. But then the vapour condensed by the cold at great heights, and falling in rain, cold rain, would it all reach the surface, or be absorbed in the lower heated air? If not, fancy a few feet of rain falling on one of the lava lakes; there would be a disturbance.

If there really are such rains, although the oceans might be hot, and the ground a little below the surface,

large tracts of the surface itself might be comparatively cool.

What would life be like, whilst the inhabitants still only knew of their own quarter of their globe ?

1st. We will consider them without any religion, without any Bible, and quite unconscious of any life but their own.

With their mountains they knew of minerals, most of the metals, and their uses. Fire they knew well. Sulphur, combustibles, and explosives they early learnt the use of. They imitated nature's furnaces and foundries. The force of steam and machinery they soon discovered and invented. They also knew much of electricity. Indeed, they had many electric animals.

They saw a light going round them in ten hours, but saw no heavens, and but rarely the Sun, then rather as a glare than distinctly defined. They had glass, and used lenses as microscopes. No telescopes, they would have been useless ; few objects could be seen twenty miles off. Then all was lost in haze.

They have no suspicion of any world but their own ; a vast plain bounded by an unknown ocean, all probably ending in dense mist, cloud, and darkness. What lay below they knew not, possibly an unlimited lake of fire, the cause of their volcanoes.

They had the magnet, and used the compass. Magnetic currents were strong on Jupiter. Otherwise they would have had but vague ideas of north and south, east and west. Distances being obscure to the eye, and the curvature of their immense globe not being observable in a few miles, they had no conception they were on a ball. A few thinkers excepted, quite certain they were not. Nor had any the faintest suspicion their world turned round. Some luminous body in their upper air seemed to go round. Why, they could not guess ; but they had other puzzles.

They had a large central town near the pole. Far away towards their equator—though they knew of no equator—another town. Starting at nearly right angles to the road to

this town, another route led to a third town, almost equally distant. The three were not all on the same continent—one on a large continental island. They had many other large towns, but these were the three largest near the bounds of their habitable and known world. Let us call the towns A, B, and C. For long they had thought nothing about it, but the time came when they desired accurate maps—plans of their world.

Now, from the polar metropolis A to B was some 20,000 miles. Starting at A, at a right angle to the road to B, it was about the same distance to C. The Jovians then could calculate the distance from B to C on a plain surface as well as we could; but the calculated distance and the measured did not agree, nor did the direction of the road from B to C lie in the direction it should have done. At first, of course, they thought little about it, it was mere error in measuring; but the more care they took, the more sure they were of accuracy, the more the difference came out. At last it became a real puzzle.

Some laughed at the learned and the professors of science. "They think with a pair of compasses and a bit of tape to measure 20,000 miles just as they would 20 inches on a sheet of paper; as if space can be measured that way." All reasoners saw the proportions should be the same. Why were they not?

Another puzzle. Projectiles, or objects in rapid motion, either north or south, were deflected to one side; going east or west they were not. This was far more marked near the town A than in the neighbourhood of B or C. On our Earth this is noticeable. It is owing to the swing round of the world, and is, of course, most marked near the poles. But we do not live near our poles. The Jovians probably can live at their very pole, and, immense as their planet is, it turns round in ten hours instead of twenty-four. Near their pole, then, for every mile farther off, all objects travel six miles in ten hours faster. A very observable difference. A projectile, then, thrown a mile in two seconds or so, would have that

pace on it to one side or the other if thrown north or south. Rapid rivers, flowing north or south, would cut their banks accordingly. In the hurricanes of Jupiter it would be well noticed, etc. As sure their world did not move as our ancestors were the Earth did not, and with much more reason, if they saw no heavens going round, the Jovians puzzled much over this. Their theories were extremely learned.

Of magnetism they knew as much as we do, except, of course, any dependence it may have on the magnetism of our Sun. Possibly they have grander displays of polar lights than we have, only they would be in twilight, not in darkness. The magnetic lines, then, all converged to a point, which they regarded as the true pole. Some force or other made magnets point to it. Now, it was near this point the other force was most noticed; far away, about B and C, it was not so strong. Evidently, then, it was connected with the polar force. The one force caused a current of something to the pole, the other a current round the pole.

Again, the current round the pole was evidently connected with the light that moved round near the horizon; for all indicated they both went round in the same time, ten hours.

Wanted a theory, then, to connect all the three things together.

One thing was certain. The revolving light from the pole looked low down near the horizon, and was always on the horizon. As they travelled away from the pole, it rose higher at one time and at another disappeared altogether, and for a longer and longer time. At B and C it was high overhead, and much more distinct than the mere glare at the pole. But for an hour or two it could not be seen at all. They now calculated if they reach 40,000 miles from the pole, it will be directly overhead when highest.

Now, a very curious thing. The more overhead this light was, the less did the west and east force affect moving objects going north and south. When the light moved round the horizon, that is, seemed low down, these forces also acted near the ground.

Now they had mountains 20 miles high. Also by flight they could rise high in the air. Experiment showed that near the pole this movement did not increase higher up, but far from the pole it did. An object dropped from 12 miles up did not drop quite like the plumb-line; showing the forces were still there, but farther and farther from the ground. Account for this. Was the revolving light tied to the pole by this invisible force, and did its sweep round cause the currents? But did not the current go the other way?

How high up was this moving light when overhead?

They began measuring from a base 5 miles, 10 miles, and so on. They had now got to a line nearly 1000 miles long, very carefully measured. They had capital clocks, and tolerably fair means of telegraphing, mostly by sound; so they were pretty sure they could observe the moving light at the same moment, or very nearly. Finally, they made it out about 25,000 miles distant, or that to 30,000,—would be that when overhead. This was not satisfactory; for if it was 40,000 miles from the pole and 25,000 from the surface of the earth, it should not look so low down at the pole. They supposed that depended somehow on the haze of the atmosphere. Besides, the light at B and C was at times very distinct; it was always a smudge at A. This also accounted for its becoming invisible for a few hours every day at B and C. It revolved round the pole; when on the far side the atmosphere was evidently too much for the light to shine through; when at the pole it was so hazy, at twice the distance it might well not be seen.

The favourite theory, it was all a vortex of some sort. They illustrated it by a gigantic cyclone, a rush of something from every direction to the pole. A meeting, a whirling round, a throwing off, and spreading out, rising as it spread. If it could be seen, it would resemble a vast whirlpool, with the centre of the funnel at the pole. Then there would be a corresponding return current. The revolving light was in this, for it went the other way. Then, did the force return to the ground again at some great distance, and recommence

its flow to the pole? The professors of science now wanted to start explorations across their unknown oceans to determine this.

Had the curious measure puzzle from B to C anything to do with this vortex force? Some thought it had. It vitiated all their measuring. The two roads to B and C started nearly at right angles from A; one, then, perhaps more north and south than the other. All the instruments, perhaps all the measurers themselves, might be affected, and their line bent gradually towards C.

A few special students of the subject thought their world was a ball, and turned round once in ten hours. This was ridiculous. A ball more than 50,000 miles diameter, with an atmosphere at least 10,000 miles deep, some said 20,000; and the air must turn with it, the whole 80,000 or 90,000 miles across, 250,000 round at least turning in ten hours! 25,000 miles an hour! What insanity! The craziness of people calculating with a sheet of paper in a small room!

We have supposed our Jovians with no Bible, and ignorant of all religion.

2nd. If any like to imagine them with religious traditions and a sacred book, it is easily done. The book talked of their world as the Universe, and in one place of the great plain on which men lived. To suppose, then, they lived on a ball, was simply impiety; to regard the whole Universe as spinning round was just the criminal pride of self-styled intellect. Besides, if it were a ball, they would all tumble off. All was mere Satanic opposition to the Holy Church and the humble teaching of true piety.

If any would picture the result of exploring, pushing on, and finding other vast continents and the other civilisation, they may easily do so. The surprise of the amphibians at the influx of the bats, their profound contempt for them, the absurdity of their civilisation, the silliness of their philosophy, the idea their pole was the centre of all things, and the great light went round it, *their* humbugging pole, whilst it really went round their own, the amphibian true pole!

Then there were two sacred books—two Bibles. The horror of the pious, there were two centres of everything, on a vast plain, and the great light went round both of them. Some thought it better just to suppress all that had been written when they knew of only one pole—hush it up, and write and talk as if they had always known it, and any way treat it as of no consequence. As to the two Bibles, etc., “ Well, there were pious and devout minds everywhere. Some had the true faith, others were pious but mistaken; the majority indifferent, thinking only of trade, business, etc.; whilst there were a few, the impious, who were puffed up with Satanic pride, and believed the world a ball, turning round itself.”

So they trafficked together, and quarrelled, made treaties and broke them, and finally the great war for supremacy began; and my readers may imagine whichever they please were the victors. Meanwhile the impious studied each other's learning carefully, and associated as cordially as if their bodies had been all of the same type. The learned of each came to the same conclusion—the world was a ball, not a plain.

Then studying carefully the sacred books, a few denied they were contradictory, denied the books called the world a plain, denied they even called their world the Universe. Asserted they even spoke of other worlds. Asserted the original writers in both cases knew of the other continents and the other race. When one talked of loving your neighbour, it referred to such difference, it meant the intelligent should love all who were children of the Supreme Intellect, regardless of their outward form. Also the books spoke of other worlds altogether, also supporting intelligent races, but with forms of body still more varying; and when the pious permitted it, they would interpret what the authors of these sacred books really said about the dwellers in other worlds.

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Thoughts
On Other Worlds.

The Moon, Mars, and Jupiter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE TRANSITION; or, THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE."



Published for the Author by
W. STEWART & CO.,
41 FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.
1893.

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PREFACE

I HAVE been asked, what is the use of my speculations ?

I only write for those who care about old, so-called religious traditions, relating that in times past visitors, angels and others, came from the heavens and conversed with our ancestors ; for many base hopes of immortality on such supposed intercourse.

Did they come ? I deny the heavens and hells of the old religions exist, and consequently that any could come from them.

But the heavens astronomers now tell us about seem to be real, and the worlds in them real worlds. Could visitors come from them ?

I see no use in trying to familiarise our minds with places that do not exist. But we might try to picture places that really exist, and to fancy what life might be like in them.

If we could picture other worlds as astronomers tell us they really are, we might imagine what inhabitants of such worlds would be thinking about, and what they would be likely to tell us about if they came here.

Can none guess what I am driving at ? With such ideas in our minds, drawn as correctly as we can draw them, certain questions would probably arise ; as, on such a world is life so or so ? We should see some things could not be ; probably some alternatives, one of which might be.

With such mental preparation, if visitors came to us, we might partly comprehend what they were telling us about. If we are thinking of heavens and hells of our own invention,

places that do not exist, and refer all told us to such rubbish of our own, how could we judge of what visitors from real worlds were telling us ?

Once get a few to realise what the heavens are, and to contemplate life in other worlds, and I propose interpreting much told us in the traditions about such visitors from this point of view—Do they seem telling us about other states of existence—real states ?

Some say, Thinking beings cannot live in such circumstances.

Why not ? Think a little. If not a single animal existed in our waters, should we have supposed life possible in water ? “How could they live ?” “They could not breathe,” etc. Yet our waters swarm with life.

You are not asked at present to suppose life as different in circumstances as land and water here. But even on this earth we see social forms that suggest reason in types utterly different from our own. Bees and ants. Is rational society on such types absolutely inconceivable ?

Some of our traditions seem talking of the real heavens, and, be it romance or not, picturing life in real worlds other than ours. If romance, they are by some who knew as much of other worlds as we do. Apparently more, for they seem to have worked out some general laws that look necessary when we reflect on great varieties of existence, yet hardly so in the single type of one world only. I cannot well explain this to minds that think the study of nature useless, and grammar the only education fit for man. Nor do the principles come out from the contemplation of imaginary heavens and hells—idolatrics, as the Bible calls them.

THOUGHTS ON OTHER WORLDS.

THE MOON.

WE hardly see more than half the Moon, because the same side of it is always turned towards us. It goes round us just as if tied to us by a string, so that the tied end must always be towards us. We never see the other side.

The side toward us is covered with what look like volcanoes—extinct volcanoes. We see no signs of volcanic action going on now. When was all this active volcanic action? Volcanoes, as far as we know them here, require water. No water, no volcano.

Well, there is not a drop of water to be seen on the Moon. Nor can we see any air there, nor any signs of an atmosphere. No water, no air.

If they were there when the volcanoes were active, where are they now?

Has all the water gone down into immense caves, formed when the mountains were thrown up? Or is all the water now on the other side—the side we do not see? Is the air there too? Is that side inhabited? It might be, if it had air and water.

I have been writing that some of our old religious traditions, the Biblical amongst them, assert the worlds around us are inhabited, and some by reasoning beings like ourselves in thinking powers, but possibly with different bodies. The worlds being so very different, we can hardly imagine animals

quite like ourselves living in them, and it might be interesting to reflect on what sort of life some of them must be leading. Only in each case let us be guided by what astronomers tell us about the world we are considering. Try to picture what we might really see there.

Now, as we never see the other side of the Moon, any dwellers there would never see us. What would they see?

At night they would see the same heavens as we, only clearer, because of their small atmosphere; but they would have no Moon. By day they would see the Sun, the same size we see him, for they are the same distance from him.

But their day and their night would each be about a fortnight long. Their day would be a month long; they would not have days, months, and years, but only days and years. What we call a month, they would probably call a day—a period of one day and one night.

Now, if there is water on the Moon, how comes it there is none on the side we see? Some suppose the Moon is slightly egg-shaped, with the long end towards us. In that case the water might all run down to the flattened end—the end away from us. The air would do the same.

So we might have a central, perhaps nearly circular ocean, and a belt of habitable land round it. This, as far as our ideas go, could only be habitable as far as the air or atmosphere extended.

The Moon, being much smaller than we are, about 2000 miles across, would be about 6000 miles round. So the half turned away from us would be about 3000 miles.

Let us suppose the water is 1000 miles across,—an ocean about 1000 miles every way, some 3000 miles round, more or less,—the habitable belt round it would probably not be more than 100 miles wide; for the air would thin away and hardly support life, except over and just round the ocean.

All we see being so mountainous, we may suppose the mountains surround this supposed plain on which is the ocean, etc., and it and the habitable belt are in a depression with a wall of mountain round it; this might also deepen the

atmosphere, aiding it to support life. The atmosphere also probably contains more oxygen or vital air in proportion than ours does. The water may be quite as oxygenated as ours.

The ocean, then, may swarm with life, and with types much like ours ; but spite of the smaller size of the Moon, and its weaker attraction, making all things much less heavy, there may be no birds, the air being too thin to support flight. The rarity of the air may also prevent running types of animals, or all effort requiring strong respiration. Owing to the diminished attraction or weight, jumping would be easy, also falling would not give equal shock. Quite possibly progression of the kangaroo type may be common, and the reasoning beings, the human beings, might be developed kangaroos, not monkeys.

Monkeys, being tree or forest animals, probably do not exist on the Moon.

In the very thin film of atmosphere, vegetation might not tower up aloft, but keep close to the ground, where the air was densest. This also might protect it best from the extreme changes of temperature caused by the long nights and days of a fortnight each.

The aquatic vegetation might be as great and varied as with us. The land plants would probably exhibit what is called the sleep of plants much more than here. Possibly many might spread out in the day, and the whole plant fold up at night. The under sides of the leaves in the day would be the outer sides at night ; they might be densely woolly or covered with hairs, so as to protect during the long night.

Remember, the year would consist of twelve days, sometimes thirteen. There is no six months' summer or winter as with us. All the months are much alike, their climate changes taking place monthly, in each of their long days.

We can hardly imagine their plants grow, flower, and fruit, each day. So each plant might have its growing days, flowering days, and fruiting days ; possibly making more progress

in each during its long day of half a month than it would do in fourteen days here, retarded by fourteen nights.

As all their days would be much alike, with no variation such as we have in our northern and southern hemispheres, there would be no general spring or general autumn; yet probably different plants would fruit, etc., at different times,—every day some flowering, others fruiting, etc., each keeping its own day; but why, the rational kangaroos would probably not know, though doubtless they would have very abstruse theories on the subject.

As they would see exactly the same heavens we do, but without any Moon, it is quite likely the night object which would attract their attention most would be the constellation Orion; and they might count their days from the night it was overhead, and call them first, second, and third, etc., day, up to 12 or 13, as the case might be, then begin again. As each plant might fruit in its own day, they would probably feel satisfied it depended on its own constellation—either the one the Sun was in, or the one opposite and visible at night. Probably the learned might be divided on this point.

The animals, apart from the purely aquatic, might be many of them amphibious, coming on land in the long mornings and evenings, taking refuge in the water during the great cold and the great heat. The purely land animals might be still more markedly than with us divided into day and night animals; some clothed in the densest fur, others partly protected above, naked below. The rational beings quite naked, as with us, clothing themselves as occasion required. Although supposed of the kangaroo type, they were tailless; indeed, on all worlds the rational races may be tailless. They were enormously developed in the lower limbs, but the chest and upper limbs were larger than in the kangaroo, and they had true hands. The head, of course, was more developed, and with long hair.

They were all one race, and not divided into light and dark races as we are; and they had only one community.

What sort of life did they lead? All their days were

much alike. They cultivated plants for food and other purposes much as we do, and they hunted and fished for much the same purposes—especially to obtain the thick furs of some animals. They made clothing, etc. They had all the minerals and metals much as we have, and used them; and they had fire.

As a rule, they worked twice a day and rested twice. Beginning work as the Sun thawed the earth after the long night, and the plants began to open out, they worked till the extreme heat, then sought shelter. The heat was modified, however, by the great evaporation from the ocean, far beyond anything here in our short days. The vapour raised really added to the bulk of the atmosphere. As the heat passed off open-air labour was resumed. Then the vapour would begin to condense, protecting from the extreme cold for some time; then it would fall in torrents of rain, and finally in snow and frost. The air would gradually clear, diminish in volume, and finally the intense cold would set in—the second period of general rest. The ocean itself would freeze over. Then the Sun would rise again, the thin clear air would give little protection, the waters would melt, the plants open, and work begin again.

Now, our supposed habitable part of the Moon, the belt round their ocean, might not be as large as France, and its population might be much less, perhaps not two millions. We suppose them all of one race, of one language, and forming only one community. All had the same birthrights, and were of the same rank by birth. Their life was singularly calm and uneventful. Our Earth, always acting on the same point of the Moon, caused no tides in their ocean. Those caused by the Sun were distinct, but feeble. The great changes of temperature caused atmospheric disturbances, but not so violent as here, the volume of air being so small. On the whole, one day was very like another. Great floods and hurricanes were unknown. Special droughts, blights, and pestilences were also unknown. In fact, there was no disease, and few accidents; from the small gravity of the

Moon, falling was hardly thought of, and want of air prevented rising to any great heights.

In this calm life the inhabitants lived to a great age, 300 years being not uncommon. As their world could not support a large population, few of their women had more than three children. Growth was slow; they were young till 50, and they bore children when about 60 to 90 or 100. They often married as we do, and family groups were not uncommon; but as there was no private property, no private inheritance, the purity of birth had not the same significance; also with only one race there were no half-caste. There was no impure birth. Nor was there any struggle for existence as against each other.

Life, however, was not without its struggles. Let alone the tremendous changes of temperature, food was not secured without work. The soil was stony and sandy, and very salt, as if it had been part of the bed of the ocean. The vegetation was not dense. The amphibious animals, twice a day, came up in swarms, and would eat everything within three or four miles of the water that was not protected. Twice a day the land animals would do the same for all beyond that distance, and little not looked after would be left for our human kangaroos. The smaller animals, the equivalents of our rats and mice, were especially troublesome. Curiously, there were few insects or crawling vermin. What there were, were mostly useful, as our bees, etc.

Some animals, of course, fed on the rats and mice, and some of the land animals attacked the amphibians. These animals, of course, were favoured by the rational race. They were fed when necessary, and turned out when their natural food abounded. They would be shut into the enclosure for the food plants at the feeding time of the rats and mice, etc.

There was, then, the care of these animals, as well as the cultivation of the food plants, to be looked after. There was fishing, which gave a large part of their food. Fighting the amphibians and hunting,—this last mostly for the thick furs so much needed for night workers,—building dwellings and

storehouses, gave much employment. At the foot of the mountain slopes in many places were vast natural caves. These were used as dwellings, giving protection from the extremes of temperature. Others were tunnelled out artificially. But dwellings were also needed near the shore, both as fishing stations and for protection against the amphibians. These were generally dome-shaped, and very thickly roofed, to protect from heat and cold.

But one great labour was securing fresh water. There were no rivers, and no fresh-water lakes. The vapour raised every day fell back in the night, mostly into the ocean itself or within the 100 mile belt, and ran back, unless frozen, and soon dried up in the sunshine. No rivers were formed, though there were streams for a few hours each day. Owing to this, fresh water, however, being lighter than the general very salt water of the ocean, there was a film of comparatively fresh water over the ocean, increased also and kept there by its daily freezing, forming a crust of ice. This was so marked near the edge, or shore, where the land water ran in, that for some distance the water was almost drinkable.

To collect the ice every morning was a distinct task, and carrying it up to the higher grounds another labour. Of old this had been one of their troubles; but in recent times they had dug canals from the ocean into the interior, about a hundred of them, from 60 to 100 miles long, as the case might be. Into these much of the fresh water ran daily. They were nearly quite fresh water. When frozen they made capital roadways; goods on sledges could be run rapidly along them between the ocean and the mountains.

They had no steam-engines, and not much machinery; and though they had wheel-carts and carriages, they had always some difficulty with them,—their animals, being all jumpers, might do for riding, but were not so good in harness,—and sledges that could be pushed rapidly over the ice by poles were much preferred. The winds were too light for traffic purposes. On the water their boats were mostly propelled by oars or paddles, except some drawn by amphibians. One

THOUGHTS ON OTHER WORLD.

species of these was very tame, and easily trained. They swam rapidly, were easily harnessed and guided, and were prevented from diving by attaching bladders of air. They fed mostly on land, so were easily kept. They were valued much as we value horses.

Now, in muscular power the lunar animals were as strong as we are; and weights being very different, they did not tire as we do. But consider the difference of circumstances. A day a month long, divided into four periods, two of work, two of rest and sleep; the working periods each about eight of our days long, the resting periods each of six or seven of our days. Owing to the lightness of the work, they did not tire so quickly; also owing to the slower respiration and thinner air, they worked more slowly. They took, therefore, much longer tiring; indeed, so long, that many could work a whole period through, eight of our days, without ceasing, but then would take a good six or seven days' sleep.

Their meal-times were, of course, totally different—they took four heavy meals in their day, our month; naturally one at the end of each long labour period before the long sleep, and one on waking after such long rest. After the heavy breakfast, as a rule they did very light work for about six hours or so of our time, and then worked on with short rests and light meals for the eight days or so of our time.

Now, what did nature look like to the Lunarians? It was, of course, very limited compared with ours. Of their own small world they could only see one-sixth at most. They had neither tropical nor polar regions, forest and lake scenery were nearly wanting. Still there was variety; their ocean was not an exact circle, and there were beautiful bays here and there. Nor was the mountain circle quite mathematical, and the mountains were formed of rocks, etc., as varied as ours, marbles, granites, slates, limestones, etc., with their various colours, cleavages, etc. Nor was the plain between the ocean and mountains equally wide all round. It was, however, only at one place the mountains really came down to the sea and formed cliffs. At this place the plain was narrowest, and

separated by a spur from the higher ranges ; here, too, a line of islands stretched 200 miles or so into the ocean,—almost the only islands in it. There was one, however, of considerable elevation, almost exactly in the centre of the ocean. It was on these islands that the loftiest plants grew, the nearest approach to trees like ours.

What was their scenery like ? The great difference would be in the sky. Great masses of cloud were seldom seen ; they formed, but mostly at night. There was little deep blue, much more deep black. The sunrises and sunsets differed considerably ; they also differed as seen from the east and west sides of the ocean. Recollect, the mass of the atmosphere was over the ocean, and that it ended between the ocean and the rim of the Moon as we see it. Consequently on the eastern side the Sun would rise over the mountains almost without twilight, whilst at sunset it would shine through the whole atmosphere, increased by the vapour raised in the sunshine of fourteen of our days. There would be a long twilight, and some of the colours of our own sunsets. On the western or setting side it would be quite different. There would be little twilight, as the Sun set over the mountains, nor on this side could the sunrisings compensate for the sunsets of the east, for the atmosphere would be nearly free of vapour.

The deficiency of the twilights was partly compensated for by the magnificence of the Zodiacal light. Another object long unknown to us was well known to Lunarians—the solar corona. Slowly as the Sun rose over the black mountains with no atmospheric glare, there was ample time to see the larger masses of flame before the glare of the actual disc.

Besides the eastern and western sides of the ocean, Lunarians had their north and south. On one side at night they could see all the northern constellations as we do, and not some of the southern ; on the other side all the southern, not some of the northern. Remember, they never saw our Earth ; they had no Moon at night.

Although they had not the various climates we have, they might have one variation. When it was mid-day on the eastern side, it would be before the Sun had passed over the ocean, or, when the air was thinnest and driest, the heat would be more scorching; when the Sun was vertical on the western side, it would be after it had passed over the ocean, and the air was most loaded with moisture,—this might cause considerable difference in the vegetation; still more if the soils also differed. North and south might also show different types, not so much from different conditions, but from original separation.

If we regard the rational beings as differing from us physically and in their circumstances, but as like us intellectually, we may now see pretty much what they would be doing and thinking about.

Their social system would differ much from ours. There would be no different ranks of life corresponding to ours. What difference there was would depend more on age, and partly on intellectual differences. Professions like ours would be nearly unknown. One race, one society, one language, there would be no nations; there would be no profession teaching each nation it was the favoured of God, and all others were sinks of iniquity. War being unknown, there would be no cut-throat profession, with its vices or its virtues. There was no patriotism, and little thought was paid either to courage or cowardice. Nor was law a profession. Land was common to all; there was no inheritance. Also there was no money; gold was not a god. Law, therefore, was not a separate profession. There being no special inheritance, there was no special female virtue. Nor, indeed, beyond the distinction required for child-bearing, was there much difference between the sexes; they did not vary in strength as with us, and they laboured together at the same things. On the whole, from the prolonged childhood, and the mothers being the chief teachers, and being most at home, the females had the greater influence; all were more attached to them, associating ideas of comfort mostly with them. Still, a few

individuals, regarded as leaders and heads of the whole community, were mostly male.

Now, gold and war have taught men much ; we owe much of our civilisation to them, and wanting them Lunarian civilisation differed much from ours. Their inventive powers were less educated : it was one reason why they had less machinery. Fire they never knew the want of. At one period of each day the ground in places was literally red-hot. Lead would melt in the heat. Food had only to be placed in the sunshine to be rapidly cooked. Very little friction on an exposed plate of stone or metal was needed to obtain fire.

All our common metals were known, and they also had plenty of coal. For at one time the moon had plenty of water and air, so we may suppose abundant vegetation, and coal now.

They had plenty of earthenware, baked mostly in the sun, but not the finest porcelain.

They knew little of music ; sounds in their atmosphere were feeble compared with ours.

The eye was their chief organ ; they saw rays we do not. Colouring was magnificent in their grand sunshine. Photography they had perfected of old, and made great use of it. Of electricity they knew a little, not much. They used gold and silver much, and had cups and utensils of them, but they were not used as money. Instruments of iron they also had, and some other metals. Glass they had, but very little, and inferior. But they had magnificent crystals—caves of them in some of the mountains, and they had vessels of crystal ; they had both the telescope and the microscope, crystal not glass, but not so powerful as our more perfect instruments.

All manufactures requiring great furnaces were far behind ours. In fact, a great furnace was an abomination with them ; the smoke and noxious vapours did not rise, but spread over the surface, and no trade winds carried them off. Besides, they had a tradition forbidding them. It was said, continued furnaces would destroy their air.

They knew of our gunpowder, but did not use explosives

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much; they had no need of them, either for war or hunting, but used them a little in mining and blasting rocks. They needed them little for other purposes. Elastic forces were the same as with us, whilst weights and the resistance of the air, were very different: a stone thrown, or an arrow from a bow, would go much farther than with us,—far enough for all practical purposes.

They had writing and printing, but not our movable types. They had few books—very little literature, indeed; with no wars they had no history, and with only one language they never thought of grammar. Their education consequently was so far deficient. They hardly had newspapers, though each locality published a bulletin two or three times a month, giving any news there might be from other parts; and they had methods of signalling rapidly from place to place.

Their equivalent for money, their standard of value, was a particular fur. There were not many of the species, and the animals were strictly preserved; only so many might be killed yearly. Most adults had one skin, but few had two. Even a small piece was of value; other objects were valued as if by such standard.

Their writing was mostly on a fine parchment, and parchments and the tissues of some plants served mostly as paper with us.

Their ordinary work, then, was much like ours, builders' and carpenters' work, digging and gardening, hunting and fishing, boat-building and making the necessary instruments for their various trades, cooking, teaching the young, etc.

Their art appealed mostly to the eye,—painting and carving, and especially making articles out of crystal and the rarer stones, telescopes, etc. They had prints and engravings.

Of their philosophy, science, museums, etc., we will speak presently.

But before we proceed to these, will my readers permit a few reflections? Will they also remember I am seeking fellow-students, fellow-workers in a special line of study? I am not trying to write an interesting romance for the idle,

but am preparing, or seeking the data or instruments, for some very hard work, intended to solve hitherto unsolved problems,—problems connected with the immortality many hope for, with universal life, etc.; and these speculations on what existence may be like on the two or three worlds nearest us, which our astronomers can tell us most about, are merely intended to show how I think such speculations should be worked out.

Supposing, as some do, all the work of a Supreme Intellect, we are not to image our own heavens or hells, but to try and image His as they really are, or, if any prefer it, to strive to make our imagery correspond to His imagery; not seeking abstract right and wrong of our own invention, but being right when our ideas represent His, and wrong as our imagery departs from His.

Consequently the heavens we try to image rational beings like ourselves in, are the worlds He has made, and we try to picture what life would be like in the actual circumstances of such worlds. When we have accustomed our minds to such studies, beginning with the easiest, or the worlds most like ours, we may be better able to judge what visitors from such worlds would be thinking of when talking to us, and from such first studies we may proceed to contemplate worlds differing far more widely.

Now, in our Moon we see what look like the results of large oceans of air and water, but we see neither air nor water now. Quite recently, if I understand the professors of science, the opinion is gaining ground, the smaller worlds tend to lose their atmosphere, the larger to increase theirs. Or, following the rule on our earth, the stronger take, the weaker lose.

If so, the Moon may be losing both its water and its air; and I have imaged it at the time it still has some left, but on the side we do not see, as there seems none on the side we do see.

I have imaged the water forming a central ocean. The whole Moon may be mountainous, like the part we see; then

its ocean would be studded with islands, and the life would be different to that now imaged. But I purpose picturing island life on another world. Also there seems reason to believe many small worlds go round their primaries with always the same face to them as the Moon to us. In some, then, there might be islands, in some not. Let any one else who fancies the work, picture the difference island life would cause.

Now, our Lunarians had no banditti, no pirates, no hordes of robbers, no hostile nations, and no combinations to protect from such. They had no very wealthy, no depths of poverty. A whole flood of ideas, therefore, had never been conceived, corresponding virtues and vices had never been formed. History and romance had not been built upon then. They had no various forms of government; the wars of despots, aristocracies, and class struggles were unknown. Various religions and priestly hates were not even imagined. They had different theories of the origin of things; and opinions varied as to life hereafter, but not to the extent to cause their shortening each other's lives here.

In short, they would have appeared to us a very simple-minded people, with very limited ideas; and their community would have reminded us much of a busy swarm of bees or ants,—very animal like and very stationary.

This would not be quite true, only their intellectual troubles and problems would not be evident at first sight. They had criminals, though few; their whole community was very small,—not equal to that of some of our large towns,—so that they could hardly develop the extremes of character we do. There was little thieving, but there was some; very few murders, mostly the result of quarrels, seldom premeditated, and they had appropriate punishment. There were idiots; and the variations of temperature sometimes, when not fatal, caused insanity. But all this would hardly cause more disturbance than ants and bees seem to have with unruly members.

But they had the most intense desire to know what was on the other side of their world. On this they had taxed

their wits to the utmost. They had spent much wealth and lost many lives over fruitless efforts to get round. Of these efforts we will speak presently.

Another great object was the meaning of the heavens. During part of the night the stars shone with a brilliancy and distinctness unknown through our denser atmosphere. And they had used the telescope for centuries, though they had none so powerful as our most recent. These two studies, and the question of life hereafter, raised the Lunarians as much above the animals as ourselves.

Now, for ages they had imagined the Moon was the real centre of the Universe, and the all-important object in it. The whole heavens went round it once a month, and the Sun and a few other objects moved about inside the immense outer sphere of the sidereal heavens, the Sun moving so that, in the course of their twelve or thirteen days, they could see every part, their year. Even after they had learned to use the telescope they did not detect their error, for they could not measure the distances of any of the celestial bodies. They had no base like ours to measure by. Their longest line was from one side of their ocean to the other, a little more than 1000 of our miles. Whilst we can get a 4000 mile base with equal ease; and we have a near object, the Moon, for our first experiments. We can measure its distance exactly, and then use it for some other measurements. The Lunarians had no such advantage. They knew the curvature of the surface of their ocean well enough, and they had measured their base-line almost to a nicety; but their nearest objects were Venus and Mars, and their 1000 mile base was not enough for their science.

That they were on a ball floating in space they were well aware. The greater curvature of their small world, and the extreme clearness of their atmosphere at times, made it evident things were partly hidden by the curve of their world. With us, objects are so diminished by distance, and our atmosphere renders them so hazy near the ground, that without the telescope the hiding is rarely distinct. On the

Moon the curvature partly hides objects neither obscured by distance nor atmosphere. The curvature was well known to every Lunarian, and consequently the size of the globe they lived on was guessed very nearly. Nor had they any delusion that the heavenly bodies were floating in the higher parts of their air, they were too near the limits of their air for that; indeed, they were sure some of their mountains rose above it. They had one advantage, the slow movement of the heavens,—a month instead of twenty-four hours allowed of much more accurate observation. Also, they could use stations almost free of atmosphere; and they used photography to fix positions.

Their knowledge of chemistry was considerable, the action of sunlight on all substances far beyond anything seen here, and the use of the lens had early led to photography. Yet these advantages had never balanced the smallness of their basic line.

They began by perceiving the nearest heavenly bodies were at least three hundred times the distance of their base; and as they improved in accuracy, that they were over one thousand times, probably two or three thousand times. But this only gave they were more than a million of miles off, and some two or three times farther; and the Sun might be ten times the diameter of the Moon, some 20,000 miles across, and with flames 1000 miles long,—a vast body to Lunarians. But all this did not astound them as our discoveries of the real distances did us, and they still saw no impossibility in the heavens going round them in a month; and few suspected the Moon itself moved, though a few did.

They had not the spectroscope, and did not suspect the movement of light. They had the prism, and knew the colours, but they had hardly begun to study light itself.

As to the heavens, then, the advance of their science was thus far. They only knew half what happened. They had no observers on the opposite side of their world. They knew nothing of eclipses; one half the transits of Mercury and Venus they never saw. From the slow movement of their heavens, and the darkness caused by want of atmosphere,

they could see all their stars down to the horizon, the planets easily when much nearer the Sun than we can. In their best telescopes they could measure the apparent diameters of the planets well enough; and considered Venus was when farthest fully four times as far as when nearest, and Mars perhaps eight times as far. Jupiter, however, not three times as far; and as to Saturn, there did not seem so very much difference between his farthest and nearest. As they could see them all quite close to the Sun, and knew when they passed from one side to the other, and knew the two nearest passed backwards and forwards whilst the others always passed the same way; also the two nearest, Mercury and Venus, sometimes passed in front and sometimes did not; and Venus especially was at her apparent largest when in front, and smallest when she passed behind,—they had little doubt the planets moved in circles round the Sun; they thought in exact circles.

They now concluded Venus and Mars were both when nearest fully 2 million miles off, and the Sun about twice that distance from Venus, or 6 million miles from the Moon; and if so, he might be 50,000 miles across, with flames 2000 or 3000 miles long. This seemed enormous much, much larger than the Moon. Then Mars might be 300 miles across, and Venus perhaps 500—small Moons; but Jupiter was possibly as large as the Moon, 2000 miles across. Now they knew perfectly the Moon was itself a ball; did it go round the Sun too, between Venus and Mars? Many things supported this opinion,—Mercury took so long going round, Venus so long, Mars so long; the longer the farther they were off. Then the Moon's period would be a year, the time from Orion to Orion again. But, then, what was the meaning of their day—their month-long day? Surely everything went round them in that month?

But in their larger telescopes they had recently seen both Mars and Jupiter turned round, one in about one-thirtieth of their month, and one, the larger, in about one-seventieth part of their month; if it were as large as the Moon, then it went

round seventy times quicker. But would not this pace make things fly off it? Yes, it had four small objects near it which had probably been flung off, and smaller objects might be there they did not see. The same with Saturn, its ring might be a mass of objects flung off. Then why not the Moon turn round once a month? It had no bits flung off, because it went so slowly.

They now suspected gravity, and were trying experiments to prove it. They could make one very pretty experiment not so easy with us. The very slow sinking and rising of the Sun, and the darkness caused by the want of atmosphere, with the facility for throwing balls or arrows high up, from their small weight on the lunar surface, enabled them long after sunset to throw objects up into the sunshine. Children were fond of this amusement. Murder not being a science, they had not invented cannon. But they were now making gigantic cross-bows, catapults, etc., with the view of studying projectiles. Possibly we seldom think how far we could throw by springs, rotation, etc., if we spent as much on a cross-bow as we do on a cannon. With such instruments the Lunarians could throw immense distances, with their small gravity and unresisting air. Also, if thrown up, the end of the rise and commencing fall was very slow compared with ours, allowing of much better observation for calculations. The two curves, the ascending and descending, were more alike. In some cases they could almost disregard the atmospheric complication.

One thing their astronomers had hoped. If the Moon went round the Sun in a circle 12 million miles across, they could use that for a measuring base, instead of their hitherto wretched 1000 miles; and they had tried it. One star in the south certainly had a movement, but it was very feebly affected by their 12 million miles. It was at least two thousand times that distance, 24,000 million miles. Inconceivable! Why, it must be a globe of fire as large as the Sun, and others were certainly farther away and perhaps bigger. This was puzzling. But, then, if the old idea was

correct, and the Moon did not move, how account for the whole moving phantasmagoria round them ?

Again, there were some puzzles neither theory accounted for at all. The planets, and especially Venus and Mars, watched carefully at rising and setting, were not quite where they should be if the Moon stood still, or if it moved smoothly round. At one time they were a little to the right, another a little to the left; very regularly, and as much of one as of the other. This was utterly unaccountable.

They had another problem. They knew the curvature of their ocean, and the supposed size of the Moon from that curve. But perpendiculars on opposite sides, determined by plumb-line, did not point exactly to the supposed centre, but a little farther off. The difference was small but perceptible. Science could not answer these questions.

So of late they had been studying their old traditions, to which for centuries they had attached no importance, beyond using them as books to teach children to read.

Now, they had a Bible, and traditions that at one time beings, not lunar beings, visited the Moon and conversed with Lunarians, and told them of other worlds, and gave them this Bible. But this was 8000 years ago. They had seen nothing of them since, and knew nothing of any other intelligent beings than themselves. They had no ghosts nor any inferior psychic manifestations, so never thought about them.

Now, the first chapter of their Bible was almost the same as ours. "In the beginning God made the Moon and the heavens, etc., . . . and God made two great lights to give light on the Moon; the greater to shine by day, and the lesser to shine by night: He made the stars also. And the evening and the morning was one month, etc. And in six months God made all, and finished His work."

Now, other traditions, not the Bible, related God created other spirits besides the Lunarians, His obedient children, who lived with Him in the Sun; and some who were not obedient, who lived on another world called Ertha. It was this Ertha had been the second light, and shone by night.

The Bible did not relate this, but spoke of obedient and rebellious intellects who were not Lunarians, and went on much as follows:—

Now, the Moon was half covered by water, and half was dry land, and habitable and like a garden, with many large and beautiful trees, and a great variety of fruits.

And tradition said, And there was a deep atmosphere over all, and the air was so dense there were animals could swim in it as fish now do in the ocean; these animals had very large quick-moving fins.

And the Bible went on—And men (their kangaroo men) had multiplied very much,—tradition said to about 70 millions,—and some rebellious intellects came to the Moon and taught there was another God, and made men rebel; and they became very wicked, and split up into different parties, and murdered each other, and ceased working, and became feeble for want of food. And God said, Men are not keeping their world like a garden, and do not enjoy it as I intended, and do not honour Me, but are rebellious: I will sweep them away.

And God sent messengers to them to warn them; but they paid no attention, and became more and more wicked.

And God said, I will destroy most of the Moon by fire; and it shall lick up all the waters of the Moon, and shall destroy the air, and all flesh shall die. Only I will leave a small portion for a time. And He sent messengers again to tell those who would escape what to do.

And they said, All the waters of the Moon and all the air will be swept off it, and all shall die. Only what is called the round sea shall be left, and that shall be made much smaller.

Now, in those days the round sea was much larger and deeper; it was bounded by two large continents, and its coast was the higher mountain ranges that now surround it. And on each side it joined the great main ocean of old times by a wide channel between the continents, and the channels were where the bounding ranges are only 2000 to 3000 feet

above the sea. Then they were covered, and the water was high up on the sides of the mountains.

And the messengers of God told them there shall be no water left except where the round sea now is. And see on the coast round it, there are caves. Take refuge in them, and take animals of all the kinds you care for with you in the caves. And make stores, two years' stores of all food for yourselves and for your animals, and seed to sow the ground with. The ground where you live, it is now under the round sea, but that sea will become much smaller, and you will live around it. And as it goes down you will find another set of caves below you, now under the sea; go down to them, for as the sea falls so will the air, and you will have to descend.

Now it happened only four families listened, and they went and fitted up four large caves as told, and some others near for the animals and for stores, and made passages from one to the other. And they were told it would be calm at times and they might fish. But beware of going out to sea, for the sea will run off; and if you get into the running channel you cannot return, you will be swept to destruction. And when the new caves are dry, go down and stay in them till all the trouble is over.

Now, tradition said, Of old there was no night. When the Sun was down Ertha gave an almost equal light, but milder, not so burning; also it screened from the great cold, and the Lunarians mostly worked when it is now night. And when the destruction came Ertha ceased to shine, and there was great darkness, for no stars were seen; also for one day the Sun never rose, or was not seen, so the darkness was complete for two nights and one day, about six weeks of our time. And there were great noises, and shocks like earthquakes, and terrible storms. And after that the Sun shone out and it was clear, and they saw the stars at night.

And the Bible also said, There was great darkness for a time, and noises and shocks; and when the Sun shone again the sea had gone down, and their caves were far above it.

And they watched, and the sea kept on going down. And on the third day, when the Sun shone, it had gone down very much, and they saw caves below them, and got down to them; and the angels of God helped them and the animals, for the rocks were very steep and slippery, and there was no good path. And in four days more the water had run down very much, and there was nearly level ground between the mountains and the sea; and on the fifth day they were told to leave the caves and go down to the level.

And the history goes on that for about 100 years the waters gradually got less and left more ground, and as the people and the animals multiplied there was always ground enough. And they planted the ground with the seeds they had saved; and finally the Moon became as now, and had remained so for long—8000 years, history said.

And of the four families, each had three sons and as many daughters, twelve pair. And from these twelve all the Lunarians are descended. And each of the twelve worked at their own work. One planted the ground, and raised food and fruit; one looked after the tame animals, the flocks; one built houses or fitted up caves; a fourth hunted; the fifth built boats and fished; the sixth taught the children; another worked at pottery and vessels of clay; the eighth worked in iron and minerals; the ninth wrote history. They all worked, but some not separately, but aiding those who needed help.

And they were taught and helped by the angels as they needed help; but when they had taught them all necessary, they ceased visiting them, but said the time would come when they would want help again, and then they would come. But for 7000 years none had come they were sure of, though some thought there had been a visitor.

Now, before they left finally they had dictated the Bible. It told of the early history of the Moon, and of the destroyed civilisation. And it spoke of other worlds, and of the children of God and of the rebellious. And it promised immortality to all on some conditions. Their life should be

about 300 years on the Moon, then another 300 on a much finer world, a paradise, then something they did not understand.

For the original Book seemed to have been in another language to theirs. It used words and spoke of things they knew nothing about. Then, as their learned said, we have invented things and given them names, and developed language since the Bible was written. Now, if the old people before the destruction knew of the same things, they may have called them by other names, and we should be puzzled. They talk of flying dragons, and large dangerous animals which we know nothing of. And men had invented thunder and lightning, and killed each other with thunder and lightning, no doubt taught by the rebellious. But what did this mean ?

And they were very, very wicked, and used to burn children. But was all this fable or not? For there are fables in the Bible; we are told they are so. Indeed, we are told that although four families were saved from the destruction, and they really had twelve pair of children, yet the four and the twelve are allegorical. The four are day and night, morning and evening; and the twelve are the twelve months, the twelve constellations, the divisions of the year, and their appropriate labours.

Also there are seven spirits of God. What this means we do not know. But it seems connected with the centre from which the whole universe is surveyed and governed, and the six grand points of regard, north, south, east, and west, and up and down. So we suppose the seven relates to space and the twelve to time. But this is only guess; we do not know what they mean.

And before their visitors quite left them, they gave them instructions and commands. And the commands were—

1. You shall have no God but the Creator only.
2. You shall make no image of your own, nor worship it.
3. You shall work honestly, and make your world a garden, and enjoy it.
For God also worked, and made all things; and His work is good.

4. You shall honour your parents and the old.
5. Parents, love the children God gives you, and teach them truly.
6. You shall not murder.
7. You shall not steal.
8. You shall not tell lies.
9. You shall love one another, for you are all of one family ; and all are children of God who obey Him.

They had no command about the seventh day, for evident reasons ; nor had the tenth, the distinction of property being so different. They had various other rules and advice, not given as absolute command, but as direction and aid.

Now, besides this, the very ancient Book of 7000 to 8000 years ago, they had the record of a later visitor. About 3000 years ago, 5000 from the destruction, some said a visitor had come from heaven, a man, but not quite of their own type. He came occasionally for about three years, and once with two others like himself.

At that time the Lunarians quarrelled, and threatened to divide into two nations, east and west. And it was reported the visitor came chiefly to those in the wrong ; finally, some were destroyed by fire from heaven. That the visitor before leaving visited the leaders on both sides, and told them they were all children of God, and must all be one family. That all would live again ; but at the end of the second life some would become immortal, some would cease to exist. That if they rebelled they would be destroyed as by the first destruction ; but if not, in time they would be all carried away by the angels to another world, their bodies being changed ; for the Moon would fail to support intellectual life, for the water and the air would get less. Also the rebellious against God were under punishment and correction, and would be for 10,000 years ; counting from the destruction, 5000 years were past and 5000 were to come, and then the end.

Now, those who believed this, as it was 3000 years ago, believed there were only 2000 years more of life on the Moon. But the records were not very clear. It seemed the visitor was not seen by more than a thousand at most. What

the quarrel was about none knew, for all who started it and led it perished at the time. And if any who survived knew, they were too frightened to tell. So some believed, some did not.

For the last 200 years they had been measuring the air and sea as perfectly as they could. In the air they could detect no alteration; some thought the sea, marked at the centre island, had fallen about 3 inches, but most thought this merely from error in the first measurements.

Few except the very old troubled themselves about a future. Life was quiet, enjoyable, and easy; and as none aged for 200 years, they no more worried about another world than the young do here,—less, indeed, for early death was not brought home by disease, all nearly were healthy.

Besides these Bible traditions and a few more doubtful of the same type, they had myths of another class, much as we have.

The Sun and Ertha and the Moon were all children of a more ancient god, who usually slept and left the government to the Sun. Now, the Sun had married Ertha and had children, and many of the children were placed on the Moon, who nourished them. And Ertha quarrelled with her husband the Sun, and rebelled against him, with some of her children. And the old god woke up at the disturbance, and the Sun submitted the matter to his father; but Ertha would not, and was very violent; and the old god told the Sun to destroy or subdue Ertha, and he would give him other wives. And Ertha was bound and fastened to the Moon, and her rebellious children on the Moon were destroyed; and some who were gods, and not mortal, were bound with Ertha. And Ertha was naked, and there was no water and no air where she was bound. So for the half month she was roasted by the Sun, and for the half month frozen by the cold. So she was bound and to be bound for 10,000 years.

But other myths said she was destroyed, utterly dissipated, with the water and air that had been on the Moon; all were turned into vapour, and this vapour was the Zodiacal light

which was spread round the Sun. And the old god gave the Sun twelve wives, Orion and eleven others. And he had two daughters, Mercury and Venus, who kept near him and attended him, and three sons, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, who hunted everywhere far and near.

Now, the Lunarians read and taught the Bible and traditions and the myths to their children; but when the children asked questions, they simply said they knew nothing about them. For the Lunarians had no class of wise men who pretended to know all about God and the higher intellects. None pretended to know more than others.

Now, science was puzzling over these long-neglected myths. What was Ertha? Would Ertha explain any of their difficulties?

Lately they had discovered another planet, Uranus. Were there more? Were there many balls moving about in space? Why were some of the stars obscured at times? were they Suns with dark balls going round them? Did any of these balls ever strike each other? Had Ertha and the Moon come together? And was Ertha now stuck on the other side of the Moon? What would they look like from Mars or Venus—two balls stuck together? Or was there a neck between them, like a dumb-bell? Had all the water and the air and everything movable tumbled between them, or raised a great mountain on each before they finally joined; or what? Would this account for any of their difficulties?

So they were making very careful experiments and observations. But the more careful they were the more they were puzzled. The centre of the Moon itself might not be the centre of the curve of their ocean, yet it was so very near it, that going round such centre did not account for the irregularities in the movements of the planets. Also, if the Moon and Ertha were joined together, the centre of gravity should be farther off. Now, fully to account for the variations, if they were owing to the Moon itself, it must turn round a point once a month about 12,000 miles from its own centre, some said 15,000. If that point were in Ertha, Ertha must

be much the bigger of the two. But, then, it was difficult to imagine such a long band joining them; and the smaller Ertha was, the longer must be the connecting band. Were each floating on the surface of the immense ocean formed of all the water of the two? Or, had all this water got frozen, was it a bar of ice? They could not conceive. No theory was satisfactory.

So now they were studying all their traditions very carefully, did any explain what had become of Ertha? Needless to say, many thought Ertha all stuff—all Erthshine, they called it.

But the result of all this was, the Lunarians were getting perfectly frantic to see the other side of their world. For over fifty years they had struggled to the utmost. It seemed every problem of their philosophy, every doubt of their traditions, the whole secret of the universe, perhaps of immortality itself, would be solved by one glimpse of that inaccessible side. Was it inaccessible? Not merely the old, and professors of science, but all, even the young, were getting interested in the subject.

Now, their mountains were full of caves, and all within reach had been searched ages ago. But some were too high, they could not breathe so high up. And especially on the highest range were two sets of caves, one about 5000, the other some 7000 feet above the sea. These were popularly called the caves of the four families, but the lowest was 1000 feet higher than they could reach. And the cliff was hard and perpendicular, or they would have taken up breathing bladders and cut a path, but there was no hold.

Remember, had they formed stages, their extremes of heat and cold would have split many things to pieces, and the expansion and contraction of metals would soon loosen their hold. They could have conquered all this could they have breathed quietly on such elevations, but they could not breathe at all. Nor might they find anything in the caves if they did reach them.

It seemed more profitable to seek if beyond their mountains

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there were prolonged valleys or low-lying plains reaching away from their ocean, and lying so low as to have respirable air over them. If they could penetrate along such valleys for 300 or 400 miles, they thought they might do the rest of the journey with artificial reservoirs of air. They had only to get half-way to see all beyond.

Now, at two opposite sides of the boundary of their habitable land the ranges sank to 3000 and 4000 feet for about 100 miles in each case. These were the beds of the Straits of Tradition, where ancient Ocean flowed out. There was a pass in the one of little over 2000 feet and in the other of just 3000. These led into large basins about 60 or 70 miles across, again surrounded by ranges nowhere under 6000 feet. There was a third pass, a break in the highest range, just over 4000 feet; but it was very difficult to breathe so high up. It was a narrow ridge, and their ancestors long ago had made a tunnel some 1200 feet lower, which gave access to another basin. But it was also surrounded by inaccessible mountains. All seemed to indicate the water of old was all in large basins or lakes, and a network of banks or coast had been the habitable land. All these basins they knew well, and had searched many caves at the foot of the hills. Here they had found bones and fossils. Indeed, such things were as common with them as with us. All these were collected carefully and stored in their four great museums.

They had found skeletons with two hind legs much like their own land animals, but where the forelegs should be, formations they did not understand. They were something like the fins of some of their amphibia, but, as a rule, much longer in proportion. They suspected, and rightly, they were the animals who could swim in the ancient thick atmosphere of their globe. They had also found remains of strange plants; and in one place they had found a fossil tree 100 feet long. They had nothing like it now, the nearest was a plant 50 feet high on the centre island. But this 100 feet specimen was where nothing grew now at all, where there was

neither water nor air could support such a giant plant, and it must have grown there, nothing now existing could have carried it there. This seemed to confirm their traditions.

They had one other place of study. In mining they sometimes sank deep shafts. In one, about 1000 feet below their own sea, they had come on a large cave, and water at the bottom of it. This was long ago. They had put a boat on the water, and explored it farther and farther. They found long passages and many immense caves. The roof was so low at times they could hardly proceed, and in some cases they were sure there were passages under water.

Then they had found immense openings, funnel-shaped, like craters, they being at the bottom or small end. The walls looked very high, as nearly as they could estimate 12,000 feet. The air did not seem to reach more than half-way, the upper parts seeming quite unchanged by the action of air. The places were dangerous, the least movement caused slipping of the loose material of the sides. Report said one of these openings had got so closed, and a party of explorers had never returned from it. In one or two places there were banks, and they had to haul their boat over such. One of these openings had long been the end of their wandering, but the water certainly went farther. There was a cave or passage just below the surface on the farther side. The water was very deep. In places they had measured 100 feet. At last a diver fancied, with a suitable bell, he could penetrate some hundreds of yards, perhaps a mile, and they could tie a cord to him. He did, and nearly half a mile off the roof rose again, and he could float; here he saw light a long way off, perhaps a mile, so he came back. This was enough. The obstacle was passed by others, and they reached a small open basin of water nearly a quarter a mile across. Yet this was still only the bottom of another but longer funnel; altogether they estimated they had penetrated nearly fifty miles, and felt sure the water went farther, but could

find no passage. There was life in this water, some very strange forms, some without eyes, but long feelers. They caught many, and put them in their museums. They suspected there were some small amphibians, for animals plunged off the banks as they approached, but they never caught them. They thought most of these cave sea animals hideously ugly. They also found magnificent crystals and a few new minerals in these caves.

One object they had found, not in these, but in a small cave in one of the valleys. Whether its was animal or vegetable, they could not make out. They had a sort of porcupine, and the object looked like one of its quills with a soft fringe on each side. They had placed it in a crystal case in their chief museum, and were almost afraid to touch it. A prize of the finest fur of the year was offered to any one who found another like it. All the learned puzzled over it. The most satisfactory opinion was, it was a fringed whisker. For instance, some of the amphibians had bristles on the upper lip almost like those of their porcupine. Now, this, it seemed, had been hollow ; it might have contained blood and nerves, and the animal might have curled it up when angry. It must have been a large animal had such whiskers ; this confirmed the traditions of the terrible animals of old, and they drew pictures of heads like seals with these whiskers. Children enjoyed these pictures, but thought them more comic than terrible.

But all this amounted to very little. If the Lunarians drew a circle all round their world just beyond their boundary mountains, all they knew of that circle would not be 400 miles, and it would be nearly 4000 round. Then the highest mountains would probably have the largest spurs, and the longest and deepest valleys extending from them. If they could only get into some of these, possibly not fifty miles separated them from all they wanted to know. If they could only but top those mountains. If their atmosphere were only a single mile deeper.

Thus the Lunarians in their advance in science had arrived

at a point where they were studying more than the problems of their ordinary daily life,—their origin in the past, the problems of the future. They had not all the advantage we have, only a small part of their own world was accessible to them. They thought if they could see the whole of it, all science would be open to them. How they were to get beyond these barriers nature had set them, I cannot conceive, if they are breathing animals, and shall not attempt to picture it.

At present I only propose picturing life on worlds supposed to resemble our own, and to be habitable by beings who would think and reason much as we do. It seems to me at a certain stage of civilisation the problems of immortality would occur to all. Also at a certain stage of progress, in every case, it would be perceived their own world was not the Universe, but was a mere atom in an indefinitely vaster Universe.

It also seems probable, when first they thought of such matters, they would think of the possibility of intelligent beings elsewhere. Then could they communicate with such. And what more natural than to romance such intercourse. If their civilisation had ups and downs, these romances of an advancing period would become the Bibles of after declining ages, to be themselves puzzles in a period of renewed progress.

Or in time all would have their Bibles, which might vary in each case, as the circumstances of each world suggested or concealed ideas from its inhabitants.

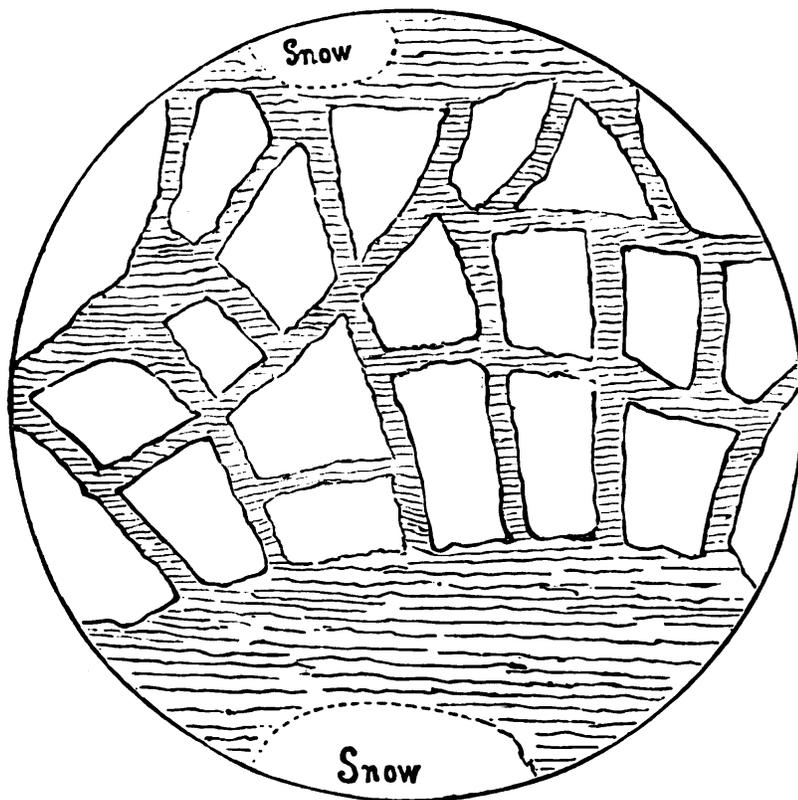
In the preceding I have tried to confine myself to what I believe the present state of knowledge regarding our satellite ; and if I have made mistakes in the physical condition, the social condition should be changed accordingly.

Has there not been a suspicion at times, in eclipses and occultations, of an atmosphere, wanting at other times ? If there were an atmosphere, might there not be solar tides in it ? also expansion and contraction from the great changes of temperature ? Might this make the atmosphere some-

times visible on the limb, sometimes not? It would not be impossible to calculate when such change might be expected.

If any seem interested, I propose contemplating life in Mars and perhaps one or two other worlds.

MARS.



THE above is not a map of Mars, nor does it represent one side of it more than another. For maps I would refer my readers to Peck's *Atlas of Astronomy* and *La Planète Mars* par Camille Flammarion. The shaded parts are supposed to be water: the great ocean is about the southern pole. What looks like snow is near the poles, but not exactly round them. If the so-called canals are really water-

channels, there can be no large continent on Mars, only a multitude of large islands; and even this is doubtful. At the distance of Mars we can only see channels 50 or 60 miles wide. Now, first, there seem to be no mountains on Mars, except, perhaps, near the poles. Or it is comparatively low, flat land.

Now, is it likely, if the whole of Mars is cut up by water-channels, that they are all 50 miles wide? Is it not likely there would be smaller canals, say from 1 to 10 miles wide, which we could not see, dividing the islands into smaller ones? Does not the whole suggest a salt marsh?—low lands and sea-water; and it looks all so much alike, all the way round.

Can we picture what it would be like to live on?

Countless islands, low-lying, in the midst of an ocean. For passages 50 miles wide, which look to us mere threads, would be more than they could see across, and Mars being smaller than our Earth, its curvature would be greater; 50 miles would represent nearly 100 with us, and all their land seems low.

Then all this water would be tideless. The small moons of Mars would cause no tides, and the solar tides would probably be nearly imperceptible. The seasons might be much like ours, but longer, as its year is almost twice ours.

Being so much smaller, not much over one-half our diameter, gravity would be much less; all objects would seem much lighter. The atmosphere is less than ours, and storms would probably be less violent; but, as objects would be lighter, their wind might blow them about as much as ours would here; and if it blew along one of their channels steadily, it might raise the water at one end like a tide, and flood low lands.

They are farther from the Sun, and the heat would be less; but in their lighter atmosphere the Sun might raise as much vapour as with us. Indeed, we see snow and clouds, and the whole suggests damp.

In the absence of continents and mountains there would be neither rivers nor vast burning deserts. All would be insular, and probably coast-like. It does not then suggest rock, but loose sandy soil or mud.

The vegetation, sea-coast, or dense and jungly. Fungus and mildew in abundance.

The animals, marine or amphibious ; reptiles and insects in swarms. Birds plentiful ; for though the air might be thinner, the weights of animals would be less.

Now, if there was an intelligent ruling race, equivalent to man, what would it be like ? Unless they could fly, they must either be amphibian, or each set pinned down to its own small island ; and in the absence of stone and minerals, the development of their civilisation must have been very slow at first, and if like us, they would at first be nearly powerless amidst their swarms of reptiles and amphibia.

Let us suppose them, then, amphibians themselves. Of what type ?

For present purposes, let us call man all intelligent reasoning animals that associate, form communities, have language, and build, and progress.

On Mars, then, we require a building amphibian, forming societies, etc.

Let us take the beaver. The Mars man is, then, a developed beaver.

At the time we are regarding him, he has ceased to have a tail, whether the original beaver had or not. Tradition said his jaws and teeth had originally been much stronger ; they had dwindled, but the cranium had much increased.

He had both stone and metals now. Iron and aluminium were those in most common use. They had plenty of glass, and the best. Ivory and wood were abundant.

Their dwellings were nearly all on piles, raised 6 to 20 feet above the soil, and usually on a platform, from which all vegetation had been burnt off, and covered with asphalt or concrete, extending considerably beyond the dwelling. This to keep off the countless crawling things and small reptiles.

Their vegetation produced a vast variety of gums, turpentine, varnishes, etc., etc., and their dwellings and their piles were all well varnished and protected, and gums and incense were burnt inside and out to keep insects off.

Cleanliness was their great virtue; otherwise, mildews, blights, and diseases would have prevailed.

Large land animals, like our cattle, did not exist. But they had milk and eggs, and plenty of fish. But they were chiefly vegetarians, having an immense variety of vegetables and fruits. Their grain was mostly of the rice type, their grasses being nearly all water or marsh plants.

They formed large dams or tanks, partly to collect their rain-water, very necessary in the absence of rivers, and partly as reserves of fish, etc.

They differed widely from us. They were not naked; nature clothed them. The perpetual in and out of water and constant dabbling in mud would have necessitated ceaseless changing of clothes, spending time in dressing and undressing. So nature clothed them. But then all ideas of nakedness were absent, all ideas derived from dress, decency, and indecency were never thought of. Certainly they often covered themselves at night, just as animals creep under cover or into holes; but this did not suggest nakedness.

But more, they had nothing corresponding to our religion; they had no tradition of rebellion against Higher Powers, nor of original sin. They had never thought of rebellion. They were still in intercourse with Higher Intellects; they had never rejected nor forfeited intercourse. They were still actually governed by them. A theocracy, as we call it.

It was not one of the worlds where eccentric forms of government were studied. In truth, the natural difficulties they had to contend with were too great, their civilisation required help to start it. Fire was not easily procured, nor minerals from an endless sea-shore.

Their science was far advanced, for they were taught by their visitors. They were profound chemists. From the sea-water they extracted various salts, and reduced the metals.

Acids and alkalies they knew well. Iron and aluminium they obtain from the soil.

But they knew much we do not. They knew the ultimate atomic structure. They knew much more of electricity and some other forces. They knew every plant, its qualities and products. They had the remedies for every disease, the antidote to every blight; and they valued the aid of their friends far too much to forfeit it, and, in case of error, submitted to any penalty sooner. Not that there were no faults or crimes, no murder, no thieving, nor that once or twice partial rebellion was not started; but it was always crushed out when they were told to do so, and at one time the visitors themselves had destroyed a whole district; but none knew what for, so the error or crime did not spread.

The visits were very seldom now. They could take care of themselves. Yet the chief government was still by Oracle, to which all difficulties were referred. There was an official place—a magnificent temple on the largest island. There occasionally was a visible presence, more usually only a voice above a throne, as if from one not visible sitting on it. There was an appointed period for intercourse. If wanted at other times, there was a special ceremony of invocation. If a visitor came, a signal was given.

They knew of their future existence, and how the change was effected, and ancestors occasionally visited them; so death did not trouble them. Astronomy was not a study; they had been told all about the worlds around them. In the museum attached to their great temple they had beautiful models of our Earth and some other planets. Of our Earth they had a partial history and many pictures. Its mountain scenery, rivers, and waterfalls they admired much, for they had few of their own. They knew, too, of much vaster worlds going round vaster Suns than ours, and of complicated systems, of many Suns; and of the Suns themselves they knew more than we do, and something of their inhabitants. What they knew they had been told plainly. Some things told us in allegory they did not know, for the ideas would have

suggested rebellion. This does not matter to those already in rebellion.

On the whole, then, their ideas were very different to ours. They had neither wars, nor dress, nor nakedness, and a mass of ideas; vices and virtues connected therewith were wanting. But they knew of other worlds, of their inhabitants, and were not puzzling about immortality, so had many ideas we have not. They were much more devoted to science, and having but one language, studied nature instead of grammar. They used the telescope little, but the microscope much. Having little history or romance of their own, they were very fond of both as related of other worlds—worlds they expected to visit hereafter.

On their small islands there were few grand routes. Their water-channels were their grand means of travel and traffic. They had sails; and having steam, electricity, and some other forces, they could propel ships swiftly enough. Being all amphibians, they had little fear of drowning. Most could swim across any of their channels.

But all was not smooth life. Besides the perpetual struggle with fungus and vermin, they had occasional floods—not often, still to be guarded against. Volcanoes were rare, but there were some in the southern ocean. Now, an earthquake wave did not spread indefinitely in a vast ocean like our Pacific; when it reached the channels it ran up them, causing terrible havoc on their low lands.

To guard against these, they had built immense embankments along the channels most liable to flood, and they had gone on adding to them for centuries. They soon found these raised embankments better places to live on than the low marsh lands. Every new dwelling would have its raised terrace, and the embankments gradually grew. Then they planted them specially with shrubs and trees, with binding roots to consolidate the embankments as much as possible.

Question—Do these immense embankments, with their spreading vegetation on each side of some of the channels, cause their double appearance at times? At times; for if

they are really planted as suggested, the foliage might vary with the seasons, at times be distinct, at times fade into the general tint of the islands.

Now, when we come to the morality and philosophy of the Marsians, and their ideas of future and higher stages of existence, we come to what their visitors from such higher stages taught them, and what that is we cannot well discuss yet. For it is nearly what we, for the purposes of our proposed studies, shall consider taught us by the same visitors, when they visited our ancestors of old. Only in our case it is only taught us in fables and parables, which have to be puzzled out, we being accused of refusing their direct intercourse, therefore told we should obtain all such knowledge with difficulty, as children who decline the aid of competent teachers increase trouble.

One thing seems unlikely, that the Marsians had the same community of landownership we supposed in the Moon. Although they were all one race, had all one language, and had no wars, etc., yet with the labour necessary on each island to embank it, form water-tanks, etc., and for each dwelling built on piles, etc., it is difficult to conceive that the local community on each island would not regard such land as its own property. On the other hand, each being so limited, the necessity of commerce, of exchanging products with other islands, would probably make something like hotel life very common. Every island would have large residential buildings for strangers, as well as harbours and storehouses for goods. Ideas might be modified accordingly. They might be essentially traders. They might have commercial laws, judges of disputes, etc.

Depending so much on such exchange might make the Marsians very industrious in the cultivation of their own small territory, especially in the produce most suited to it. We should then expect very little to be left uncultivated for hunting grounds of wild land animals. Fishing would replace hunting with them.

Their time, then, would be spent in keeping their dwellings

and land above water, and each community making the most of their own island. Ship and boat building and fishing would be important; endless scrubbing and painting to preserve from rust and mildew; large factories to produce metals, etc. In this they would be aided by their knowledge of chemistry and of electricity, balancing their deficiency in mining.

Their education would be much what their visitors taught them. Their games would be mostly aquatic, and their children would play in the water. Lectures on science, and especially new discoveries, would interest them much. They would have museums and assembly rooms.

Their great delight would be the theatre. This is probably true of all worlds under the direct influence of the universal society. It seems one of their great means of educating.

Of course, from their earliest civilisation, they would never have considered their world, Mars, as the centre of the Universe; would never have supposed all the rest of the Universe went round it, or had been created especially for their benefit.

They never had regarded themselves as *the important* people, nor as *the wise* of the Universe. By the wise, they meant their visitors with the experience of countless worlds, not their own Solomons, or Daniels, or Mahomets.

They were taught to reason, and how to settle all disputes, and very difficult matters were reserved for the Oracle.

With them, as in the Moon, the separation of the sexes was not so marked as with us. Dress did not exaggerate their difference, and they all worked and played together. When so much depended on commerce and intercourse, hospitality was a necessity, and almost all travelled. They were long-lived.

Their world, carefully cultivated as it was, supported a large population—some 300 or 400 millions. Yet all considered themselves but as one family—as children of the Universal. As to class distinctions, they selected, indeed were commanded to do so, for leaders or for offices, such as were most fit, and not because their grandmothers had held such offices. All worked, and all joined in the pleasures of life.

JUPITER.

I HAVE proposed concluding these first essays in contemplating life on our neighbouring worlds with picturing it on Jupiter, the giant planet of our system. But, governed by the rules proposed, that in these studies we are to be guided by what observers tell us, that we are not to romance our worlds, not to make our own heavens, but try to fancy ourselves in the actual circumstances, and also obeying some apparent directions of our supposed visitors of old, not yet known to my readers, I find it is not easy to picture this planet as a nursery for an infant race.

Let us illustrate thus:—Can any imagine our, or any other Sun as a nursery for infancy? On this Earth would mothers choose an iron-foundry for a nursery? On what, for the present, I am calling the Biblical supposition, that these are vast space communities, their work might be carried on in appropriate localities, or factories, if any prefer it, and we cannot imagine the work in the Suns and in worlds like ours to have any resemblance.

It seems possible to imagine dwellers in such furnaces, but not flesh and blood like ourselves; not developed monkeys nor developed animals of any of our types. If, now, we would contemplate worlds of an intermediate type between our Earth and Suns, such as, if I understand our astronomers, they consider Jupiter and some others really are, we seem to require a corresponding variation of type in our supposed inhabitants. This, in the present absence of all rational ideas on such subjects, I feel unable to represent, so very few would understand me.

I do not think such globes are nurseries for infants, but suspect they are intended for the next, or higher stage of

existence. For supposing immortality, I suppose successive ranks or stages of advance, and believe our old traditions sanction this. In trying, then, to picture inhabitants on various worlds, it seems necessary to change the type of denizen to suit the physical type of the world dwelt in; and Jupiter seems to require a type quite different from beings like ourselves, or such variations as might suit Venus or Mars, worlds more or less of our own order.

Any way, however, we should have to try to picture the physical condition of Jupiter, what we should see if there. Let us try, subject, of course, to the correction of actual observers.

It is of vast size compared with our Earth—more than ten times the diameter, more than one thousand times the bulk. How heavy it must be; and how such a vast mass would pull down everything to its surface!—a pull of more than one thousand worlds like ours. But it does not. Some of these enormous globes seem like cork, their materials are so light compared with ours. Are they spongy, or what?

First, many of them seem to have enormous atmospheres, and what we see are dense clouds floating in their air, and not the solid land in them; this in some cases we do not see at all. Have they solid earth? We think so; for they throw up at times enormous coloured or darker clouds, like smoke compared to the white mists. Are these from volcanoes? If so, is there not solid earth?

If they were all solid, they would be heavier than our earth; if all atmosphere, lighter in comparison. What proportions are necessary to make them the weight they really seem to be? These may vary a little in each case, according to their temperature. But let us think a little more on what may make them so light.

Imagine an immense globe, all fluid and air, as astronomers seem to think many are, and also very hot. But not solid as yet, but beginning to form. The immense hot ocean might have many things in solution, and as it cooled might deposit some, getting thick and muddy, forming a scum on its

surface. Or vegetation and even animals might grow on such scum between water and air, and help to thicken it.

Take a globe, say 50,000 miles diameter of water, and 15,000 miles of atmosphere all over it, the whole being 80,000 miles diameter,—much what Jupiter or Saturn would really be, Jupiter rather larger,—and in this vast ocean a sediment is forming and settling down.

Now, something else. Imagine a vast cave or hollow in the centre of a world, just where the centre of gravity is. In the middle of such hollow there would be no weight at all; nothing would tend to fall, or to move in one direction more than another. If one sprang from one side as from a floor, he would not fall back, but strike the opposite side or ceiling as it were. Or in each world there is a place where things would rest without any visible support, and as that spot were approached the less would be the tendency to movement.

Observe, also, many things as they deposit from air or fluid show a tendency to flake, or cake, as hail, snow, and soot in air. Indeed, does not this tendency of the atoms begin the solidifying?

Now, to our scum beginning to form sediment in our ocean of 50,000 miles diameter, 25,000 miles to its centre, originally clear, from cooling or some other reason it now has 1000 miles deep of mud or sediment slowly sinking into its depths. At half-way down, 12,000 to 13,000 miles deep, the same 1000 miles would now be only half its first diameter, and consequently four times more condensed. If tending to cake originally, far more so now. Halving the depth again, it would be sixteen times as dense, or almost forced to cake. But now it would be approaching the centre of rest, so much of the globe would be above and pulling it back. The slow settling would become slower still, and as it consolidated the principle of the vault would offer greater and greater resistance to the pressure above. But our scum would be growing on the surface, and sinking in its turn, thickening and consolidating our sediment. In time this might become so

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compact as to prevent the filtering through it of the central portion of the original heated ocean or atmosphere, this condensed by the pressure would aid the vault in supporting the increasing mass of solid. So there might remain a vast mass of light weight and highly heated. Finally, such worlds might be shells, their immense thickness easily supporting what still remained fluid, vast oceans.

What would be the effect on objects on the surface of such shells? The pull all round, but the great central pull taken away, it can all be calculated for each special case.

Next, the immense atmosphere, say 15,000 miles deep. Some say such enormous pressure would make the lower part thick and pasty. Would it? Here I really ask experts to help us. Does a pressure of 1000 atmospheres make the water at the bottom of our ocean pasty? In some cases of explosions, the new formed gases must be subject to a pressure of thousands of atmospheres; is there ever any indication of a pasty mass being formed? In a vast atmosphere, are the lower parts condensed proportionally to the pressure, or does the elasticity increase out of proportion, resisting compression in some geometric ratio? It might be more satisfactory to a public who may be interested in our proposed studies, if recognised experts would answer these questions.

Until contradicted, I am assuming both air and water remain perfectly fluid on the worlds we are now contemplating.

What temperature could the ocean be? Water boils according to the pressure. The atmospheric pressure in Jupiter must be very great; would water boil at a low red heat? Its atmosphere seems loaded with vapour; is it impossible to make a guess at the temperature of its oceans?

Now, if the specific gravity of Jupiter is accounted for, partly by its being a shell, and partly by its immense atmosphere, the dense clouds in which are nearly all we see,

what would life be like on the surface of our supposed shell? We are supposing this some 50,000 miles diameter, more than six times that of our Earth, and its surface, therefore, more than thirty-six times that of our Earth—let us say forty times the surface.

Has it, then, forty times the number of continents and oceans we have, or are they much larger than ours? We have already pictured Mars as a mass of islands, let us then picture Jupiter as continental; not with one hundred continents or so, making it a gigantic Mars, but say with four times as many continents, oceans, etc., as we have, averaging them ten times the extent of ours, more than three times as long, and three times as wide. We might group them in three or four groups, as ours are grouped in two great divisions. Say four, and these again two and two; two sets forming one grand group, two another, these far more widely separated than the sub-groups from each other, the two largest oceans being much the widest, one nearly 50,000 miles long by 30,000 wide. These oceans were tideless. Jupiter's Moons are too small to cause tides, and the Sun too far, whilst the rapidity of Jupiter's rotation prevents any cumulative action. But there were ocean currents.

That the continents are vast, seems indicated by signs of immense volcanoes. Probably, then, there are enormous mountains and rivers, valleys, fresh-water lakes, etc., to correspond.

Now, though Jupiter is so far from the Sun, it is very brilliant, as if it were white paper; it seems really covered with white clouds, which reflect much of the sunshine. But if so much light is reflected from its outside atmosphere, so much the less must penetrate to the bottom, and shine on our supposed shell. At the bottom of the immense atmosphere of Jupiter, then, there would be much less sunshine than on our Earth. The brilliant clouds to us would be dark on the under side, and the lower air gloomy in proportion.

Also, we never see through these clouds, never see the solid ground in Jupiter. Then, probably, the dwellers thereon

never see us ; never see any stars at all, possibly not even the Sun, merely see more light at mid-day, and less at midnight. But as this deep atmosphere would be always illuminated, except just at the midnight portion, the twilight, morning, and evening would be very long. Real night would be very short. But Jupiter's whole day is only about ten hours ; five hours day, and five hours night. If the twilight is very long, the real darkness must be very short, perhaps not three hours, and this only near the equator ; near the poles there would be constant light from the illuminated atmosphere, yet always clouded and dull. With a slight variation in the eye, a little more like a cat's, and the dwellers in Jupiter might see little distinction between night and day. They might live in what to us would seem but slightly varying twilight.

The same deep atmosphere, protecting from sunshine and from exposure at night, would make the temperature everywhere very equal on the surface of the ground. There probably are no seasons in Jupiter ; so no tides, no seasons, no great changes of light or temperature, no heavens at night.

What would there be ? Perpetual sameness ? Probably not.

Besides the supposed white clouds, here and there, and not constant, there are enormous darker clouds. Are these from volcanoes ? If so, enormous volcanoes. Hence, may we not imagine vast mountains and mountain ranges ? If so, with an atmosphere loaded with clouds and vapour, probably rivers to which ours would be mere brooks, fresh-water lakes larger than our Caspian, veritable inland oceans, we see movements indicating currents of air ; so we may expect storms and winds to which ours would be child's play. Then their dense air in motion would sweep the land with the force of water, and possibly their ocean storms, their waves would be what we only see in some earthquakes. Rivers far larger than our Amazon, liable to floods out of proportion to anything here, might have to be reckoned with.

If visitors from Jupiter came here, well might they advise us : found not your towns in river-beds, build not with the

mud of the same ; build on mountain spurs, build with stone, and be careful about your cement.

And what might the dwellers in Jupiter be? As above said, what I really think of them cannot be discussed yet. Supposing them an infant race like ourselves, I would not image them giants proportional to their world. If we imagine everything exactly proportional on every world, would not much of the charm of variety in nature be lost? If, as we are supposing, there are intelligent beings can travel from world to world, it would be the differences that would interest. Similar intelligence in dissimilar circumstances.

We shall not, then, picture the inhabitants large proportionally to their world, but merely not quite lost in the growth around them.

So deep an atmosphere would probably be very buoyant ; its density, too, would offer good resistance to wings—flying might be almost like swimming ; whilst the great extent of surface would suggest the need of rapid locomotion. Our Jovians would probably be flyers, and flyers of the bat type of wing. Probably the men of no world would be feathered.

Remember by men we now mean what we fancy our immortals would mean. The intelligent inhabitants of any world. Beings forming communities, building, reasoning, and progressing. Mere instincts, however developed, would not suffice. Bees, ants, etc., would be mere animals, one generation the same as another ; not learning from nature, not accumulating knowledge, not progressing. There would, perhaps, be another condition we are not contemplating yet. Their definition would not be so many fingers, so many toes, teeth, etc. All that would have nothing to do with their definitions ; they are animal conditions, not intellectual.

Now, spite of the Jovians being able to fly, for ages any race might know nothing of their world beyond their own continent. A sustained flight of 1000 miles—500 miles out and back—would not carry far over an ocean 20,000 across. Then their dense atmosphere, probably very hazy at the surface of the ocean, might hinder clear vision beyond 10

miles more or less. Boats and ships they might have for traffic, but their tremendous storms and enormous seas might long prevent an early civilisation from mastering their distances.

If they really did not see the heavens at night, possibly not even the Sun, merely an extra brightness moving round once in ten hours, it seems possible their ideas of time might be vaguer than ours; for they have no seasons we know of. Owing to the equal temperature, caused by their vast atmosphere, they could probably live everywhere up to their very poles; and here, especially, there would be not even the distinction between day and night, merely a light revolving round the horizon.

But their grand atmosphere, which dimmed the light, conveyed sound magnificently—sounds we know nothing of. The ear was their great organ of sense, their great source of enjoyment; by it they knew all going on around them for 100 miles. Besides, the delicate membrane of their bat-like wing, when expanded, was extremely sensitive to air vibrations.

Animal life, then, we would suppose chiefly aquatic and aerial, mostly swimming or flying; and probably some animals were of immense size, yet not in proportion to the size of their world.

Vegetation might be enormous. Trees might tower 1000 feet or more, into their dense atmosphere; whilst its heat and moisture might produce a jungle to which ours would be open country. Parasites and creepers might bind all into inextricable confusion.

It seems difficult to picture a representative civilisation on Jupiter.

We can hardly fancy any rapidly conquering so vast a globe. If here for thousands of years the Asiatic and American groups were isolated, for how long would the quarters of Jupiter remain unknown to each other? We seem driven to contemplate more than one civilisation on such a globe, rising, perhaps, from quite different types. One, our bat-like men; the other, what? Possibly powerful

amphibians, using their seas and immense rivers as means for overcoming distances and land obstacles. Each for ages developing, utterly unsuspecting of the other. When at last they met, what would happen ?

Quite another phase of existence would then begin. But at present let us deal with one type only, our bat-men. Let us place these in the northern hemisphere on one side—on a continental group extending from near the pole to near the equator, with its corresponding oceans, one quarter of Jupiter. Though the habitable portion would be much less, we see every reason to believe the volcanic and mountain dimensions are larger even in proportion to the size of Jupiter than here. We may then reasonably suppose mountains twenty miles high. We may also picture lava eruptions forming veritable lakes, possibly 20 or 30 miles across, and these perhaps would long remain fluid, from the absence of cold nights, and because the earth surface seems much hotter than ours. Such volcanic ranges and lakes might be a boundary in one direction, the impenetrable forests in another. They might fly over these, but for long be unable to clear them for cultivation. Stormy oceans might bound much of the rest.

Would their atmosphere produce vast floods or not ? We see apparently enormous clouds, and towards the poles the cooling of their surface air must be extreme and constant. Does it sink, producing strong currents of air ? There seem distinct movements amongst the clouds apart from the rotation of the planet. The heated air from the ocean or ground must rise. Indeed, the whole suggests ceaseless movement, and probably storms, in an atmosphere so laden with moisture. But then the vapour condensed by the cold at great heights, and falling in rain, cold rain, would it all reach the surface, or be absorbed in the lower heated air ? If not, fancy a few feet of rain falling on one of the lava lakes ; there would be a disturbance.

If there really are such rains, although the oceans might be hot, and the ground a little below the surface,

large tracts of the surface itself might be comparatively cool.

What would life be like, whilst the inhabitants still only knew of their own quarter of their globe?

1st. We will consider them without any religion, without any Bible, and quite unconscious of any life but their own.

With their mountains they knew of minerals, most of the metals, and their uses. Fire they knew well. Sulphur, combustibles, and explosives they early learnt the use of. They imitated nature's furnaces and foundries. The force of steam and machinery they soon discovered and invented. They also knew much of electricity. Indeed, they had many electric animals.

They saw a light going round them in ten hours, but saw no heavens, and but rarely the Sun, then rather as a glare than distinctly defined. They had glass, and used lenses as microscopes. No telescopes, they would have been useless; few objects could be seen twenty miles off. Then all was lost in haze.

They have no suspicion of any world but their own; a vast plain bounded by an unknown ocean, all probably ending in dense mist, cloud, and darkness. What lay below they knew not, possibly an unlimited lake of fire, the cause of their volcanoes.

They had the magnet, and used the compass. Magnetic currents were strong on Jupiter. Otherwise they would have had but vague ideas of north and south, east and west. Distances being obscure to the eye, and the curvature of their immense globe not being observable in a few miles, they had no conception they were on a ball. A few thinkers excepted, quite certain they were not. Nor had any the faintest suspicion their world turned round. Some luminous body in their upper air seemed to go round. Why, they could not guess; but they had other puzzles.

They had a large central town near the pole. Far away towards their equator—though they knew of no equator—another town. Starting at nearly right angles to the road to

this town, another route led to a third town, almost equally distant. The three were not all on the same continent—one on a large continental island. They had many other large towns, but these were the three largest near the bounds of their habitable and known world. Let us call the towns A, B, and C. For long they had thought nothing about it, but the time came when they desired accurate maps—plans of their world.

Now, from the polar metropolis A to B was some 20,000 miles. Starting at A, at a right angle to the road to B, it was about the same distance to C. The Jovians then could calculate the distance from B to C on a plain surface as well as we could; but the calculated distance and the measured did not agree, nor did the direction of the road from B to C lie in the direction it should have done. At first, of course, they thought little about it, it was mere error in measuring; but the more care they took, the more sure they were of accuracy, the more the difference came out. At last it became a real puzzle.

Some laughed at the learned and the professors of science. "They think with a pair of compasses and a bit of tape to measure 20,000 miles just as they would 20 inches on a sheet of paper; as if space can be measured that way." All reasoners saw the proportions should be the same. Why were they not?

Another puzzle. Projectiles, or objects in rapid motion, either north or south, were deflected to one side; going east or west they were not. This was far more marked near the town A than in the neighbourhood of B or C. On our Earth this is noticeable. It is owing to the swing round of the world, and is, of course, most marked near the poles. But we do not live near our poles. The Jovians probably can live at their very pole, and, immense as their planet is, it turns round in ten hours instead of twenty-four. Near their pole, then, for every mile farther off, all objects travel six miles in ten hours faster. A very observable difference. A projectile, then, thrown a mile in two seconds or so, would have that

pace on it to one side or the other if thrown north or south. Rapid rivers, flowing north or south, would cut their banks accordingly. In the hurricanes of Jupiter it would be well noticed, etc. As sure their world did not move as our ancestors were the Earth did not, and with much more reason, if they saw no heavens going round, the Jovians puzzled much over this. Their theories were extremely learned.

Of magnetism they knew as much as we do, except, of course, any dependence it may have on the magnetism of our Sun. Possibly they have grander displays of polar lights than we have, only they would be in twilight, not in darkness. The magnetic lines, then, all converged to a point, which they regarded as the true pole. Some force or other made magnets point to it. Now, it was near this point the other force was most noticed; far away, about B and C, it was not so strong. Evidently, then, it was connected with the polar force. The one force caused a current of something to the pole, the other a current round the pole.

Again, the current round the pole was evidently connected with the light that moved round near the horizon; for all indicated they both went round in the same time, ten hours.

Wanted a theory, then, to connect all the three things together.

One thing was certain. The revolving light from the pole looked low down near the horizon, and was always on the horizon. As they travelled away from the pole, it rose higher at one time and at another disappeared altogether, and for a longer and longer time. At B and C it was high overhead, and much more distinct than the mere glare at the pole. But for an hour or two it could not be seen at all. They now calculated if they reach 40,000 miles from the pole, it will be directly overhead when highest.

Now, a very curious thing. The more overhead this light was, the less did the west and east force affect moving objects going north and south. When the light moved round the horizon, that is, seemed low down, these forces also acted near the ground.

Now they had mountains 20 miles high. Also by flight they could rise high in the air. Experiment showed that near the pole this movement did not increase higher up, but far from the pole it did. An object dropped from 12 miles up did not drop quite like the plumb-line; showing the forces were still there, but farther and farther from the ground. Account for this. Was the revolving light tied to the pole by this invisible force, and did its sweep round cause the currents? But did not the current go the other way?

How high up was this moving light when overhead?

They began measuring from a base 5 miles, 10 miles, and so on. They had now got to a line nearly 1000 miles long, very carefully measured. They had capital clocks, and tolerably fair means of telegraphing, mostly by sound; so they were pretty sure they could observe the moving light at the same moment, or very nearly. Finally, they made it out about 25,000 miles distant, or that to 30,000,—would be that when overhead. This was not satisfactory; for if it was 40,000 miles from the pole and 25,000 from the surface of the earth, it should not look so low down at the pole. They supposed that depended somehow on the haze of the atmosphere. Besides, the light at B and C was at times very distinct; it was always a smudge at A. This also accounted for its becoming invisible for a few hours every day at B and C. It revolved round the pole; when on the far side the atmosphere was evidently too much for the light to shine through; when at the pole it was so hazy, at twice the distance it might well not be seen.

The favourite theory, it was all a vortex of some sort. They illustrated it by a gigantic cyclone, a rush of something from every direction to the pole. A meeting, a whirling round, a throwing off, and spreading out, rising as it spread. If it could be seen, it would resemble a vast whirlpool, with the centre of the funnel at the pole. Then there would be a corresponding return current. The revolving light was in this, for it went the other way. Then, did the force return to the ground again at some great distance, and recommence

its flow to the pole? The professors of science now wanted to start explorations across their unknown oceans to determine this.

Had the curious measure puzzle from B to C anything to do with this vortex force? Some thought it had. It vitiated all their measuring. The two roads to B and C started nearly at right angles from A; one, then, perhaps more north and south than the other. All the instruments, perhaps all the measurers themselves, might be affected, and their line bent gradually towards C.

A few special students of the subject thought their world was a ball, and turned round once in ten hours. This was ridiculous. A ball more than 50,000 miles diameter, with an atmosphere at least 10,000 miles deep, some said 20,000; and the air must turn with it, the whole 80,000 or 90,000 miles across, 250,000 round at least turning in ten hours! 25,000 miles an hour! What insanity! The craziness of people calculating with a sheet of paper in a small room!

We have supposed our Jovians with no Bible, and ignorant of all religion.

2nd. If any like to imagine them with religious traditions and a sacred book, it is easily done. The book talked of their world as the Universe, and in one place of the great plain on which men lived. To suppose, then, they lived on a ball, was simply impiety; to regard the whole Universe as spinning round was just the criminal pride of self-styled intellect. Besides, if it were a ball, they would all tumble off. All was mere Satanic opposition to the Holy Church and the humble teaching of true piety.

If any would picture the result of exploring, pushing on, and finding other vast continents and the other civilisation, they may easily do so. The surprise of the amphibians at the influx of the bats, their profound contempt for them, the absurdity of their civilisation, the silliness of their philosophy, the idea their pole was the centre of all things, and the great light went round it, *their* humbugging pole, whilst it really went round their own, the amphibian true pole!

Then there were two sacred books—two Bibles. The horror of the pious, there were two centres of everything, on a vast plain, and the great light went round both of them. Some thought it better just to suppress all that had been written when they knew of only one pole—hush it up, and write and talk as if they had always known it, and any way treat it as of no consequence. As to the two Bibles, etc., “ Well, there were pious and devout minds everywhere. Some had the true faith, others were pious but mistaken; the majority indifferent, thinking only of trade, business, etc.; whilst there were a few, the impious, who were puffed up with Satanic pride, and believed the world a ball, turning round itself.”

So they trafficked together, and quarrelled, made treaties and broke them, and finally the great war for supremacy began; and my readers may imagine whichever they please were the victors. Meanwhile the impious studied each other's learning carefully, and associated as cordially as if their bodies had been all of the same type. The learned of each came to the same conclusion—the world was a ball, not a plain.

Then studying carefully the sacred books, a few denied they were contradictory, denied the books called the world a plain, denied they even called their world the Universe. Asserted they even spoke of other worlds. Asserted the original writers in both cases knew of the other continents and the other race. When one talked of loving your neighbour, it referred to such difference, it meant the intelligent should love all who were children of the Supreme Intellect, regardless of their outward form. Also the books spoke of other worlds altogether, also supporting intelligent races, but with forms of body still more varying; and when the pious permitted it, they would interpret what the authors of these sacred books really said about the dwellers in other worlds.

EVERY THURSDAY, PRICE TWOPENCE.

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LIFE:

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OF ALL PHENOMENA.

A LECTURE.

BY

ARTHUR A. CUTHBERT.

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L I F E :

The Fundamental Principle of all Phenomena.

IN proposing to devote an hour or more to the consideration of a condition regarding science in general, and affecting likewise the practical applications of science, that may seem to most of my audience to be altogether novel, I feel that I shall have to bespeak a great measure of their patience while endeavouring to explain myself.

It is the generally understood modern idea, that the pursuit of pure science is a sure and safe retreat for the mental activities of man from the supersensuous, and all the agitating problems called vital, spiritual, or religious, that are involved in it. Astronomy, chemistry, botany; the pursuits also of geology, natural history, and even physiology, etc., in the way of strict science, are reckoned to be subjects of pure and simple observation, where it is understood that, beyond a doubt, the mental activities can find a perpetual field of fruitful exercise, in peaceful waters, the surfaces of which need never be fretted by a ripple from the disturbing breezes of the supersensuous. It is allowed, of course, that there is a border land, where the two are regarded as meeting; but if the questions that this supposed meeting involve, are ignored, as being in any respect such as pertain to science proper, then the latter, it is firmly believed, may be kept perfectly clear of them, not merely without loss to scientific pursuits, but greatly to their advantage. Now, I believe this to be an entire mistake, and in what follows expect to show that Science in insisting on it is really walling herself up, and shutting

herself off from the pure light and free air of heaven, upon which her life is dependent.

There is, indeed, one infallible reason why, in the course of time at least, if not immediately, this should become manifest, even to the eyes of strict Science herself; for she, in limiting herself to sensuous observation pure and simple, and mere mathematical and logical deductions therefrom, is really postulating a negation. Therefore, although it has so far seemed possible to Science herself to go on as she has been doing, without being brought by this fact to any manifestly absurd conclusions, yet her doing so indefinitely is indeed not a possibility; and my aim in what I have to say will be to show that *in Astronomy* this *reductio ad absurdum* has already become palpable and evident. Astronomy, in this respect, seems to come first into the field, because of the wonderful advancement in the range and minute delicacy of her actual observations, backed up by the astonishingly searching and exhaustive power of the methods by which her most eminent servants have applied the infinitesimal and other calculi to elucidate them. It is only as methods, thus become super-refined and penetrative, that such inconsistencies, if they exist, are eventually brought forth to the surface, and so palpably into the clear light. And this is precisely the case with Astronomy now, as I propose to show. But first, by way of illustration, let me present an analogy from the field of philosophy.

In the last century its most renowned philosopher brought out his famous work, "A Critique of the Pure Reason." The title of this work, however, I cannot help considering to be a misnomer; and I think that Kant himself afterwards had a like opinion, which he substantially gave expression to in his "Critique of the Practical Reason"; for the Pure Reason herself is indeed beyond the range of strict criticism, all that is rightly criticisable being only the logical forms by which she partially expresses herself. As for her own proper self, she is alive; yea, and every thought of her is alive; and in all living things there is a kind of infinity that is absolutely mysterious, and which

cannot be fully expressed, but only signified, by any logical forms whatever. We might as well attempt to criticise Life. Who can criticise a living man? Fully to criticise and analyse his body even, you must first kill the man, and then his body can be criticised, analysed, weighed and measured to perfection—but only then. And thus, also, is it with the logical forms of the Reason, which in themselves are but her dead body, and only serve to convey pure intelligence in as far as they can be taken up by another living mind, and so be filled again with life.

And, I may say here, that I likewise regard it as a misnomer to call the philosophy of Kant “transcendental.” In apparently seeking to establish a transcendentalism, he has, to the best of my understanding, by his process of philosophising, only proceeded in an endeavour to establish an absolute abstraction, which is a very different thing. His philosophy may therefore be called abstract, but not transcendental. And the abstract his methods make for is an abstract of the mere mental forms. That is to say, he abstracts from the forms of the mind in one part of his critique all idea of substantial relation with the outward elements they represent, and in the other part all idea of relation with subjective elements likewise, so that they may be regarded as mere self-conditioned mental forms. This is the kind of abstract the critique truly aims at establishing.

If, however, this famous critique of Kant's be regarded, as by right it ought, merely as a critique of the logical forms and processes of the Reason; in his “Antinomies”—or disclosures of the contradictions involved in forms of universal ideas—he will be found to give a sure demonstration of how these forms of the mind lead, when exhaustively tested, to such absolute contradictions. Now, *as it is with the strict logical forms which the mind fabricates for her use, so is it with those forms by means of which the Spirit of Life deploys in the field of scientific observation; and as surely as Science ignores the Spirit and the Life in these, and assumes mere sensuous observation to be in itself all-sufficient, she will find herself finally landed in absolute contradictions likewise.*

If what follows, then, appears at first to be dogmatic, it will not be reasonable for the true scientist to be immediately repelled on that account; because, if the principle we have been illustrating is just, true science must be regarded as having a vital aim, and cannot rest in the mere pursuit of observation after observation in endless succession, verifying them only as to their strict correctness as such, nor in the mere deduction of such laws as appear to be implied in their co-relations, nor yet in the application of these discoveries to the mere outward conveniences of life. It is true that the regular schools of Science seek to narrow its range to these specific methods and ends, but it is to be considered whether, when this is effected,—even although it is understood to possess illustrious sanction from the intellect of Bacon—its real soul and potential virtue, in respect both to the establishment of substantial truth and of substantial, that is to say vital, service to man, is not thereby destroyed. If this should be indeed the case, the application of the right remedy can hardly be set aside.

I know that the soul of Science has been vexed and hindered for ages by a multitude of false dogmas; but because this is the case it does not follow that the abolition of all dogma is either right or expedient. Yet to this idea sorely-trying modern Science has yielded, because there seemed no rest and no hope for her otherwise. It has come to appear, indeed, as if a full and universal scepticism were the true core of the genuine scientific spirit that alone is fruitful; and yet I venture to affirm—yea, more than that, I expect to prove—that this is only an apparent truth, resulting from the necessity of discarding every dogma that is not in itself most substantially verifiable. True dogma is that which the human soul and consciousness themselves supply to the outward observations and deductions of science. What are termed “principles” are properly nothing else than this, and are the central bond and pivot to these mere outward facts and inferences. To reject this is to reject what alone gives reality to all besides.

Again, as to the practical fruits and benefits derived from the discoveries of science. Build up and magnify the mere

outward conveniences derivable from the mere outward facts of science as you may, and the real life of man, or, for that matter, of any living, breathing creature, is not thereby helped, or even touched; and, therefore, what accomplishes no more than this does not indeed come truly "home to the bosoms of men," according to the Baconian problem. For, indeed, what comes home to the bosoms of men—home being a return—must in the first place have sprung from the human bosom.

The truth of these remarks can only, I conceive, be regarded as yet more striking, in view of the late efforts of science to widen its field, both of substantial knowledge and of human use, by the practices of vivisection, that have sent such a thrill of horror through the sensitive hearts of our generation. The discovery of *living* truth is, indeed, what the world really needs—of that there can be no doubt; but other means than this must surely be found to win the golden prize.

Until now it has probably not been a possible thing to state, specifically and discriminatingly, what even the last dogma is that genuine science must not reject at peril of its continued life and prosperity, or, in the letting go of which, all will not be substantially lost. If it is found that the dogmatic statements—the vital principles—propounded in what follows are not established by the proofs presented, and by truly substantial reason and experience, then let them be rejected—but not till then.

The last positive scientific principle with regard to objective phenomena, which must not be lost hold of, and which we must therefore feel called without fail to postulate, is necessarily this — that **ALL MATERIAL ENERGY, WHENCE ENSUES ALL MATERIAL MOTION, ORIGINATES IN THE MIDST OF THE MATERIAL EMBODIMENT OF LIVES, AND IS THE EFFECT OF LIFE.**

It does not, however, necessarily follow from this that all the manifestations of energy in each living thing, or creature, are therefore derived solely from this original fountain of vitality in itself; or even that the great

majority of them in all instances are so ; but only that all that are not thus derived directly, are nevertheless modified by it according to the law of that life, and from its own specific force, to fulfil its ends and purposes ; and, also, that all motions not thus derived from its own inherent energy, *are communicated from other sources, which, themselves, are such original centres of life* ; and hence that all the motion or energy operant throughout material substance is derived from such vital source, either immediately or remotely.

Here then, ladies and gentlemen, I have given you in full the fundamental statement of what I regard as the only true remaining principle of Science. On Life, the whole structure must be based, or it will really have no basis whatever.

With regard to Life, then : Objective science has hitherto only referred it with certainty to the animal and vegetable kingdoms of Nature, because life cannot scientifically be referred to anything that does not obviously spring from a parent stock, and that does not obviously grow. Hence, with regard to the mineral kingdom, Science speaks of it as being alive only doubtfully ; yet, as it manifests energy, and as the atoms which are supposed to be its base appear to manifest elective affinity, it can hardly be denied to have life in some way. But Science is right to demand an evidence of growth before assuredly assigning life ; because what manifests mere external energy may have it communicated entirely *ab extra*, while energy *ab intra* only can manifest itself as growth. But inasmuch as our knowledge of atoms, or the base of mineral substance, is all indirect and inferential, and on account of the dubiousness and obscurity in which the question of atomic life is thus necessarily involved, I do not propose to make the science of chemistry—which deals with this branch of nature—primarily, at least, the foundation of what I have to say with regard to the origin of energy.

And again, with regard to animal life and vegetable life, as the energy that originates in these is apparently of so very limited a range, comparatively, neither do I mean to

make them, in the first place, the special foundation of the following remarks. Indeed, the school of modern Science considers that it has sufficiently demonstrated, as a fact, that in these—that is, in animals and vegetables—there is no origination of motion whatever—all appearances of growth and inherent energy, notwithstanding—and that their forms are merely media for the reception and redistribution of energies derived from without, from the rays of the sun, and from merely molecular and atomic energies warmed into action by his beams. This assumed demonstration, however, I have never been able to find, seek where I might, and I confidently press against it the necessary inference that as these solar and atomic energies that the animal and vegetable forms of life receive are swayed and modified in new ways, and in altogether new forms and orders of motion, according to the specific nature, quality, and law of these lives, if there were no original and unique force thus inherent, no such new modification could possibly ensue. In fact, it seems quite self-evident that life, as a phenomenon, must entirely cease, if there were no energy whatever in each specific living creature entirely independent of all communicated energy from any outward source. But this statement is only by the way, however absolutely insurmountable it may be; and, as I have said, the range of energy originating in the lives of animals and plants being apparently so limited, comparatively, I propose to direct present attention rather to one other great class of objects, from the consideration of which I hope the true proximate source—or, perhaps it will be more just to say, the true gateway of energy, *the way of Life*, cannot fail to appear.

It will be now understood, of course, that the class of objects to which I here refer are the stars of space; the suns, the planets, the satellites, that move in and enlighten it. Of these it has never seemed to have dawned upon the minds of our modern schools of science that they may be inherently alive. Science assumes universally that they are mere immense agglomerations of material atoms, and that

they have no proper life, neither any energy whatever in themselves, but such only as they receive at second hand, through the action and inter-action of the atomic particles of which they are universally composed, and hence—whether these last be things of life or things of no life—that the orbs of space are entirely dependent on them for whatever energies they manifest.

The well-known modern theory of astronomy is, that all the energy of the flaming suns and other orbs of space is derived from the gradual contraction that the attraction of gravitation causes throughout universal matter. One energy is officially recognised in nature, and only one; and that is gravitation. By the application of the laws of the persistence of energy and the co-relation of forces to the universalisation of this one force, all energy whatever in the sidereal heavens, and every kind of manifestation of force—whether in animal or vegetable life, or what else soever—on the surface of the orbs that move in all their spaces, and fill them with light, is referred to this alone. And, as radiation is gradually—nay, with an enormous apparent rapidity, and in streams of an enormous immensity of volume—dissipating into infinite space all the energy that gravitation, with its consequent contraction, is thus assumed to be simply, as it were, *wringing out* into manifestation, the whole process of cosmic activity is represented as being, by the necessity of its own law, but a rapid process of death, that is thus inevitably stealing over the face of all things.

Now, surely this theory may fairly and justly be called a theory that is entirely *devoid* of principle; mere dead-down-drift, or universal-tumbling-down-and-never-getting-up-again (making out as though the whole universality of God's vitalised material creation were nothing but a *cul de sac*), being no principle—although, indeed, it would be a *fact* if there were no counteraction to it. But, on the other hand, LIFE is no mere theory, but is the one altogether essential principle of all true intelligence, and hence of all true science. And what is now especially noteworthy is this, that, to those who have willing eyes for it, the LIVING

TRUTH, even in the Mausoleum of strict modern science, where she has been tied down so guardedly to its no-principle of gravitation, or death, is manifestly bursting her shroud and rising from the grave.

Let not my audience for one instant think that I am expressing myself perhaps with imprudent warmth when I affirm that this foregone implication of death in the theory of the science of modern astronomy is, from its glaring nature, to my mind the great scientific marvel of the age, and its seemingly universal acceptance appears to me but an evidence of the last depth of sophistication into which modern scientific thought has suffered itself to drift. But while common-sense is not dead, *nor humour dead*, a court of appeal remains.

I proceed, then, to offer, in contrast to the above, a view of the leading facts of Astronomy from the opposite—the positive—principle of Life—as enunciated at the beginning—and that with the idea of regarding astronomy in this respect representatively for the other sciences also. And surely this principle of Life never could have been abandoned and eliminated from that noblest of them, had there not come previously a tendency to the elimination of it from the rationalising faculty of the mind itself, during the course of these last eighteen centuries of *reasoning from abstractions*, which no doubt became inevitable after that dark day when *He who was the Life* was peremptorily and violently *forced to quit*.

But what means this mixing up of religion and science does my audience ask? It means, of course, that, in the view of the present speaker, what God had joined together the man of science ought never to have attempted to put asunder. Not, however, that it is the scientist who is primarily to blame, but man himself; for in him—that is in man, as man—the at-one-ment of science and religion should have been all this while continuously manifest in objective demonstration of life.

But, in spite of all, this is still to be said and shown, that neither the scientist nor man has been able to accomplish the entire divorcement, in the body of the natural elements

themselves, and that the radicals of the fundamental unity are there existent, operative, and discoverable. If this, indeed, were not the case, Christ might be said to have died in vain, leaving no solid ground under the feet of a perishing humanity, from which a remnant could ever begin to react. But, as He said, when the attempt was made to smother the voices of the little children in the streets of Jerusalem, who echoed his praise,—“If these should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out,”—lo, now, when such voices of the pure innocence of childhood may vainly be listened for in the earth, the very earth itself, upon which we tread as an apparently dying race, is still most unmistakably and truly uttering its voice, and there is no power any longer either in man or science to prevent its being heard or known.

Quarter of a century ago, or more, the grand composite nebular theory of La Place, which attempted to raise the cruder theory of the development of the orbs of space by process of gradual contraction, to the dignity of a mathematically proven astronomical fact, stood on an apparently almost immovable foundation in the minds of the most advanced astronomers. But during the course of the present half century, little by little it has been abandoned, until now it is generally regarded as being mathematically untenable. This, however, has ensued without, so far, ostensibly, shaking the original theory of the evolution of the suns and systems, with all their present manifestation, from the gradual contraction of the material substance of which they are composed, through force merely of the universal law of gravitation that pervades it throughout. Such is the accepted theory. But it is plain, that although our most illustrious scientists stand to it loyally, they do so with many qualms of mind, which they cannot but give occasional frank expression to; because they are lovers of truth, in their strict scientific fashion, and may be trusted for allowing the full consequences of palpable facts and demonstrations.

But the consequences involved here are so tremendous! For, consider the one great fact of a single star of space—

say our own radiant sun, supposed to be considerably below the average for size and glory. The totality of his radiation is so immense, that it surpasses almost the powers of imagination. We know what the effect is of the minute fraction of this radiation that our earth receives, and how all the activities of all the elements around us would cease with its cessation; and yet our earth, with all the other planets and satellites combined, are reckoned to arrest considerably less than the 200-millionth part of the entire radiation of this one sun. No wonder is it, therefore, that the mere cooling and condensation of the body of the sun fails to satisfy the minds of such honest inquirers, and that they are continually endeavouring to find other and more sufficient causes of it, without, if possible, changing the theory. But where, indeed, can sufficient cause be found for such an immensity of incessant radiant energy among the lower, outward, and manifest elements? If the sun were all coal, and the expanse around it all oxygen, not by the burning of it could that fire be sustained; a calcined surface would soon obliterate every ray. Vainly, on the other hand, is there suggested an unceasing inflow or rain of meteors on its surface, to keep up such radiation by superficial kinetic energy. If anything like this were the case the perturbations of the inner planets would quickly reveal it, and they themselves receiving their share, would become luminous likewise. Vainly also, it may be said, has the late eminent Sir Wm. Siemens suggested that the Sun may be supposed to draw in the uncombined gaseous elements, whose chemical combination might sustain his fire, and then to drive them forth again in their combined state by force of his rotation, and after that to decompose them in the expanses with his own rays, and then to draw them back again, by force of his attraction at the poles, to a renewed burning. Even if it were at all allowable that such a process as this were possible, action and re-action being equal, the sun's rays, in thus decomposing, would be quenched, and could never reach beyond, to cheer and vivify his own more distant planetary children, much less to make any return in kind to his brother suns in the immensities of the stellar spaces.

Truly there seems no possibility of a solution from kinetic or other atomic energy, or from any kind of combustion; this one consideration, indeed, appearing to be final against it. Such a fire could only be sustained from without by an inflow of substance in such large measure, whether for burning by chemical combination, or to cause radiation by direct impulsion, that it could not possibly pass in without observation, as astronomical science is at present prosecuted. Very pertinently also to this subject does Mr. R. A. Proctor say, in his "Mysteries of Time and Space" (page 25-6):—"On the one hand, the study of the earth's crust tells us of one hundred millions of years, at the very least, during which the earth has been the scene of geological changes such as are now in process, chiefly—one may say altogether—under solar influence. On the other hand, regarding the sun's emission as resulting in the main from contraction of his mass, we find that, assuming his dimension uniform, or nearly so, the contraction of his mass to his present dimensions, even from a former infinite extension, would have resulted only in generating as much heat as would last at the present rate of emission about twenty millions of years." Or, in other words, that eighty million years ago the sun would have been exhausted, obliterated from sight, and dead.

Nevertheless, as confirmatory of the teaching that the solar systems are the product of the gradual condensation of nebulous matter, it is pointed out that spaces of such truly nebulous substance have been authentically discovered and tested in various quarters of the heavens.

Let, then, a new universal conception be received, albeit that it is the very reverse of the one above given, that shall include this great fact of modern astronomical observation also. Let us understand of all these suns that, instead of being merely the result of the gradual condensation of such nebulous matter, they sprang, each one of them, originally, as children from parent orbs like themselves; and hence that there was a time when each one was a new-born satellite or planet, and that their subsequent evolution, with

all its manifestations of change, is the fruit and effect of a *true vital energy and growth*.—Witness the family likeness that there is between the parents and the children, and how the little systems of planets with their satellites are but images, in incipient form and degree, of the greater systems of suns with their attendant worlds.—Thus, then, the history of their existence must have been according to a law, not of condensation, decrease, and descent, but, on the contrary, of *expansion, increase, and ascent*, even to all their present fulness of solar maturity. And, this being so, not yet does the increase and growth from life terminate, still will energy and expansion continue to increase, until the substance of each sun from solid shall become fluid from centre to circumference, and afterwards diffused luminous vapour; and thence still more and more diffused, till *the emptied astral spaces all become fed again with the redistributed substance of worlds*. In this way, it will be seen, that all this luminous diffusion which our astronomers observe is not derived from any induction, or indrawing, from without, but is the direct effect and immediate operation of this maturing life, till the full end, intended from its very inception and birth, has been accomplished.

That expansion and not contraction is really the law of life, both in the fixed stars themselves, and also in the planetary systems of the heavens, has indeed become a fact of actual observation; and all the consequences involved in this fact can no longer be avoided, except by the gross, and really inconsistent, expedient of calling the only instances that are palpable enough, and close enough, to give clear unmistakable indication of it,—exceptions.

It was indeed in our own satellite that this law of expansion was first observed in our solar system; and, from this, the general pervasion of the law of expansion throughout the other bodies of the system has been calculated. But the same law has become a matter of direct observation also in the most magnificent of the fixed stars that are visible from our earth—viz., Sirius.

About the time of the Christian era—both before it and after it—that brightest of the stars has been recorded, over and over again, as rubicund. But now Sirius is a white star; and the change from rubicund to white, every astronomer knows, is a change from an inferior to a superior degree of heat, expansion, and radiation. And thus we are not left to depend upon observations in our own system only, for evidence of the universality of expansion, growth, and increase, in the stellar energies, instead of contraction and decrease, ending in extinction and death; the only instance of clear gradual change that is recorded among the fixed stars themselves, being thus found to tell, explicitly, on the side of growth and increase.

And now, turning to our solar system itself; but before I come to speak of the expansion of orbit from increase of the energies of *movement* in its planets and satellites, I have a word to say with regard to the state of expansion *in the substance* of the bodies of the respective planets themselves. According to the present accepted theory, the smaller these planets are the colder and more condensed should they be in direct proportion, except as that may be modified only by greater or lesser nearness to the Sun's central fire. But this is not according to actual observation, but almost the direct reverse of it. Thus, Saturn is proportionally lighter and more expanded in substance than Jupiter, who is $3\frac{1}{2}$ times his mass, in the ratio of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 very nearly; whereas, according to the theory of general cooling, he should be many—very many—times as dense. But this fact, on the other hand, is confirmatory of the opposite—the true—principle and law—viz., that of Life, which necessarily implies increase, according to these very conditions. And the truth is that, as a general rule, the increase of heat and consequent expansion of substance in the planets throughout is, by actual observation, greater rather *according to their respective degrees of distance from the Sun*; or, in other words, according to what in the true order of life would be the greater age of each, as children of the central parent of the whole system; only, it should always be understood, that the strict regularity of

this will be necessarily modified according to the unknown vital law that governs the times of each individual orb from its own innermost centre of vitality.

And now I come to the last, and perhaps most wonderful demonstration of this law of general expansion, indicative of true life throughout the orbs of space, that I am standing here to advocate. To advocate? And wherefore? Because the demonstrations of true reason are found indeed to sanction it. This is the true cause and reason of my assuming such an attitude, and doubtless, if it were otherwise, I should be dishonouring both myself and you.

Until lately it has been supposed, and held almost as a certainty, that so far as there may be any change of place in the positions and orbits of the planets and satellites of our system, this change must have been a gradual drawing in, till all, in the course of some unimaginable period, must at last have been absorbed in the body of the Sun itself. A fact, however, became known regarding our own satellite that told the other way. This seemed perfectly unaccountable. But reliable observations concerning the Moon, reaching back about 2000 years, showed that her orbit was gradually widening. The eminent La Place took hold of the problem, and was able to demonstrate that such a change was not only possible but inevitable, and would be compensated for by an after return. But this was only partially true; our own Adams (the co-predictor, with the French Le Verrier, of the then undiscovered Neptune,) demonstrating that one-half of the expansion only was thus accounted for.

The point, however, is very fine, and, being disputed by some of the first mathematicians of the Continent, might never have been allowed had it not been taken up by another able hand and *traced to its functional cause.* This was done by Prof. G. Darwin, the son of the great

naturalist, and considered one of the very ablest of the mathematicians of the present day. This functional cause is the friction of the tides from lunar attraction. By this friction *the energy of the Earth's rotation becomes transferred, according to an inevitable mathematical law, to lunar energy of progression in orbit*, and hence, so far as she at least is concerned, to continuous expansion of orbit, and not to contraction. And further, Dr. Darwin considers that the conclusion from the whole facts and calculations is unavoidable that she must have originated, at some immensely distant period, from the body of the Earth itself; and so, in point of fact, been, as it were,—born.

It is hardly for the mind of man to imagine *how* it is that a satellite can issue from a planet, or a planet from a sun. Until such a wonderful work of nature has been actually witnessed in process; or, at least, until sure inferences can be drawn from clearly known facts, in which the method of such a great precedent fact may be implied, any imagination of the mind will be little better than a random guess. Professor G. Darwin, however, goes back in inference, in accordance with his own principle, to a time when the Earth must be supposed to have been rotating at the enormous rate of one revolution in less than three hours; when, by force of rotation merely, the Moon it is concluded might have been disjoined. But I think that the criticism that has been made by others on this idea is just that such a rotation would but make a general scattering around the equator of the planet. Neither do I think that the idea that a ring formed around a planet—such as Saturn's ring—may be regarded as an illustration of such a process; because I believe that no law is known whereby a ring of flying dust around a planetary orb can ever become one globular ball. The ring of small stars between Mars and Jupiter is more like an illustration of the subsequent evolution of such a ring as Saturn's. All that can be justly said or affirmed, then, on such a subject I believe to be this :—That such an event as the birth of an orb can but occur from the specific vital force and according to the specific vital law of the parent sun or planet;—from one or

other of which every such body must, according to this view, be understood to have sprung.

But here I may, and must, say a word concerning the order of what will necessarily be the first manifestation of life or energy in every such newly discreted body, when the birth has actually once ensued. From actual observation and induction we know this—and about this only—that it is *a force of rotation*. Now, according to the laws of mechanics, it seems necessary that this force must first begin at about the very centre, causing a rotation—together with *heat*, the co-relative of all motion—there, at or near the centre, until finally the expanding rotary influence involves the whole orb. And thus then have we been brought to contemplate, in idea, the initiation into outward manifestation, in one instance, of that which constitutes the true operation of intrinsic stellar force in general, by following up Dr. Darwin's wonderful mathematical analyses to their genuine conclusion,—the fuller proof of which will be presently given. However slow the processes may be, according to our ideas, does not in these cases affect final consequences; the times of satellites, planets, and suns being for us practically infinite.

Professor Darwin himself, however, it has now to be made clear, confines his view of such a commencement and order of evolution—viz., that from centres to circumferences, instead of *vice versa*—to our moon alone; and in this respect, he distinctly affirms, she should be considered exceptional. There are several respects no doubt in which our moon appears exceptional, when compared with the satellites of the other planets; but in this respect she can be no exception; because just as the Earth and Moon affect each other, so in like manner, though in different degree, must other similarly related bodies affect each other. So must Jupiter and his satellites, for instance, affect each other in their degree; so also must the Sun and Earth in their degree, and the Sun and Jupiter. And although Dr. D. has apparently very truly concluded from his calculations

that the rate of expansion of orbit, because of transfer of momentum, in the case of our moon is greater in degree than that of the satellites of the larger planets and their primaries, or than that of the planets themselves in their own orbits around the Sun; yet, nevertheless, in each one of these cases expansion actually does occur in some degree. And indeed all these inferences Dr. D. allows, while still maintaining the case to be exceptional notwithstanding.

But the real point that Professor Darwin makes, and upon which he founds the conclusion that the moon of our Earth is exceptional in the order of her evolution, is most significant, and is really the very core of the whole argument, and as he clearly gives his reasons and demonstrations in full, these must be examined as to their nature. It is a point that is truly worthy of, and will demand, our closest attention. The steps of his wonderful mathematical analyses, by which he reaches his conclusions, I do not indeed presume to touch—and, if I were able to do so, few of my audience would be able to follow me—it is with the conclusions themselves only that we are dealing; and with regard to these I must allow Dr. Darwin to express himself in his own words. On account of what he shows to be relatively the much smaller amount of rotational force that the Sun and respective planets mutually possess, as a *fund of force* from which the orbital expansion of the planets may be, *as it were, fed*, he says of them:—

“If the orbits of the planets round the Sun have been considerably enlarged during the evolution of the system, by the friction of the tides raised in the planets by the Sun, the primitive rotational movement of the planetary bodies must have been thousands of times greater than at present.” (*Phil. Trans.* vol. 172, p. 524.)

Now, this inference drawn by Dr. Darwin is perfectly just and right, on the principle—the only principle at present scientifically allowed and accepted—that the fountain of energy in all these systems of suns and worlds was at first a fixed quantity, that had gradually to be used up, until it was all exhausted. But, on the other hand, it is in

no respect a just and right inference, if this energy is an energy of life; that is to say, not given once for all by some pre-existent Deity, who thenceforth vanished for ever with all his creative vitalities from the scene of mundane affairs, but an energy truly and indeed vital, and hence that is for ever renewed as it is utilised. Upon the former principle, however—or, more properly, negation of principle—Dr. Darwin has gone into all details, calculating and showing most wonderfully, the particulars of the case of each planet and the sun, and of each system of satellitēs; and using the following words with regard to the case of the sun and this earth:—

“If the change in the earth’s period has been as much as an hour, the rotational momentum of the earth, destroyed by solar tidal friction, must have been 33 times the present total internal momentum of moon and earth.” (Same vol. of *Phil. Trans.* as above, p. 533, at foot.)

Now, this conclusion, like the other, is incontrovertible, on the principle assumed, and from the data given. But nevertheless there is here again the same great ignored, because unthought of, point, which must be brought into clear light. It is only conclusive against the possibility of a great past expansion, on the ground that the Earth, and Sun also, are devoid of all true inherent energy, and hence of all growth from energy; or, in other words, that both are in themselves but *dead masses of stone*.

What is it, I have now to ask, that has given to the Earth and Sun any internal momentum whatever?

All that Dr. Darwin’s demonstrations accomplish is this—and the world and this generation are indebted to him for it, let me say, in a measure that cannot be estimated—he traces back the cause of all expansion to this internal momentum. BUT THIS INTERNAL MOMENTUM IS LIFE. Here indeed—in the proper internal momentum of each orb of space—is the spring and rise of all the energies that cause universal expansion into the full glories of suns and systems. If this were to cease, without doubt gravitation and death would resume their sway over all things, beyond redemption; for in the radiation of fire all things vanish

away. *The postulated principle of Life is the only deliverance from this dilemma—this reductio ad absurdum.*

But on this especial point there is something further still to be said. I would recall to your minds what I have referred to before, as the old idea that was entertained by our astronomers, concerning the planets, etc., of our system, ere these proofs of expansion of orbit had become current. It was then supposed to be almost a demonstrable certainty that the momentum of all these bodies in orbit was being retarded continually by *the resistance of the medium through which they moved*; which, however slight, must nevertheless be appreciable in the course of some period of time—and which would result at last in precipitating all into one common centre. Now, it cannot be denied that the idea had a perfectly just and genuine foundation, and that, on the principle of gravitation alone, the inference of this universal contraction and final catastrophe was indisputable. And,—let this be noted,—on the principle of gravitation alone, with nothing to set against it but a fixed amount of static energy that is continually passing away in radiation, that inference, involving continuous contraction and final catastrophe, is indisputable still.

The fact is, the Newtonian idea of the planets, satellites, etc., of our system (or any other system), as moving in any pure vacuum where a simple perpetual motion may be possible, without any new supplies of force whatever, is a wholly untenable and baseless one. Dr. Darwin may think that the satellites of Jupiter can hardly as yet have receded very far outwardly from the orbits where they may be supposed to have first assumed form and position, because the present observable force of rotation is insufficient to have produced such an effect beyond a small amount; but it is right and legitimate to ask, what and whence the power is that has all the while enabled them to overcome the resistances of the element they move in, and so prevented them from drawing closer and closer in to the surface of their primary? For the truth indeed is, that it is not because of

any pure vacuum, in which the planets and satellites move, that the systems are maintained in their integrity—and more than their integrity, viz., in a state of expansion in growth—but truly because there is a living power from God Himself, who is the Father alike of all men and of all worlds, at the core of each one of these orbs of space, instilling without cessation the ability to maintain this whole—almost infinite—manifestation of creation.

Thus, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have endeavoured to lay before you a view of Science from the principle of Life, unfolding Life, in contrast to the other view of Science from the principle of death, unfolding inevitable death. On the side of the principle of Life, the Sun himself is our all-potent witness in the daytime, and the whole host of Stars are the witnesses of the night. In spite of London fogs and of Scotch mists, these are enough. It is vain to endeavour to hide in the fog and deny their witness: the common sense of mankind—that is, the common sense of *truly living men*, which demands Life for its foundation—will repudiate the fog. Such will respond spontaneously to the sure and abiding truth—that every ray of light that streams from the orb of day, and the whole immensity of the orbs of night, is a *pulsation from Life itself*, which is thus directly manifesting its beneficent power, and the universality of its prevailing presence. For, however much the manifestation of energy from other objects may be but the reflection and redistribution of borrowed powers, the radiant waves of light and force from the stars of space, which are solar orbs in their own fulness of glory, are borrowed from no outward source whatever, but spontaneously shine and energise forth from their own culminative maturity of life given to them by God.

Says the good, the philanthropic, Sir John Lubbock—
‘The floor of heaven is not only thick inlaid with ‘patins of bright gold,’ but studded with extinct stars, once probably

as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead and cold, as Helmholtz tells us our own sun itself will be some seventeen million years hence."

But he goes on to say further, as if in self-defence, by way of analogy, "Even worlds and suns, *like men and women, grow old and die*; but, unlike men and women, they have no grave but the open and boundless heavens." (Inaugural Address, British Association, 1881.)

But such analogy as this can have force only with those who have lost entirely the Christian's hope and faith, that death and the grave, as they are known here, are but the consequences of a fallen and degraded moral condition, and that they will be finally overcome when that lost morality is restored. In short, the truly spiritualised—or, say, vitalised—mind believes, that the processes of death and corruption known on this earth are an abnormal catastrophe, which in a happy time to come will be known no more; and if it be asked what culmination of the bodily life there can be besides such corruption, it may be answered, analogously to what has been said already of astral life, that, in the restored condition, with advancing age, the vital energies will not wane, and wane, till they cease in death, but that they will, on the contrary, increase more and more to the end, there being less and less dependence continually on mere outward supplies, as it was when the Lord said to his disciples, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of;" and that, finally, the bodily substances will be distributed, not as a loathsome offence, but really for vital mundane use, in ways that will be essentially the very reverse of all present sad experience, as when the Lord said again, "This is my body that is given for the life of the world."

Up to this day there has been evident struggle between science and religion; and, as religion had been as a seed planted in our earth in the early ages, in barbarism, and the depths of ignorance—which still, indeed, continue to cover and obscure it by monstrous forms—science on its part has been

in a great degree justified. And I ask you to bear witness that I have thrown no real imputation upon the scientist, but have pointed rather to the real truth that the blame rests indeed primarily, only, with man, as man; and that it is because of his failure, so far, to embody religion, in objective demonstration of life, that science has been finally unable to hold on to any real principle whatever. For you must have come to perceive that what are called dogmas, or principles, are really, when rightly viewed, only *supreme facts*—viz., those pertaining to human life itself. And it is for want of the right or full embodiment of genuine religion—through which alone the just evolution of man, as man, is possible—that these remain so merely latent that they come not at all observably into the scientific field. But although this is true, *man still lives*; and hence the fundamental fact of life itself—the last, simplest, and lowest of these supreme facts—remains, and as yet, at least, is not, and—I believe in God—never can be destroyed. Now, I have only endeavoured to show how completely it is for the true interest of the man of science to appeal to this, that he may have somewhat to rest upon for a foundation; for, indeed, there is nothing else left to him; and have, I believe, conclusively proven that this appeal is absolutely necessary to justify his own latest, most significant, and advanced observations of external nature. And, besides this, I have endeavoured to show what a great deprivation genuine science is suffering from because of the lack of all that should ensue, in the whole circle of objective life, from a just and harmonious evolution of human life from genuine religion. For all the at present unseen and unknown effects that this human evolution would have upon surrounding nature and all its creatures—that is to say, upon life in general—remain a perfect blank in consequence. Hence the eyes of men, seeing only what they do see, the scientific mind is left helplessly to judge of the whole facts of the universal cosmos, and of the Author of it, from the creaturely miseries, and consequent blackness of darkness in which our own poor little surroundings are enshrouded;—and, because our own church-yard is a grave-yard, we would make a

grave-yard, too, of the universal sky. Man, indeed, in his own thought, continually throws the responsibility of these things upon God; not thinking, not indeed knowing, that God holds man responsible for it all;—that the Christ, whom man crucified, holds him responsible for it likewise. Men of faith are bound to remember that millions around them have entirely lost their faith, because they have tried, and tried in vain, to find some solution to the awful mysteries of this manifest existence. It is, indeed, true that a great darkness is over the universal face of things; and *the cloud, that is this darkness, is made up of the whole human and creaturely miseries of the world.* And, realising this so vividly as I do, I appeal to him—the man of faith thus:—May it not be that the real cause of the continued existence, and apparent permanence, of all these miseries rests primarily in the failure, so far, of his own specific class of the human race to rise from their own degradation of life? For that, indeed, is according to the true tenor of all ancient prophecy; and it is according to the true tenor of that sure word of prophecy that is in the bosom of every quickened soul of man from the Spirit of God Himself.

But now, in consequence of the actual state in which the life of man and his surroundings are, and in consequence of the showing that science makes in all its conclusions from the facts of life so presented, it is not to be wondered at that history bears a dismal witness to the continued dissatisfaction of the human mind with all its previous attempts to harmonise the philosophy of things. Not to go further back than later Christian times, see how one philosopher after another in Europe has ever dipped his sponge to wipe his slate, and make a new *tabula rasa* for himself. Descartes, coming first, thus wipes out the whole page of past speculation, taking to his *cogito ergo sum* to build anew from that. Then Bacon, wiping out all again—all Plato, all Aristotle, as being entirely worthless—counsels philosophy to rest on simple observation and induction, discarding all besides, and promising them therein sufficient and entire satisfaction. Then comes Locke with his sponge, wiping the whole mind

out and all its contents, for yet another trial at a new beginning; saying that if we could only view and contemplate the order of the mind's operations afresh from the very start, without any foreign admixture, we ought to be able to come to satisfactory conclusions. Then the good and pious Berkeley wipes out the whole field of external observation, asserting all sensation and consciousness to be but the immediate operation of the one universal spirit, playing upon the spirit of man directly, as upon an instrument. Spinoza then follows him in a somewhat similar way, but banding his system together in strict mathematical form. Hume also takes it up jestingly, to show that all such philosophising is but a vain irrefutable puzzle, and that, practically, the common-place experience of life is the only substantial knowledge man really possesses. And finally comes Kant, with a system that essentially stamps with approval Hume's deductions, denying the provable reality both of the objective and subjective, and asserting only regulative facts and faculties of mind having reference to altogether unknown realities—if such do, indeed, exist—in unknown ways. But not by this could the rolling ball of philosophising be stilled, it being immediately taken up again and made to spin anew as before.

But why is all this—oh, why is all this? does the agonised soul inquire.

The cause of all this is that man, in his own strength, has been trying the impossible. Man cannot possibly solve the enigmas of life and mind, except in the degree and measure that he himself, in his own life, has begun to evolve in God and Christ, by the Holy Spirit. It is very easy for Locke to take a sponge and wipe his slate clean. But Locke cannot therefore and thereafter draw on that slate any image of the human mind, in pure and perfect form as it might have come from the hand of God himself. Human growth alone can reveal the genuine realities of human soul, mind, and life, with all that they are capable of apprehending and accomplishing. Except, as this may happily be and appear, our supreme facts—our all-needful principles—will

necessarily *remain* lacking down to the last bare fact of Life itself, that alone is left.

But, in this extremity of darkness, caused by man's lapse and failure in this respect, see how wonderfully Science, when she interrogates nature truly in her field of full and free scope, finds that she herself is indeed bearing witness, with her own voice, to the glorious purpose that God really has in His universal creation. And this is because we have come to deal with the very foundation itself, where Religion and Science are together germinally at one, and that is Life. and here it becomes manifest to us that when Religion first becomes true to Life, and is faithfully embodied according to truly vital principles, Science will take her place once more beside her glorious motherly form as a beauteous and blooming child; but that, except in the degree in which she can, indeed, assume this attitude, she stands solitarily upon the earth as a gigantic skeleton, holding a cup in her hands for men to drink from, at the bottom of which is death.

G. D. Schary from

S. Aude

THE DESCENT
 OF
 TEMPLARISM
 AND THE
 AUTHENTICITY
 OF THE
 AMERICAN RITUAL,

4
[]

FROM THE ALLOCATION OF

RICHARD J. NUNN. *3 = 8. G. D. in U.S.A.*

GRAND COMMANDER OF GEORGIA,

May 4, 1892.

239.

SAVANNAH:
THE MORNING NEWS PRINT
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THOSE of you who have taken the trouble to read the reports on Foreign Correspondence forming part of the proceedings of this Grand Commandery which are published annually cannot fail to have noticed the very profound, eloquent and charming allocutions of that learned and much beloved Mason, the late Supreme Grand Master of the Sovereign Great Priory of Canada, whose loss to the Order and to his Jurisdiction seems well nigh irreparable. In these allocutions he tries to prove that [A] the Masonic Knight Templar is not the direct descendant of his mailed predecessor of Malta, or at least that his heirship rests upon tradition rather than upon legal proof, and further [B] that the Americal Ritual is spurious and illegitimate in that it differs from that of England.

Naturally we should expect that these important points would have elicited discussion and that some of the addresses of our Grand Officers would have contained some allusion to these interesting topics.

Coming from so eminent an authority upon matters Masonic and reaching us in the form of an allocution it were seemly that similar media should be utilized to voice the sentiment of American Templars upon matters so weighty and so momentous.

Conceding for the sake of argument that the Order of Masonic Knights Templar is not the direct descendant of the Ancient Order of Knighthood known by that name it follows that the English Ritual can no more claim to be the true or original than can the American, and it follows as a matter of course that the value of either Ritual must be its suitability to form a part of our Masonic structure.

That either the English or the American Templar Ritual could ever in its present form have been used as the ceremonial of admission into an Order controlled by the powers who ruled the old-time Templars is not to be for a moment imagined, nor would the regula-

tions of our modern institution meet the ideas of strict discipline and the other varied requirements of the military Monks of yore, and hence even if there ever was a basis of the old upon which the modern has been built it must have been changed to suit the times and circumstances and being changed it ceased to be the same Ritual.

We have now arrived at a point where our Rituals stand upon a level. One cannot claim preferment over the other by the law of primogeniture. Each must be tried by its merits and by its fitness must it stand or fall.

Masonry to the serious student is a system of philosophy so deep and so broad as to embrace within its limits the fundamental principles of all religious thought. It is for this reason that persons of every shade of religious opinion are to be found within its portals "Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew" all meet upon the "level" of Masonry under the "blazing star" of "Masonic Light."

Such being the standard by which to measure a Ritual it follows that the nearer a Ritual approaches to this type the greater becomes its right to the claim of being a Masonic Ritual.

The English ritual is strictly Trinitarian, not in a Masonic sense, but in a Christian, or rather, sectarian sense, and would, therefore, exclude every Christian not believing in a trinity, of which there are a goodly number. To such an order even the contradictory term, Christian Masonry, which has been applied to Templarism, would be inapplicable, because only certain sects of Christians would be admitted into the fold; nor could such a system consistently form a part of a Masonic Rite, while, on the contrary, Templarism, as expressed and taught by our American Templar Ritual, can be and rightly is an integral portion of our American Masonic System. The English Ritual narrows the Order down to a creed of the sixteenth century, while our American Ritual goes back to the broad principles of love extending to the whole creation, of world-wide charity and of unbounded hospitality, * inculcated by the expounder

*Romans 8-12.

of Christianity, of which St. Augustine said : " What is now called the Christian religion, existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the human race until Christ came, from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian," and which, according to the beloved disciple, existed from the beginning.

There is another argument founded upon the history of the Order.

The reader of Templar history cannot fail to have observed that the Templars were accused of heresy ; of having to a greater or less extent departed from the teachings of the Roman Catholic church of those days, or in other words, that they had become more liberal in their views and broader in their philosophy. The fact that the dispersed Knights did attach themselves to Freemasonry, "a truly secret organization, which admitted such men as members who were anxious to obtain the priceless boon of liberty of conscience, and to avoid clerical persecution ;" * shows that they found there an asylum not disagreeable to their tastes, or inconsistent with their religious belief. Certainly this goes far to confirm the claim of a broad, liberal ritual, such as we practice in America, as containing the esoteric teachings of whatever ritual they employed.

This question of the heresy of the ancient Templars, brings to the front that of Masonic tradition.

A Masonic tradition is nothing more or less than a parable, and makes no more claim to historical accuracy than does the allegory, nor would it be one whit more valuable for Masonic purposes if it should turn out to be absolutely true.

A sower went out to sow his seed. (Luke viii, 5).

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. (Luke x, 30).

The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. (Luke vii, 16).

A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard. (Luke xiii, 6).

A certain man had two sons. (Luke xv, 11).

There was a certain rich man which had a steward. (Luke xvi, 1).

Two men went up into the temple to pray. (Luke xviii, 10).

A certain nobleman went into a far country. (Luke xix, 12).

*Pranaos of the Temple of Wisdom, p 85.

No one stops for a moment to inquire if these are statements of actual occurrences or merely religious novels—fictions invented for the purpose of being used as allegories, and so it has been pointed out by a great Masonic authority * that “The Legends of the Degrees are all symbolic and allegorical.”

Hence the Masonic legend of the dispersion of the Templars and their union with Freemasonry may or may not be historically true; in either case it serves the purposes of Masonry equally well. The moral to be deduced is quite the same, quite as impressive, quite as solemn, quite as grand, whether the story be actual history or merely a Masonic fable.

The lessons of faith and patience under affliction, of courage, constancy and endurance under trials, of fidelity to duty under all circumstances, are as forcibly impressed in the ceremonial no matter whether the Ritual comes to us from the 12th century or is the growth and outcome of a latter date.

This study of American Templarism would be incomplete and unsatisfactory without an examination of the tradition of the degree of Red Cross upon the same lines as that pursued in discussing that of the Templar.

The legend of the origin of the Order of the Red Cross is that the Templars upon their return from Palestine, brought with them this degree which they had obtained in that country.

There is nothing very striking in that innocent bit of narrative, but the surrounding circumstances bring its teachings into greater prominence, as the setting adds brilliancy to the diamond.

A company of Christians set out upon a journey to the Holy Land. They were men who had been taught from their earliest infancy to believe that the Jew and the Pagan were the enemies of their religion, and therefore of themselves, and that they should regard these, their enemies, only with feelings of terror and detestation; but during their journeyings they awaken to the existence of a common humanity among all mankind. They become educated to look upon

* Albert Pike.

the despised Jew and the detested Pagan as their brethren, and to confirm the extraordinary change which has taken place in their views they get admitted into an Order whose legend teaches that Jew and Pagan are but illusionary distinctions ; that truth alone is the one prize worth contending for, and that its attainment is open to all without distinction of creed or race. They learn that there is a purer spirituality, a deeper occultism enfolded in the Greek *hypostasis* than appears in the Latin *persona*, or the still more grossly material English "*person*," which have for centuries been made to do duty as equivalent terms, and they come at last to recognize the long neglected teachings of the founder of their own church : "That God is no respecter of persons ; but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." That every individual does not sing a separate, distinct, and, perhaps, inharmonious anthem, but that each life is a single but necessary vibration in the grand harmonies, which, together, form the "mass chord," the music of which swells through the ages, singing the glory, the majesty, and the power of "The One Eternal," "THE FATHER."

This is the principle upon which Freemasonry is builded. This it is which makes of humanity a common brotherhood, in which each life, no matter how apparently insignificant is necessary part of the whole, without which the structure would be incomplete, in which building each, in so far as he acts well his part, hastens the completion of and the adornment of the whole.

Freemasonry teaches the brotherhood of humanity. It is the only claim which can be made for admission to the temple. It follows that each has in his keeping the family reputation, the spiritual standing of mankind. In so far as he elevates himself, he advances his neighbor, and to that extent hastens the development of the race; but, taking the opposite course, he in a like degree retards the progress of man. In no way can we rid ourselves of the interdependence which exists between individuals, and it is the mission of Freemasonry to emphasize these teachings, and by its dramatism to keep these primal truths prominently before the Masonic student.

It may of course be objected that the Red Cross is an independent Order altogether a parasite clinging to, drawing its life, its nutriment from, and yet having nothing in common with Templarism. Such an objection cannot be entertained for a moment for the reason that the American Templar system must be taken as a whole and as a unit must be judged. By no power can the Red Cross be disassociated from the Templar Order in America. It is a necessary adjunct and precedent to the Order of the Temple. Disrupt them, sever them and the system loses its individuality. Together they mark the distinctive peculiarity of American Templarism in which there exists a shadowing forth of a deep philosophy in which the Red Cross stands for the old or Jewish law and the Temple for the new or Christian dispensation, distinct yet indissolubly united as the old and new testament are bound into one word, the Bible.

Thus it is that American Templarism unites every Christian upon the pure principles laid down by the great law giver and invites every man to join in the recognition of the duties he owes to his creator and his neighbor, duties which form the basis of every religion worthy of the name which the world has ever seen or ever can see.

Surely a Ritual embracing such principles, a Ritual expressing thoughts so far reaching, inculcating a charity so broad, is worthy of being called Masonic and forms a fitting crown to be placed at the summit of the American system of Freemasonry.

In no controversial spirit have these lines been written, but they are given as the views of one who has devoted some moments of thought to the study of this interesting subject, and with the hope that others may be induced to give to the Templar world their conclusions upon a subject so interesting to every student of Freemasonry.

*** The Institute's object being to investigate, it must not be held to endorse the various views expressed either in the Papers or discussions.*

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, UNCORRECTED PROOF.

For the private use of those desiring to join in the discussion.

SPECIAL.

The presence at the Meeting of those whose studies have lain in the direction of the subject taken up is always important; should any such be unavoidably prevented from attending, the Council will be much gratified by receiving their MS. comments upon this Paper.

If possible before the Meeting, if not then within 60 days.

VICTORIA INSTITUTE.—Paper to be read at a Meeting of the Members and Associates, on Monday, April 16,
AT HALF-PAST FOUR O'CLOCK, at
8, ADELPHI TERRACE, NEAR CHARING CROSS, W.C.

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAS OF THE BABYLONIANS.

By THEO. G. PINCHES.

THE most extensive work upon the religion of the Babylonians is Prof. Sayce's book, which forms the volume of the Hibbert Lectures for 1887; a voluminous work, and a monument of brilliant research. The learned author there quotes all the legends, from every source, connected with Babylonian religion and mythology, and this book will always be indispensable to the student in that branch of Assyriology.

I do not intend, however, to traverse the ground covered by Prof. Sayce, for a single lecture, such as this is, would be altogether inadequate for the purpose. I shall merely confine myself, therefore, to the points which have not been touched upon by others in this field, and I hope that I may be able to bring forward something that may interest my audience and my readers.

It has been pointed out already more than once, that the origin of Babylonian religion is astral. The sign for "god," placed, as a rule, before the names of deities to indicate their nature, and leave no room for doubt as to what the writer intended to be understood, is an eight-rayed star, ✱,

[5]

changed, by the development of the writing, into ✨, and ultimately into ➤✨. In consequence of this, the sign for constellation, ✨✨, the late form of which is ≡≡➤✨ (3 stars), was generally used for star, as well as for constellation. This astral origin of the Babylonian pantheon is probably due to the Akkadian influence.

The chief deity of the Babylonian pantheon was Merodach, whose name is generally written ➤✨ ◀➤✨, *Amar-uduk*, abbreviated, in late times, when used as the name of a man, to ✨ ➤✨- ➤≡≡✨, Marduk, and often found, in this case, with the termination *u* or *a* (Marduka = Mordechai). The translation generally given to the name Amar-uduk is "the brightness of day," *uduk* being an old Akkadian word meaning "day." Merodach had also a large number of other names, such as ➤✨ ➤≡✨(✨-✨) ≡≡≡✨ ◀, *Šilig-lu-dugu*, "the prince of the good;" ➤✨ ➤≡✨(✨-✨) ✨(✨), *Asaru* (or *Asari*), identified by Prof. Hommel with the Osiris of the Egyptians. He bore these names as the son of Êa or Aê, king of the underworld, and this shows that he was not the father or the oldest of the gods, and a short account of how he obtained his dominion over them may not, therefore, be uninteresting, enabling me, as it does, to give a fairly complete outline of the Semitic Babylonian legend of the creation.

The Semitic account of the creation is a long story, and covers many rather large tablets, the original number of which is supposed to have been seven. This legend begins by describing the time when the heavens proclaimed not and the earth recorded not a name, everything existing having been produced by Mummu Tiamat (or Tiawat) (Moumis Tauthe), the dragon of chaos. All was at that period naturally without order or completeness, and was followed by a time in which the creation of the gods (Laḥmu and Laḥamu,* Anšar and Kišar, "the host of heaven," and "the host of earth") took place. Father Anu ("the heavens") is also mentioned.

In the break which follows (the text being very imperfect in parts) there was probably described the creation of further deities, as well as the introduction to, and account of the origin of, the fight between Merodach and Kirbiš-Tiamat (or

* See page 4.

Tiawat), or Bel and the Dragon. (In what Kirbiš-Tiawat differs from Mummu Tiawat is doubtful.) Word of the hostility of Tiawat to the gods seems to have been sent to the latter by $\rightarrow\text{𒀭}$, *Anšar*, the personification of the host of heaven. All the gods, the messenger announces, have rallied around Tiawat, and they seem to be represented as calling out to each other: "Ye have made her agreement (that is: "agreement with her"), go to her side!"* The messenger then says: "They forsook me, and they are going to Tiawat's side." Then all the mighty ones made ready for battle. "Mother Ĥubur, the opener of the hand of everything" (apparently one of the titles of Kirbiš-Tiawat) seems, at this point, to speak for herself. She says: "I have collected unrivalled weapons—the great serpents are hostile—sharp-toothed also, and I have rendered them relentless. I have filled their bodies with poison like blood. I have clothed dreadful monsters with terrors—fearful things I have set up and left on high." She seems also to have brought forward various other fear-inspiring creatures—"great" (that is, probably, "excessively sultry and oppressive") "days," "scorpion-men," "fish-men," &c., "wielding weapons, ruthless, fearless in battle—their courages are strong, and have no rival." Over these she raised her husband Kingu. In consequence of these preparations, Anu, the god of the heavens, was sent, but was powerless before her (*ûl ili'a maḥar ša*); Nudimmud (Ēa as god of reproduction) feared, and turned back. The text here continues in the following strain (the narrator is addressing the gods):—

"Merodach, the sage of the gods, your son, was urged on, In opposition to Tiawat, he brought his [br]ave (?) heart— He opened his mouth and he said to me:

'If I (become) your avenger,

I will confine Tiawat—I will save *you*.—

Convene the assembly, make them return, proclaim a decree.

Afterwards let them command the army forward gladly— I have opened my mouth, like you let me fix the decree, and

It shall not change. Whatever I, even I, shall do

Let it not turn, let not my word be changed.

Get quickly ready, and let your ensigns appear (?)—

* In the original: *Adi-ša attunu tabnâ, ida-ša alka!*

Let your powerful enemy come and advance.'

The god Gaga went, he hastened along his road :

At the place of Laḥmu and Laḥame, the gods, his fathers,
he stood, and he kissed the ground beneath them."

Gaga tells Laḥmu and Laḥama of Tiawat's rebellion in the same words as Anšar had used at the beginning, reporting the failure of Nudimmud and Anu, and Merodach's magnanimous offer to come to the rescue. Laḥmu and Laḥame heard, suckling the while "the Igigi,* all of them." They asked: "Who is the enemy? *we* do not know who Tiawat is!" Apparently, Laḥmu and Laḥame had something else to think of, for, as far as one can see from the mutilation of the text in this place, they make no suggestion, and the gods settle that Merodach shall be their avenger.

The next (the 4th) tablet begins with a description of the honours conferred upon Merodach. Princely habitations were made for him, and he was set as ruler in the presence of his fathers (as the tablet has it). Miraculous powers were given to him, and when Merodach tested them successfully, the gods rejoiced and gave him blessing, and proclaimed him king. Merodach then armed himself for his struggle with Tiawat, the Dragon of Chaos, taking spear, bow, and arrows. He made lightning before him, filled his body with darting flames, and set his net ready to catch and entangle his evil opponent. He placed the four winds so that she should not escape, and roused every other kind of wind, with storms, to attack her. Kingu, her husband, was soon disposed of, and then she herself was challenged to do battle. She cried aloud in her rage, uttered incantations and charms, and begged weapons of the gods of battle. The combatants, after this, drew near to each other to begin the fight, and with the help of the net, a friendly hurricane, and his spear, Merodach soon put an end to her. All her followers, Kingu her husband included, were captured, though their lives were spared. The body of Tiawat, who personified the great waste or chaos of waters, was then divided, one portion being made into a covering for the heavens—"the waters above the firmament"—whilst the other remained below—"the waters under the firmament." Chaos and confusion having thus been ended, Merodach set about ordering the

* The spirits of the earth. The original text is :  , D.P. *Iqigi, naphar-šunu, inuku*, "The Igigi, all of them, they suckled."

world anew, and with the opening lines describing this the 4th tablet ends.

We know, from the bilingual account of the creation, that Merodach, with the goddess Aruru, was the creator of all existing things, and in the Semitic account of the creation also he is represented as taking a prominent part in it, being the creator of the world, and apparently the orderer of the heavenly bodies. This being the case, the Babylonian scribe or narrator gives, in a series of numbered paragraphs which occur on a large fragment of the last of the series that has been handed down to us, praises of a deity who was apparently the chief of the Babylonian pantheon. He is called Zi ("life") :—

"Zi, thirdly, he called him,—he who doeth glorious things,
God of the good wind, lord of hearing and obeying ;
He who causeth glory and plenty to exist, establishing
fertility ;

He who turneth all small things into great ones—
(Even) in his strong severity we scent his sweet wind.
Let them speak, let them glorify, let them pay him
homage!"

This paragraph is immediately followed by one which is very interesting indeed, speaking, as it does, of the creation of mankind as one of the things which this deity, the king of the gods, had done, and giving the reason for it—a reason strangely agreeing with that given by Caedmon in "The fall of the Angels," and Milton in "Paradise Lost" :—

"(He called him), fourthly, Aga-azaga (*i.e.*, 'the glorious crown')—

May he make the crown glorious—
The lord of the glorious incantation raising the dead to life,
Who granted favour to the gods in bondage,
Fixed the yoke, caused it to be laid on the gods who
were his enemies (and)
On account of their sin, created mankind.
The merciful one, with whom is the giving of life—
May his word last, and may it not be forgotten
In the mouth of the black-headed ones* whom his hands
have made.

* The "black-headed ones" (*šalmat kakkadi*) apparently stands for "mankind," or, perhaps, "the dark race" in contradistinction to the fair sons of Japheth.

(He called him), fifthly, Tu-azaga (*i.e.* 'the glorious incantation')—

May he bring his glorious incantation to their mouth—
He who, by his glorious incantation, has removed their affliction—

Ša-zu, 'knowing the heart' of the gods who raised rebellion,
Doing evil things, he let (them) not go forth with him.

· · · · ·
As he tirelessly thwarted Kirbiš-tiawat,
Let his name be Nîbiru, the seizer of Kirbiš-tiawat.
May he restrain the paths of the stars of heaven.
Like sheep let him pasture the gods, all of them.
May he imprison the sea (*tiawat*), may he remove and store up its treasure,
For the men to come, in days advanced.
May he hear and not reveal, may he bring (back) at a future time.

As he has made the world* and appointed the firm (ground).

Father Bêl called his name 'lord of the lands'—
An expression (that) the Igigi pronounce (as) their oath(?).
Ēa also heard, (and) in his heart† he was glad,
And with his word, he made glorious his (Merodach's) fame:
'He is like me, so let his name be Ēa—

Let him effect the performance of all my commands,
Let him, even him, bring to pass all my wishes.'
By the record of the 50 great gods,
His 50 names he proclaimed and he caused to be added:
'His path

May he take and may he show himself (to be) the first—
Wise and learned, may he take counsel . . .
May the father repeat (it) and the son accept (it),‡
May he open the ears of the Lord and the Ruler,
That he may rejoice over the lord of the gods, Merodach;
That his land may prosper and he himself have peace.
Faithful is his word, his command changeth not—
What goeth forth from his mouth no god altereth."

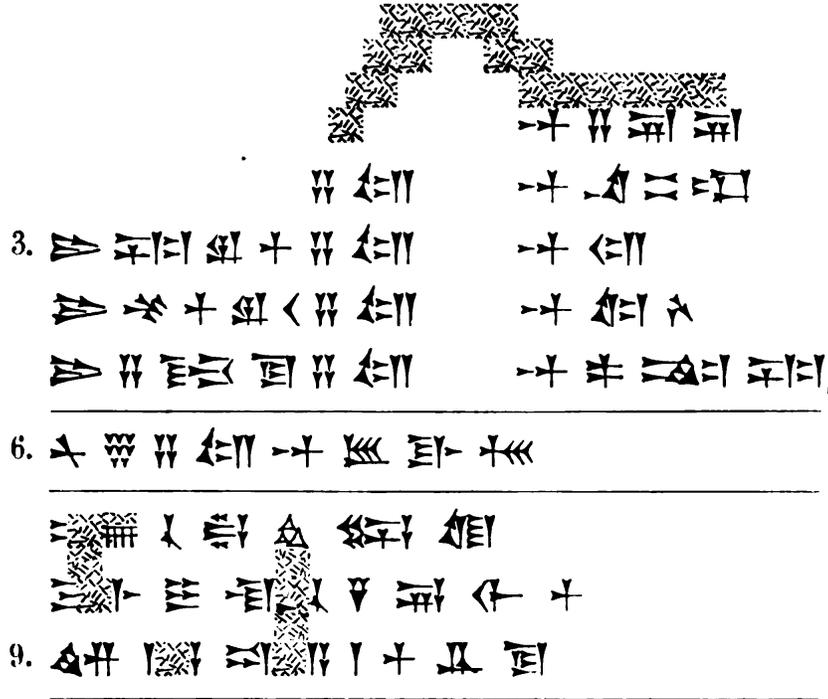
* Lit. : "place."

† Lit. : "liver."

‡ Ēa, the speaker, was the father of Merodach, so that these words are equivalent to a promise to aid him with his counsels, and express the hope that Merodach would accept the advice tendered.

Such is the history of Merodach, the chief god of the Babylonians, who was also greatly honoured by the Assyrians. Yet, strange to say, there are fewer men's names compounded with the name of Marduk than with that of Nebo, and in the introductions to letters from Assyria the name of Nebo precedes that of Marduk. Of course the latter fact would not, of itself, be strange, because Aššur was the name of the chief god of Assyria; but that Nebo should be more popular than Marduk in Babylonia requires some sort of explanation. The proportion in favour of Nebo is about 75 *per cent.* These names are ejaculations in praise of the deity similar to those found in Hebrew. "Merodach is lord of the gods," "With Merodach is life," "Merodach is master of the word," "The dear one of the gods is Merodach," "Merodach is our king," "(My, his, our) trust is Merodach," "Be gracious to me, O Merodach," "Direct me, O Merodach," "Merodach protects," "Merodach has given a brother" (Marduk-nadin-âhi, one of Nebuchadnezzar's sons), "A judge is Merodach." &c., &c., are some of the names of men in which the god is invoked, and they show fairly well the estimation in which he was held. Precisely similar names, however, are given to Nebo, such as "Nebo is prophet to the gods," "My eyes are with Nebo," "Nebo is lord of the names," "Nebo has given a name," "Nebo, protect the son" (Nabû-apla-ušur or Nabopolassar), "Nebo, protect the landmark" (Nabû-kudurri-ušur or Nebuchadnezzar), "Nebo, protect the king" (Nabû-sarra-ušur, one of Nabonidus's scribes), "Nebo is a defence before me" (Nabû-dûr-pani-ia), &c., &c. Some names, however, go beyond these, and give to Nebo titles properly belonging to Merodach, for not only do we find such names as "Nebo is lord of the gods," "Nebo is prince of the gods," "Nebo is king of his brothers," but we find also "Nebo is king of the gods" (Nabû-šar-îlāni)—a name which ought to belong to Merodach alone. The sungod (Šamaš, apparently pronounced by the Babylonians *Šawaš*) bears similar titles. "Šamaš is lord of the gods," "Šamaš is master of the word:" Life was not only to be found with Merodach—it could be found also with Nebo and Šamaš (Itti-Nabû-balaṭu, Itti-Šamaš-balaṭu), and in many other things the deities seem to have had identical powers—they could "create," they could "give" and "increase" sons and brothers, they could save, they could "make" one's name, they could "save" and "protect," they could "plant." Ea, Nergal, Ninip, Kuru-gala, Addu or Rammanu (Hšdad or Rimmon), Mur, Sin (the moon-

REVERSE.



TRANSCRIPTION.

Obverse.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------------|
| | Marduk ša e-ri-šu. |
| | Marduk ša naḫ-bi. |
| 3. Nin-eb | Marduk ša al-li. |
| Ne-uru-gal | Marduk ša ḫab-lu. |
| Za-ga-ga | Marduk ša ta-ḫa-zi. |
| 6. Bēl | Marduk ša be-lu-tu u til-lu-uk-tu. |
| Na-bi-u ^m | Marduk ša nikasi. |
| Sin | Marduk mu-nam-mir mu-ši. |
| 9. Šamaš | Marduk ša ki-na-a-ti. |
| Rammānu | Marduk ša zu-un-nu. |
| Tišḫu | Marduk ša um-ma-nu. |
| 12. Sig | Marduk ša kir-zi-zi. |
| Su-ḫa-mu-nu | Marduk ša pi-sa-an-nu. |
| | ti. |

Reverse.

- Za-ga-ga.
 șa-lam Na-bi-um.
 3. ∇ sag-șub-bar șa-lam Nergal.
 ∇ mu-bar-ru-u șa-lam Dâani.
 ∇ za-zak-ku șa-lam Pa-pil-sag.

 6. Gamru samnet șa-lam îlâni rabûti.
 șu bâb Tin-tir ki.
 me i-la . . șa kal-lim bar.
 9. Duppu ∇ Kudurru (?) abil ∇ Maș-tuk-ku.

TRANSLATION.

Obverse.

- [Ea?] *is Merodach of planting.*
 3. Ninip *is Merodach of the water-channel.*
 Nergal *is Merodach of strength.*
 Zagaga *is Merodach of battle.*
 6. Bel *is Merodach of war.*
 Nebo *is Merodach of lordship and dominion (?).*
 Sin *is Merodach of wealth (or trading).*
 9. Šamaš *is Merodach the illuminator of the night.*
 Rimmon *is Merodach of decisions.*
 Tișhu *is Merodach of rain.*
 12. Sig *is Merodach of handicraft.*
 Suķamunu *is Merodach of kirzizi.*

Reverse.

- Zagaga.
 *is the image of Nebo.*
 3. The Sagșubar *is the image of Nergal.*
 The Mubarrû *is the image of the Judge.*
 The Zazakku *is the image of Papilsag.*

 6. Altogether 8 (?) *images of the great gods.*
 *the gate of Babylon*
 *of*
 9. Tablet of Kudurru (?) son of Maștakku.

We here get Merodach expressly identified with no less than thirteen other gods, and as the tablet is broken, it is probable that he was, when the text was perfect, identified with at least as many more—in fact, these gods were all manifestations of Merodach with reference to the various things (agricultural, military, &c.) named. This, in itself, is sufficiently remarkable, and may be regarded, it seems to me, as being at least an approach to monotheism. But this is not all. Aššur-banî-âpli, king of Assyria, in a letter to the Babylonians, of a date (650 B.C.) possibly anterior to that of the text printed above, mentions only the deities Bêl (once), and Merodach (twice)—both of them designations of one and the same deity; and in the body of the letter he twice uses the word *ilu*, “God,” in the same way as a monotheist would. When exhorting the Babylonians to keep to the agreements, he says: *û ramankunu, ina pân ili lâ tuḥattâ*, “and commit not, yourselves, a sin against God;” and: *u ḥattû ina lib âdi ina pân ili*, “and a sin concerning the agreements is before God,”—the whole letter, in fact, seeming to be written in accordance with the views current at the time.

These, however, are not the only indications of a tendency to monotheism, or to the idea that all the gods were but mere manifestations of one supreme deity; nor have we far to look for an example, for the name of the eponym for 651 B.C.—the year before the abovenamed letter was written, is handed down to us in the following form:—

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{𐎶} \rightarrow \text{𐎶} \quad \rightarrow \text{𐎶} \quad \text{𐎶} \quad \text{𐎶} \\ \text{Aššur} \quad - \quad \text{A} - \text{a} \end{array} \right\} = \text{“Aššur (is) Aa.”}$$

An examination of further texts gives still more examples of this, thus the eponym for 723 B.C. is 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 𐎶 𐎶, D.PP. Ninip-D.P. Aa, “Ninip (is) Aa,” whose name occurs in one copy written 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 𐎶 𐎶 𐎶 as eponym for 737 B.C. As eponym for 770 B.C. we find 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 𐎶 𐎶, Bêli-D.P. Aa, “(My) lord (is) Aa;” for 810 and 819 B.C. 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 𐎶 𐎶, D.PP. Nergal-D.P. Aa, “Nergal (is) Aa;” for 820 B.C. 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 𐎶 𐎶, D.PP. Šamaš-D.P. Aa, “Šamas (is) Aa.” Nergal-Aa (Nergal (is) Aa) occurs, written 𐎶 (\rightarrow 𐎶) \leftarrow 𐎶 \rightarrow 𐎶 𐎶 𐎶, as the name of the eponym for 832.* We find the

* In one copy the divine prefix is wanting before the name of Nergal, but is present in both cases before that of Aa (see Delitzsch's *Lesestücke*, 2nd edition, p. 89, l. 81).

name Ninip-Aa (𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵) again as eponym for the year 839 B.C., Aššur-Aa again as the name of the eponym for 863 B.C., Ninip-Aa again for 865 B.C., and, last but not least, 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, Abi-(D.P.) Aa, "My father (is) Aa," is the name of the eponym for 888 B.C. Had we the list complete, there is hardly any doubt that we should be able to trace names of this class right back to the earliest times.

We have not far to go to find an explanation of who this 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Aa* or *Ā*, was, with whom so many of the gods of the Assyrians and Babylonians seem to be identified, for the very same text offers a suggestion. The eponym for the years 826 and 823 B.C. was a certain 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Yaḥālu*, whose name is also written 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Aaḥālu* or *Āḥālu*, thus showing the identity of the groups 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 and 𐎶 𐎶𐎵, which is further confirmed by the two variant forms of the name *Ya-da'u*, which is written both 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, (D.P.P.) *Ya-da'* and 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Aa-da'* (*Aa'u-da'u* or *Ā'u-da'u*). The Rev. C. J. Ball regards this name as being, in all likelihood, the same as 𐎶𐎵, and related to *Beeliada* or *Eliada* as *Nathan* to *Elnathan*. 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Abi-Aa*, the name of the eponym for the year 888 B.C., is therefore none other than the Assyrian form of the name 𐎶𐎵, *Abiah*, and all the other names, compounded with the element 𐎶 𐎶𐎵, simply identify that god with deities of the Babylonian and Assyrian pantheon with which it is combined.

In addition to the above, the following may also be quoted:—

𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Bél-Yau*, "Bel is Ya" = 𐎶𐎵, *Bealiah*, the name of one of David's mighty men.

𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Nusku-Aa*, "Nusku is Ya."

𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Béli-Aa*, "Bel is Ya," or "My lord is Ya."

𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Ya-ḥabi*, "Ya has covered" (?),* a slave sold to Neriglissar in the 34th year of Nebuchadnezzar. His father's name was 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, variant 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Abi-nadib*, Heb. 𐤀𐤁𐤍𐤁, *Abi-nadab*.

* Compare 𐤀𐤁𐤍𐤁, with the same meaning, and *Ya* at the end instead of the beginning.

𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Daddi'-ya*, "Hadad is Ya,"
 also given under the form of 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Dadi-ya*,
 and 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Daddi-ya*.

In this short list Bel, or "the Lord," the god Nusku, and the god Daddu (= Hadad or Rimmon) are all identified with Ya or Jah. In addition to this, we find that the moongod Sin, in the name 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Sin-Aa*, "Sin (is) Ya" is also identified with him, and that it has a very interesting variant, 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Ser-Aa*, "Ser (is) Ya."

As many of the gods could be identified with Merodach and with Ya, it is probably not going too far to say that, to the initiated Babylonian and Assyrian, Merodach and Ya were one and the same.

To trace the history of this quasi monotheism would be difficult and probably unsatisfactory with the materials at our command. Later it may be done. It will be sufficient at present to say that the name *Yâ* not only occurs upon documents of late date, but also upon tablets of the third millenium B.C. Thus we have the name 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Abi-yâ*, Heb. אֲבִיָּה, *Abiah*, together with 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Šamši-ya*, "My sun (is) Ya," and its curious and interesting variant 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Šamaš-mušizib*, "the Sun-god (is) a saviour."

With a view to find out the comparative popularity of the various gods, I have made lists of the names containing them. Thus for 179 names containing the name of Nebo, there are only 47 containing the name of Merodach and 73 containing the name of Bel; 22 containing the name of Sin, the moongod; 59 containing the name of Šamaš, the sungod; 34 containing the name of Hadad or Rimmon; 37 containing the name of Éa. The other gods occur in very small number, but I have registered no less than 70 names containing the element *ya*, which, however, in many cases, may be simply the possessive pronoun of the first person singular.

Less doubtful than the names ending in *ya* are those ending in *ilu*, "god." We have 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Épeš-ilu*, and 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Ibnî-ilu*, "God has made;" 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Šama'-ilu*, "God has heard" (*Šamuel*); 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Arad-îli*, "Servant of God;" 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Amel-îli*, "Man of God;" 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Rêmut-îli*, "Grace of God;" 𐎶 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵 𐎶𐎵, *Bariki-îlu*, "Whom God has blessed"

(Heb. בְּרַחֵל, Barachel) the son of a slave-woman named *Aḥat-ābi-šu*; 𐎶 𐎠 𐎲 𐎲 𐎲, *Ilu-šarra-ušur*, "God, protect the king," and several others, many of them indicating a strong monotheistic tendency. Archaic inscriptions present us, in addition, with the well-known 𐎶 𐎠 𐎲 𐎲, *Ismē-īlu*, "God has heard" (Ishmael); and 𐎶 𐎠 𐎲 𐎲 𐎲, *Mut-īli*, "Man of God" = *Mutu-ša-īli*, Methusael; as well as 𐎶 𐎠 𐎲 𐎲 𐎲, *Gamat-īli*, "Benefit of God" (Gamaliel); 𐎶 𐎠 𐎲 𐎲 𐎲, *Ilu-našir*, "God protects," with some others.

It cannot be said, however, that the monotheistic side of the Babylonian religion was by any means so strong as the polytheistic. It was as likely as not a pandering to the desires and the ignorance of the people—indeed, it is probable that mysticism was firmly fixed even in the minds of the most enlightened, who must have imagined the deity to be able to divide himself, and manifest himself to the people, under any of the many forms under which they conceived him. As the creator and ruler of the world, he was Merodach; as the illuminator of the day and the night, he was the sun-god, the moon-god, and also any or all of the stars. As god of the waters, of all water-channels, and of reproduction, he was *Ēa* (Aê or Oannes); as god of the atmosphere, he was Rimmon or Hadad: as god of war, he was Nergal or Zagaga; and he had also a large number of other forms, too numerous to mention.

The god *Ēa* or Aê is indicated by the groups 𐎶 𐎠 𐎲 𐎲 (or 𐎶 𐎠 𐎲 𐎲 𐎲), and 𐎶 𐎠 𐎲, in the former case as god of the "house of waters," or abyss, in the latter as god of water-channels. From the names compounded with his name we learn that he was creator of the gods (*Ēa-ēpeš-īli*), that he created divinity (*Ēa-īlūtu-ibnī*), that he was a maker and giver of seed (*Ēa-zēra-ušabši*, *Ēa-zēra-ikišū*), and a giver of happiness (*Ēa-mudammik*). He could also be invoked in names: *Ēa-tabbani*, "Ēa, thou createst!" *Ēa-rēmanni*, "Ēa, be gracious to me!" *Ēa-pir'a-ušur*, "Ēa, protect the branch" (offspring); and one name exhorts men to keep his command (*Ušur-amat-Ēa*).

Rimmon or Hadad, the god of the atmosphere, &c., was invoked in the same way. His most enthusiastic worshipper asks, in the name he gave his son, "Who is like Hadad?" (*Mannu-aki-Addu*). We also find such names as "Hadad gave life" (*Addu-uballit*), "Hadad plants" (*Addu-ēreš*), or "plants the name" (*Addu-šum-ēreš*). He was also a protector

(*Addu-našir*), and is called upon to protect the king (*Addu-šarra-ušur*); he was also a comforter (*Pasiḫu-Addu*) and a healer (*Addu-rapa*). As god of the lightning he could shine (*Addu-unammir*), and as Rammānu (Rimmon), Ramimu, or Ragimu, he was "the thunderer," a name which is also reflected in the Akkadian $\rightarrow\text{𒌦} \text{𒌦} \text{𒌦} \text{𒌦} \text{𒌦}$, *Utu-gude*, "the Sungod proclaimer." In a list giving over 40 names for this god we see that he was likewise called Adad, and that Addu and Dadu * were his Amorite (Phœnician) appellations. On the tablet K. 100 he is called "chief of heaven and earth, lord of wind and lightning, . . . giver of food to the beast of the field." It is not improbable that the god $\rightarrow\text{𒌦} \text{𒌦}$, *Mur*, is to be identified with Rimmon or Hadad. His name is found in the following: *Mur-âḫa-iddina*, "M. has given a brother;" *Mur-zēra-ibni*, "M. has created seed;" *Mur-šimānni*, "Mur, hear me;" &c.

The West-Semitic deity Ben-Hadad, "the son of Hadad," was imported into Babylonia as Abil-Addu. The following names are found containing his name: *Abil-Addu-natanu* (Ben-Hadad-nathan), "The son of Hadad has given," *Abil-Addu-amari*, "The son of Hadad has spoken," and *Kullum-ki-Abil-Addu*, "He is revealed like the son of Hadad." Abil-Addu is naturally quite a late importation into Babylonia.

Considering the importance of the deity, it is remarkable how few names are compounded with the name of Anu, the god of the heavens. He is described as *rēštū, ūbi ilāni*, "the primæval one, father of the gods," and there was a temple to him, associated with Merodach, at Aššur, as well as other fanes both in Assyria and Babylonia. Among the names we may quote *Anu^m-šum-līšir*, "May Anu direct the name;" *Anu^m-zēra-iddina*, "Anu has given seed;" *Anu^m-âḫa-iddina*, "Anu has given a brother;" and *Silli-Anu^m*, "My protection (is) Anu." The name of this god is often found in men's names during the time of Seleucus and Demetrius, from which it may be gathered that his worship was at that time in great favour. Anu, the god of the heavens had, as his consort, Anatu, and these two are regarded as the Laḫmu and Laḫamu of the Creation-story, who suckled, at the beginning of the world, all the Igigi, or spirits of the earth (see p. 4, text and footnote).

The name of the Moongod is Sin, represented by the

* Compare p. 7.

groups 𐎶𐎵𐎲, *i.e.*, the god XXX, from the 30 days of the Babylonian civil month; and 𐎶𐎵𐎲𐎶, rarely 𐎶𐎵𐎲𐎶𐎵, *En-zu(-na)*, explained by some as being possibly for Zu-en-na, later corrupted to *Zenna* and then to *Sin*. *En-zu* means "lord of knowledge," and is a very fair suggestion as to the meaning of his name.

Apparently the Moongod was a very lucky divinity, for we find such names as *Sin-udammik*, "Sin gives luck," or "joy," and *Sin-udammik-unninu*, "Sin gives joy (for) weeping"—also *Sin-damaḫu*, "Sin is lucky." He could be a protector (*Sin-naṣir*), a guardian (*Sin-ēṭir*), and the giver of a name (*Sin-nadin-šunū*). A very common name is *Sin-šadūnu*. "Sin (is) our mountain (of defence)," likewise *Sin-īmitti*, "Sin is my right-hand;" and the names *Sin-karabī-išmé*, "Sin has heard my prayers," *Sin-šimānni*, "Sin, hear me," and *Sin-iḫbi*, "Sin has spoken," seem to carry with them an indication of their origin, and to explain or illustrate the titles generally given to this god in the texts, where he is called *bél purussī*, "lord of the decision." As the moongod, one of his titles was *naš ḫarni birāti*, "raiser of the horn of intelligence."

Though Nergal was the god of war, this is not the side of his character which is by any means prominent in the names of the people. *Nergal-ušallim*, "Nergal has delivered," or "given peace;" *Nergal-iddina*, "Nergal has given;" *Nergal-banunu*, "Nergal (is) our creator;" *Nergal-rēšūa*, "Nergal (is) my helper;" *Nergal-dānu*, "Nergal judges"—such are the names one meets with. Others are *Nergal-šarra-uṣur*, "Nergal, protect the king" (Neriglissar); and *Nergal-šūzibanni*, "Nergal, save me." His name is generally written 𐎶𐎵𐎲𐎶, but it often appears in phonetic form, 𐎶𐎵𐎲𐎶𐎵𐎲𐎶𐎵. He was "lord of strength and power (*bél abari u dunnī*), and a long text printed in the fourth volume of the *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia* is devoted to him.

The sungod was another favourite deity. His name is generally written 𐎶𐎵𐎲𐎶, D.P. Utu "Day-god," or "Bright one," but it is often found written (𐎶𐎵𐎲) 𐎶𐎵, and sometimes 𐎶𐎵𐎲𐎶𐎵𐎲𐎶𐎵. A man would call his son "Light of the Sungod" (*Nūr-Šamaš*), or he would say that he was "a Sungod to his house" (*Šamaš-ana-bitī-šu*), and naturally those names would stick to him. But this god was also a judge, and we have therefore such names as *Šamaš-dānu*, "Šamaš

judges;" and *Etili pi Šamaš*, "Samas is prince of the word."* Like the other gods, he could protect (*Šamaš-bela-(šarra, āba, pir'a)-uṣur*, "Šamaš, protect the lord (king, father, offspring)," he could give peace (*Šamaš-šulum-šukun*), grace or favour (*Šamaš-rēma-šukun*), and life (*Šamaš-uballit, Šamaš-balat-su-ikbi*). He could save (*Šamaš-ušēzib*), confirm one's name (*Šamaš-šum-ukin*)† or direct it (*Šamaš-šum-lisir*), create seed (*Šamaš-zēru-ušabši*) and protect one's life (*Šamaš-ētir-napšati*). Among the more poetical combinations in which his name is found, are *Lušēsi-ana-nūr-Šamaš*, "Let (my son) go forth to the light of the Sungod;" *Gabbi-ina-kātā-Šamaš*, "All is in the hands of the Sungod;" *Šamaš-dūrūa*, "The Sungod is my fortress;" *Tābu-šil Šamaš*, "Good is the protection of the Sungod," and *Itti-Šamaš-lūmur*, "Let me look with the Sungod."

Zagaga (𐎠𐎵 𐎶 𐎶𐎠 𐎶𐎠), who was, like Nergal, a god of war, was also looked upon with favour by the Babylonians, who named one of the gates of the capital after him. He was identified with 𐎠𐎵 𐎶𐎠 𐎶𐎠, *Nin-ip*, the god who, according to the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, was worshipped at Jerusalem. *Zagaga* was the patron deity of the city of Kêš (Hymer), near Babylon. The names containing his name are *Zagaga-aldu*, "Zagaga begets;" *Zagaga-pir'a-uṣur*, "Zagaga, protect the offspring;" *Zagaga-napisti^m-uṣur*, "Zagaga, protect my life;" *Zagaga-šarra-uṣur*, "Zagaga, protect the king;" *Zagaga-silim*, "Zagaga, give peace," &c.

Ninip seems to have been identified with many gods. Besides *Zagaga*, he appears as the same as *Anu* and *Anatu^m*, the male and female personifications of the heavens; *Nebo*, the god of wisdom; *Bēl mātāti*, "lord of the world," one of the titles of Merodach;‡ and *Ēgirsu*, the god of Lagash.§ He had also many other names, as, for instance, *Madanunu*, explained as "Ninip, the proclaimed (?), the renowned, the high;" *En-banda*, "Ninip, he who takes the decision of the gods;" *Hal-ḥalla*, "Ninip, protector of the decision, father of Bel," *Me-maḡa* ("supreme word"), "Ninip, guardian of the supreme commands;" with many others. It is probably on account of his being identified so often with other gods, that his name occurs so seldom in composition with the names of

* Lit. : mouth.

† The Saosduchinos of Ptolemy.

‡ See page .

§ See the Journal of the Victoria Institute, Vol. XXVI., p. 123 ff.

men. Besides the name of the well-known Assyrian kings *Tukulti-Ninip*, "My trust is Ninip," and *Ninip-tuklat-Aššur*, "Ninip (is) the trust of Assur," we have only *Rabu-ša-Ninip* *Rabu-ša-Ninip*, "Ninip's great one;" *Šangu-Ninip*, "Priest of Ninip" (perhaps really a title), *Ninip-šarra-ušur*, "Ninip, protect the king," and a few more. Nevertheless, a great deal may possibly hang on this deity, when we have more material and information about him, for it is he whom the ancient inhabitants of the East identified with "the most high God" of Salem or Jerusalem.* One of his titles was *Igi-gubu*, = *alik muhri* or *alik pāni*, "one who goes before," probably meaning "a primæval god." It is not impossible that Ninip is intended in the following names:—

Igi-gubu-na'id, "I. is glorious."
Igi-gubu-reûa, "I. is my shepherd."
Igi-gubu-âba-ušur, "I., protect the father."
Igi-gubu-âha-iddina, "I. has given a brother."
Igi-gubu-sum-iddina, "I. has given a name."
Igi-gubu-šarra-ušur, "I., protect the king."
Igi-gubu-ikîša, "I. has given."
Igi-gubu-kînu (-kîni), "I is faithful or everlasting."

Among the other less frequent deities may be quoted $\rightarrow\ddagger \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶}$, which is probably to be read Bunene. We find the following names which refer to this deity: *Bunene-ilnî*, "B. has created;" *Bunene-âhu-iddina*, "B. has given a brother;" *Bunene-šarra-ušur*, "B., protect the king;" and *Arad-Bunene*, "Servant of B." He was worshipped at Sippara, and also in the temple of the Moon and the Sun at Aššur. He, too, was one of the deities invoked when sacrifices were made to the Sungod.

$\rightarrow\ddagger \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶}$ is apparently to be read Šugidla. He was god of $\rightarrow\ddagger \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶}$, Sumdula. One of the names compounded with his is *Šugidla-êreš*, "S. has planted."

$\rightarrow\ddagger \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶} \text{𐎶}$, *Išum*, "the glorious sacrificer," who bears the surname *muttalliku*,† appears in the name *Išum-uballit*, "Išum has given life," and in *Nûr-Išum*, "Light of Išum," about 2000 B.C. He is given as one of the gods who were in

* His principal temple in Babylonia was at Nippur. Cf. W.A.I. II 61, 50.

† Probable meaning, "He who goes quickly."

the presence of Merodach, and he was worshipped in the temple of Anu and Rimmon at Aššur.

→† 𒍪𒍪, *Nusku*, the great messenger of Bêl, was a god much thought of. He was one of the judges of the temple of Aššur; his name was invoked when sacrifices were made to Šamaš, the sungod, and he was one of the gods who were in the presence of Merodach. Among the names containing that of this god are *Nusku-šarra-ušur*, "N., protect the king;" *Zêra-êšir-Nusku*, "N. directs the seed;" *Nusku-barakku*, and *Nusku-lamanu*. There is also a god Nussu, whose name occurs in *Atamar-Nussu*, "I have seen N.," and who may be the same deity.

→† 𒍪𒍪𒍪, *Pap-sukal*, was also a deity who was among those held in esteem. Under eight different aspects he was known by eight different names, besides that given above, which was his special appellation as god of decisions (*ša purusê*). →† 𒍪𒍪𒍪 was *Pap-sukal ša lamasi*, "Pap-sukal of colossi." He was worshipped in the temple of Merodach at Aššur, in the city of the temple of the lady (of Akkad) (→† 𒍪𒍪𒍪 →† 𒍪𒍪), and in "Ê-kiturkani, the temple of the lady of heaven, which is beside the brook of the New Town, which is within Babylon." Among the names compounded with his are *Iddin-Pap-sukal*, "P. has given," and *Nûr-Papsukal*, "Light of Pap-sukal."

Another of the minor deities held in esteem was Zaraku or Zariku, probably meaning "the scatterer." He was one of the gods of the temple Ê-sagila and Babylon, and his name was invoked when sacrifices were made before Bel. The priest of Zaraku or Zariku is often mentioned in the Babylonian contract-tablets. Names compounded with his are *Zariku-zêra-ibnî*, "Z. has created seed;" *Zariku-šum-iškun*, "Z. has made the name;" and *Zariku-rêmanni*, "Zariku, be gracious to me."

There is a mysterious deity →† 𒍪𒍪𒍪 𒍪 𒍪𒍪 *Iltammeš* (sometimes written with one *m*), of whom the inscriptions say nothing. Names containing this are *Iltammeš-natanu*, "I. has given;" *Iltammeš-ilâa* and *Iltammeš-lâa*, of doubtful meaning; *Iltameš-dîni*, "I. give judgment;" *Abu-Iltammeš*, "(My) father is I.;" *Iltammeš-nûri*, "I. (is my) light." This is seemingly not a native god—probably west Semitic. Of another deity, *Iteri*, found in the name *Iteri-ḥanuna*, the same may be said, for it is certainly not Babylonian, and

probably means "Ilteri is gracious." Compare the Heb. יְלֵטֵרִי and יְלֵטֵרֵךְ .

Of 𒌦 𒌦 𒌦 , *Martu*, who was called "the son of Anu," I have only as yet come across one name, and that a slave's, compounded with his, namely, *Martu-zēra-ibnī*, "M. has created seed."

Other deities whose names occur are 𒌦 𒌦 , *Amar*, perhaps sometimes a mistake for 𒌦 𒌦 𒌦 , *Amar-uduk* or *Merodach* (*Amar-âhê-ušur*, "A., protect the brothers; *Amar-ušallim*, "A. has given peace;" *Amar-apa*; *Amar-âha-iddina*, "A. has given a brother;" *Amar-natanu*, "A. has given"); 𒌦 𒌦 𒌦 , *Dāanu*, the judge, probably another name for the sungod (*Dāan-šum-ibnī*, "D. has created the name;" *Dāan-šum-iddina*, "D. has given a name;" *Dāan-âha (âhê)-iddina*, "D. has given a brother," or "brothers;" *Dāan-šum-ušur*, "D. protect the name"); 𒌦 𒌦 𒌦 , *Illat* (*Illatu*, *Illati*, *Illuta*; *Arad-Illat*, "Servant of Illat"); 𒌦 𒌦 𒌦 , *Mār-bīti*, "the son of the house" (*Mār-bīti-iddina*, "M. has given;" *Mār-bīti-âhê-iddina*, "M. has given brothers"); 𒌦 𒌦 𒌦 , *Lumlum* or *Humhum* (*Lumlum-âha-iddina*, "L. has given a brother"); and a few others. It is noteworthy that we find the name $\text{𒌦 𒌦} = \text{𒌦 𒌦}$, *Aššur*, Asshur, the national god of Assyria, Babylonia's ancient foe, in the names *Ana-Aššur-taklak*, "I trust in Aššur; *Aššur-kitru*, "A. is an aid;" *Aššur-rēmanni*, "Aššur, be merciful to me;" *Aššur-zēra-ibnī*, "A. has created seed;" *Aššur-šarra (âha)-ušur*, "Aššur, protect the king," or "the brother," &c. 𒌦 𒌦 , *Aššur*, was also used as a man's name by itself, and without any prefix.

As names of goddesses compounded with men's or women's names (probably mostly the latter) we find *Bēltu* (Beltis), *Ištar*, *Inninni* (*Inninnu*), *Anunitu*, *Naná*, *Bau* or *Gula* (also called, apparently, by the Akkadians, *Meme*), *Aa*, *Tašmētu*, *Bunitu*, *Mimmitu*, *Ba'ti* or *Ba'iti*, *Šarrat*, *Bidinnam*, *Aška'itu*, *Kibi'tu*, &c. Many of these could, like the gods, be identified with each other, but it is doubtful if any goddess was identified with any god, except in so far that she might represent him as his consort (for every god had his feminine counterpart). Of many of these goddesses the same things are stated as of the gods, as, for instance, *Bēltu-tēreš*, "Beltis has planted;" *Bēltu-tētir*, "B. has guarded;" *Bēltu-šadūc*,

“B. is my (protecting) mountain;” *Ištar-šum-téšir*, “Istar has directed the name;” *Ištar-âḫa-tadinna*, “I. has given a brother;” *Nanâ-réminnu*, “Nanâ, be gracious to me;” *Naná-ana-bîti-šu*, “A goddess Nanâ to her house” (compare *Šamaš-ana-bîti-šu*, “A sungod to his house”); *Bau-étirat*, “Bau-guards;” *Bau-téresš*, “B. has planted;” *Rémut-Bau*, “Grace of Bau;” *Bau-âḫa-taddina*, “B. has given a brother;” *Gula-cēra-tabnî*, “Gula has created seed;” *Gula-balaṭ-su-takbî*, “G. has commanded his life;” *Gula-šarra-ušri*, “Gula, protect the king,” &c., &c. It would take too long, however, to quote all the names, or even all the interesting ones, but those already given will suffice to show their nature to be similar to those compounded with the names of male deities.

That the goddesses are not actually identified, in the Babylonian religious texts, with the gods, says but little against the theory now advanced,—namely, that with a certain select circle of the initiated, a kind of monotheism existed in ancient Babylonia and Assyria. If the consort of a god could be in any way identified with him, and all the gods were identified with each other, then all the goddesses could also be identified with each other (as is, indeed, indicated by the lists). A Babylonian member of the initiated circle (if such existed) would, in this case, have no difficulty in giving a consistent explanation of his attitude towards the national religion, grossly polytheistic as it undoubtedly was to the great majority of the people of those ancient realms.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
AND
THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

by Annie Besant

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ON landing at Colombo on December 18th, I received a file of the *Westminster Gazette*, containing the series of articles by Mr. Garrett on certain frauds in the Theosophical Society ; the first three articles had reached me on board ship when we touched at Albany, the last Australian port. I posted on Dec. 19th, a brief letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, promising reply on my return to England ; but on my railway journey to Adyar, Madras, I had time to read the articles carefully and find that I can answer without delay. I reached Madras yesterday evening and shall post this letter by the first English-going-mail. That the reply comes so long after the attack is no fault of mine, but is due to the fact that the *Westminster Gazette* chose the time when I was in New Zealand as the most suitable for the object it had in view. I shall not lose a mail in replying, and shall to day cable that my answer goes to England at once. It will, I fear, be long, but I believe that the *Daily Chronicle* will not refuse me its pages. I admit to the fullest that anyone who takes on the platform the position of a public teacher of morality is rightly challenged for explanation, if anything arises that throws doubt on his probity and purity ; if he is not prepared to answer the challenge, he should retire from the public position ; he is bound in honour to declare what he conceives to be the real state of the case, and to leave the issues clear ; then the public can form its own opinion, and can discount his future teachings by that opinion ; his errors in veracity, judgment and discretion are open to criticism and will form part of

the materials on which the public can base its judgment. That being done, he can continue his work, with those who choose to work with him. I am therefore ready to answer, ready to let the public pass its verdict on me. Then I shall go on with my work, whatever the verdict may be, for I have been condemned before by the public, and then have been as extravagantly praised as I was before extravagantly condemned. If now the wheel has turned for another period of condemnation, I can work on contentedly through it. Those who build on the rock of pure intention may, from ignorance or folly, use some poor materials in their building; who should be more glad than they if the fire burns these up, so teaching more care for the future?

There are some minor matters, bearing on the value of the attack as judged apart from the grave charges; I take these first, to clear them out of the way, in order that the main issues may be unconfused with them. If I shew that the attack is rather an attempt to strike at individuals than to elicit truth, to give pain rather than to establish facts, and that a number of irrelevant misstatements are made, all of which go to raise prejudice, and so to obscure the real charges, I shall have cleared the ground for the consideration of the real issues. I do not charge Mr. Garrett with wilful deception; I give him credit for a desire to expose fraud and to champion truth; but in his hurry he so misstates dry matters of fact, the evidence of which was within his reach, as to show himself very unreliable. Perhaps when he sees how he has blundered on these minor matters, he may realise that inaccuracy does not always mean wilful and malignant deception; knowing his own honesty of purpose amid his mistakes, he may learn a little charity in his judgment of others.

Parallel columns will be best for the minor blunders.

MR. GARRETT.

Mr. Chakravarti was sent to Chicago at an expense of £ 500. (Nov. 6).

THE FACTS.

The expense of sending Mr. Chakravarti was the cost of a return ticket from Allahabad to London, London to New York, New York to Chicago viâ Cincinnati; the money did not pass through

MR. GARRETT.

Mr. Bradlaugh led Mrs. Besant from the church to materialism. (Nov. 6).

The case against Mr. Judge became convincing under Mr. Chakravarti's influence. (Nov. 6).

The charges are unanswered. Mrs. Besant gave no sign from Australia. (Nov. 20).

THE FACTS.

Mr. Chakravarti's hands. In addition to this, £ 10 for petty expenses was paid into his hands. The tickets to New York and back cost £ 130. I have not here the cost of the American ticket, but it can be ascertained.

I left the church definitely in the winter of 1872. I had never read a line of Mr. Bradlaugh's writings, or in any way come into contact with him. I first read an article from Mr. Bradlaugh's pen in July 1874; I met him August 2. My paper declaring "matter is, in its constituent elements the same as spirit," was written ere I met him and formed the subject of our first conversation. (Autobiography, chaps. vi. vii.)

Untrue; the evidence on which I acted shall be mentioned in the main case. I need only say here that Mr. Chakravarti had no hand in presenting the evidence, in drawing up the case, or in advising the action taken.

I knew nothing of them, beyond some obviously misleading cable grams that an "exposure" was made, and that I was expelled the Society. I answered the obvious blunders in the New Zealand and Australian pa-

MR. GARRETT.

These three officials are accustomed to globe-trotting at the Society's expense. (Nov. 20).

The members of the E. S. T. are almost to a man officials of the Society, living at the Society's expense, salaried by the Society. (Nov. 20).

THE FACTS.

pers and could do nothing more till I received the charges.

I must leave Col. Olcott and Mr. Judge to say on this what they please. For my part, my globe-trotting has been paid for out of my own earnings, and nearly all the balance of the earnings has been used for the upkeep of the Head-quarters, the H. P. B. Press and other Society objects. I must except my Indian tour, where the Indian Section paid my expenses, as the lectures were nearly all free, and I have nothing but what I earn. The receipts from the few paid lectures went to the Indian Section. As the accounts of the Society are all published, Mr. Garrett could have known that the Society has not paid for my globe-trotting.

Untrue in every clause. The Society's accounts are published to the world, and all salaries paid by the Society are published. The Avenue Road Head-quarters, of which I speak with personal knowledge, is upheld by the contributions of resident members, aided by a few private and voluntary subscriptions. The Society pays rent for its office, for gas and firing. These items appear

MR. GARRETT,

THE FACTS.

in its balance-sheet, and amounted in 1894 to £45. Next year's balance-sheet will, *for the first time*, contain an item for £150, for the upkeep of the Society's office and library officials. How many Societies can shew such small expenditure on officials ?

There is not a shadow of excuse for these insinuations of personal gain as reasons for condoning fraud. The *Theosophist* founded by Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky, with their own money, now brings in a small income. *Lucifer* varies between a small profit and a loss; of the *Path* I know nothing. But I do know that, in my personal experience, ownership in Theosophical undertakings means a heavy financial burden, and those now attacked have given and continue to give all they have to help a movement in which they believe. And I submit that properly audited accounts must be held good as against irresponsible newspaper insinuations.

Next as to the "conspiracy of silence" alleged against us. (The action as to the Committee I will deal with under the main case.) The Committee sat on July 10th; by a legal agreement made in 1893, I was bound to reach Australia on a lecturing tour to commence September 1, 1894; it is true I "rushed" away, but the implication that the rushing was to avoid enquiry is false; I took the last ship that reached Australia in time to fulfil my engagement. The report was printed, and I addressed it myself to the leading London papers, with a private note from myself to each editor, asking for publicity; I sent with it the circular printed (see *Westminster Gazette* of November 19,) at that particular juncture because it bore directly on the idea that falsehood might be used for "a good end" or fraud condoned for the sake of peace. I got this done by 3 A.M., on the day I left, and placed the packets in the hands of my friend Miss Willson to deliver personally at the newspaper offices, among them at that of the *Westminster Gazette*. Why a "conspiracy of silence" was maintained *by the press* I do not know; but so it was, and not until October 29th—when I was in New Zealand and

it was known that no answer was possible for three months—did the *Westminster Gazette* comment on facts it knew in July. Further, Colonel Olcott did not leave England at that time; he remained in England till the end of August, and had any notice been taken of my request for publicity, the Society's chief official would have been there to answer any questions. It is a little difficult to believe that a pure zeal for truth prompted three months' silence, till those concerned were well out of the way, and then such overflowing abundance of charges against them.

Let me say, lastly, ere taking up the story, that while I lament the tone and manner of the articles, I am heartily glad that the facts are made public, so that the Theosophical Society and the public know that which I was checkmated in putting before them in July. I must except from this the statements based on documents marked "private and confidential," for it is an ill day for the press that sees a heretofore honourable paper descending to the use of private documents. I therefore separate the evidence into that which involves the E. S. T. and that which does not, and take the latter first.

The clearest way, I think, to put the explanation is to take the events in historical order. I have no access to the papers of 1891, and may fall into small inaccuracies as to details of the "boom;" I have only with me a copy of the "enquiry" of 1894, and of my Hall of Science lecture of 1891 printed from the shorthand writer's report.

Mme. Blavatsky died in May, 1891, and I first met Mr. Judge in the April of that year. I knew of him that he had been one of Mme. Blavatsky's pupils in the early days and I saw a letter of hers in which she spoke of him as being one of the founders of the Society; I knew also that the American movement practically collapsed after Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott left the country, but that from the year 1886 Mr. Judge had worked for it with marked ability, devotion and success, and for the five years preceding Mme. Blavatsky's death he had a splendid record of service to shew. For the T. S. he sacrificed his means of livelihood, and worked with unswerving courage and unfaltering purpose. When I met him, I had only given two years of service as against his five years of work (with another eleven years of apparently inactive membership in the T. S. behind them) and I found him

to be a man of clear insight, shrewd ability, earnest devotion and possessing some psychic gifts, that rendered him very sensitive to mental impressions, and available to some extent as a medium of communication with persons not physically present. Mme. Blavatsky died when I was on my way back from America, and on reaching England I found a telegram had been received from Mr. Judge ; of course I have not the telegram here in India, but it certainly was not as given (*H. G.* November 1). Its purport was to keep all Mme. Blavatsky's things in one room until I, Annie Besant, arrived. The next statements deal with E. S. T. matters, to be referred to presently, but the allegation that the two messages alluded to were the only ones received by me before I spoke at the Hall of Science is not true. I had received several others. My lecture was given on August 30, 1891 ; according to the *H. G.*, I received a "test condition" missive, written July 21, 1891, so I am challenged to contradict a fact contradicted by Mr. Garrett himself in his next column. But as though to pile up the evidence of reckless carelessness, concealed by giving dates that lend an illusive appearance of accuracy, "the envelope-trick message" was, as a matter of fact, not received by me until the following winter when I was in the United States !

Next, I did not pledge "my senses, sanity," etc., to having received precipitated messages from the Mahàtmàs ; the quotation given is either taken from a newspaper summary, or is garbled to lend point to the attack. Why did not Mr. Garrett take the full published report ? From this it will be seen that the letters were mentioned incidentally, and that the fact to which I pledged my senses, etc., was not to the letters at all, but to the existence of H. P. B.'s Teachers and of so-called abnormal powers, and the knowledge of this I said I had had "*many months.*" I gained this first hand knowledge, I will now say, first in the summer of 1889, two years before my lecture, and from that time onwards it increased. Before Mme. Blavatsky died, she wrote to a friend telling him that I saw and heard on my own account, and rejoicing over it. This was in my mind as justifying what I said, and I said it because Mme. Blavatsky had desired me to do so ; the sentence about the letters was due to my being informed on my way to the platform that on the previous Sunday, in the Hall of Science, Mr.

Footo had charged Mme. Blavatsky with forging the "Occult World" letters, and I said it believing the various letters I had received in June, July, August, to be genuine. Here is the complete extract : "I know that in this Hall there will not be many who will share the view that I take of Helena Blavatsky. I knew her, you did not—and in that may lie the difference of our opinion. You talk of her as "fraud", and fling about the word as carelessly of one with whom you disagree, as Christians and others threw against me the epithet of "harlot" in the days gone by, and with as much truth. I read the evidence that was said to be against her. I read the great proofs of the "fraud", how she had written the letters of which she said had come to her from the men who had been her Teachers. I read the evidence of W. Netherclift, the expert, first that the letters were not written by her and then that they were. The expert at Berlin swore that they were not written by her. I read most carefully the evidence against her, because I had so much to lose. I read it ; I judged it false on the reading ; I knew it to be false when I came to know her. And here is one fact which may, perhaps, interest you much, as rather curious from the point of view that Madame Blavatsky was the writer of those famous letters. You have known me in this hall for sixteen and a half years. You have never known me lie to you. My worst public enemy, through the whole of my life, never cast a slur upon my integrity. Everything else they have sullied, but my truth never ; and I tell you that since Madame Blavatsky left, I have had letters in the same writing and from the same person. Unless you think that dead persons write—and I do not think so—that is rather a curious fact against the whole challenge of fraud. I do not ask you to believe me, but I tell you this on the faith of a record that has never yet been sullied by a conscious lie. Those who knew her, knew she could not very well commit fraud, if she tried. She was the frankest of human beings. It may be said, "What evidence have you besides hers?" My own knowledge. For some time, all the evidence I had of the existence of her Teachers and the so-called "abnormal powers" was second-hand, gained through her. It is not so now ; and it has not been so for many months ; unless every sense can be at the same time deceived, unless a person can

be, at the same moment, sane and insane, I have exactly the same certainty for the truth of those statements as I have for the fact that you are here. Of course you may be all delusions, invented by myself and manufactured by my own brain. I refuse--merely because ignorant people shout fraud and trickery--to be false to all the knowledge of my intellect, the perceptions of my senses, and my reasoning faculties as well."

I am prepared to-day to repeat what I then said as to my first-hand knowledge of the existence of the Teachers and of abnormal powers. But on the letters I was duped, and I said so as plainly as words could say it in my statement read to the Convention last July, (after I had been checkmated on the Committee) and sent by me to the press : " I know that, in my own case, I believed that the messages he (Mr. Judge) gave me in the well-known script were messages directly precipitated or directly written by the Master. When I publicly said that I had received after H. P. Blavatsky's death letters in the writing H. P. Blavatsky had been accused of forging, I referred to letters given to me by Mr. Judge, and as they were in the well-known script I never dreamt of challenging their source. I know now that they were not written or precipitated by the Master, and that they were done by Mr. Judge, but I also believe that the gist of these messages was psychically received, and that Mr. Judge's error lay in giving them to me in a script written by himself and not saying that he had done so. I feel bound to refer to these letters thus explicitly, because having been myself mistaken, I in turn misled the public." And I say now that it had never at that time entered my head to doubt the genuineness of these messages, nor to suspect Mr. Judge of any unfair dealing. I willingly take any blame on my gullibility that may be cast on me, for I wish only that the facts may be known.

The next set of statements as to the " seal" only came to my knowledge when I was in India in 1893, and were some of those which made me take action. I will deal with them in their historical place.

The story as to the £20 is in the main accurate, as is that about the telegram and letter preventing me from going

to India, but neither of these nor Mr. Judge was responsible for the slander about Col. Olcott, and my decision not to go to India, and my passage to America, were taken before I had any hint of the absurd story alluded to ; so that Mr. Garrett is making my action depend on a "belief or half-belief" that I could not possibly have entertained until after the action was completed. As to the story itself, I characterised it at the time as too much of a "Surrey side melodrama type." Mr. Judge heard the story from me when I was in America, I having gone there after the countermanding of the Indian tour, and the writing by me of the letters quoted from. I regard the publication of this senseless slander on my friend Colonel Olcott as a criminal folly.

Of the missives given in *W. G.* Nov. 5th, I knew nothing till I reached India last year. But I must now supply some lacking statements. Late in 1891 or in 1892, I received some letters from India, suggesting in vague terms that I was being deceived and betrayed by various persons and giving extracts from private letters ; I promptly sent the extracts to the writers, knowing they could only have been obtained by dishonourable methods ; the extracts seemed to show a belief on the part of the writers that Mr. Judge was fabricating messages from the Masters. The evidence, when gathered, was found insufficient as basis for such a charge. Then a friend told me that the Masters had sent no such messages, but my friend could give me no evidence. Nothing further occurred till 1893, when a request from Mr. Judge to erase a seal from a message aroused my suspicion. I could conceive no reason for erasing a seal *if it were genuine* ; this request was made some little time after the publication of Messrs. Old's and Edge's article in the *Theosophist* of April, 1893, and it raised a momentary doubt, rejected as insulting to Mr. Judge. I went to America, and there at the end of September learned that the rumours of fraud were well founded ; this determined me to collect what evidence was available and to see what there was in India, whither I started in October. The evidence I found in India, with the connecting links I was able to supply, made a—to my mind—convincing case against Mr. Judge ; the case was imperfect as Col. Olcott and Mr. Keightley had it and it was not possible for them to proceed in such a matter on insufficient evidence ; the facts I

knew were quite insufficient by themselves ; but the two sets dovetailed into each other and made a case strong enough to justify public action. The *W. G.* statement as to the seal and the various messages to Col. Olcott and others, are substantially correct ; I saw them in India for the first time, December, 1893. Let me add that Mr. Chakravarti was not at Adyar, that he took no part in laying this evidence before me. I examined the whole of the documents by myself, made up my own mind, and offered—without consultation with any one—to bear the brunt of making the accusation publicly. I had letters from many Indian members of T. S., asking me to look into the charges, but Mr. Chakravarti was not among those who urged me to take action. I wrote to Mr. Judge first privately, in January, 1894, asking him to retire, otherwise the charges must be officially made. He telegraphed refusal in February and I then applied to Colonel Olcott for a Committee of Enquiry and it was called under the rules of the Society. Col. Olcott handed over to me the whole of the evidence in trust, and I drafted six definite charges. I drew up the evidence under these heads and had it ready to lay before the Committee when it met in London in July. The documents quoted in the *W. G.*, the story of the seal, etc., were my evidence, with many others, and I consider the case convincing. The only escape I can see from the conclusion of the conscious simulation by Mr. Judge of the handwritings ascribed to two of the Masters, is that he is a medium automatically reproducing certain scripts.

Mr. Judge raised certain preliminary technical objections to the jurisdiction of the Committee. First, that he was never legally Vice-President ; that was overruled. Then, that the Committee could only try a Vice-President for official offences ; that was held good, and I believe rightly. It was a demurrer ; all courts of law recognise the right of an accused person to upset an indictment on a technical point, if he can, and any person who prefers that method to meeting the case on its merits, has a legal right to avail himself of it. Where I disagreed with the Committee was that it travelled beyond this, and having ruled that it had no jurisdiction then proceeded to listen to an argument that the case could not be heard without imposing a creed on the Society. Whether that were so or not, the Committee had concluded itself by

the decision that it had no jurisdiction, and should have risen without allowing any further conversation. The result of taking up a point after it had decided itself incompetent was confusion of the issues; the case broke down on the purely technical objection that the offence was not official. The resolution carried stated that Mr. Judge was ready to go on with the enquiry and Mr. Judge so averred. But when, after the Committee had risen, Mr. Burrows proposed a Jury of Honour, Mr. Judge refused it on the ground that many of his witnesses were in America, and it would take him six months to get his evidence together. I hold, of course, further that the charges should have been printed in the Report. Mr. Judge the next day asked for a Committee, but there were difficulties then in getting one together, and I agreed to make the statement that has been printed, affirming my belief that Mr. Judge had simulated the handwritings ascribed to the Masters, and that the messages received by myself from him were not genuine. This was the best I could do, and was better than a "scratch" Committee.

If I am asked why I did not publish the evidence, my answer is that I had demanded a Committee, that the evidence was not my property but entrusted to me to lay before the Committee, and when the Committee broke down I returned the documents to Col. Olcott, the legal owner. Nor do I think that one can play fast and loose, ready to accept a Committee's finding if you agree with it and rejecting it if it finds against you. The legal way of attacking Mr. Judge is to demand an investigation before his own Branch in New York, to which alone he is responsible.

Now with regard to the messages said to be concerned with the E. S. T. I cannot deal with these. They do not affect the public; the errors made by Mr. Garrett—as the untrue statement that Mr. Old was suspended for his attack on Mr. Judge—are seen by E. S. T. members, and are known by them to be untrue, but I cannot disprove them without producing documents that I have promised to keep private. No amount of breaking of promises by one member justifies another in similar breaches and if I am regarded as conniving at fraud—after doing my best to put an end publicly to all that had affected the public—because I will not make an explanation that can only be substantiated by producing private docu-

ments, then I must be content to be thus regarded. I had rather be thought a liar than be one. And though I am not sure that I am not stretching silence too far in maintaining it with regard to the slanderous document printed in the *W. G.* of Nov. 23, as the only two who can suffer from the non-disproof of its false statements are my friend Mr. Chakravarti and myself. I will take the mischief and keep the silence. But I may protest against the inclusion in a document, issued under the seal of a sacred obligation, of slanderous statements affecting individual honour, that might injure a man publicly and privately, were it not that the gentleman attacked is so well known for his uprightness and spotless honour that only strangers can believe, in the libels; I may protest against secret circulation of libels, that only become known to the individual attacked by a scandalous breach of faith; and I may protest against any newspaper printing such libels, without taking any pains to enquire as to their genuine truth or falsehood. Conduct of this kind strikes at the very root of both public and private honour.

With regard to the future, I had hoped Mr. Judge would have resigned the vice-presidency on the issue of the enquiry. As he has not done so, I think he should be officially requested to resign by the Sections. But if he refuses and if he cannot be deprived, I am not going to resign from the Theosophical Society because one cannot remove an official, elected before these objections to him arose. Were he now elected President, I should resign, because that would imply the approval of the Society of his course of action.

But I will not abuse him, nor exaggerate his offences, nor forget all his years of devoted work and self-sacrifice. I will recognise the noble side of him all the more that I have been obliged to protest against the bad. Nor will I take part in trying to ostracise him from future work in the Society. If the public regard this as conniving at evil, be it so. I know the worldly way of refusing to associate with any one who has done a wrong thing and been publicly attacked; and I know how one of the accusations against a great Teacher was that "this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." If the holy Initiate could thus associate, shall I, a sinner, refuse to associate with a fellow-sinner? I prefer the example of the Christ to all the public opinion of Christendom. I will not

separate myself from my brother because I believe him to have erred, nor will I join those who would hunt him out of the movement in persistent attack on him. I have said my say and the public may pass its verdict on me ; according as each judges, will be my future influence with each, and I do not see that the public is concerned with more than to have the facts before it on which it may judge the merits and demerits of those who claim its ear.

ADYAR, MADRAS, }
Decr. 23, 1894. }

ANNIE BESANT.

For the last ten years I have been a member and an officer of the Theosophical Society ; and if considerable personal sacrifices, pecuniary and otherwise, can prove anything, they may in this case show at least that my belief in Theosophy, in the T. S. and in H. P. B. has been genuine. I may be a dupe or a fool ; of that my friends are the best judge ; but even Mr. E. Garrett in the *Westminster Gazette*, has, so far, not dared to impugn my honour and honesty.

Perhaps, therefore, you will give me space in your columns to add to Mrs. Besant's exhaustive reply to Mr. Garrett on the whole case, a few words in reply to his statements as to myself personally.

Mr. Garrett refers to me :--

1. In the *W. G.* November 1st, where he speaks of a letter from Mr. Judge to myself, dated May 29/91, and bearing the " seal."

The fact is as stated. But Mr. Garrett might, in fairness, have added that this letter reached Adyar, Madras, *after I had left for England*, was opened by my assistant, a Hindû, and then forwarded to me in London, so that the presence of the seal was not necessarily traceable to Mr. Judge, though its appearance did raise a doubt in my mind.

2. *W. G.* November 2nd.

The facts are as stated. But again Mr. Garrett might have added, what was well known at any rate to his informant Mr. Old, that when I first saw the seal-impression on a telegram in New York in 1890 and recognised it, I took it as a precipitation done by H. P. B., whose ability to produce such precipitations I had several times verified under conditions which, to my mind, were such as to exclude all possibility of fraud on her part.

The reason I asked Mr. Judge whether he knew anything of the seal on the telegram was because, being addressed simply to "Judge New York" it had been opened in his office before reaching my hands.

Up to 1891, I had never heard or seen anything which could give me other than the very highest opinion of Mr. Judge's honesty and honour, while his devoted, unselfish and noble service to the cause to which my own life is devoted, had earned for him my deep respect and affection.

As remarked above, the first doubt of him was raised in my mind in 1891 by the appearance of the seal impression (which I knew to be a "flap-doodle of Olcott's") *after* H. P. B.'s death.

I did *not* speak, as Mr. Garrett suggests I ought to have done, in June 1891, when Col. Olcott told me of the notes he had received, for two reasons. First, because Col. Olcott told me of them in confidence and I had not his permission to speak of them; secondly, because there was to my mind—which happens to have had a legal and scientific training—not evidence enough to connect Mr. Judge with them directly.

And I may remark here that, as an officer of a public Society, I considered it my duty to give no voice to suspicions which would ruin a man's life and character, until I was in possession of demonstrative evidence in proof of them. And I think this attitude is that which every honest and honourable man would take up, especially in regard to a colleague who had shown so much devotion and self-sacrifice as Mr. Judge.

4. *W. G. Nov. 3rd.*

The facts as regards the slip of tissue paper contained in a letter from Mr. Judge early in 1892, are correctly given. The circumstance strengthened my doubts, and became subsequently one of the pieces of evidence in the case.

These are all the precise statements as to myself which call for comment and I have now only to refer to the general accusation of condoning fraud and hushing it up levelled against myself in common with Mrs. Besant.

In January 1893, largely thanks to additional facts supplied by Mr. W. R. Old, I felt that sufficient evidence was available upon which to take public action. And I very strongly urged upon Col. Olcott the duty of doing so. He consented;

and a full brief of the case was prepared. I then returned to England to take action ; but on my arrival found that several of the most material links in our chain of evidence broke down utterly. Hence I felt compelled in justice and fairness to refuse to proceed further in the matter and therefore advised my colleagues, Col. Olcott included, to wait for further evidence.

That further evidence was eventually supplied by Mrs. Besant herself, as she states above.

Then, the case being complete, action was *at once* taken and all that lay in our power done to bring the matter to an open trial.

In this we were defeated by Mr. Judge's technical objection, which was, I still think, a sound one.

I then joined with Mrs. Besant in doing all I could to emphasise our own standpoint in these matters, by the circular which the Press ignored with such curious unanimity ; and I then returned to my work in India.

The complete file of the *Westminster Gazette* only reached me just as I was leaving Tinnevely for Colombo to meet Mrs. Besant on her return from Australia, and I now take this, the earliest opportunity, of making a reply to what has been said about myself.

Though I regret the breach of faith and gentlemanly feeling to which it is due, yet I do not regret in the least the fact that these matters have been made public. And though I feel ashamed that an English journal should so far forget the honourable traditions of English journalism as to publish confidential documents obtained by breach of faith, to assail the absent where no reply can be made for months, and to give publicity to such malicious slanders as the statements of Mr. Judge concerning one so universally honoured and respected in all circles as Mr. G. N. Chakravarti, yet I for one am thankful that matters have been brought to a definite issue and that the members of our Society can decide for themselves on which side lies the right.

In conclusion, I may add that I fully and entirely endorse all that Mrs. Besant has written above and I shall always consider it as a great honour to thus find myself associated with her.

ADYAR, MADRAS,)
December 23, 1894. } BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THOMPSON AND CO., PRINTERS, MADRAS.

THE NEUTRALITY
OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

[7]

AN ENQUIRY

INTO CERTAIN CHARGES AGAINST THE VICE-PRESIDENT,

HELD IN LONDON, JULY, 1894.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

PUBLISHED BY THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

FOR THE INFORMATION OF MEMBERS.

JULY, 1894.



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MINUTES
—OF A—
JUDICIAL COMMITTEE
—OF THE—
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

HELD AT 19, AVENUE ROAD, LONDON, ON JULY 10TH, 1894.

PRESENT: Colonel Olcott, President-Founder, in the chair; the General Secretaries of the Indian and European Sections (Mr. B. Keightley and Mr. G. R. S. Mead); delegates of the Indian Section (Mr. A. P. Sinnett and Mr. Sturdy); delegates of the European Section (Mr. H. Burrows and Mr. Kingsland); delegates of the American Section (Dr. Buck and Dr. Archibald Keightley); special delegates of Mr. Judge (Mr. Oliver Firth and Mr. E. T. Hargrove).

Mrs. Besant and Mr. Judge were also present.

A letter was read by the Chairman from the General Secretary of the American Section, stating that the Executive Committee of that Section claims that one of the delegates of that Section should have an additional vote on the Committee, in view of the fact that the General Secretary himself would not vote, or that an extra delegate be appointed.

Resolved: that a substitute be admitted to sit on the Committee in the place of the General Secretary.

Mr. James M. Pryse was nominated by the other American delegates and took his seat.

The Chairman then declared the Committee to be duly constituted and read the following address:

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT-FOUNDER.

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS,

We have met together to-day as a Judicial Committee, under the provisions of Section 3 of Article VI of the Revised Rules, to consider

and dispose of certain charges of misconduct, preferred by Mrs. Besant against the Vice-President of the Society, and dated March 24th, 1894.

Section 2 of Article VI says that "the President may be deprived of office at any time, for *cause shown*, by a three-fourths vote of the Judicial Committee hereinafter provided for [in Section 3], before which he shall be given full opportunity to disprove any charges brought against him"; Section 3 provides that the Judicial Committee shall be composed of (a) members of the General Council *ex officio*, (b) two additional members nominated by each Section of the Society, and (c) two members chosen by the accused. Under the present organization of the Society, this Committee will, therefore, comprise the President-Founder, the General Secretaries of the Indian and European Sections, two additional delegates each from the Indian, European and American Sections, and two nominees of Mr. Judge; eleven in all—the accused, of course, being debarred from sitting as a judge, either as General Secretary of the American Section or as Vice-President.

Section 4 of Article VI declares that the same procedure shall apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the cases of the Vice-President and President; thus making the former, as well as the latter, amenable to the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee for offences charged against him. Under this clause, the Vice-President is now arraigned.

In compliance with the Revised Rules, copies of the charges brought by the accuser have been duly supplied to the accused and the members of the General Council, and the Sections and the accused have nominated their delegates respectively. I also suspended the Vice-President from office pending the disposal of the charges by this Committee.

Upon receipt of a preliminary letter from myself, of date February 7th, 1894, from Agra, India, Mr. Judge, erroneously taking it to be the first step in the *official enquiry* into the charges, from my omission to mark the letter "Private," naturally misconceived it to be a breach of the Constitution, and vehemently protested in a public circular addressed to "the members of the Theosophical Society," and of which 5,000 copies were distributed to them, to all parts of the world. The name of the accuser not being mentioned, the wrong impression prevailed that I was the author of the charges, and at the same time intended to sit as Chairman of the tribunal that was to investigate them. I regret this circumstance as having caused bad feeling throughout the Society against its Chief Executive, who has been the personal friend of the accused for many years, has ever appreciated as they deserved his eminent services and unflagging devotion to the Society and the whole movement, and whose constant motive has been to be brotherly and act justly to all his colleagues, of every race, religion and sex.

Three very important protests have been made by the accused and submitted to me, to wit:

1. That he was never legally Vice-President of the T. S. That an election to said office of Vice-President has always been necessary, and is so yet.

That he has never been elected to the office.

That the title has been conferred on him by courtesy, and has

been tacitly assumed to be legal by himself and others, in ignorance of the facts of the case.

The legitimate inference from which would be:

That not being Vice-President, *de jure*, he is not amenable to the jurisdiction of a Judicial Committee, which can only try the highest two officers of the Society.

2. That, even if he were Vice-President, this tribunal could only try charges which imply on his part acts of misfeasance or malfeasance as such official; whereas the pending charges accuse him of acts which are not those of an official, but of a simple member; hence only triable by his own Branch or Lodge (*vide* Section 3 of Article XIII), at a special meeting called to consider the facts.

3. That the principal charge against him cannot be tried without breach of the constitutional neutrality of the Society in matters of private belief as to religious and other questions, and especially as to belief in the "existence, names, powers, functions or methods of 'Mahâtmâs' or 'Masters'": that to deliberate and decide, either *pro* or *con.*, in this matter would be to violate the law, affirm a dogma, and "offend the religious feelings" of Fellows of the Society, who, to the number of many hundreds, hold decided opinions concerning the existence of Mahâtmâs and their interest in our work.

These points will presently be considered *sciatim*.

At the recent (eighth) annual meeting of the American Section T. S., at San Francisco, in the first session of April 22nd, the following, with other resolutions, was unanimously adopted, to wit:

Resolved: that this Convention, after careful deliberation, finds that [the] suspension of the Vice-President is without the slightest warrant in the Constitution, and altogether transcends the discretionary power given the President by the Constitution, and is therefore null and void.

I now return to Mr. Judge's protests.

1. As to his legal status as Vice-President. At the Adyar Convention of the whole Society in December, 1888, exercising the full executive power I then held, I appointed Mr. Judge Vice-President in open Convention, the choice was approved by the Delegates assembled, and the name inserted in the published Official List of officers, since which time it has not been withdrawn. At the Convention of 1890, a new set of Rules having come into force and an election for Vice-President being in order, Mr. Bertram Keightley moved and I supported the nomination of Mr. Judge, and he was duly elected. It now appears that official notice was not sent him to this effect, but nevertheless his name was duly published in the Official List, as it had been previously. You all know that he attended the Chicago Parliament of Religions as Vice-President and my accredited representative and substitute; his name is so printed in his Report of the Theosophical Congress, and the Official Report of the San Francisco Convention of our American Section contains the Financial Statement of the Theosophic Congress Fund, which is signed by him as Vice-President Theosophical Society.

From the above facts it is evident that W. Q. Judge is, and since December, 1888, has continuously been, *de jure* as well as *de facto*, Vice-President of the Theosophical Society. The facts having been laid

before the General Council in its session of the 7th inst., my ruling has been ratified; and is now also concurred in by Mr. Judge. He is, therefore, triable by this tribunal for "cause shown."

2. The second point raised by the accused is more important. If the acts alleged were done by him at all—which remains as yet *sub judice*—and he did them as a private person, he cannot be tried by any other tribunal than the Aryan Lodge, T. S., of which he is a Fellow and the President. Nothing can possibly be clearer than that. Now, what are the alleged offences?

That he practised deception in sending false messages, orders and letters, as if sent and written by "Masters"; and in statements to me about a certain Rosicrucian jewel of H. P. B.'s.

That he was untruthful in various other instances enumerated.

Are these solely acts done in his private capacity; or may they or either of them be laid against him as wrong-doing by the Vice-President? This is a grave question, both in its present bearings and as establishing a precedent for future contingencies. We must not make a mistake in coming to a decision.

In summoning Mr. Judge before this tribunal, I was moved by the thought that the alleged evil acts might be separated into (*a*) strictly private acts, viz., the alleged untruthfulness and deception, and (*b*) the alleged circulation of deceptive imitations of what are supposed to be Mahâtmic writings, with intent to deceive; which communications, owing to his high official rank among us, carried a weight they would not have had if given out by a simple member. This seemed to me a far more heinous offence than simple falsehood or any other act of an individual, and to amount to a debasement of his office, if proven. The minutes of the General Council meeting of July 7th, which will presently be read for your information, will show you how this question was discussed by us, and what conclusion was reached. To make this document complete in itself, however, I will say that, in the Council's opinion, the point raised by Mr. Judge appeared valid, and that the charges are not cognizable by this Judicial Committee. The issue is now open to your consideration, and you must decide as to your judicial competency.

3. Does our proposed enquiry into the alleged circulation of fictitious writings of those known to us as "Mahâtmâs" carry with it a breach of the religious neutrality guaranteed us in the T. S. Constitution, and would a decision of the charge, in either way, hurt the feelings of members? The affirmative view has been taken and warmly advocated by the Convention of the American Section, by individual branches and groups of "Theosophical Workers," by the General Secretaries of the European and Indian Sections, in a recently issued joint circular, by many private members of the Society, and by the accused. As I conceived it, the present issue is not at all whether Mahâtmâs exist or the contrary, or whether they have or have not recognizable handwritings, and have or have not authorized Mr. Judge to put forth documents in their name. I believed, when issuing the call, that the question might be discussed without entering into investigations that would compromise our corporate neutrality. The charges as formulated

and laid before me by Mrs. Besant could, in my opinion, have been tried without doing this. And I must refer to my official record to prove that I would have been the last to help in violating a Constitution of which I am, it may be said, the father, and which I have continually defended at all times and in all circumstances. On now meeting Mr. Judge in London, however, and being made acquainted with his intended line of defence, I find that by beginning the enquiry we should be placed in this dilemma, viz., we should either have to deny him the common justice of listening to his statements and examining his proofs (which would be monstrous in even a common court of law, much more in a Brotherhood like ours, based on lines of ideal justice), or be plunged into the very abyss we wish to escape from. Mr. Judge's defence is that he is not guilty of the acts charged; that Mahâtmas exist, are related to our Society, and in personal connection with himself; and he avers his readiness to bring many witnesses and documentary proofs to support his statements. You will at once see whither this would lead us. The moment we entered into these questions we should violate the most vital spirit of our federal compact, its neutrality in matters of belief. Nobody, for example, knows better than myself the fact of the existence of the Masters, yet I would resign my office unhesitatingly if the Constitution were amended so as to erect such a belief into a dogma: every one in our membership is as free to disbelieve and deny their existence as I am to believe and affirm it. For the above reason, then, I declare as my opinion that this enquiry must go no farther; we may not break our own laws for any consideration whatsoever. It is furthermore my opinion that such an enquiry, begun by whatsoever official body within our membership, cannot proceed if a similar line of defence be declared. If, perchance, a guilty person should at any time go scot-free in consequence of this ruling, we cannot help it; the Constitution is our palladium, and we must make it the symbol of justice or expect our Society to disintegrate.

Candour compels me to add that, despite what I thought some preliminary quibbling and unfair tactics, Mr. Judge has travelled hither from America to meet his accusers before this Committee, and announced his readiness to have the charges investigated and decided on their merits by any competent tribunal.

Having disposed of the several protests of Mr. Judge, I shall now briefly refer to the condemnatory Resolutions of the San Francisco Convention, and merely to say that there was no warrant for their hasty declaration that my suspension of the Vice-President, pending the disposal of the charges, was unconstitutional, null and void. As above noted, Section 4 of Article VI of our Constitution provides that the same rules of procedure shall apply to the case of the Vice-President as to that of the President; and, inasmuch as my functions vest in the Vice-President, and I am suspended from office until any charges against my official character are disposed of, so, likewise, must the Vice-President be suspended from his official status until the charges against him are disposed of; reinstatement to follow acquittal or the abandonment of the prosecution.

It having been made evident to me that Mr. Judge cannot be tried

on the present accusations without breaking through the lines of our Constitution, I have no right to keep him further suspended, and so I hereby cancel my notice of suspension, dated February 7th, 1894, and restore him to the rank of Vice-President.

In conclusion, Gentlemen and Brothers, it remains for me to express my regret for any inconvenience I may have caused you by the convocation of this Judicial Committee, and to cordially thank Mr. Sturdy, who has come from India, Dr. Buck, who has come from Cincinnati, and the rest of you who have come from distant points in the United Kingdom, to render this loyal service. I had no means of anticipating this present issue, since the line of defence was not within my knowledge. The meeting was worth holding for several reasons. In the first place, because we have come to the point of an official declaration that it is not lawful to affirm that belief in Mahâtmâs is a dogma of the Society, or communications really, or presumably, from them, authoritative and infallible. Equally clear is it that the circulation of fictitious communications from them is not an act for which, under our rules, an officer or member can be impeached and tried. The inference, then, is that testimony as to intercourse with Mahâtmâs, and writings alleged to come from them, must be judged upon their intrinsic merits alone; and that the witnesses are solely responsible for their statements. Thirdly, the successorship to the Presidency is again open (*vide* Gen. Council Report of July 7th, 1894), and at my death or at any time sooner, liberty of choice may be exercised in favour of the best available member of the Society.

I now bring my remarks to a close by giving voice to the sentiment which I believe to actuate the true Theosophist, viz., that the same justice should be given and the same mercy shown to every man and woman on our membership registers. There must be no distinctions of persons, no paraded self-righteousness, no seeking for revenge. We are all—as I personally believe—equally under the operation of Karma, which punishes and rewards; all equally need the loving forbearance of those who have mounted higher than ourselves in the scale of human perfectibility.

H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead reported that certain Minutes of Proceedings by the General Council of the Theosophical Society were communicated to the present Committee for its information, and they were read accordingly, as follows:

MINUTES OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL MEETING,

HELD AT 19, AVENUE ROAD, LONDON, JULY 7TH, 1894.

“Present: President Colonel H. S. Olcott, Bertram Keightley, George R. S. Mead, and William Q. Judge.

“Colonel Olcott called the meeting to order, and Bertram Keightley was appointed Secretary.

“Council was informed that the meeting was called to consider certain points brought up by William Q. Judge, and other matters, to wit:

“The President read a letter from William Q. Judge stating that in his opinion he was never elected Vice-President of the T. S., and was not, therefore, Vice-President of the T. S.; whereupon the President informed the Council that at the General Convention at Adyar, in 1888, he then, exercising the prerogatives which he then held, appointed William Q. Judge as Vice-President of the T. S., and the name was then announced in the official list of officers of that year. That subsequently, at the General Convention in 1890, the last one of such General Conventions, said nomination was unanimously confirmed by vote on motion of Bertram Keightley, supported by H. S. Olcott; hence, that although the official report of the Convention seems to be defective in that it did not record the fact and that Mr. Judge was thereby misled, the truth is as stated. The President then declared that W. Q. Judge was and is Vice-President *de facto* and *de jure* of the Theosophical Society.

“Another point then raised by Mr. Judge was then taken into consideration, to wit: That even if Vice-President, he, Mr. Judge, was not amenable to an enquiry by the Judicial Committee into certain alleged offences with respect to the misuse of the Mahâtmâs’ names and handwriting, since if guilty the offence would be one by him as a private individual, and not in his official capacity; he contended that, under our Constitution, the President and Vice-President could only be tried as such by such Committee for official misconduct—that is misfeasances and malfeasances. An opinion of council in New York which he had taken from Mr. M. H. Phelps, F.T.S., was then read by him in support of this contention. The matter was then debated. Bertram Keightley moved and G. R. S. Mead seconded:

“That the Council, having heard the arguments on the point raised by William Q. Judge, it declares that the point is well taken; that the acts alleged concern him as an individual; and that consequently the Judicial Committee has no jurisdiction in the premises to try him as Vice-President upon the charges as alleged.

“The President concurred. Mr. Judge did not vote. The motion was declared carried.

“On Mr. Mead’s motion, it was then voted that above record shall be laid before the Judicial Committee. ‘ Mr. Judge did not vote.

“The President then laid before the Council another question mooted by Mr. Judge, to wit: That his election as successor to the President, which was made upon the announcement of the President’s resignation, became *ipso facto* annulled upon the President’s resumption of his office as President. On motion, the Council declared the point well taken, and ordered the decision to be entered on the minutes. Mr. Judge did not vote.

“The President called attention to the resolution of the American Convention of 1894, declaring that his action in suspending the Vice-President, pending the settlement of the charges against him was ‘without the slightest warrant in the Constitution and altogether transcends the discretionary power given the President by the Constitution, and is therefore null and void.’ Upon deliberation and consideration of Sections 3 and 4, Article VI, of the General Rules, the Council decided (Mr. Judge not voting) that the President’s action was

warranted under the then existing circumstances, and that the said resolutions of protest are without force.

“On motion (Mr. Judge not voting) the Council then requested the President to convene the Judicial Committee at the London Headquarters, on Tuesday, July 10th, 1894, at 10 a.m.

“The Council then adjourned at call of President.”

The following Resolutions were then adopted by the Judicial Committee:

Resolved: that the President be requested to lay before the Committee the charges against Mr. Judge referred to in his address.

The charges were laid before the Committee accordingly.

After deliberation, it was:

Resolved: that although it has ascertained that the member bringing the charges and Mr. Judge are both ready to go on with the enquiry, the Committee considers, nevertheless, that the charges are not such as relate to the conduct of the Vice-President in his official capacity, and therefore are not subject to its jurisdiction.

On the question whether the charges did or did not involve a declaration of the existence and powers of the Mahâtmâs, the Committee deliberated, and it was:

Resolved: that this Committee is also of opinion that a statement by them as to the truth or otherwise of at least one of the charges as formulated against Mr. Judge would involve a declaration on their part as to the existence or non-existence of the Mahâtmâs, and it would be a violation of the spirit of neutrality and the unsectarian nature and Constitution of the Society.

Four members abstained from voting on this resolution.

It was also further:

Resolved: that the President's address be adopted.

Resolved: that the General Council be requested to print and circulate the Minutes of the Proceedings.

A question being raised as to whether the charges should be included in the printed report,

Mr. Burrows moved and Mr. Sturdy seconded a resolution that if the Proceedings were printed at all the charges should be included: but on being put to the vote the resolution was not carried.

The Minutes having been read and confirmed, the Committee dissolved.

H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.,

President of the Council.

APPENDIX.

STATEMENT BY ANNIE BESANT.

READ FOR THE INFORMATION OF MEMBERS AT THE THIRD SESSION OF THE EUROPEAN CONVENTION OF THE T. S., JULY 12TH, 1894.

I speak to you to-night as the representatives of the T. S. in Europe, and as the matter I have to lay before you concerns the deepest

interests of the Society, I pray you to lay aside all prejudice and feeling, to judge by Theosophical standards and not by the lower standards of the world, and to give your help now in one of the gravest crises in which our movement has found itself. There has been much talk of Committees and Juries of Honour. We come to you, our brothers, to tell you what is in our hearts.

I am going to put before you the exact position of affairs on the matter which has been filling our hearts all day. Mr. Judge and I have agreed to lay two statements before you, and to ask your counsel upon them.

For some years past persons inspired largely by personal hatred for Mr. Judge, and persons inspired by hatred for the Theosophical Society and for all that it represents, have circulated a mass of accusations against him, ranging from simple untruthfulness to deliberate and systematic forgery of the handwritings of Those Who to some of us are most sacred. The charges were not in a form that it was possible to meet, a general denial could not stop them, and explanation to irresponsible accusers was at once futile and undignified.

Mr. Judge's election as the future President of the Society increased the difficulties of the situation, and the charges themselves were repeated with growing definiteness and insistence, until they found expression in an article in *The Theosophist* signed by Messrs. Old and Edge. At last, the situation became so strained that it was declared by many of the most earnest members of the Indian Section that, if Mr. Judge became President with these charges hanging over him unexplained, the Indian Section would secede from the T. S. Representation to this effect was made to me, and I was asked, as well-known in the world and the T. S., and as a close friend and colleague of Mr. Judge, to intervene in the matter.

I hold strongly that, whatever may be the faults of a private member, they are no concern of mine, and it is no part of my duty, as a humble servant of the Lords of Compassion, to drag my brother's faults into public view, nor to arraign him before any tribunal. His faults and mine will find their inevitable harvest of suffering, and I am content to leave them to the Great Law, which judges unerringly and knits to every wrong its necessary sequence of pain.

But where the honour of the Society was concerned, in the person of its now second official and (as he then was thought to be) its President-Elect, it was right to do what I could to put an end to the growing friction and suspicion, both for the sake of the Society and for that of Mr. Judge; and I agreed to intervene, privately, believing that many of the charges were false, dictated and circulated malevolently, that others were much exaggerated and were largely susceptible of explanation, and that what might remain of valid complaint might be put an end to without public controversy. Under the promise that nothing should be done further in the matter until my intervention had failed, I wrote to Mr. Judge. The promise of silence was broken by persons who knew some of the things complained of, and before any answer could be received by me from Mr. Judge, distorted versions of what had occurred were circulated far and wide. This placed Mr. Judge in

a most unfair position, and he found my name used against him in connection with charges which he knew to be grossly exaggerated where not entirely untrue.

Not only so, but I found that a public Committee of Enquiry was to be insisted on, and I saw that the proceedings would be directed in a spirit of animosity, and that the aim was to inflict punishment for wrongs believed to have been done, rather than to prevent future harm to the Society. I did my utmost to prevent a public Committee of Enquiry of an official character. I failed, and the Committee was decided on. And then I made what many of Mr. Judge's friends think was a mistake. I offered to take on myself the onus of formulating the charges against him. I am not concerned to defend myself on this, nor to trouble you with my reasons for taking so painful a decision; in this decision, for which I alone am responsible, I meant to act for the best, but it is very possible I made a mistake—for I have made many mistakes in judgment in my life, and my vision is not always clear in these matters of strife and controversy which are abhorrent to me.

In due course I formulated the charges, and drew up the written statement of evidence in support of them. They came in due course before the Judicial Committee, as you heard this morning. That Committee decided that they alleged private, not official, wrongdoing, and therefore could not be tried by a Committee that could deal only with a President or Vice-President as such. I was admitted to the General Council of the T. S. when this point was argued, and I was convinced by that argument that the point was rightly taken. I so stated when asked by the General Council, and again when asked by the Judicial Committee. And this put an end to the charges so far as that Committee was concerned.

As this left the main issue undecided, and left Mr. Judge under the stigma of unproved and unrebutted charges, it was suggested by Mr. Herbert Burrows that the charges should be laid before a Committee of Honour. At the moment this was rejected by Mr. Judge, but he wrote to me on the following day, asking me to agree with him in nominating such a Committee. I have agreed to this, but with very great reluctance, for the reason mentioned above: that I feel it no part of my duty to attack any private member of the T. S., and I think such an attack would prove a most unfortunate precedent. But as the proceedings which were commenced against Mr. Judge as an official have proved abortive, it does not seem fair that I—responsible for those proceedings by taking part in them—should refuse him the Committee he asks for.

But there is another way, which I now take, and which, if you approve it, will put an end to this matter; and as no Theosophist should desire to inflict penalty for the past—even if he thinks wrong has been done—but only to help forward right in the future, it may, I venture to hope, be accepted.

And now I must reduce these charges to their proper proportions, as they have been enormously exaggerated, and it is due to Mr. Judge that I should say publicly what from the beginning I have said pri-

vately. The President stated them very accurately in his address to the Judicial Committee: the vital charge is that Mr. Judge has issued letters and messages in the script recognizable as that adopted by a Master with whom H. P. B. was closely connected, and that these letters and messages were neither written nor precipitated directly by the Master in whose writing they appear; as leading up to this there are subsidiary charges of deception, but these would certainly never have been made the basis of any action save for their connection with the main point.

Further, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not charge and have not charged Mr. Judge with forgery in the ordinary sense of the term, but with giving a misleading material form to messages received psychically from the Master in various ways, without acquainting the recipients with this fact.

I regard Mr. Judge as an Occultist, possessed of considerable knowledge and animated by a deep and unswerving devotion to the Theosophical Society. I believe that he has often received direct messages from the Masters and from Their chelas, guiding and helping him in his work. I believe that he has sometimes received messages for other people in one or other of the ways that I will mention in a moment, but not by direct writing by the Master nor by His direct precipitation; and that Mr. Judge has then believed himself to be justified in writing down in the script adopted by H. P. B. for communications from the Master, the message psychically received, and in giving it to the person for whom it was intended, leaving that person to wrongly assume that it was a direct precipitation or writing by the Master Himself—that is, that it was done *through* Mr. Judge, but done *by* the Master.

Now personally I hold that this method is illegitimate and that no one should simulate a recognized writing which is regarded as authoritative when it is authentic. And by authentic I mean directly written or precipitated by the Master Himself. If a message is consciously written it should be so stated: if automatically written, it should be so stated. At least so it seems to me. It is important that the very small part generally played by the Masters in these phenomena should be understood, so that people may not receive messages as authoritative merely on the ground of their being in a particular script. Except in the very rarest instances, the Masters do not personally write letters or directly precipitate communications. Messages may be sent by Them to those with whom They can communicate by external voice, or astral vision, or psychic word, or mental impression or in other ways. If a person gets a message which he believes to be from the Master, for communication to anyone else, he is bound in honour not to add to that message any extraneous circumstances which will add weight to it in the recipient's eyes. I believe that Mr. Judge wrote with his own hand, consciously or automatically I do not know, in the script adopted as that of the Master, messages which he received from the Master or from chelas; and I know that, in my own case, I believed that the messages he gave me in the well-known script were messages directly precipitated or directly written by the Master. When I publicly said

that I had received after H. P. Blavatsky's death letters in the writing H. P. Blavatsky had been accused of forging, I referred to letters given to me by Mr. Judge, and as they were in the well-known script I never dreamt of challenging their source. I know now that they were not written or precipitated by the Master, and that they were done by Mr. Judge, but I also believe that the gist of these messages was psychically received, and that Mr. Judge's error lay in giving them to me in a script written by himself and not saying that he had done so. I feel bound to refer to these letters thus explicitly, because having been myself mistaken, I in turn misled the public.

It should be generally understood inside and outside the Theosophical Society, that letters and messages may be written or may be precipitated in any script, without thereby gaining any valid authority. Scripts may be produced by automatic or deliberate writing with the hand, or by precipitation, by many agencies from the White and Black Adepts down to semi-conscious Elementals, and those who afford the necessary conditions can be thus used. The source of messages can only be decided by direct spiritual knowledge or, intellectually, by the nature of their contents, and each person must use his own powers and act on his own responsibility, in accepting or rejecting them. Thus I rejected a number of letters, real precipitations, brought me by an American, not an F.T.S., as substantiating his claim to be H. P. B.'s successor. Any good medium may be used for precipitating messages by any of the varied entities in the Occult world; and the outcome of these proceedings will be, I hope, to put an end to the craze for receiving letters and messages, which are more likely to be subhuman or human in their origin than superhuman, and to throw people back on the evolution of their own spiritual nature, by which alone they can be safely guided through the mazes of the super-physical world.

If you, representatives of the T. S., consider that the publication of this statement followed by that which Mr. Judge will make, would put an end to this distressing business, and by making a clear understanding, get rid at least of the mass of seething suspicions in which we have been living, and if you can accept it, I propose that this should take the place of the Committee of Honour, putting you, our brothers, in the place of the Committee. I have made the frankest explanation I can; I know how enwrapped in difficulty are these phenomena which are connected with forces obscure in their working to most; therefore, how few are able to judge of them accurately, while those through whom they play are not always able to control them. And I trust that these explanations may put an end to some at least of the troubles of the last two years, and leave us to go on with our work for the world, each in his own way. For any pain that I have given my brother, in trying to do a most repellent task, I ask his pardon, as also for any mistakes that I may have made.

ANNIE BESANT.

[The above statements as to precipitated, written and other communications have been long ago made by both H. P. Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, in *Lucifer*, *The Path*, and elsewhere, both publicly and privately.—A. B.]

[*Note by Col. Olcott.*—I cannot allow Mrs. Besant to take upon herself the entire responsibility for formulating the charges against Mr. Judge, since I myself requested her to do it. The tacit endorsement of the charges by persistence in a policy of silence, was an injustice to the Vice-President, since it gave him no chance to make his defence; while, at the same time, the widely-current suspicions were thereby augmented, to the injury of the Society. So, to bring the whole matter to light, I, with others, asked Mrs. Besant to assume the task of drafting and signing the charges.—H. S. O.]

STATEMENT BY MR. JUDGE.

Since March last, charges have been going round the world against me, to which the name of Annie Besant has been attached, without her consent as she now says, that I have been guilty of forging the names and handwritings of the Mahâtmâs and of misusing the said names and handwritings. The charge has also arisen that I suppressed the name of Annie Besant as mover in the matter from fear of the same. All this has been causing great trouble and working injury to all concerned, that is, to all our members. It is now time that this should be put an end to once for all if possible.

I now state as follows:

1. I left the name of Annie Besant out of my published circular by request of my friends in the T. S. then near me so as to save her and leave it to others to put her name to the charge. It now appears that if I had so put her name it would have run counter to her present statement.

2. I repeat my denial of the said rumoured charges of forging the said names and handwritings of the Mahâtmâs or of misusing the same.

3. I admit that I have received and delivered messages from the Mahâtmâs and assert their genuineness.

4. I say that I have heard and do hear from the Mahâtmâs, and that I am an agent of the Mahâtmâs; but I deny that I have ever sought to induce that belief in others, and this is the first time to my knowledge that I have ever made the claim now made. I am pressed into the place where I must make it. My desire and effort have been to distract attention from such an idea as related to me. But I have no desire to make the claim, which I repudiate, that I am the only channel for communication with Masters; and it is my opinion that such communication is open to any human being who, by endeavouring to serve mankind, affords the necessary conditions.

5. Whatever messages from the Mahâtmâs have been delivered by me as such—and they are extremely few—I now declare were and are genuine messages from the Mahâtmâs so far as my knowledge extends; they were obtained through me, but as to how they were obtained or produced I cannot state. But I can now again say, as I have said publicly before, and as was said by H. P. Blavatsky so often that I have always thought it common knowledge among studious Theo-

sophists, that precipitation of words or messages is of no consequence and constitutes no proof of connection with Mahâtmâs; it is only phenomenal and not of the slightest value.

6. So far as methods are concerned for the reception and delivery of messages from the Masters, they are many. My own methods may disagree from the views of others, and I acknowledge their right to criticize them if they choose; but I deny the right of anyone to say that they know or can prove the non-genuineness of such messages to or through me unless they are able to see on that plane. I can only say that I have done my best to report—in the few instances when I have done it at all—correctly and truthfully such messages as I think I have received for transmission, and never to my knowledge have I tried therewith to deceive any person or persons whatever.

7. And I say that in 1893 the Master sent me a message in which he thanked me for all my work and exertions in the Theosophical field, and expressed satisfaction therewith, ending with sage advice to guard me against the failings and follies of my lower nature; that message Mrs. Besant unreservedly admits.

8. Lastly, and only because of absurd statements made and circulated, I willingly say that which I never denied, that I am a human being, full of error, liable to mistake, not infallible, but just the same as any other human being like to myself, or of the class of human beings to which I belong. And I freely, fully and sincerely forgive anyone who may be thought to have injured or tried to injure me.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Having heard the above statements, the following resolution was moved by Mr. Bertram Keightley, seconded by Dr. Buck, and carried *nem. con.*

Resolved: that this meeting accepts with pleasure the adjustment arrived at by Annie Besant and William Q. Judge as a final settlement of matters pending hitherto between them as prosecutor and defendant, with the hope that it may be thus buried and forgotten, and—

Resolved: that we will join hands with them to further the cause of genuine Brotherhood in which we all believe.

FROM
WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,
144 MADISON AVE.,
New York.

March 15, 1894.

CHARGES AGAINST WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

To all Members of the Theosophical Society :

It is disagreeable to talk much of oneself, but sometimes it is necessary, and in this case it has been made a necessity by the action of others, as also by the existence of many vague and suppressed rumors which have been flying about in quarters not public but sufficiently active to compel action on my part. Hence I now make known in advance that which has been spoken obscurely for some time, and which is now before me officially from the President, Col. H. S. Olcott, to the end that all members of the Society and friends of my own in all parts of the world shall be in possession of facts so that surprise and perhaps confusion may be prevented.

The assertion is made in India that I have been guilty of “*misuse of the names and handwriting of the Mahâtmas*”, and this has been officially communicated to the President, who, writing from Agra, India, under date of February 7th (received here March 10th, 1894), says an investigation is demanded through

an official inquiry by means of a committee into the matter of your alleged misuse of the Mahâtmas' names and handwriting.

Conceiving himself required and authorized to take action, the President proceeds thus :

By virtue of the discretionary powers given me in Article 6 of the Revised Rules, I place before you the following options ;

1. To retire from all offices held by you in the Theosophical Society, and leave me to make a merely general public explanation, or
2. To have a Judicial Committee convened as provided for in Art. 6, § 3 of the Revised Rules, and make public the whole of the proceedings in detail.

In either alternative, you will observe, a public explanation is found necessary : in the one case general ; in the other, to be full and covering all the details.

He then ends by proposing two code words for an immediate reply ; “*first*”, to mean that I resign, and “*second*”, to mean that I demand a committee.

On March 10th, I cabled him as follows :

Charges absolutely false. You can take what proceedings you see fit ; going [to] London [in] July.

The reason for not using his word “*second*” will later on be made clear.

The charge is made against me as Vice-President: I have replied as an individual and shall so continue, inasmuch as in my

capacity of Vice-President my duties are nominal, have once been exercised by communicating to the Society, as required by the Constitution, the resignation of the President, and once by acting for the President at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. The only charges that could be made against the Vice-President would be those of failing to perform his duties, or misusing the office when there were any duties attached to it. On the face of this very vague charge, then, it is evident that there is nothing in it relating to the official Vice-President.

Inasmuch as I was the first presiding officer of the Theosophical Society at its preliminary meeting in September, 1875, and its first Secretary at such meeting; that I was not only H. P. Blavatsky's intimate friend and direct pupil but that I have been conspicuous as an upholder of Theosophical doctrine, as also an upholder, with many other friends in every part of the globe, of H. P. Blavatsky's good name, high motive, and great powers against the ridicule of the world and much opposition from certain members of the Society she founded; that I have been elected to succeed Col. Olcott as President of the Society and have been officially declared his successor by him; it is important and imperative that I should make this matter public, and I now do so, and state my unqualified, explicit, exhaustive denial of the said charge, asserting most unreservedly that it has absolutely no foundation.

Under the Constitution the President is directed to call a Judicial Committee to consider charges. The committee is to consist of the members of the General Council, who are now the President, the three General Secretaries, and the Vice-President. In this case, one member of the Council could not sit, being the General Secretary of American Section, Vice-President, and the accused. The person charged has the right to nominate two additional members on the Committee, and each of the Sections two. This would call for eleven members. The accused person has the right to fix the place of trial. When the President calls the committee, I shall fix on London as the place for its meeting, as I am going to attend the European Section Convention next July.

Hence I shall request the American Section Convention in April to make selection in advance of the two members from this Section, either by then naming them or by empowering the Executive Committee to do so whenever the official notice comes to the Section from the President. It is certainly useless to wait the long time required by the distance of India from here, inasmuch as it is perfectly evident that the Committee will be convened by the President. Perhaps when the Committee is convened I shall, for the first time, have particulars as to persons, dates, and the like of the charges made, none of which up to this time I have had except in the form of rumor.

More acutely than any personal grievance, do I feel the probability of a deplorable influence being at first exercised on the Theosophical movement by the making of these charges. I do not think it will have a lasting effect for injury. The rumors to which I have referred have been used by the enemies of the Society to show, if possible, dissension among us and to found a

charge of rottenness ; they have printed the matter in a scandalous form in both Europe and America, pretending that in my official and private capacities I am in the habit of sending alleged "Mahâtma messages", and then they added ribald jokes of their own. This I have not hitherto noticed, because all members know that the correspondence and work of the Society are open to all and entirely devoid of the elements alleged to exist by these opponents ; we are all perfectly aware that our strength lies in our devotion and constant work. The present situation will therefore result in clearing the air and consolidating our ranks in all directions.

As to my failure to cable the word "second", meaning "I demand a Committee". The reason is not that an investigation is avoided. Such an investigation will not be avoided. But on constitutional and executive principle I shall object from beginning to end to any committee of the Theosophical Society considering any charge against any person which involves an inquiry and decision as to the existence, names, powers, functions, or methods of the "Mahâtmas or Masters". I shall do this for the protection of the Theosophical Society now and hereafter, regardless of the result to myself. The Society has no dogma as to the existence of such Masters ; but the deliberations of an official committee of the Society on such a question, and that is the first inquiry and decision necessarily beginning such a deliberation, would mean that the Theosophical Society after over nineteen years of unsectarian work is determined to settle this dogma and affix it to the Constitution of the Society. To this I will never consent, but shall object, and shall charge the Committee itself with a violation of the Constitution if it decides the question of the existence of "Masters" or Mahâtmas ; if it should affirm the "Masters'" existence it will violate the law ; if it should deny their existence a like violation will result ; both decisions would affirm a dogma, and the negative decision would in addition violate that provision of our law, in Art. XIII, Revised Rules, which makes it an offence to "willfully offend the religious feelings of any Fellow" of the Society, inasmuch as the belief so negatived is religiously held by many hundreds of the Fellows of the Society. I intend to try once for all to definitely have settled this important question, and to procure an official decision affirming now and forever the freedom of our Society.

Hence the President's alternatives, offered as above, are mistakes, and are the initial steps to the promulgation of the dogma of belief in the "Masters". The first alternative is furthermore a judgment in advance, ridiculous in itself yet serious as emanating from our highest official. It precludes him from sitting on the Committee, and that point also I shall raise before the Committee. The whole proposal he makes brings up serious and complicated questions of occultism touching upon the matter of the existence, powers, functions, and methods of those "Masters" in whom many Theosophists believe but as to whom the Theosophical Society is perfectly agnostic and neutral as an organized body. For that reason no one in official position ever

thought of making a public matter of the many assertions made here and there by members of the Society, that they individually communicated with beings whom they called "Masters, Mahâtmas", nor of the assertions publicly made by prominent members that certain philosophical statements recently published in our literature were directly from the very "Masters" referred to by Col. Olcott, although those statements contradicted others made by H. P. Blavatsky on the declared authority of the same "Masters".

On all these grounds, then, I shall object to a Theosophical Society Committee, while of course there will never be any objection from me to a proper investigation by a body of persons who know enough of Occultism as well as of Theosophy to understandingly inquire into these matters.

But some of you may wonder if all this leaves in doubt the question whether I believe in the "Masters". I believe the Masters exist, that They actually help the T.S. Cause, that They energise and make fruitful the work of all sincere members; all this I can say to myself I know, but to prove objectively to another that such beings exist is impossible now so far as my intelligence can perceive. "Letters from Mahâtmas" prove nothing at all except to the recipient, and then only when in his inner nature is the standard of proof and the power of judgment. Precipitation does not prove Mahâtmas, for the reason that mere mediums and non-mahâtmas can make precipitations. This I have always asserted. By one's soul alone can this matter be judged, and only by his work and acts can one judge at first as to whether any other person is an agent of the Masters; by following the course prescribed in all ages the inner faculties may be awakened so as to furnish the true confirmatory evidence. I have not lost any of my belief in these beings, but more than ever believe in Their existence and in Their help and care to and over our Society's work.

Finally I may say that my personal belief in Mahâtmas is based on even stronger evidence than Theosophical arguments or the experience of others. As is known to some Theosophists, I have not been entirely without guidance and help from these exalted friends of the T.S. The form which the whole matter has taken now compels me to say what I have never before said publicly, namely, that not only have I received direct communications from Masters during and since the life of H. P. Blavatsky, but that I have on certain occasions repeated such to certain persons for their own guidance, and also that I have guided some of my own work under suggestions from the same sources, though without mentioning the fact.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

TO STUDENTS OF OCCULTISM.

OCCULTISM AND TRUTH.

—
" *There is no Religion higher than Truth.*"

(MOTTO OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.)
—

THE inevitable mystery which surrounds Occultism and the Occultist has given rise in the minds of many to a strange confusion between the duty of silence and the error of untruthfulness. There are many things that the Occultist may not divulge ; but equally binding is the law that he may never speak untruth. And this obligation to Truth is not confined to speech ; he may never think untruth, nor act untruth. A spurious Occultism dallies with truth and falsehood, and argues that deception on the illusory physical plane is consistent with purity on the loftier planes on which the Occultist has his true life ; it speaks contemptuously of "mere worldly morality"—a contempt that might be justified if it raised a higher standard, but which is out of place when the phrase is used to condone acts which the "mere worldly morality" would disdain to practise. The doctrine that the end justifies the means has proved in the past fruitful of all evil ; no means that are impure can bring about an end that is good, else were the Good Law a dream and Karma a mere delusion. From these errors flows an influence mischievous to the whole Theosophical Society, undermining the stern and rigid morality necessary as a foundation for Occultism of the Right Hand Path.

Finding that this false view of Occultism is spreading in the Theosophical Society, we desire to place on record our profound aversion to it, and our conviction that morality of the loftiest type must be striven after by every one who would tread in safety the difficult ways of the Occult World. Only by rigid truthfulness in thought, speech and act on the planes on which works our waking consciousness, can the student hope to evolve the intuition which unerringly discerns between the true and the false in the super-sensuous worlds, which recognizes truth at sight and so preserves

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him from fatal risks in those at first confusing regions. To cloud the delicate sense of truth here, is to keep it blind there ; hence every Teacher of Occultism has laid stress on truthfulness as the most necessary equipment of the would-be Disciple. To quote a weighty utterance of a wise Indian Disciple :—

“ Next in importance, or perhaps equal in value, to Devotion is TRUTH. It is simply impossible to over-estimate the efficacy of Truth in all its phases and bearings in helping the onward evolution of the human Soul. We must love truth, seek truth, and live truth ; and thus alone can the Divine Light which is Truth Sublime be seen by the student of Occultism. When there is the slightest leaning towards falsehood in any shape, there is shadow and ignorance and their child, pain. This leaning towards falsehood belongs to the lower personality without doubt. It is here that our interests clash, it is here the struggle for existence is in full swing, and it is therefore here that cowardice and dishonesty and fraud find any scope. The ‘signs and symptoms’ of the operations of this lower self can never remain concealed from one who sincerely loves truth and seeks truth.”

To understand oneself, and so escape self-deception, Truth must be practised ; thus only can be avoided the dangers of the “conscious and unconscious deception” against which a MASTER warned His pupils in 1885.

Virtue is the foundation of White Occultism ; the Parâmitas, six and ten, the transcendental virtues, must be mastered, and each of the Seven Portals on the Path is a virtue, which the Disciple must make his own. Out of the soil of pure morality alone can grow the sacred flower which blossoms at length into Arhatship, and those who aspire to the blooming of the flower must begin by preparing the soil.

H. S. OLCOTT,
A. P. SINNETT,
ANNIE BESANT,
BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY,
W. WYNN WESTCOTT,
E. T. STURDY,
C. W. LEADBEATER.

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May 10. 1895

[10.]

H.P.B. AND THE PRESENT CRISIS

IN THE

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Constance Wachtmeister

[PRIVATELY PRINTED]

H.P.B., AND THE PRESENT CRISIS IN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

HAVING with the deepest sorrow and regret read the unjustifiable attack made by W. Q. Judge on Annie Besant, I think it my duty as one of the oldest members of the T. S., and as one intimately acquainted with its leaders and inner history, to come forward and place before its members a few facts known to me which I have hitherto kept to myself.

The six years spent with Madame Blavatsky, during which I lived with her in the closest intimacy, have enabled me to be cognisant of much that is unknown to others. I deeply feel the necessity of giving to the members of the Society some of H. P. B.'s own words to me, which may elucidate a few of the perplexities caused by recent events.

During H. P. B.'s residence in Würzburg and Ostend she was in continual correspondence with several Europeans and Americans, who were under her tuition at that time. I knew that Mr. Judge was one of her pupils. I had met him for the first time at Enghien, as mentioned in my "Reminiscences of H. P. B.," and feeling a personal friendship for him, I asked H. P. B. whether he would be the one to replace her when she left us—her reply was *no*, he would never be her successor; she had a high opinion of his knowledge as a lawyer, also of his remarkable executive faculties and his power of organisation (all of which she sensed beforehand, because they had not yet come into play), yet, from an occult point of view he would never progress much in this life, having failed in one of the trials placed in his path on the occult road. Then she added: "Poor Judge, he is his own worst enemy," Another day she called me into her room and showed me a letter, written by W. Q. Judge to her. It began with his own handwriting, which suddenly changed into the handwriting of H. P. B., and so perfect was the imitation, that I could not detect a single flaw; then he went on with his own handwriting again to the end of

the letter. I looked at H. P. B. aghast and said, "But surely this is a very dangerous power to possess," to which she replied, "Yes, but I do not believe Judge would use it for wrong or evil purposes." This I have repeated to W. Q. Judge, and he has denied it. Colonel H. S. Olcott has said to me that he possesses a letter written by W. Q. Judge, containing imitations of several signatures.

H. P. B. always told me that her successor would be a woman, long before Annie Besant had become a member of the T. S. She made various attempts with different people, hoping to find one, but was quite unsuccessful, so that she became terribly depressed and downhearted, saying, "There is nobody left to take my place when I am gone." It was only when Annie Besant joined the movement that her hopes revived, for she seemed to feel that in her she would find a successor. H. P. B. told me this, but I had been so discouraged by the previous failures, that I was determined to be on my guard and not accept Annie Besant unless entirely convinced of her disinterestedness of purpose and of her integrity. I thought it just possible that she might be an ambitious woman entering the Theosophical Society with the thought of governing and getting all into her own hands, so I watched her narrowly, criticising her every action from that point of view. But as I noticed her life of daily self-sacrifice and continued endeavour to overcome her failings and shortcomings, how she took herself with an iron hand to task, and how with indomitable will-power she overcame one obstacle after another, I was obliged to confess to myself that my surmises had been both unjust and wrong.

One day I saw Annie Besant enveloped in a cloud of light—Master's colour. He was standing by her side with his hand over her head. I left the room, went quickly to H. P. B., and finding her alone, told her what I had witnessed, and asked her if that was a sign that Master had chosen Annie Besant as her successor. H. P. B. replied, "Yes," and that she was glad I had seen it.

Again, one evening I accompanied Annie Besant to a small hall in London, where she lectured to workmen, when suddenly the Master was by her side, and she spoke with an eloquence which I had never heard from her lips before; it came flowing from her like a torrent of spiritual force. I may add that I have since then here in India had repeated proof of her being in direct communication with Master,

During the last year of H. P. B.'s life, when living in Avenue Road, Annie Besant used to spend some time every evening with H. P. B. to receive occult teachings. One day she was told by H. P. B. to go to America, and on the evening of her departure H. P. B. called me to her room. After a few words of salutary advice to myself, she informed me that Annie Besant had gone to America, to bear a message from H. P. B. to the American Section, and also to become better acquainted with W. Q. Judge, as on account of his power of organisation, he would be most useful in the exoteric work of the Society, and therefore it would be well for them to work together. H. P. B. then, turning to me, said: "Master really communicates directly with Annie Besant, her development in this life is a very rapid one, it is the sudden bursting through the shell of all the development and knowledge gained in her previous lives of occultism." H. P. B. continued: "Annie is soon coming very near to Master, and you may rely on her." H. P. B. then went on to speak of her other pupils, but there my lips are sealed.

In confirmation of what I have here stated, I will quote from a letter, written by H. P. B. to W. Q. Judge, dated March 27th, 1891, of which I have a copy in my own possession. In this letter H. P. B. speaks of Annie Besant as "*the soul of honour and uncompromisingly truthful,*" and describes her heart as "one single unbroken diamond, . . . transparent so that anyone can see how filled to the brim it is *with pure, unadulterated theosophy and enthusiasm.*" "UNSELFISHNESS AND ALTRUISM," continues H. P. B., "is Annie Besant's name, but with me and for me she is Heliodore, a name given to her by a Master, and that I use with her, it has a *deep meaning.* It is only a few months she studies occultism with me in the *innermost* group of the E. S., and yet she has passed far beyond all others. She is not psychic nor spiritual in the least—all intellect,* and yet she hears Master's voice when alone, sees His Light, and recognises his voice from that of *D*——. Judge, *she is a most wonderful woman,* my right hand, my successor, when I will be forced to leave you, my sole hope in England, as you are my sole hope in America." The italics in the above quotation are all H. P. B.'s own and not mine. In this letter H. P. B. also thought it necessary to warn Mr. Judge when in Annie Besant's presence against light and irreverent talk about occultism and the

*H. P. B. told me that it was through the intellectual plane that Annie Besant would pass on to the spiritual plane.

Masters, and generally against "the slightest exaggeration or deviation from fact," to quote her own words.

It is strange that W. Q. Judge, having this letter in his possession, should attempt in his pamphlet to belittle the merits of Annie Besant, by hinting that she has had but five years of training, when H. P. B. distinctly tells him how rapidly she has progressed, also that he lays such great stress upon her not being a teacher, whereas H. P. B. calls her her successor.

Mr. Judge at one time acknowledged this letter, having read out a portion of it to a small gathering of our members in Avenue Road, shortly after H. P. B.'s decease. I also know that some of the American members of the Theosophical Society are aware of the existence of this letter.

W. Q. Judge in his pamphlet refers to the very important part he has played in America in connection with the Theosophical movement, especially in the formation of the Esoteric Section, or, as it has later been called, the Eastern School of Theosophy. I have in my possession the copy of a letter from H. P. B. to an American lady, asking her if she would take the Headship of the Theosophical movement in America, because H. P. B. then feared the Society would collapse in America, as there was *nobody to work for it*. The lady refused the offer made to her.

I mention in my "Reminiscences" that H. P. B. had already spoken to me about the Esoteric Section when I was with her in Ostend; subsequently in England she asked me to draw out some rules, but finding the task a very difficult one, I advised her to apply to W. Q. Judge, as he in his capacity of lawyer would have a wide experience to help him. She did so, and after having received the draft of the proposed rules from W. Q. Judge, H. P. B. discussed them freely with almost everybody who came to visit her; even a young member, who had just joined the Society, was asked to read them over carefully and give his opinion concerning them. He complied with her wish and made a suggestion as to the alteration of one of the rules, which H. P. B. acted on. Then as regards W. Q. Judge's statement of having been a member of the Inner Group of the E. S. since 1891, it may be of interest to the members of the Theosophical Society to learn the circumstances under which he forced his way into that group, namely by producing one of those messages which Annie Besant has since repudiated as not being genuine, and it was on the authority of the same message, that we members of the Inner Group permitted him

to enter without taking the usual Pledge. As far as I am personally concerned, this message has always puzzled me, having been told by H. P. B. of W. Q. Judge's previous failure in occultism; and with regard to W. Q. Judge as a teacher, I cannot help saying that ever since I have known him I have not received any teachings from him which I had not previously learnt from H. P. B., whereas through Annie Besant I have learnt much that was unknown to me before.

I have always with pleasure listened to W. Q. Judge's lectures, for he has a great faculty of presenting abstruse truths in a clear language, and H. P. B. had a high appreciation of his ability, as many of her letters to him bear witness, but this does not alter the facts previously mentioned.

H. P. B. had undoubtedly a sincere affection for W. Q. Judge, though he did not always prove himself worthy of it. I know how bitterly she felt in Würzburg that he did not take up her defence against the attacks of the *Psychical Research Society*. When he read that book in which she was so cruelly accused and trampled upon, surely, had he possessed the devotion for her which he now blazons forth before the world, he would have flown to her side, and tried through his great ability, his devotion, and his presence, to heal some of the wounds of that bleeding heart. I can never forget those days of agony for H. P. B., and how she felt herself deserted by all those who had professed such devotion to her. As she pathetically said one day: "If there was only one man, who had the courage to come forward and defend me as he would defend his own mother, if thus scurrilously attacked, the whole current of the *Theosophical Society* would be changed." It was a critical moment for the Society, and H. P. B. was left alone in her agony and despair. True I was with her and did the little I could for her, and H. P. B. never forgot it. I shall always remember with gratitude the trust and confidence shown to me in so many ways, and I will be witness to her words and wishes as long as life is in me.

H. P. B. used to wear a signet-ring, to which she attached great importance. She had often said to me that this ring was to be handed over to her successor, and that the properties attached to it were very magnetic. When after H. P. B.'s decease in London, I was informed that the ring had been given to Annie Besant by her express directions, I knew that Annie Besant was her successor.

Soon after the cremation of H. P. B.'s body I was astounded

to hear that phenomena were being produced by W. Q. Judge. H. P. B. had distinctly told me that the day for phenomena was past. I shall never forget the bright, happy expression of her face, and how glad she was to be relieved from producing phenomena; she said it was like an intolerable weight lifted from off her shoulders. She then proceeded to say that Master had explained to her that the Theosophical Society had passed through the physical phase—that of its formation; and through the psychical phase—that of occult phenomena; and was now entering into the intellectual phase, before reaching the spiritual. I asked her: “But will the Masters, then, never communicate to persons through precipitated writing?” And she replied, “In some very rare cases, yes; when an order has to be given and the person is so dense that no other means of communication can be used.” Thus imagine my utter astonishment when I heard of letters being freely received, coming like a kind of avalanche through W. Q. Judge. It seemed to me as if a psychic whirlwind was passing through the Society, and I was powerless to do anything, and could only wait patiently and note every event as it happened, knowing that as in the past it would be in the future—that nothing wrong can ever occur in the Theosophical Society without its being brought to light; every bud must blossom out either for good or evil. H. P. B. also seemed to have a presentiment that a crisis was coming upon the Society: she often told me that troublesome times were in store for us, and that there would probably be a general upheaval of the whole Theosophical Society not long after her death—and her prediction has now unfortunately come true.

On my way to India in October, 1893, Annie Besant informed me on the steamer that a terrible trial was awaiting her, that Master had told her directly that the communications received by her from W. Q. Judge and purporting to come direct from the Master were not genuine, and that she was further told that the Theosophical Society had to be cleared of this deceit, and that she would probably have to take action in the matter. Annie Besant felt the agony of this very much, and her whole heart went out in pity to W. Q. Judge, never upbraiding him for the deceit practised on herself, although she keenly realised the ignoble part she had been made to play, having been the channel through which others had been deluded. I asked her whether she would act at once: her reply was that her orders were to wait till she saw the evidence. We then arrived at Adyar for the Convention, and there found a few of the

members in a great state of commotion. The charges were being discussed among them, and there was a general wish to make them public at once. A committee was formed, at which I was present, and after some discussion Annie Besant said that she considered that it would not be fair to bring forward these accusations publicly against W. Q. Judge when he was not there to defend himself. She then offered to take the matter into her own hands, Colonel Olcott urging her to do so, saying that as such serious charges were brought against the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, it was absolutely necessary for the good repute of the Society that he should clear himself entirely of these charges.

All the members of the Theosophical Society know the result; how W. Q. Judge persuaded the Committee to dismiss the case without going into the evidence, and thus got out of the dilemma in which he had been placed, without ever clearing himself, for these charges still remain unanswered, casting a slur on the Theosophical Society, because the evasive replies he has sent to *The Westminster Gazette* and *New York Sun* can in no sense be called satisfactory.

I met W. Q. Judge in New York on his return to America from the European Convention, and was shocked to see the change in his personal appearance; insomnia and suffering had left their mark on him, and he looked terribly dejected. It seemed to me that the lesson had been such a severe one to him that spurious messages would be a thing of the past. I told him that under these conditions I would willingly work with him in the future, and later on, when *The Westminster Gazette* articles first came out, I also wrote to him in this sense. I was under the impression that his object in preventing the charges being made public, was that he thought that it would bring about a collapse of the whole Theosophical Society. I may probably be severely blamed for my attitude in thus submitting without protest to the hushing up of the affair, but I really believed in the sincerity of W. Q. Judge's repentance, and, remembering all his past work and devotion to the cause, I was not going to turn my back on a brother. Besides, I thought that the work of the Society could not be seriously affected by the failings of an individual member, and I hoped that the past experience would prove to members that without truth and honesty there is no chance of the Theosophical Society making its way in the world.

My hopes were rudely dispelled when W. Q. Judge issued

his circular, accusing Annie Besant and Professor Chakravarti of the practice of black magic, and in consequence deposing the former from the headship of the Esoteric School of Theosophy. This circular was issued to the members of the Esoteric School of Theosophy only, marked "strictly private," and this was to my mind a not very honourable course of action, because had W. Q. Judge really believed Annie Besant guilty of such evil practices, it would have been his imperative duty as Vice-President of the Theosophical Society to warn the whole Theosophical Society and not only the members of the Esoteric School of Theosophy, and place them on their guard against two such dangerous members. W. Q. Judge had absolutely no right in deposing Annie Besant from the headship of the Esoteric School of Theosophy, because at the Convention in London, July, 1894, Annie Besant having felt that she could no longer work conscientiously with W. Q. Judge, the Esoteric School had been divided into two sections, W. Q. Judge remaining at the head of the American and Annie Besant at the head of the European and Indian Sections, with entire separation, no member being permitted to join the section outside his own country. This was a very arbitrary arrangement, and many members expressed their dissatisfaction, some in America saying that they were no better than bales of goods to be cast whither the heads pleased to throw them. Having once made this compact, both Annie Besant and W. Q. Judge were bound to keep it, unless through the agreement of both parties it was altered, and therefore it was distinctly a breach of faith for W. Q. Judge to send the above-mentioned circular to the members of Annie Besant's school without her knowledge and consent, especially when she was thousands of miles away, and those members of her school who unhesitatingly accepted W. Q. Judge's circular were not only endorsing his accusation against Annie Besant without waiting to hear what she had to say in her defence, but also acted dishonestly towards their own leader in obeying an order given by the head of another section, to which they did not belong.

I indignantly repudiated W. Q. Judge's order as coming from H. P. B.'s Master. The shocking charges against Annie Besant and Professor Chakravarti, for which there is not the least shade of evidence, were very revolting to my mind, and I could hardly believe it possible that W. Q. Judge could use such an ignoble method of trying to extricate himself from his

own painful position by attributing such crimes to others. The honourable character of Professor Chakravarti is well known here in India, and defence of him is entirely superfluous. At the Indian Convention in December, 1894, a universal vote of confidence was given to him by unanimously electing him on the Council and Executive Committee of the Indian Section. W. Q. Judge's ridiculous charges were treated with well-deserved contempt.

Still more surprising does W. Q. Judge's reference to Mr. Chakravarti become to me when I remember that in February, 1894, at Allahabad, Annie Besant and I both received letters from Mr. Judge advocating the nomination of Mr. Chakravarti as President of the Theosophical Society. Mr. Chakravarti himself had also received a letter from W. Q. Judge urging him to accept this important position, an offer which he immediately and entirely refused. Thus W. Q. Judge offered the Presidency of the Theosophical Society to a man whom he alleges to be an agent of black magicians; as in his pamphlet, page 6, he asserts that "Master's Agents" were secretly watching Mr. Chakravarti in America in the autumn of 1893, believing him to be under evil influences.

Any sensible person reading W. Q. Judge's circular must be struck by some startling assertions. I have just mentioned the agents which the Master, according to W. Q. Judge, is in the habit of using to watch suspected individuals, and then repeating to W. Q. Judge the information thus dishonourably *acquired*. I consider it sacrilege to suppose that *H.P.B.'s Master* can make use of *spies*.

On page 8, W. Q. Judge states that the plan of the Black Magicians was "to have Colonel Olcott resign when he (Judge) had been cut off, the Presidency then to be offered to her" (Annie Besant), and that "she was made to believe that it was the Master's wish for her not to oppose." As a matter of fact, during last winter I heard Colonel Olcott offer to resign the Presidentship in favour of Annie Besant, but she positively refused to accept it.

On page 11 is the following assertion: "I also state on the same authority that H. P. B. has not reincarnated." During the summer of 1893 W. Q. Judge informed me that he had been told by Master that H. P. B. had been reincarnated. Mrs. Archibald Keightley also confirmed this statement, telling me that she had seen and conversed with H. P. B. in her new body. This autumn Mrs. Keightley said to me that she had

been mistaken in her vision. It is curious, however, that W. Q. Judge, the great occultist he pretends to be, can have been mistaken on so important a point.

On page 7 of his pamphlet Mr. Judge further asserts: "Now, then, either I am bringing you a true message or the whole Theosophical Society and E. S. T. is a lie." How is it possible to believe this in face of the above contradictions?

I need not enter into further discrepancies; the whole pamphlet goes to prove that W. Q. Judge has been mainly prompted by personal ambition and desire to get the whole of the Theosophical Society into his own hands; and in order to do this he must get rid of Annie Besant; and so in his pamphlet he not only makes her out to be an irresponsible being, a victim of "Black Magicians," but also accuses her of actually practising the black art on himself and two other persons, one of whom suffered in health thereby. Thus he tries to incapacitate her for any further work in the Society, for what honest man or woman would consent to associate or work together with one whom they believed could be capable of such iniquity. One has only to trace out the events in the life of Annie Besant to see that she has none of the vices or failings which might attract evil forces to her, so as to influence her to practise the black arts. Further, nobody who reads Annie Besant's reply to these charges, and contrasts her calm and dignified behaviour with W. Q. Judge's desperate attempts at self-enthronement, can be left in doubt which of the two has kept true to the cause to which they both have pledged themselves.

If we are blindly to accept W. Q. Judge's circular, what would be the result? That we should be expected to obey any message given to us by the Head of the E. S. T., as W. Q. Judge claims to be, without using our moral judgment as to whether it is a true message or a false one. It must never be forgotten that in all progress in the spiritual life the faculty of discrimination is of the most vital importance, and if this be atrophied by the habit of blind obedience the aspirant will soon find himself at the mercy of varied and opposing forces, between which he will be unable to distinguish. Therefore, our common sense must never be left out in the cold, because then the door is open to all kinds of slanders, and any member may follow W. Q. Judge's example and accuse his neighbour of black magic. This severs the tie of brotherhood completely, for in the heart of each will lurk the thought that his fellow-

member may at any moment bring up such an accusation against him. Nor can we leave the interests of the members of the Theosophical Society who are not Esotericists, and the general public out of regard, nor forget the dangers which must accrue if, under a pledge of secrecy, slanders are to be circulated against individuals, of which the people concerned may perhaps never become aware.

Another result of the policy of implicit obedience to, and blindly following, a leader is that the Theosophical Society, of which the E. S. T. is the palpitating heart, would no longer be a free Society, it would become a church, with its dogmas, articles of faith and its pope, all liberty of action would by degrees be quelled, we should have missed our vocation, and there would only be one sect more added to the numerous sects already in existence. It would be in direct opposition to H. P. B.'s teachings, and I therefore emphatically refuse to believe that H. P. B.'s Master has issued such an order as W. Q. Judge's circular, or worse still, that he, like a detective, uses agents to spy upon the movements of others.

It has been a most painful task to write these pages, and if W. Q. Judge had been merely a private member of the Theosophical Society I should never have issued it, because in a Brotherhood like the Theosophical Society we have no right to bring the failings of a private member before the world, but W. Q. Judge holds a high official position, namely, that of Vice-President, with the possibility of being elected some day President of the whole Society. It was therefore plainly my duty to place before the public these facts, for the acts of a high official affect the whole Society, and the slightest suspicion of fraud or unfair dealing has to be cleared up or else the Society suffers.

CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER.

Women's Printing Society, 66, Whitcomb Street, Limited, London. W.C.

G. D.
Jan. 21. 11.

PSALM CL.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary : praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts : praise him according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet : praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance : praise him with stringed instruments and flutes. Praise him upon the loud cymbals : praise him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

מוזמור ק"נ

הַלְלוּ יְהוָה | הַלְלוּ אֵל בְּקוֹדְשׁוֹ • הַלְלוּהוּ בְּרִקְיעַ עֲזוֹ :
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּגִבּוֹרֹתָיו • הַלְלוּהוּ כְּרֹב גְּדָלוֹ : הַלְלוּהוּ בְּתַקְעַ
שׁוֹפָר • הַלְלוּהוּ בְּנִבְלָה וְכִנּוֹר : הַלְלוּהוּ בְּתוֹף וּמְחוֹל •
הַלְלוּהוּ בְּמִנִּים וְעִנָּב : הַלְלוּהוּ בְּצִלְצְלֵי שִׁמְעַ • הַלְלוּהוּ
בְּצִלְצְלֵי תְרוּעָה : כֹּל הַנְּשָׂמָה תְהַלֵּל יְהוָה הַלְלוּ יְהוָה :

Father of Mercies ! Fill our hearts with the steadfast desire to tread in the footsteps of those that were chosen of Thee, that we may labour in Thy cause, quickened by the love of Thee and the love of our fellow-men, and assured, that they who turn many to righteousness will shine as the stars for ever.

Bestower of all good ! Vouchsafe Thy blessing unto our country, beneath the shadow of which we dwell in happiness. May there be peace within her boundaries, and may her prosperity wax exceeding great. Cause Thy face to shine upon the mother of our land, our Sovereign lady the Queen. Make her glad, we beseech Thee, according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted her. Protect her son, the Heir-apparent, and may her offspring, even children to the third and fourth generation, be blessed of Thee. Vouchsafe wisdom and understanding unto her ministers and counsellors. Pour out Thy spirit upon all the indwellers of the earth. Cause envy and hatred to perish, so that all may delight in the abundance of peace and good will.

Be gracious unto us, O Lord, make Thy face to shine upon us, and render us worthy of Thy salvation. Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion ; build Thou the walls of Jerusalem. Amen.

EVENING SERVICE.

אל הטוב! תן בלבנו רוח נדיקה ללקת בעקבות
 השרירים האלה • עורר בקרבנו רגשת יראתך ואהבת
 אדם תמיד תוקד בלבנו ולא תכבה • ונדע כי מצדיקי
 הרבים בפוכבים יזירו :

מקור כל הברכות! הרק ברכותיך על ארצנו אשר
 בצלה נחיה • תפרח פחבצלת וקבורה יגדל הולך וגדל:
 האר פניך אל אם הארץ גברתנו המלכה • פירות
 עניתה בן תשמחה • הגן בעדה ובעד בנה יורש עזר •
 בארו בלבנון ישנה צאצאיה בני שלשים ובני רבעים
 רשנים ורעננים יהיו : האצל רוח חכמה ובינה על
 שריה ויועציה : שפוך רוחך על כל בני תבל • שנאתם
 וקנאתם תאבד לנצח • ויתענגו על רב שלום :

חננו יי חננו • האר פניך אלינו ונאשע תשיעת
 עולמים : הטיבה ברחמך את ציון ותבנה ותכוון
 ירושלם אמן :

ע ר ב י ת :

found, we have seen it. This day one hundred years are fulfilled of the life of Moses, the son of JOSEPH ELIAS MONTEFIORE, and his eye has not been dimmed.

When we remember the righteous deeds he has wrought for Israel, we acknowledge with humility, that all things come of Thee, that Thou didst inspire every good resolve. Thou didst enkindle in his heart the love of his people—a most vehement flame, and he went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens. When he journeyed to the Holy Land, to succour the distressed indwellers thereof, Thou wast at his right hand. Thou wast with his mouth when he appeared before the sovereigns of the East and the West, to stand in the breach, and to turn aside the wrath of the oppressors from the oppressed. Thou didst prosper his desire to magnify Thy law and make it honourable. To old age and even to hoar hairs didst Thou bear and deliver him. Thou didst assure unto him a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters.

Lord of Recompense! Even as Thou hast been with Thy servant, so be with him still. Keep him as the apple of the eye. From lingering illness defend him. May his eyes see that the righteousness he has sown has blossomed and borne fruit. Sustain him with the blissful hope that in the way of virtue is life, and immortality in the pathway thereof.

God of the spirits of all flesh! In Thy hand is the pure soul of Judith, the faithful helpmate of her husband, who strengthened his arms to seek healing for those that were bowed in spirit, and to revive the hearts of those that were bruised. Show her the path of life, fulness of joy in Thy presence.

מִצָּאנוּ • בּוֹ מְלֵאוֹ מֵאֵה שָׁנָה לְחַיֵּי עֲבָדְךָ מִשָּׁה
 דִּי יוֹסֵף אֱלֵיהוֹ מִזְנֻטֵיפִיזוֹרֵי • וְעֵינֵינוּ לֹא כָהֵתָה :
 בְּזִכְרֵנוּ הַיּוֹם צְדָקָתוֹ אֲשֶׁר עָשָׂה עִם יִשְׂרָאֵל
 נִקְדָּמָה פְּנִיךָ בְּתוֹדָה כִּי מִמָּךְ הִכָּל וּמִיָּדְךָ נִתְּנוּ
 לָךְ : אֶתְּךָ נָתַתְּ בְּלִבְבוֹ אֶהְבֵּת עִמּוֹ שְׁלֵהֲבֵת יְהִי
 לְצֵאת אֶל אָחִיו לְרֵאוֹת בְּסִבְלוֹתָם : בְּנִסְעוֹ לְאֶרֶץ
 הַקְּדוּשָׁה לְבֹא לְעֹזֶרֶת הַנְּדָחִים אֶתְּךָ הִלְכָתָ לִימִין מִשָּׁה :
 בְּהִתְיַצְבוּ לִפְנֵי מַלְכֵי מִזְרַח וּמַעֲרֵב לְעִמּוֹד בְּפָרֶץ וּלְהִשָּׁיב
 חֶמְתָּ הַעֹשִׂשְׁקִים מִן הָעֹשִׂשְׁקִים אֶתְּךָ הָיִיתָ עִם פְּהֵי :
 חֲפָצוֹ לְהָרִים קָרְן הַתּוֹרָה וְהִרְאָה הַצְּלָחָתָ • עַד זִקְנָה
 וְעַד שִׁיבָה סְבִלָתָ וּמְלֻטָתָ אוֹתוֹ וְנָתַתָּ לוֹ יָד וְשֵׁם טוֹב
 מִבְּנִים וּמִבְּנוֹת :

בַּעַל הַגְּמוּלוֹת ! בְּאֲשֶׁר הָיִיתָ עִם עֲבָדְךָ כִּן הָיִיתָ
 עִמּוֹ • כְּבָבֵת עֵין תִּנְצְרֵהוּ : הִסֵּר מִמֶּנּוּ כָּל מִדּוּנָה •
 עֵינָיו תִּחְזִיגָה כִּי זָרַע צְדָקוֹתָיו יִצִּיץ וַיִּפְרַח • תִּנְחַוּמֵיךָ
 יִשְׁעֵשְׁעוּ גַפְשׁוֹ שֶׁהוּא הוֹלֵךְ דְּרֹךְ נְתִיבָה אֶל־מֹת :

אֵל הַרוּחֹת לְכָל בְּשָׂר ! זְכֹר אֶת נְשִׁמַת יְהוּדֵית
 אִשְׁתְּ מִשָּׁה אֲשֶׁר אִמְצָה אֶת זְרַעוֹתָיו לְהַמְצִיא תְרוּפָה
 לְחֵלְוַי נַפְשׁ וּלְהַחְיֹת לֵב גְּדֻכָּאִים : אָנָּה הַסְתַּרְךָ בְּצֵל
 בְּנִפְיָךְ וּנְחַל עֲדֻנְיָךְ תִּשְׁקֶנָה :

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits : who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ; who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies ; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever. His glory is great in thy salvation : honour and dignity wilt thou lay upon him. For thou wilt make him most blessed for ever ; thou wilt make him exceeding glad with thy countenance.

I will go in the strength of the Lord God ; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only. O God, thou hast taught me from my youth ; and hitherto I have declared thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have showed thy strength to this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

S E R M O N.

P R A Y E R.

Almighty God ! We have entered into Thy gates with thanksgiving, and into Thy courts with praise, to give thanks unto Thee for Thy loving kindness and Thy truth.

Verily, Thou hast shown Thy wondrous goodness unto Thy pious servant. This is the day that we looked for, we have

בְּרַכֵּי נַפְשֵׁי אֶת יי וְאֵל תִּשְׁבְּחֵי כָּל גְּמוּלָיו : הַפְּלֵחַ
 לְכֹל עֲוֹנֵי הָרַפָּא לְכֹל תַּחֲלוּאֵיכִי : הַגּוֹאֵל מִשַּׁחַת חַיִּיכִי
 הַמַּעֲטִירֵי חֶסֶד וְרַחֲמִים : הַמְּשַׁבֵּיעַ בְּטוֹב עֲדִיךָ תַּתְּחַדֵּשׁ
 כַּנְּשָׂר נְעוּרֵיכִי :

חַיִּים שָׂאֵל מִמֶּךָ נְתַתָּה לּוֹ אֶרֶץ יָמִים עוֹלָם וְעַד :
 גְּדוֹל כְּבוֹדוֹ בִּישׁוּעָתְךָ הוֹד וְהַדָּד תִּשְׁאֶרָה עָלָיו : כִּי
 תִּשְׁתַּהוּ בְּרַכּוֹת לְעַד תַּחֲדַהוּ בְּשִׂמְחָה אֶת פְּנֵיךָ :

אָבוֹא בַּגְּבוּרֹת אֲדַנִּי אֱלֹהִים אֲזַכִּיר צְדָקָתְךָ לְבִדְךָ :
 אֱלֹהִים לַמִּדְתַּנִּי מִנְעוּרַי וְעַד הִנֵּה אֲגִיד נִפְלְאוֹתֶיךָ : וְגַם
 עַד זְקֵנָה וְשִׁיבָה אֱלֹהִים אֵל תַּעֲזֹבֵנִי עַד אֲגִיד זְרוּעֶיךָ
 לְדוֹר לְכֹל יְבוֹא גְבוּרָתְךָ :

ד ר ש ה :

ת פ ל ה :

אֲדוֹן הָעוֹלָמִים ! בָּאֲנִי שְׁעָרֶיךָ בְּתוֹרָה חֲצֵרֶיךָ
 בְּתַהֲלָה • לְהוֹדוֹת לְךָ עַל חֲסִדְךָ וְאַמְתָּךְ • כִּי הַפְּלֵאתָ
 דְרָכֵי טוֹבְךָ לְאִישׁ חֲסִדְךָ : זֶה הַיּוֹם שֶׁקִּוִּיגָהוּ רְאִינִי

AFTERNOON SERVICE.

PSALM C.

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and we are his; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

PSALM XV.

A PSALM OF DAVID.—Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

תפלת מנחה :

מזמור ק'

מְזֹמֵר לְתוֹדָה הִרְיֵעוּ לִי כָּל־הָאָרֶץ : עֲבְדוּ אֶת־יְיָ
בְּשִׂמְחָה בָּאוּ לְפָנָיו בְּרִנָּה : דַּעוּ כִּי יְיָ הוּא אֱלֹהִים
הוּא עָשָׂנוּ וְלוֹ אֲנַחְנוּ עִמּוֹ וְצִאן מִרְעִיתוֹ : בָּאוּ שְׁעָרָיו
בְּתוֹדָה חֲצֹרְתָיו בְּתִהְלָה הוֹדוּ לוֹ בְּרָכוּ שְׁמוֹ : כִּי־טוֹב
יְיָ לְעוֹלָם חַסְדּוֹ וְעַד־דָּר וְדָר אֲמוֹנָתוֹ :

מזמור ט"ז

מְזֹמֵר לְדָוִד יְיָ מִי־יִגֹּר בְּאַהֲלָךְ מִי־יִשְׁכַּן בְּהַר קִדְשֶׁךָ :
הוֹלֵךְ תָּמִים וּפְעֵל צֶדֶק וְדָבַר אֱמֶת בְּלִבּוֹ : לֹא־דָגַל
עַל־לִשְׁנוֹ לֹא־עָשָׂה לְרַעְהוּ רָעָה וְחִרְפָּה לֹא־נִשְׂאָה עַל־
קִרְבּוֹ : נִבְּזָה בְּעֵינָיו נִמְאָס וְאֶת־יְרֵאֵי יְיָ יִכְבֵּד נִשְׁבַּע
לְהִרְעוֹ וְלֹא יָמַר : בְּסִפּוֹ לֹא־נָתַן בְּנִשְׁךָ וְשִׁחַד עַל־נִקְי
לֹא לָקַח עִשָׂה־אֵלֶּה לֹא יִמוּט לְעוֹלָם :

Handwritten signature
211.

תפילה למשה

במלאת מאה שנה לחיי

השר משה מונטיפיורי יצ"ו

אור ליום ב' ח' מרחשון

שנת ברכות טוב לפק

SERVICE

OF

PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING

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In all the Synagogues of the British Empire,

ON THE OCCASION OF

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, BART.,

COMPLETING HIS HUNDREDTH YEAR.

SUNDAY, 28th OCTOBER, 5645—1884.

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G. D. E

215

THE
COMING STRUGGLE

[12]

AMONG

THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH:

OR,

THE POLITICAL EVENTS OF THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS

DESCRIBED IN ACCORDANCE WITH

PROPHECIES IN EZEKIEL, DANIEL,
AND THE APOCALYPSE.

SHOWING ALSO

THE IMPORTANT POSITION BRITAIN WILL OCCUPY DURING
AND AT THE END OF THE AWFUL CONFLICT.

J. R. Woodman

HUNDRED AND SEVENTH THOUSAND.

LONDON:

HOULSTON & STONEMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.
EDINBURGH: THOMAS GRANT. GLASGOW: W. B. M'PHUN.
DUBLIN: GEORGE HERBERT.
BELFAST: W. M'COMB.

MDCCCLIII.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

HARVARD

G. D. H. 1857.

THE
COMING STRUGGLE
AMONG
THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH:

OR,

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MDCCCLIII.

THE
COMING STRUGGLE
AMONG THE
NATIONS OF THE EARTH.

NEVER was there a time, in the past history of the world, when such a terrible and universal excitement prevailed regarding political affairs, as at this moment exists in the social mind. Wherever we turn, or into whatever society we enter, the same restless anxiety is apparent, the same question passes from circle to circle and from friend to friend, but no reply comes forth to cheer or satisfy the alarmed interrogators. "What is about to happen?" is murmured in all the assemblies of men; and whether the sound floats along the noble halls of the great, vibrates among the rafters of the straw-roofed cottage, or wanders through mazes of tobacco smoke in a village ale-house, echo only answers, What! Conjectures, indeed, are made and opinions delivered, but as these rest solely on the shifting sand of political appearances, and assume the various aspects with which faction and party-spirit invest them, they are uttered only to be rejected; the same question is again asked by the same individual on the morrow, and with like success.

That such an excitement should prevail at the present time is not at all wonderful. The position in which the

powers of Europe and Asia are placed, render it evident to every thinking mind—and in this age of boasted intelligence all should be thinkers—that we are on the very eve of a crisis, and a crisis unparalleled in the annals of the past. It is not at one part merely, or in one or two nations, that we discern the signs of an approaching storm; but from one end of Europe to the other, the ominous cloud has gathered, and when it bursts, as soon it must, the deluge will be not only overwhelming, but universal. Such a prospect as this is entirely new. The shadows which preceded the advent even of the most devastating hurricanes that swept over the world in the ages that are gone, were not so gloomy or portentous as those which now hover above our whole horizon; and as the image must resemble the reality, that reality must be awful indeed. We are in the midst of that oppressive calm which reigns when the elements are fully charged with all the ingredients of a storm, and, like the mariner, we long for its inevitable outbreak, in order that we may escape from our suspense and learn at once how we are likely to cope with it.

But while the painful anxiety every where visible is, in the circumstances, extremely natural, it is not at all necessary that the equally manifest uncertainty and ignorance regarding the extent and duration of the coming struggle should remain; and were the prophetic declarations of the Bible properly understood, the inhabitants of Britain would comprehend all that is about to take place. In that Book—a book which some despise, many neglect, and nearly all misunderstand—is to be found a series of visions and prophecies, under which is symbolised the political history of the world, from the Babylonian Empire down to the Millennium, that happy era to which the human family have long looked forward with delight. Unfortunately, however, as we have said, these prophecies have been, and are, sadly misunderstood. The authorised interpreters of God's revelations have hitherto failed in finding a key to unlock their mysteries; but of this we do not complain, as we are told that the vision was to be sealed until the time of the end. What we regret, however, is that in the face of this decla-

ration, our divines should have attempted an explanation of these mysteries, before God's time for their solution was come. They have done this, and the result is, that by their erroneous interpretations, a mass of obscurity, contradiction, absurdity, and error, has been heaped upon them, which serves completely to mystify both its authors and the world. Had Fleming and others contented themselves with tracing those parts of the prophecy which were fulfilled in their day, and left those sublime consummations mentioned in the Apocalypse to be disclosed at "the time of the end," the present generation would not now be under the necessity of throwing off a host of commentaries and opinions, which from early childhood they have considered unerring. This, however, must be done. The position of the world clearly intimates that the end has come, and events now furnish an explanation of the hitherto dark visions of Daniel and John, and by a careful examination of these and other prophets, the political history of the next fifteen years is spread out before us, nay, we are enabled to pass beyond that period, and trace almost accurately the regular course of events down to the beginning of the thousand years. Dr Thomas of America was the first to find the key, and they who have read his book will at once be able to understand the following description of the period mentioned. For the sake, however, of those who have not seen Dr Thomas's work—and we believe this applies to the majority of general readers—it will be necessary to give a rapid and connected sketch of the prophecy on which the whole hangs, and point out the errors into which former interpreters have fallen.

The first intimation we have of the prophecy is in the second chapter of Daniel, where we are told that one morning during the palmy days of the Babylonian empire, Nebuchadnezzar, its head, awoke from a troubled sleep, in which he had a strange and unaccountable dream. Being fully awake, he endeavoured to call to mind the particulars of the vision which had passed across his sleeping spirit, but the "thing had gone from him," and do what he could he was unable to recall it. Nevertheless his "spirit was troubled

to know the dream," and this he demanded of his magicians, who, being of course unable to comply, Daniel, a young Hebrew captive, volunteered to make it known and interpret it. Having "desired the mercies of the God of heaven concerning the secret," Daniel had it revealed to him in a vision, and with a joyful countenance went with it to the king. He informed the monarch that in his sleep he had seen a great image standing before him. The head was of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly and thighs of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet partly iron and partly clay. After the king had gazed on this giant of metal for some time, he beheld a stone poised in the air, unsupported by hands, slowly descending to the earth. Falling at length with a heavy crash upon the feet of the image, it "brake them to pieces," and the whole superstructure was hurled to the ground, where the wind carried it entirely away. The stone which smote it, however, grew into a great mountain, and filled the earth.

The interpretation given by Daniel to the king, was to the effect that the golden head, silver arms, brazen thighs, and iron legs, denoted a succession of four dynasties in the Babylonian Empire. The iron kingdom, which was the last, was at first to be divided into *two* parts, and latterly into *ten*, and these were finally to be destroyed by the establishment of a kingdom of God upon the earth, a kingdom which should never be destroyed. This was a dim, yet true outline of the future history of the great empire which was at that time aptly termed the whole earth; but it was only a rough sketch, and the purpose God had in view in disclosing it required that a more detailed representation should be given; accordingly, after the death of Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel was favoured with a more extended view. In this second vision, the four dynasties were symbolised by four beasts, and an outline of the history of *each* given. The fourth power, which in the first vision was described as iron, and divided into ten parts, is in the second shadowed forth by a beast with ten horns. The causes of the destruction of these ten powers by the God of heaven is in this vision also accounted for and the time of their duration

determined. They were to be destroyed on account of their civil and spiritual despotism,—crimes which can never in the moral government of Jehovah pass unpunished. After the ten horns had been for some time established, a little horn came up among them, in which were the “eyes of a man and a mouth speaking great things.” After making room for itself by plucking up three of the large horns, this little horn waxed insolent and domineering, and continued so “till the beast was slain, and his body given to the burning flame.” Daniel was extremely anxious to find out the meaning of this, and having asked “one of them that stood by,” he was informed that the ten horns were ten kings that should arise out of the fourth or last dynasty; that another should rise after them, diverse from all the others, that he would “subdue three of the first kings, speak great words against the Most High, wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change the times and laws;” but after continuing thus for “*a time and times, and the dividing of time,*” his dominion would be taken away, and he would be utterly destroyed.

In future visions a still more detailed representation of certain portions of this first vision was given to Daniel, and many of the prophecies of Ezekiel contain important developments of the same history; but God’s determined measure of revelation was not yet full. Indeed, the chief part remained behind, and consisted of an ample view of the operations of the fourth beast and his ten horns, especially of that little horn which subsequently sprung up and became so prominent. Many hundred years after Daniel’s time, when the gold, silver, and brass of Nebuchadnezzar’s image had given place to the iron power, there lived an aged man on one of the desert islands that dot the bosom of the Ægean Sea. To this place he had been banished for adhering to, and promulgating, the doctrines of a new religion that had sprung up in the land of Judea, now called *Christianity*. In this lonely spot, and to this persecuted follower of the despised Nazarene, God gave his concluding Revelation to man, and wound up the whole by shadowing forth the history of the beast, and the horn, under the emblems of seals, trumpets, and vials.

The iron power of Nebuchadnezzar, or fourth beast of Daniel, is here represented by a dragon with seven crowned heads and ten crownless horns; and the little horn is at first called a beast, with seven uncrowned heads and ten crowned horns—the one being thus exactly the reverse of the other—and afterwards a two-horned beast. The same distinguishing features are apparent here as in Daniel's vision. The horn, or the beast, waxes great; the dragon gives him his power, and his seat, and great authority; he changes times and laws, and makes war against the saints for a time, and times, and half a time, till the judgment sits and his dominion is taken away, and both himself and the dragon is cast into a pit of destruction.

Such, then, is a brief outline of this important prophecy—a prophecy which has occupied the attention, and engaged the interest of Bible readers, for many generations. The language in which it is couched has hitherto rendered it impossible for interpreters to agree concerning its fulfilment; and indeed, in past times, the occurrence of the events it foretells was the only guide to its course. Fleming was the only one who succeeded in describing any part that was as yet unfulfilled, and his mighty mind almost wrenched the secret from the grasp of the future, but it was only a partial idea he obtained of the truth; the elements that were to be engaged in the final conflict had not, at the time he wrote, assumed the position, by which the time of the end could be recognised, and this, together with his adherence to the stereotyped but false theories of commentators, led him far astray. All, however, are agreed as to the general meaning of the prophecy. The gold, silver, brass, and iron powers of the image, and the four beasts of the vision, are the Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman empires. The seven heads and ten horns are the various forms of government and kingdoms of this latter power. The first beast of John is Romanism, and the second, or two-horned beast, is the Austro-Papacy. Thus far the history of the past has enabled our divines to expound and agree; but with regard to the time of the end, and the nature of the events which must take place previous to it, there exists an almost endless diversity of opinion, the

greatest union lying in a universal misapprehension of both, particularly of the latter.

The great cause of misapprehension, besides that to which we formerly alluded,—viz., a premature interpretation,—is owing to the fondness of theologians for the allegorising method of Origen. Following this early father, they assert that the events to take place at the time of the end, are less physical than moral, and will consist of a series of spiritual changes which will usher in the universal triumph of the Church, and the regeneration of the world. They do not understand, or rather they refuse to believe, that the Jews will be restored to their own land, and that the kingdom of Israel will once more be established, though not after its ancient model or with its former splendour. With a very restricted partiality, they have construed all those glorious promises of a physical restoration, which have lighted up with hope the heart of the wandering Jew, into nothing more and nothing else than a spiritual conversion, and they claim for the Church all the glory of the latter-day. This, we apprehend, is a fatal mistake. The restoration of the Jews to Palestine forms the very keystone to the whole political structure of the world, and is the principal object to be accomplished by the awful events of the coming years. It is the grand consummation of which Hebrew prophets spake and Jewish bards sung; it is emphatically “the hope of Israel,” and the Word of Judah’s God is pledged to its accomplishment.

Having done away with a literal restoration, our interpreters have necessarily erred in deciding regarding the many minor parts of the prophecy. Hence the locality of the final conflict has been a matter of much dispute. The general notion is, that Italy will be the scene of the great battle of Armageddon, and one individual has actually measured a large valley in that country to see if it answer the inspired description. Another class, in the extremity of their fondness for spiritualism, say that at the moral destruction of Popery, wherever Protestantism encounters and overcomes Romanism there will Armageddon be. In the sequel of this pamphlet, we shall show how erroneous are both of these conjectures.

Another great error, and one which has led to a host of

misconceptions, is the belief that Britain is one of the ten horns, and that consequently she will be involved in the destruction that overtakes the toes of the great metallic image. This is a complete mistake. Though once a part of the Roman dominion, she is not within the boundary of the image territory, and none of the countries beyond that territory will be overthrown with Papacy, except those who have continued to worship the beast, such as Austria and others. And this is just an evidence of the evil effects of a premature interpretation of the prophecy. At the period when many of our commentators wrote, it was actually necessary to include Britain in the toe kingdoms, in order to make up the number required. Up to the year 1820, there were only eight independent powers within the Roman Empire, but in that year the Greeks rebelled against the Sultan, and after several years' war, succeeded in establishing a new kingdom, which became the ninth horn. Still another was wanted to complete the prophetic symbol, and it did not come up till 1830, when the revolution of Paris divided the kingdom of the Netherlands into two, and Belgium became a separate Power, to defeat the calculations of divines, and pluck Britain from the *anomalous* position in which they had placed her. We say anomalous, for how is it possible to reconcile the past history of Anglo-Saxon progression—of which she has been the mover and sustainer—with sudden and complete destruction? The very thought is a libel on the eternal law of development and the wisdom of the moral government; but it is false; and we will by-and-by show how different is the destiny of this country, and what a noble part has been assigned her in the last act of the mighty drama. The powers which really answer to the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image are Bavaria, Lombardy, Hungary, Greece, Sardinia, Naples, Portugal, Spain, France, and Belgium; and if we understand the prophecy aright, these kingdoms will be wholly destroyed, or at least completely shattered, within the next fifteen years.

The next great error of our interpreters, and the last to which we will particularly advert, is in regard to the "time, and times, and half a time," or the duration of the beast.

They clearly understand that it means a period of 1260 lunar years, but they have failed to find the true commencement of this epoch. The general theory dates it from the year 606, when Phocas proclaimed the universal supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. This fixes the termination of the 1260 years in 1866, from which eighteen years must be subtracted, being the difference between solar and lunar time, thus making the true ending in 1848. But the "time, and times, and half a time" began earlier than this. The year 606 is the period of the *ecclesiastical* constitution of the beast, or the time when the dragon gave him his authority. His civil constitution dates 75 years earlier, or from 531, when the Justinian code was published; and this was the real beginning of the 1260 years. The reign of the beast ought, then, to have terminated about the year 1791, or two years earlier or later,—*and so it did!* The resurrection of the *two witnesses* (or civil and religious democracy), which were slain by Louis the Fourteenth, took place in 1789, or at the period of the first French revolution, and this was the first time any successful opposition was made to the Papal power. Then the judgment began to sit, and the civil dominion of the Pope was taken away, to be "consumed and destroyed unto the end." And as 75 years elapsed between the establishment of the Imperial and Papal power of the beast, so 75 years must elapse between his civil and ecclesiastical destruction. This period is represented by the seven vials, the mission of which is to pour chastisement on the beast and his followers till at the end the whole will meet with sudden and signal destruction. It is a mistake to suppose that the 1260 years, limits the *existence* of the beast—it merely limits his power. The full term of his political and ecclesiastical existence is 1335 years, and this terminates in 1866, or about fifteen years from this period. But what a number of awful events must take place in that short time; what revolutions, and strife, and bloodshed must be witnessed on the Continent, and in many parts of Asia! No wonder that the political sky is black and lowering, charged as it is with the elements of a storm, which, for tremendous force and severity, has never been equalled. The people of the present

age have come to the very border of a thrilling epoch, and they know it not. The newspaper press laughs at the cry of war which has risen on every hand. It points to the progress of railways and electric telegraphs, and asks if these are signs of war. Railways and telegraphs, steam-engines and copper-wire, can *these* overturn the purpose of God or falsify His word? A few hours of strife will suffice to tear up every vestige of these so-called pledges of peace, and their component parts may yet form efficient instruments to carry on the conflict. In these days of scepticism and intellectual supremacy, it may be a hard matter to get such Bible truths borne home to the hearts of men; but in a very short time they will be compelled to acknowledge the reality and genuineness of that revelation they now despise or neglect. Amid the terror and confusion of the approaching hurricane, when men's hearts are failing them for fear, they will be glad to turn to its long-forsaken pages, to learn the nature and extent of the fearful calamity. If the people of Britain and America are wise, they will make themselves acquainted with this beforehand, and thus enjoy that tranquillity which the knowledge will impart. It is, even on other grounds than personal comfort and mental peace, extremely necessary that they should do so. Though for the present they will, by caution and prudence, keep free from the struggle, they have a high and holy mission to fulfil, and are as yet ignorant of it. To them has been committed the task of conducting the moral progression of the world, and preparing it for the coming millennium. While other nations are murdering and devouring each other, and gnawing their tongues and blaspheming under the iron rod of Jehovah, the Anglo-Saxon race will be opening up the pathway for the entrance into this sin-cursed and strife-torn world of the reign of peace and love. Blessed, indeed, are they that wait, and come to the thousand, three hundred and five and thirty days.

But it is now time that we enter on the principal part of our present work, to which the foregoing forms a necessary introduction. And before speaking of what is about to occur, let us see the exact portion of the prophecy that has been fulfilled. By going back along the history of the past,

we could clearly trace the course of the prophecy, from its first beginning to the present time, but this is unnecessary. It will suffice if we make the reader understand where we are at present. We are, then, under the sixth vial. The gold, silver, and brass of Nebuchadnezzar's image have passed away; three of Daniel's beasts have departed; and John's seals have been opened, his trumpets have been sounded, and five of his vials have been poured. By turning to the 12th verse of the 16th chapter of Revelation, the reader will find a description of the present, or sixth vial. It was to be poured out on the Euphrates—or the Turkish Empire,—and began in 1820, when the Greeks rebelled against the Sultan, and established a new kingdom. From that time Turkey has been subjected to incessant warfare with neighbouring powers, distraction and strife from civil rebellions, and ravaging pestilences from the hand of God. Six years after the successful revolt of the Greeks, the Janisaries attempted to follow their example, but their insurrection was repressed, and by the despot's command thousands of them were butchered. The next year she lost 110 ships in the battle of Navarino, and in the following season had to sustain a double conflict, in a Russian war and an Albanian insurrection. Then followed a ten years' war with France respecting Algeria, which resulted in the loss of that province, and its annexation to the latter kingdom. In 1839 Egypt and Syria were taken by Mehemet Ali, and this led to sanguinary and bloody strife in that direction. Besides these reverses at the hand of man, the country was scourged with cholera and plague for eleven years; and thus wasted and weakened, she is in daily fear of being totally overthrown by a foreign power. But why, it may be asked, is such a vial of wrath poured upon the Turkish Empire? Ah, God had a long and heavy account to settle with this nation! When under the title of the Eastern Roman Empire, what iniquity and injustice did it not perpetrate against the Jews, God's own peculiar people; and though permitted to succeed in its cruelty for the express purpose of punishing the Jewish nation for their transgressions against the Most High, yet such is God's jealousy with regard to this race which he has chosen,

that even the instruments with which he chastises them are made the objects of his fiercest vengeance. It was so with the Babylonian nation who carried them into captivity, and it is so with the Ottoman Empire, which has now the seat of the dragon, and in former days dispersed them among the Gentiles. For this and other crimes, enumerated in the 11th chapter of Daniel, the Lord had a bitter controversy with Turkey, which will never cease till it is destroyed unto the end.

The seventh vial began in 1830, when the whole political atmosphere, as if charged with democratic electricity, gave forth flashes, and appeared to be on the eve of an explosion. These two vials are therefore both going on at this time, and will end together, at the beginning of the thousand years. It is at this critical period that the vision is to be unsealed. In other words, the Roman powers are to be placed in a certain position, and to be actuated by a certain agency, which, we are told, is to indicate the time of the end, and warn the inhabitants of the earth to prepare for the coming of the kingdom. This important information is given in the following words:—"And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. They are spirits of devils working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." The powers that represent the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet, are the Sultan, the Emperor of Austria, and the Pope; and the frogs, or frog-power, is France—frogs being the original heraldic symbol of that nation. When, therefore, we perceive the influence of France causing "unclean spirits," or evil policy, to actuate these three powers, then are we to recognise the immediate approach of the end; for this, says the prophecy, will cause the kings of the earth to be gathered together to "the battle of that great day of God Almighty." *This period has now come.* France has at this moment the Pope and the Emperor in a very critical position. By occupying Rome and protecting the Pope, it has obtained a certain right to dictate the policy of his Holiness,—now,

alas, robbed of his imperial dignity, and reduced to the position of a "false prophet"—and is causing him to involve the other nations in war. By this move it has also placed itself in antagonism to Austria, and brought forth an unclean spirit from thence, which in a little time will create an open war between the powers, involving many other kingdoms in the strife, and ultimately producing consequences of a fatal nature to the whole ten kingdoms. France is also causing an unclean spirit to proceed from the Sultan, by promising him help in case of a Russian invasion, and inciting him to a war with that mighty power, when he would otherwise quietly yield to it. Thus we see in full operation that agency which is to indicate the time of the end, and produce the terrible events which must precede and accomplish that period. Let us now, by the light of the prophecy, try to discover the nature of these, and thus be able to read the political history of the next fifteen years, and learn something of the events which will take place from that time till the millennium.

From what we stated at the outset, our readers will perceive that we have no sympathy with that system of wholesale spiritualizing, which our commentators have pursued in treating of the future part of this Bible history. That large portion of it which has been illustrated in the past, gives us no warrant to believe—far less to assert—that its future predictions are but emblems of the changes and occurrences that will pass over the Church, and that the wars spoken of are moral, not physical. Hitherto it has been most accurately illustrated by physical events, and until we have a better authority to go upon than Origen and his followers, we prefer to construe the language of the Bible in a natural manner, and, doing so, we imagine that the following will be the principal coming events:—

I. The seizure of Constantinople, and overthrow of Turkey by the Emperor of Russia.

In following Daniel's version of the prophecy, which is more detailed than John's, we find, that the unfulfilled part begins in the middle of the 40th verse of the 11th chapter. That verse opens with the declaration, that the King of the South, or Mehemet Ali, would "push" at the Sultan. This was accomplished in 1839, when that monarch wrested

Egypt and Syria from him, and endeavoured to seize Constantinople itself, and probably would have done so, had not the other powers prevented him, or rather, had not God determined that he should only *push*, not overthrow. The next part of the verse is, however, fraught with dire calamity to this, the representative of the dragon. "The king of the north," or Russia, it is stated, "shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots and horsemen, and with many ships, and he shall enter into the countries, and shall overthrow and pass over." Here, we read at once the doom of Turkey; notwithstanding the assurance of assistance from France and England, the Ottoman empire will soon be no more. It is very probable that these allies will be deceived by the professions of peace, which the autocrat is holding out, and when they are off their guard, he will suddenly invade and conquer the kingdom. Evidence of this consummation is already apparent. Notwithstanding the presence of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, Britain has been so far deceived as to recall the only man * who could have pursued efficient measures, in the event of an invasion. The country is thus left open to the inroad of the northern emperor, and very soon the news will come that he is in possession of the Sultan's capital. We have no date by which to determine the exact time of its occurrence, but considering the number and character of the events to succeed it, and the short space allowed for their performance, it must of necessity be almost immediately.

II. *War between France and Austria—Overthrow of the latter, and consequent destruction of the Papacy.*

Leaving for a time the sixth vial to run its course on the Turkish Empire, we must follow the seventh in its operations on the horns. After the angel had poured it into the air where it caused a world of dire commotions, the apostle was carried away into the wilderness to see the judgments these would cause to fall on the beast and his image—in other words, on Austria and Rome. For, let it be observed, that Austria as well as Turkey and Rome, is doomed to perdition, before the ten toes of the image are smitten with the stone.

* Sir Stratford Canning. Since the First Edition of this work was published, he has been again appointed Ambassador to Turkey.

As Turkey had yielded to the Papacy its secular and ecclesiastical power, so Austria has supported this twofold authority more than any of the other powers, and therefore shall suffer a more signal punishment. Indeed, we find this kingdom, which is in the prophecy styled the two-horned beast, identified with, and assimilated to, the Papacy in all its more damnatory features. The history of its rise and progress is given in the last eight verses of the 13th chapter of Revelation, as well as in the seventh of Daniel, where its fate is particularly described: "They (the saints) shall take away his dominion, to consume and destroy it unto the end." In that dark history of cruelties and crimes perpetrated by the horns against the saints, or friends of liberty, Austria occupies an unenviably prominent distinction. The blood of the two witnesses lies heavily on that country, and has long cried for vengeance from on high. Nor has it cried in vain. When these witnesses were raised, and appeared in the person of Napoleon, the iron hand of a stern retribution was laid upon Austria, and his dominion was for a time taken away. The judgment was temporarily suspended by the removal of the ambitious Corsican; but though vengeance has been delayed it cannot be much longer averted. His dominion was at that time only temporarily taken away, but now it must be "consumed and destroyed unto the end." And this will doubtless be accomplished by the same power that punished him before. France, though herself one of the doomed toe kingdoms, will be the scourge and destroyer of the two-horned beast, and preparation is being rapidly made for the accomplishment of the work. Already are the two powers placed in hostile relations, and a speedy war must ensue. The result of this will be the final overthrow of the "bloody house of Austria," and the annexation of its territory to France. Then comes the fall of Babylon. Austria, her supporter, and now only real prop, having been destroyed, she must of necessity perish. The time will then have come when the ten horns "shall hate her, and make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh and burn her with fire." The account of her overthrow is contained in the eighteenth of Revelations, and is of the most fearful

and awe-inspiring nature. It is not for us to describe in detail the events which will produce and accompany her death. These are not indicated fully in the prophecy; we are only told that the powers of Europe will be the agents, and that even they themselves will be filled with fear, and wonder when they behold her desolation.

III. *The Conquest of the Horns or Continental Powers by the Emperor of Russia.*

By the time the above occurrences have taken place, the fifteen years will have nearly expired. The whole ten horns will be shattered and weakened by the war, and in this condition will form an easy conquest to a foreign power. This power is Russia, who having settled himself in Turkey, will "enter into the countries and overflow and pass over." It is almost necessary that the original Roman empire become subject to one power, in order that the image of Nebuchadnezzar may be re-constructed; and though we have not an exact description of their subjugation by Russia, further than being informed that he would overflow and pass over, we find that Ezekiel, who gives a most minute and graphic account of the great battle of Armageddon, styles him Gog, the land of Magog, chief prince of Meshech and Tubal, and enumerates Persia, Ethiopia, Libya, and the bands of Gomer, in those that follow him. Now, it can be satisfactorily proved that Magog and Gomer mean Germany and France. These countries he must therefore conquer; and having conquered them, the whole of continental Europe is within his grasp. The metallic image will thus be joined in all its parts, the territory comprehended in the Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman Empires, will be ruled by one man, and that man an autocrat, or one who ruleth by his own will. Events will now hurry forward to the mighty catastrophe. The heart of the emperor will be lifted up by success, and in his pride and arrogance he will endeavour to make the world his slave. But at last the aerial stone descends suddenly on his feet; the iron and the clay separate; the brass, the silver, and the gold are broken to pieces, become as chaff in the summer threshing floor, and the whole is scattered to the winds of heaven.

But what, it will be eagerly asked, is Britain about all this time? Surely she must have an important part to play in this direful game of war. No such thing—so far as we have yet gone Britain is exempted from the affray, though her proximity to the scene of the unequalled struggle will keep her in a continual state of alarm, and her rulers anxious and watchful. But yet, though beyond the eddies of the whirling vortex, she must not, can not, will not be idle. She has a mission to fulfil, and she must feel straitened till it is accomplished—a mission of the strongest necessity, and she cannot evade it—a mission of the noblest nature, and she will not shun it. To her—to the whole Anglo-Saxon race, of which she is the head and representative—is the task assigned of carrying forward the religious, moral, and social progress of the world, and in this she must be well assisted by her children in the west and south. America is to be united with her in the noble work, and Australia must grow in strength for the same purpose; and thus supported on each side by a strong and stalwart son, the brave old empire will feel equal to the task. Talk of America and Britain going to war! the thing is impossible; nature forbids it, and the Bible forbids it too. When they do fight it will be on one side, and against a common foe; but they have a far different battle to fight and win, in these coming years, than the sword or cannon can accomplish. The great moral contest of spiritual freedom and social morality must be sustained, and the cause must unite them and us in an eternal bond of brotherhood. A people must be prepared for the Lord, that his kingdom may be populated when it is established, and Britain with her sons is called on to rear, cherish, and protect them. But to be more definite; the next event, though not in chronological order, will be—

IV. *Britain rapidly extends her Eastern possessions, prevents the occupation of Judea, and completes the first stage of the restoration of the Jews.*

The many and severe wars which our country has had to sustain, in order to preserve her Eastern territories, have by many been considered as too dear payment for their possession. We do not here, however, enter on this question,

but beg to inform such, that a far higher purpose than commercial interest or extended empire is to be served by the presence of the British power in the East. So far, indeed, as she herself is concerned, this may have been the real aim; and now that she is in possession, the physical advantages which accrue from them will be a sufficient incitement to their retention. To preserve the East Indian market, and keep a path open to it, Britain will strive much and do much; but while her rulers may think they are merely serving the nation they are really accomplishing one of the grand designs of God, and evolving events, while they cause her to take measures for the preservation of this distant part of her empire, will really and only produce occurrences which will facilitate the great design of Jehovah. Both God and Britain had a special design in the annexation of the Indian territory to the lion power, but these designs were as different in nature and object as the finite is from the infinite. While Britain thought only of wealth and conquest, God thought of his ancient people, and of his covenant; and placed the British Lion in the East to prepare a way for his ransomed, and to become their protection in the infancy of their restoration. Such is God's design, and he has enlisted the energy of the Anglo-Saxons in its accomplishment, by making it their interest to bring it to pass. The value of these lands to the nation is the inducement he has given it to retain them at all risks; and one means of their retention, which will by-and-bye become very obvious, will be to do that which will tend immediately to the accomplishment of Jehovah's long promised purpose—the *restoration of the Jews*. The idea has long been held, by those few who do believe in a restoration, that it must be preceded by a *conversion*. This is erroneous. The Jews will return to their own land in as great ignorance regarding Christ as when they left it. They *will* be converted—of this we are assured; but it will be subsequent to their re-establishment in Palestine, and by the immediate operation of the Divine Being. In the many passages of Scripture which speak of this people acknowledging the Messiah, we can never identify the agency to be employed in bringing about the change as

human. The Lord invariably speaks of it as his own work, and to be done, as only Divinity can do it,—*all at once.* The veil is to be taken away, the blindness is to be removed, and this after they are brought back to the hill of Zion: “Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel. THEN ye shall know that I am the Lord.”—(Ezekiel xxxvii. 12.)

It is needless, therefore, to look for the conversion of Israel as an indication of the coming of the latter days. It is their restoration that becomes an evidence of this; and we can imagine with what surprise the conversion-theorists will witness the approaching colonization of the land of Israel by its former inhabitants. But how, is it asked, will they be restored, and how does Britain become the agent? In this very simple manner. When Britain sees the Emperor of Russia in possession of Turkey, and preparing to conquer continental Europe, she will become alarmed for her darling Indian possessions, and strengthen her position in the Mediterranean Sea to prevent the autocrat dominating there.

Having succeeded in dethroning the Sultan, and annexing the Turkish dominions to his sway, he will naturally endeavour to take possession of Palestine, as that country forms a part of the Ottoman Empire. This, however, Britain cannot permit. To let him occupy this territory would be a virtual relinquishment of the Eastern market, because the road to it by the Red Sea would be shut up. What course Britain will actually adopt to prevent this we cannot learn from the prophecy, but that she *will* prevent it we are sure. Not only will her own interests demand it, but the word of Jehovah is concerned in the matter, and demands it too. These political and commercial interests are but the means employed by God to cause this great nation to perform his long expressed determination, to preserve the Holy Land for the elected, eldest born of his children. Were the Russian Emperor allowed to take possession of it, he would carry the land tenure of the north along with him, and thus the soil of the land of Canaan

would become part and parcel of another nation, its peculiar character as an inalienable possession would be gone, and being "common" it could no longer be called sacred or "holy." But this cannot be. Jehovah hath said, "*the land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine.*" It is therefore impossible that it can ever be occupied by a power that would at once incorporate it with other territories. The attempt has already been made to do this, but, as was to be expected, it signally failed. Shortly after Mehemet Ali established himself as "king of the south," he attacked and conquered Syria, and, as we before stated, "pushed at" the Sultan's throne. The powers of Europe, however, interfered to prevent him from gaining his point, and in negotiating terms of peace between the two countries, ordered Mehemet to restore Palestine to Turkey. This the king of the south refused to do, and *claimed the land as his for ever* by right of conquest. He was, however, at length compelled to yield to the demand, and the land of Israel was given back to those whose creed will not allow them to *claim the soil*. They have indeed "divided the land for gain," but those pashas who occupy it hold it by no tenure, and may be, and indeed often are, deprived of their possession, without having the right to complain. According to the Mahomedan creed, the land is God's, and though it may be occupied, cannot be *owned* by any mortal; and certainly, whatever doctrine of the Koran is false, this is true. The Jews cannot even sell any part of it from one to another, far less can the uncircumcised Gentiles get it for a prey.

The only way that seems likely for Britain to preserve her Eastern market open in this emergency, will be to place a Jewish colony in Palestine; and thus, it will appear, that the river was dried up in order "that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared." The drying up of the river, or the destruction of Turkey, will render it necessary for the "kings of the east," or the British power which rules there, to promote the return of the Jews to their own land, by placing its mighty banner of guardianship over it, and holding out every inducement for the sons of Abraham to repair to it. Be this, however as it may it is Britain that restores the

first portion of the Jews, as we learn from the eighteenth chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet is furnished with a command to "the land shadowing with wings, that sendeth ambassadors by the sea," enjoining it to put forth its power for the protection of "a nation scattered and peeled, a nation terrible from their beginning hitherto, a nation rooted out and trodden down, whose lands the rivers have spoiled." What a powerful and graphic description is this of the present and past state of the Jews! How their former greatness and present degradation and desolation is associated and contrasted! But how, it may be asked, do we identify the "land shadowing with wings?" We are told that it is *beyond* the rivers of Ethiopia. Now, going east from Judea, across the Euphrates and Tigris, we reach Hindostan, the most important of our Indian possessions, and therefore governed by a power that "sendeth its ambassadors by the sea," in other words, by an island state, which shows that the reference is to Britain, and to her alone. The allusion will, however, become more apparent in a short time, when our empire is greatly extended in that quarter and when the lion-flag waves o'er many an island and country, proving as much its protector as its ruler. There can then be no doubt as to the fact that this country will open up a way for the despised and persecuted race of Abraham, to stand once more in their father-land, and raise anew the songs of David upon the holy hill of Zion, and it is probable that the event will be brought about in some such manner as we have indicated. But, first of all, this country must seize a great amount of territory adjacent to the Holy Land. In the present state of affairs, there would neither be peace nor safety for the Jews in their own country. The Sultan has "divided it for gain," and his pachas lay it waste and hold it waste at their pleasure. It will, therefore, be necessary to occupy Egypt, Ethiopia and Seba, besides other places, in order to make these a wall of defence for the Jewish colony, and hence the language of Jehovah to his restored people—"I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee." By possessing these she will also lay her hands upon Edom, Moab, Ammon, and other places on the Red Sea, till at length, being shadowed on

every side by the wings of this mighty power, the new commonwealth will grow and prosper, like a cedar on their own mountain of Lebanon.

But by this time the autocrat of Russia has got the nations of continental Europe beneath his feet; and, like Alexander in ancient, and Napoleon in later times, he thirsts for universal conquest. For the history of his career from this point, onward to its close, we turn again to the regular course of the prophecy. If the reader will, before going any further, take up his Bible, and read carefully the last five verses of the eleventh of Daniel, and from the beginning of the thirty-eighth chapter of Ezekiel to the twenty-third verse of the thirty-ninth chapter, he will clearly understand the following, which is but a paraphrase of it.

Turning his eyes eastward, on the wealth and prosperity of the countries under British protection, the triumphant conqueror of Europe will conceive the idea of spoiling them, and appropriating their goods and cattle. Scarcely is this idea formed than its execution is begun, and sudden and terrific as a whirlwind he enters "the glorious land." So sudden and unexpected is his onslaught, that the British power is unprepared, and Egypt, Ethiopia, and Libya fall into his hands. But tidings out of the East and North shall trouble him. "Sheba and Dedan, and the merchants of Tarshish, with all the young lions thereof, shall say unto him, Art thou come to take a spoil? hast thou gathered thy company to take a prey?" How emphatically does this language identify Britain as the noble and single-handed opponent of Gog the king of the north, and corroborate our former statements regarding the extension of her empire in the East? We would particularly point the reader's attention to the "merchants of Tarshish, with all the young lions thereof;" what a beautiful description is this of the Honourable East India Company, and the peculiar constitution of the Anglo-Indian Government! This constitution, as is well known, is both civil and military, commercial and imperial. The former is represented by the merchants, the latter by the young lions, or the officials of the Company, who receive their authority from the Lion of Britain, and

may therefore be fitly termed thus, even as the representatives of the Persian and Macedonian sovereignties were called young rams and young goats. Indeed, the applicability of the title is admitted by the Company itself, whose arms are a shield, the quarterings of which are filled with *young lions rampant*.

The East India Company will, in alarm, notify the inroad of the autocrat, and the loss of Egypt, and receive instructions from the home government to adopt measures for opposing him, with an accompanying assurance of immediate support. Hence, "tidings out of the east and out of the north shall trouble him." The news that the Anglo-Saxon race have resolved to oppose his despotic progress will reach his ears, and the intelligence will annoy him. The mighty doings of this race in days that are past will come into his mind, and cause a feeling somewhat akin to fear, to move him. It is possible he may think of a time when another man, ambitious like himself, endeavoured to possess the empire of the world, and went forth conquering till he was met by this same power, and overthrown; and no wonder that such a thought should fill him with trouble. But quickly rage takes the place of fear; he looks proudly on the heaving army that follows at his back, and is enraged at the presumption which dares to thwart a will and power like his, "therefore he goes forth with great fury to destroy and utterly to make away many." Proceeding onward, he seizes the unwall'd villages and gateless cities, till at length his huge and multifarious army pitch their tents before Jerusalem. He lays siege to the Holy City, which soon surrenders to his power, and enables him to "plant the tabernacle of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain."

He has now reached the farthest limit of his conquering mission. The decree peals forth from the eternal throne, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther;" and could he but look a little forward, as he paces with proud and haughty step along the brow of Zion, he might see that large and spacious valley, which stretches itself out before him, filled with a mangled mass of dead and dying, swimming in

blood, and ready to be devoured by the myriads of birds of prey which hover over the scene. But no such vision crosses his spirit, and he passes on to his tented palace to slumber in pride.

Meanwhile Britain has been making strenuous efforts to stop the progress of this gigantic Napoleon; and every soldier that can be spared is sent away in the direction of the rising sun. But what can the British army do against such a host as the Russian autocrat has around him? Brave as the officers and men may be, what success or what renown can be gained in such an unequal conflict? In the critical emergency the parent island sends a cry across the Atlantic, "Come over and help us." Swiftly is the sound borne over the waves, and soon an answering echo is wafted back from the shores of Columbia. The cause is common, and the struggle must be common too. "We are coming, brother John, we are coming," is the noble reply; and almost, ere it is delivered, a fleet of gallant vessels is crossing the Pacific, with the stars and stripes gleaming on every mast. Another force is on its way from the far south, and soon the flower and strength of the Anglo-Saxon race meet on the sacred soil of Palestine. The intelligence of their approach reaches the sacrilegious usurper, and he leads forth his army towards the mountains that rise in glory round about Jerusalem. The Jews within the city now arm themselves, and join the army that has come from the east and west, the north and south, for their protection, and thus these two mighty masses meet face to face, and prepare for the greatest *physical* battle that ever was fought on this struggling earth. On the one side the motley millions of Russia, and the nations of Continental Europe are drawn up on the slopes of the hills and the sides of the valleys toward the north; while on the other are ranged the thousands of Britain and her offspring, from whose firm and regular ranks gleam forth the dark eyes of many of the sons of Abraham, determined to preserve their newly-recovered city, or perish, like their ancestors of a former age, in its ruins.

All is ready That awful pause which takes place before the shock of battle reigns around, but ere it is broken by the

clash of meeting arms, and while yet the contending parties are at a little distance from each other, a strange sound is heard overhead. The time for the visible manifestation of God's vengeance has arrived, his fury has come up in his face, and he calls for a sword against Gog throughout all the mountains. 'Tis this voice of the Lord that breaks the solemn stillness, and startles the assembled hosts. The scene that follows baffles description. Amid earthquakes and showers of fire the bewildered and maddened armies of the autocrat rush, sword in hand, against each other, while the Israelites and their Anglo-Saxon friends gaze on the spectacle with amazement and consternation. It does not appear that they will even lift their hand against that foe which they had come so far to meet. Their aid is not necessary to accomplish the destruction of the image. The stone cut without hands shall fall on its feet, and break them to pieces, and then shall the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, become like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, and the wind shall carry them away. The various descriptions which we have of this battle all intimate that God is the only foe that shall contend with the autocrat at Armageddon. John terms it "the battle of that great day of God Almighty," and we believe the principal instrument of their defeat will be mutual slaughter. The carnage will be dreadful. Out of all the millions that came like a cloud upon the land of Israel, only a scattered and shattered remnant will return; the great mass will be left to "cleanse the land" and fill the valley of Hamongog with graves.

We pause at this point of the prophecy, considering it unnecessary at the present time to enter into a minute examination of the nature or duration of the millennial period. We have already followed the subject beyond the limits indicated by our title page, and it would swell this pamphlet far beyond its intended size, to enter into a discussion of these points. A great obscurity rests on the events that immediately follow the battle of Armageddon, so that although we *might* come pretty near the reality, our remarks would be essentially conjectural. It is probable that Assyria, Persia, and Britain will be the only three powers that will

exist in the old world, besides the kingdom which the Most High will establish in Jerusalem ; for it is stated by Daniel, that "the rest of the beasts" lived for a "season and a time," after the destruction of the dragon. It is very natural to suppose that Britain will continue to hold a high place among the nations, on account of the noble and important mission she will have fulfilled, though what that position will be, or how long she will retain it, it is impossible to say. The Anglo-Saxon race must, from the very nature of their constitution, be a leading people, and will probably continue unrivalled in intellectual greatness ; but it is evident that the Hebrews will have the chief place during that glorious era which these stirring changes are to usher in. They will become *officially* greater than any of the other nations, and that in virtue of their covenant agreement with Jehovah, but this appears to be the extent of their privilege. In point of intellectual attainments, the Jewish race can never soar above the Saxon mind, and therefore they can never become morally greater than Britain or America. These two countries, especially the latter, will continue to move forward the chariot wheels of the world's progression, and carry the human soul through endless stages of development, till the highest point of its earthly compass is reached, and the wider sphere and nobler pursuits of eternity shall unfold themselves.

For the preparation of a race for such a destiny as this, it was necessary that they should burst those chains of civil and ecclesiastical despotism, which priestcraft had forged for, and fastened around the human soul ; and how emphatically and nobly have Britain and America performed this duty ! Must we remind the reader of Bruce and Wallace and the Covenanters, in Scotland ; of Cromwell and Milton, Hampden, and the Puritans, in England, or of Washington and the war of independence, in America ? Those fierce and fiery furnaces through which this selected race struggled in years gone by, were intended to purify and qualify them for the work of the latter days ; and the result is, that at this moment they are free, and ready to assume their Heaven-appointed office. Hence the difference between their fate and the fate of those ancient nations whom they imitated, or the modern nations

who imitated them. How often have the generous and noble-hearted gazed with indignant wonder at the gallant yet abortive efforts of patriots to save their country from bondage and oppression, and as star after star of liberty was blotted out by the blood-red sun of despotism, turned a reproachful eye to heaven, as if to ask why truth and justice was denied its own! And never will this dark enigma be explained, till the light of this prophecy, of which we have all along been speaking, shine upon it; but no sooner does its mist-dispelling influence pass across the gloom, than, as sunlight from on high, the answer comes, which amply satisfies the grieved doubting heart, and vindicates the justice of the Eternal. It is only while tracing the windings and developments of Daniel's vision and John's Revelation, that we learn the secret of Poland's downfall and Hungary's degradation. Those nations stand upon the image territory, and are involved in its destruction, therefore all efforts to save them must be vain. As *powers* they are doomed to fall, and though their wrongs shall one day be righted, for the present their noble-hearted patriots must resign themselves and their cause to the will of Heaven.

And here too, in the light of this truth-diffusing prophecy, do we understand the past and learn the future of IRELAND. The state of this country has long made it a puzzle to the world, and many have been the attempts, both within and without, to discover the cause and the cure of its evils. The prevalent feeling is, that its union with Britain constitutes the Alpha and Omega of its misery, and for many years it has sought to have the union repealed. Its patriots have even endeavoured to identify their cause with that struggle which America successfully sustained with the mother country, and the idea has taken root in many hearts, both in Scotland and England, which cry shame against the injustice. Now nothing can be more erroneous than this idea. The Irish struggle can never be identified with the western colonial emancipation, neither can it, on account of the absence of the religious element, be compared to the Scotch or English wars of independence. But without going into the vexed question of the justice or injustice of forcibly

perpetuating the union, we would ask the question, What would be the consequences to Ireland herself were she to become an independent nation? These, in a political and social point of view, stand clearly forth to the eyes of many of those who steadily oppose the repeal agitation; but it is only when observed through the medium of this Scripture prophecy that we can discern their full extent or awful magnitude. Passing by those moral and political evils which appear on the surface, what, we ask, would be the fate of the country *fifteen years hence?* 'Tis true, Ireland is not on the image territory, and, though not probable, it is still possible, that she might escape being conquered by one of the toes; nevertheless she will be legitimately within the dark region of the curse. She is among those who worship the beast and its image. She has received its mark in her forehead, and if standing alone, and in these circumstances, when the hour of judgment comes, *how shall she escape?* We hesitate not to assert that Ireland's union with Britain is the only thing that stands between her and utter ruin, and that while Poland and Hungary failed in their effort for freedom, because they were doomed to destruction, Ireland has failed to regain her independence, because *she is destined to be saved.* We cannot here specify the means which Britain will use for her regeneration. This the future will show, but regenerated, purified, and elevated she will be, and by that very union which she would so rashly sever.

In the preceding pages, we have seen that Britain will be kept comparatively free from the war and strife that will soon rage on the continent,—how the late past harmonizes with this decision! While nearly the whole of Europe has been convulsed, our sea-girt isle has remained in peace, and kept so far aloof from the oppressors and the oppressed, that many generous but mistaken minds have charged her with coldness and pusillanimity. She has indeed given shelter to both when exiled from their own lands, but she has hitherto been kept from entangling herself with the commotions of the times, and while strife and feud have raged around peace has been in all her borders. This course she will continue steadily

to pursue ; though, as we before stated, the doings on the continent will keep her in continual alarm and watchfulness. This feeling of uneasiness and anxiety will, however, be greatly dispelled by a knowledge of the truth ; and the author of this pamphlet hopes that, for this very purpose, it will be widely circulated. What a sublime position does that individual occupy, who can stand at a distance and gaze upon such a thrilling spectacle as Europe will soon present, with calmness and assurance, "seeing the end from the beginning." Can anything indeed be more sublime than this? It is like one of the ancient prophets of Israel, gazing from some far-off mountain side on the fulfilment of one of his own prophecies. As he gazes on the scene—perhaps a city staggering into the bosom of an earthquake, or the progress of a battle between Israel and her enemies—is it possible to imagine the calmly glowing feelings of his soul, as, privileged beyond all mortals, he contemplates what had already been pictured to his mind, and can tell the next dwelling-place that shall go crashing down, or the next enemy that shall "lick the dust?" Still greater, if possible, is the position occupied by one who can pass the boundary of the everlasting *present*, and boldly map the events of the future. God-like he sits on the edge of the thick darkness, and resolves the mystic shapes that flit and gambol there into regularity and order. The dense mist which has hitherto overhung this end of the "bridge" rolls slowly upward, and the things it concealed loom forth, dimly it may be, but still visible enough in their outlines and lineaments to enable him to recognise them when the wheels of time bears him slowly past them. The very idea of superiority of position like this is enrapturing. To think that it is only a select few that are thus highly privileged,—that those whom the events so nearly concern are ignorant of them,—to witness the terror and astonishment with which they are met by those they come to destroy, and, above all, to know that he and his kindred are beyond the reach of their sweeping embrace, is to occupy a position never before reached by any, save the inspired of the Lord. Such a position may Britain and America occupy, if they can but speedily arrive at the knowledge of it.

In a very short time the conflict will begin. The "powers that be" cannot long remain in their present relations, and the moment approaches when the dreadful moral volcano must burst. Already is the sound of the storm heard among the tree tops. The Russian army is gathering on the frontiers; France has fallen back to that form of government, whose only tradition is war and conquest; the new Emperor is fast increasing his naval power; Turkey is trembling, and all Italy is in a smothered flame. The sooner then that a knowledge of the political future is obtained, the better; and while the Anglo-Saxon race rejoice in their exemption from the doom of other nations, let them learn their destiny, and prepare to fulfil it.

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S.A.

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THE
HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS:

OR,

THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

A FRIEND of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest,—“Fancy! since we last met, I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London.”

“Really haunted?—and by what? ghosts?”

“Well, I can’t answer that question; all I know is this—six weeks ago my wife and I were in search of a furnished apartment. Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, ‘Apartments Furnished.’ The situation suited us: we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer: and I don’t wonder at it.”

“What did you see?”

“Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer—nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to accept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your own senses. Let me only say this, it was not so much what we saw and heard (in which you might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others) that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard anything. And the strangest marvel of all was that for once in my life I agreed with my wife, silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house. Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the woman who kept the house and

attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay out our week. She said, dryly, ‘I know why; you have stayed longer than any other lodger. Few ever stayed a second night; none, before you, a third. But I take it they have been very kind to you.’

“‘They—who?’ I asked, affecting to smile.

“‘Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don’t mind them; I remember them many years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don’t care—I’m old, and must die soon anyhow; and then I shall be with them, and in this house still.’ The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness, that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her further. I paid for my week, and too happy were my wife and I to get off so cheaply.”

“You excite my curiosity,” said I; “nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously.”

My friend gave me the address; and when we parted, I walked straight towards the house thus indicated.

It is situated on the north side of Oxford Street, in a dull but respectable thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer-boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighbouring areas, said to me, “Do you want anyone at that house, sir?”

“Yes, I heard it was to be let.”

“Let!—why, the woman who kept it is

dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr. J— offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chars for him, £1 a week just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"Would not!—and why?"

"The house is haunted; and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed, with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh!—you speak of Mr. J—. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In G— Street, No. —."

"What is he?—in any business?"

"No, sir—nothing particular; a single gentleman."

I gave the pot-boy the gratuity earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr. J—, in G— Street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to find Mr. J— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted—that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal a reputation—that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, though only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might be inclined to ask. "Sir," said Mr. J—, with great courtesy, "the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena which at present deprive it of all value. I cannot let it, for I cannot even get a servant to keep it in order or answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more unpleasant and sometimes of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a workhouse, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once been in such good circumstances that she had rented that house of my uncle. She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner's inquest, which gave it a notoriety in the neighbourhood, I have so despaired of finding any person to take charge of the house, much more a tenant, that I would willingly let it rent-free for a year to anyone who would pay its rates and taxes."

"How long is it since the house acquired this sinister character?"

"That I can scarcely tell you, but very many years since. The old woman I spoke of said it was haunted when she rented it between thirty and forty years ago. The fact is, that my life has been spent in the East Indies, and in the civil service of the Company. I returned to England last year, on inheriting the fortune of an uncle, among whose possessions was the house in question. I found it shut up and uninhabited. I was told that it was haunted, that no one would inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some money in repairing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel retired on half-pay. He came in with his family, a son and a daughter, and four or five servants: they all left the house the next day; and, although each of them declared that he had seen something different from that which had scared the others, a something still was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, nor even blame, the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empowered to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who stayed more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have there been exactly the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself, than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and to hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please."

"Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?"

"Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to renew the experiment. You cannot complain, you see, sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager and your nerves unusually strong, I honestly add, that I advise you not to pass a night in that house."

"My interest is exceedingly keen," said I, "and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamiliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house."

Mr. J— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me,—and, thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon as

I reached home, I summoned my confidential servant—a young man of gay spirits, fearless temper, and as free from superstitious prejudice as anyone I could think of.

“F—,” said I, “you remember in Germany how disappointed we were at not finding a ghost in that old castle, which was said to be haunted by a headless apparition? Well, I have heard of a house in London which, I have reason to hope, is decidedly haunted. I mean to sleep there to-night. From what I hear, there is no doubt that something will allow itself to be seen or to be heard—something, perhaps, excessively horrible. Do you think, if I take you with me, I may rely on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?”

“Oh, sir! pray trust me,” answered F—, grinning with delight.

“Very well, then; here are the keys of the house—this is the address. Go now,—select for me any bedroom you please; and since the house has not been inhabited for weeks, make up a good fire—air the bed well—see, of course, that there are candles as well as fuel. Take with you my revolver and my dagger—so much for my weapons—arm yourself equally well; and if we are not a match for a dozen ghosts, we shall be but a sorry couple of Englishmen.”

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had not leisure to think much on the nocturnal adventure to which I had plighted my honour. I dined alone, and very late, and while dining, read, as is my habit. I selected one of the volumes of Macaulay's Essays. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subjects, that it would serve as an antidote against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly, about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely towards the haunted house. I took with me a favourite dog,—an exceedingly sharp, bold, and vigilant bull-terrier,—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

“All right, sir, and very comfortable.”

“Oh!” said I, rather disappointed; “have you not seen nor heard anything remarkable?”

“Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer.”

“What?—what?”

“The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more.”

“You are not at all frightened?”

“I! not a bit of it, sir;” and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—viz., that, happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street-door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first run in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation, and followed me and F— through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean apartments, the kitchen and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not wine-bibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little backyard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp; and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke-grime on the pavement, our feet left a slight impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange phenomenon witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child: the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground floor, a dining-parlour, a small back-parlour, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—all still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an arm-chair. F— placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard

from my own chair, immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half-laugh; and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F—, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet. "Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F—; "put it back to the wall."

F— obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I!—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tracks, we shall catch *them* before they frighten *us*."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire upstairs. We locked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up an inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burnt clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fireplace was a cupboard, without locks, flush with the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F—, went forth to complete my reconnoitre. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant, in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it cannot have got locked from the inside, for—"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each

other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small, blank, dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fireplace—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened: we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I unclose the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little back-yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing to break the sheer descent of the wall. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F—, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gaiety amidst circumstances so extraordinary, compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting, he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attic. I followed the

light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globule, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in a rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping-room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers: there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics (in all four), the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand: just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint, soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bedchamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close to my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage, indicated the writer to have been a seafarer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate us if all was known." Again: "Don't let anyone be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your

sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's), "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea, the 4th of June, the same day as—"

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvellous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering—and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the door between the two rooms. Thus alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearthrug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other: I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out, "Is that you, sir?"

"No; be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backwards and forwards. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time however to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if ever I saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognised him had we met in the street, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained

the door to the landing, pulled it open and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling him to stop; but, without heeding me, he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street-door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I re-entered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the THING, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber?

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognise me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the Marvellous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and

that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible;" but rather, "So, then, the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—i.e., not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of Spirit Manifestation in America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernible hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands, to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the MEDIUM or living being, with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs. In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerised patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmeriser a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it Electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles, that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself; and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural, things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature, might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented to my senses, must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical

than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare, though perhaps perilous, chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself forth from the air in very undefined outline. I cannot say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than to anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touching the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I cannot say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I fancied that I distinguished them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half-believed, half-doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself, "Is this fear? it is *not* fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition;—that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond man's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of man.

And now, as this impression grew on me—now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said, "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear I cannot be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand towards the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange

shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn: it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—"I do not fear, my soul does not fear;" and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters: my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted, slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table: hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-coloured—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'-the-Wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly, as forth from the chair, there grew a shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white.

It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned towards me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress (for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantasms); and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the fitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the Shadow that towered between them; and there was a blood-stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fireplace now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of an aged woman. In her hand she held letters,—the very letters over which I had seen *the Hand* close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—seaweed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable, squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the Shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the Shadow—malignant serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled

with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like nought ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentrated all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the Shadow—above all, from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in nought else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark Shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grata. The whole room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement; I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favourite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken. Had this been done in the dark?—must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—

must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room? Good cause to suspect it. I cannot tell. I cannot do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange erratic way for a few hours, and then come to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Nor till it was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so, I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street door, I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:—

“HONOURED SIR,—I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserved it, unless—which Heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honoured sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother’s, at Walworth,—John knows her address.”

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory de-

tails as to effects that had been under the writer’s charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My belief in my own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the things I had left there, with my poor dog’s body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J’s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

I determined at least to tell him of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were anything in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicion to which the letters gave rise. Mr. J—seemed startled, and, after musing a few moments, answered, “I am but little acquainted with the woman’s early history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice. I will make inquiries, and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scenes in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died—you smile—what would you say?”

“I would say this, that I am convinced, if we could get to the bottom of these mysteries, we should find a living human agency.”

“What! you believe it is all an imposture? for what object?”

“Not an imposture in the ordinary sense of the word. If suddenly I were to sink into a deep sleep, from which you could not awake me, but in that sleep could answer questions with an accuracy which I could not pretend to when awake—tell you what money you had in your pocket—nay, de-

scribe your very thoughts—it is not necessarily an imposture, any more than it is necessarily supernatural. I should be, unconsciously to myself, under a mesmeric influence, conveyed to me from a distance by a human being who had acquired power over me by previous *rapport*.”

“But if a mesmeriser could so affect another living being, can you suppose that a mesmeriser could also affect inanimate objects: move chairs—open and shut doors?”

“Or impress our senses with the belief in such effects—we never having been *en rapport* with the person acting on us? No. What is commonly called mesmerism could not do this; but there may be a power akin to mesmerism, and superior to it—the power that in the old days was called Magic. That such a power may extend to all inanimate objects of matter, I do not say; but if so, it would not be against nature—it would be only a rare power in nature which might be given to constitutions with certain peculiarities, and cultivated by practice to an extraordinary degree. That such a power might extend over the dead—that is, over certain thoughts and memories that the dead may still retain—and compel, not that which ought properly to be called the Soul, and which is far beyond human reach, but rather a phantom of what has been most earth-stained on earth, to make itself apparent to our senses—is a very ancient though obsolete theory, upon which I will hazard no opinion. But I do not conceive the power would be supernatural. Let me illustrate what I mean from an experiment which Paracelsus describes as not difficult, and which the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* cites as credible:—A flower perishes; you burn it. Whatever were the elements of that flower while it lived are gone, dispersed, you know not whither; you can never discover or re-collect them. But you can, by chemistry, out of the burnt dust of that flower, raise a spectrum of the flower, just as it seemed in life. It may be the same with the human being. The soul has as much escaped you as the essence or elements of the flower. Still you may make a spectrum of it. And this phantom, though in the popular superstition it is held to be the soul of the departed, must not be confounded with the true soul; it is but the eidolon of the dead form. Hence, like the best attested stories of ghosts or spirits, the thing that most strikes us is the absence of what we hold to be soul; that is, of superior emancipated intelligence. These apparitions come for little or no object—they seldom speak when they do come; if they speak, they utter no ideas above those of an ordinary person on earth. American spirit-seers have published volumes of com-

munications in prose and verse, which they assert to be given in the names of the most illustrious dead—Shakespeare, Bacon—heaven knows whom. Those communications, taking the best, are certainly not a whit of higher order than would be communications from living persons of fair talent and education; they are wondrously inferior to what Bacon, Shakespeare, and Plato said and wrote when on earth. Nor, what is more noticeable, do they ever contain an idea that was not on the earth before.

“Wonderful, therefore, as such phenomena may be (granting them to be truthful), I see much that philosophy may question, nothing that it is incumbent on philosophy to deny—*viz.*, nothing supernatural. They are but ideas conveyed somehow or other (we have not yet discovered the means) from one mortal brain to another. Whether, in so doing, tables walk of their own accord, or fiend-like shapes appear in a magic circle, or bodyless hands rise and remove material objects, or a Thing of Darkness, such as presented itself to me, freeze our blood—still am I persuaded that these are but agencies conveyed, as by electric wires, to my own brain from the brain of another. In some constitutions there is a natural chemistry, and these constitutions may produce chemic wonders—in others a natural fluid, call it electricity, and these may produce electric wonders. But the wonders differ from Normal Science in this—they are alike objectless, purposeless, puerile, frivolous. They lead on to no grand results; and therefore the world does not heed, and true sages have not cultivated them. But sure I am, that of all I saw or heard, a man, human as myself, was the remote originator; and I believe unconsciously to himself as to the exact effects produced, for this reason: no two persons, you say, have ever told you that they experienced exactly the same thing. Well, observe, no two persons ever experience exactly the same dream. If this were an ordinary imposture, the machinery would be arranged for results that would but little vary; if it were a supernatural agency permitted by the Almighty, it would surely be for some definite end. These phenomena belong to neither class; my persuasion is, that they originate in some brain now far distant; that that brain had no distinct volition in anything that occurred; that what does occur reflects but its devious, motley, ever-shifting, half-formed thoughts; in short, that it has been but the dreams of such a brain put into action and invested with a semi-substance. That this brain is of immense power, that it can set matter into movement, that it is malignant and destructive, I believe; some material force must have killed my dog; the same force

might, for aught I know, have sufficed to kill myself, had I been as subjugated by terror as the dog—had my intellect or my spirit given me no countervailing resistance in my will."

"It killed your dog!—that is fearful! Indeed it is strange that no animal can be induced to stay in that house; not even a cat. Rats and mice are never found in it."

"The instincts of the brute creation detect influences deadly to their existence. Man's reason has a sense less subtle, because it has a resisting power more supreme. But enough; do you comprehend my theory?"

"Yes, though imperfectly—and I accept any crotchet (pardon the word), however odd, rather than embrace at once the notion of ghosts and hobgoblins we imbibed in our nurseries. Still, to my unfortunate house the evil is the same. What on earth can I do with the house?"

"I will tell you what I would do. I am convinced from my own internal feelings that the small unfurnished room at right angles to the door of the bedroom, which I occupied, forms a starting-point or receptacle for the influences which haunt the house; and I strongly advise you to have the walls opened, the floor removed—nay, the whole room pulled down. I observe that it is detached from the body of the house, built over the small back-yard, and could be removed without injury to the rest of the building."

"And you think, if I did that—"

"You would cut off the telegraph wires. Try it. I am so persuaded that I am right, that I will pay half the expense if you will allow me to direct the operations."

"Nay, I am quite well able to afford the cost; for the rest, allow me to write to you."

About ten days afterwards I received a letter from Mr. J—, telling me that he had visited the house since I had seen him, that he had found the two letters I had described, replaced in the drawer from which I had taken them; that he had read them with misgivings like my own; that he had instituted a cautious inquiry about the woman to whom I rightly conjectured they had been written.

It seemed that thirty-six years ago (a year before the date of the letters) she had married, against the wish of her relations, an American of very suspicious character; in fact, he was generally believed to have been a pirate. She herself was the daughter of very respectable tradespeople, and had served in the capacity of a nursery governess before her marriage. She had a brother, a widower, who was considered wealthy, and who had one child

of about six years old. A month after the marriage, the body of this brother was found in the Thames, near London Bridge; there seemed some marks of violence about his throat, but they were not deemed sufficient to warrant the inquest in any other verdict than that of "found drowned."

The American and his wife took charge of the little boy, the deceased brother having by his will left his sister the guardian of his only child—and in event of the child's death, the sister inherited. The child died about six months afterwards—it was supposed to have been neglected and ill-treated. The neighbours deposed to have heard it shriek at night. The surgeon who had examined it after death, said that it was emaciated as if from want of nourishment, and the body was covered with livid bruises. It seemed that one winter night the child had sought to escape—crept out into the back-yard—tried to scale the wall—fallen back exhausted, and been found at morning on the stones in a dying state. But though there was some evidence of cruelty, there was none of murder; and the aunt and her husband had sought to palliate cruelty by alleging the exceeding stubbornness and perversity of the child, who was declared to be half-witted. Be that as it may, at the orphan's death the aunt inherited her brother's fortune.

Before the first wedded year was out, the American quitted England abruptly and never returned to it. He obtained a cruising vessel, which was lost in the Atlantic two years afterwards. The widow was left in affluence; but reverses of various kinds had befallen her: a bank broke—an investment failed—she went into a small business and became insolvent—then she entered into service, sinking lower and lower, from housekeeper down to maid-of-all-work—never long retaining a place, though nothing decided against her character was ever alleged. She was considered sober, honest, and peculiarly quiet in her ways; still nothing prospered with her. And so she had dropped into the workhouse, from which Mr. J— had taken her, to be placed in charge of the very house which she had rented as mistress in the first year of her wedded life.

Mr. J— added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen anything, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work, and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house—we went into the

blind, dreary room, took up the skirting and then the floors. Under the rafters, covered with rubbish, was found a trap-door, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down, with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place; it still retained some mouldering furniture—three chairs, an oak settle, a table—all of the fashion of about eighty years ago. There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found, half-rotted away, old-fashioned articles of a man's dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some rank—costly steel buckles and buttons, like those yet worn in court-dresses, a handsome court sword; in a waistcoat which had once been rich with gold-lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp, we found five guineas, a few silver coins, and an ivory ticket, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves, and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal, hermetically stopped. They contained colourless volatile essences, of the nature of which I shall only say that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock-crystal, and another of amber—also a loadstone of great power.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its colours most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be somewhat advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty-eight.

It was a remarkable face—a most impressive face. If you could fancy some mighty serpent transformed into man, preserving in the human lineaments the old serpent type, you would have a better idea of that countenance than long descriptions can convey: the width and flatness of frontal—the tapering elegance of contour disguising the strength of the deadly jaw—the long, large, terrible eye, glittering and green as the emerald—and withal a certain ruthless calm, as if from the consciousness of an immense power.

Mechanically I turned round the miniature to examine the back of it, and on the back

was engraved a pentacle; in the middle of the pentacle a ladder, and the third step of the ladder was formed by the date 1765. Examining still more minutely, I detected a spring; this, on being pressed, opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Within-side the lid were engraved, 'Mariana to thee—Be faithful in life and in death to—' Here follows a name that I will not mention, but it was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his mistress and his rival. I said nothing of this to Mr. J—, to whom reluctantly I resigned the miniature.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron safe; we found great difficulty in opening the second: it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts, till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When we had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small, thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal; this saucer was filled with a clear liquid—on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round; but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not very unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets. A peculiar, but not strong or displeasing odour, came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterwards discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of this odour, it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room—a creeping, tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet, I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilt—the saucer was broken—the compass rolled to the end of the room—and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap-door; but seeing that nothing more happened, they were easily induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet: it was bound in plain red leather, with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus: "On all that it can

reach within these walls—sentient or inanimate, living or dead—as moves the needle, so work my will! Accursed be the house, and restless be the dwellers therein.”

We found no more. Mr. J— burnt the tablet and its anathema. He razed to the foundations the part of the building con-

taining the secret room with the chamber over it.

He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better-conditioned house could not be found in all London. Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

THE END.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A DISCOURSE

[14]

OF THE

PROSPECTS, DANGERS, DUTIES AND SAFETIES OF THE TIMES.

*ORIGINALLY ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIALISTS OF AMERICA,
BUT OF UNIVERSAL APPLICATION IN PRINCIPLE.*

BY

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

London:

E. W. ALLEN,

4, AVE MARIA LANE, E.C.

MDCCCXCI.

TO MY FELLOW SERVANTS
IN SOCIAL HUMANITY
I PROFFER
IN THIS CHALICE OF SACRAMENT
THE NEW WINE
OF THE FATHER'S KINGDOM.

GREETING.

WHILST the vocation of the Writer is that of a practical industrialist, calling forth from the good soil its corn, oil and wine, he resumes another function: that of Intellectual Ministry to the People; not seeking to be a ruler of their faith, but a helper in the social labours that result in common fellowship and joy.

This Discourse is mailed to Fellow Workers in Social Humanity, Nationalist Clubs, Socialistic and Labour Unions and kindred Societies, in the hope that contact of mind with mind and heart with heart may serve for mutual encouragement and advance of action in the common cause.

Health and Fraternity,

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

*Fountaingrove,
Santa Rosa, Cal.*

DISCOURSE.

“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of God.”—LUKE xviii. 16.

THROUGH God, labour and solidarity; through liberty, equality and fraternity; the sons and daughters of the People, children of the Divine Parentage, enter into the sympathies of the Christ, and find the political, social, industrial kingdom of heaven.

Were there five gentlemen in California, fully devoted to the cause of the Social People, and possessed of the brain, financial shrewdness, tact, concentrated purpose and reliance on each other, by which the magnates of the Central and Southern Pacific Systems conceived and carried out their enterprise, the State might be reorganised on Social-National lines at least by the close of the century. This result might be achieved with no more friction and far less of monetary expenditure than was required to span the continent with the iron rail. The same result, in the opinion of social-political *savants* whose learning and experience command high respect, is attainable under similar conditions by the Republic, within a period that should not exceed the lifetime of a generation.

“History is Philosophy, teaching by example.” The petty

shop of Huntington and Hopkins; the combined capital of less than \$50,000 has become what we see to-day. Two hundred and fifty millions of dollars of result are said to be absorbed into the private wealth of these five citizens, their heirs, attorneys and other trusted agents and beneficiaries. Governors, senators, congressmen, state legislators, judges of all courts to the highest, together with the vast retinue of subordinate state and federal officials, have been turned out from the shops of these master workmen with a rapidity and ease comparable to the facility with which the tinsmith supplies the housewives with their kettles and pans.

It is the ruler of the steering gear who turns and holds the ship to her course. It is the able and united minority that controls the movement and forms or transforms the environment of the Nation.

An eminent Politician of New York, whose residence at the time was the most aristocratic mansion on Fifth Avenue—that too a fruit of his adroit practice of Democracy—remarked, “I went some years ago to Trenton for the Fourth of July celebration. Invited to a seat in the barouche occupied by the dignitaries who held the place of honour in the procession, one of them smilingly said, on my entrance, ‘Mr. —, allow me to introduce; you are now in the carriage with the Democratic Party of New Jersey.’” It is now a fact of history that the trio thus named were for years, before and after, the practical rulers of that Commonwealth; the fountain of its law and the bestowers of its franchises and offices.

Supreme tact, adequate political knowledge, the key of the position and absolute confidence in each other were all-sufficient to the end. Three citizens, Messrs. Weed, Seward and Greeley, after the same fashion somewhat modified, were the Whig Party in New York, till the copartnership was

dissolved by the withdrawal of the junior partner.—It was an American enlargement and improvement of “Quirk, Gammon and Snap.”

A rising parson, whose name should not be mentioned, as long ago as the forties, once went for a long day's drive with one of the “insiders of the insiders;” a member of the Democratic State Committee. In a confidential talk the young Levite drew from the astute Achitophel the working method and tactics of the organisation. These structures of Party and victories of spoil are no more a mystery or a difficulty to the initiated than is the use of the type-writer to one who has a knowledge of the keys.

Government, if successful and durable, is from a small centre to a great circumference. Adapt the centrality to the environment and the huge result follows as a matter of course. It was an axiom of the Jesuits during the era of religious intolerance, that “if ever persecution failed to suppress heresy, it was because Persecution did not persecute enough.” If ever a Political Party fails, it is from the lack of persistent purpose, courage and unity in its *nucleus*; combined with the inability to hold a grip on the wheel of environment and to direct its motion, so that it shall be impelled by the force of evolution, active through the needs of the masses and the spirit of the time.

First of all must be, among the units of the nucleus, inviolable confidence in each other: firm trust, full honour. The vast Corporation that includes the Southern and Central Pacific Systems was invulnerable so long as its five originators all lived and maintained relations of personal and mutual fellowship and trust. Since then it is a great whale pursued by sword-fish: it flounders in a sea that begins to redden from its blood.

The Power within evolution operates to the birth and dominance of events by a law which may be designated as "the law of fitnesses in association." An illustration of this may be drawn from that conclave at Sacramento. There was Stanford, genial, warm-hearted, winning and holding men by personal presence; commanding confidence, constitutionally *en rapport* with the class from which are drawn judges, law-makers, rulers of the state; a man with a rich blending of ideal and practical qualities; with a vision opening to possibilities of the anearing future; with a faculty of inspiring respect for his conclusions, and with a sure method of organising successes for his processes. There was Hopkins; calm, cool-blooded, persistent as a sleuth-hound on the hunt; his greed omnivorous, but governed and guided by a prudence, and structured in a calculation that was accurate as mathematics. There was Huntington; an embryo great man of a narrow specialty; with an instinctive grasp at large results; without an atom of the ideal sense; with a brain set in matter as an iron bar spiked in a granite wall; but with a tenacity for holding a scheme into its working plan and for enlarging on the plan, that made him a combination at once of engineer, engine, coal, fire and motive power. There was Crocker *primus*; eminently a builder; at once an organiser of construction and its thoroughly capable, prudent and indefatigable executive. There was Crocker *secundus*; at once evangelically pious, eloquent, skilled in the law and holding to gain with entire singleness of heart. Now the Force behind evolution knit these men together: it was an association by fitnesses.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Stanford saw the gain and the glory; his associates eyed

the gain pure and simple. The Power in evolution behind the group beheld these men, if combined, as an organised form of service, fitted to prosecute one work in the chain of infinite processes. So the evolution fitted into them; fought through them for the vast material wealth that is visible to-day.

They were filled with confidence in the success of that work: hence they inspired confidence in the public, so far as to secure legislation in its favour with immense loans and subsidies. Comparatively insignificant separately, as private individuals; the combination made one compact, gigantic Character. They built stronger, ampler and wiser than they foresaw or realised. The five pawns were consolidated to fashion a masterpiece upon the chess-board of Destiny.

Such as this is the inner formation and history of all great works that have altered the aspect of the world and changed or reorganised the institutions that are the environments of the Peoples. This is the Lesson of the Hour, to be pondered over by the brainy and hearted men who are now being drawn by the sympathy of social humanity to a vital and intelligent interest in the National cause.

The Press in large degree conceals it; the Pulpit almost ignores it; yet the People itself—minus the petty classes that subsist by the exploitage of the industries—is throbbing, panting, heaving under the consciousness of an infinite suppression; under the sense of vast impending calamity; yet in the strange quivering tingle of a vague but luminous and prophetic hope. The eagerness with which Mr. Bellamy's shrewdly phrased and skilfully adapted romance was seized upon; the avidity with which men and women fed upon its luscious promise; the flash of resultant Nationalism,

leaping up all over the land from fifty thousand firesides,—this is but one and the most obvious of many concurrent events, all of which go far to prove that COLUMBIA herself, the myriad-bosomed, myriad-bearing WOMAN PEOPLE, is pregnant and heavy for a new and thrice auspicious birth of Time.

But evolution has hitherto operated, since the era of recorded human history, in a law of alternatives. Steam is generated in a boiler: the alternative is,—Shall the steam, rightly governed, be our servant, fulfilling its humane service; or, shall it be our master, and rush to explosion with wreckage and death?

So again, as Mr. Bellamy has aptly said, “Now we are on the hinge of destiny.” That the Competitive System, merging into Capitalistic Combination, by its inherent law whirls rapidly on to the explosion of its forces, threatening in that explosion national chaos, industrial break and political anarchy, every intelligent student is aware. It is not now “after me the deluge.” It is now “on me the deluge.” We stand on the edge of the low, submerging shore; we are confronted by the vast, towering, omnipotent, incoming water-wall.

The wisdom of the disorganised masses, if it ever is a wisdom, is a wisdom after the event. The good citizens of Paris were wise, after Danton, the very pillar of their safety and bulwark of their liberty, had been butchered on the guillotine; but they were not wise before the event: they looked on, dazed and stupefied, with a dumb animal pity, and saw him led to death by a gang of scoundrels temporarily in local power: they did not lift a hand or make a murmur. In his fall Freedom for the time was baffled: the rising light was thrust back on the dial of the ages.

Now Social Nationalism is to the United States all and

more than was embodied in Danton and the Dantonists for the French nation. The Movement exists already in a vast diffused atmosphere of public sentiment, passionate hope, deathless divine longing; pulsing, firing, vibrating in and through the People's common breast.

Social Nationalism, as a vital and diffusive ether of association and environment enveloping and quickening the many, waits thus in them to become organised, concreted, institutional association and environment. In the advanced and energetic few it has passed on to the more organic and active stage: not alone do they feel the flow and vibrate to the passion of the sentiment: they, to a considerable extent, comprehend it in the logic of pure reason, by the principle of its growth and by the form and law of its intelligence.

If therefore Social Nationalism—which is, so far as it has grown, the saving power in our evolution—is to become embodied and established for the next stage as the Organisation of Public Safety, the small minority of fully determined, balanced, practical, socially educated men and women, who know the ground and realise the situation, must follow the impulse of the law of the association of fitnesses and draw together. They who are wise before the event must conform by action to the logical demands of the time.

But it is not yet clear day: these are the spectral moments that precede the dawn. At best we are but partially awakened out of the long slumber and death-dream, in which the torpid mankind holds its atomised, incoherent and egoistic individualism. It is hard to resist the siren voices that call for a little more folding of the hands in sleep. Yet even now the golden moments, the brief moments that remain for the Organisation of Safety, are slipping past, never to return.

The transition-births of Public Freedom in the past have been effected by so far as the Hour brought forth the men.

The Hour '76 found Jefferson, Adams, Franklin. The Hour '93 found Danton, Fabre d'Eglantine, Carnot. The Hour '45 found Garrison, Parker, Phillips. The Hour '61 found Lincoln, Sumner, Stanton.—Where shall '91 find her sages of the council, her orators of field and platform, her exponents of the press, her organisers of finance, her volunteers of the forlorn hope?

The coming Event,—the transition from egoised individualism to humanised collectivity,—is more than evolutions of the past, because it involves in its body and fulfils in its expansion the divine result whereto all steps and stages of the previous march of Man have led. This hope and promise of the Supreme Beneficence can only be received, incorporated and made fulfilment by so much as men, who love it, who know it, who trust in it, shall devote their full being to its demands. This and nothing less will call forth that fire of courage and breadth and prudence of wisdom, and vigour of persistence and heartiness of association and mutuality of confidence, that shall lead Evolution by Living Force to be embodied in their structures, and to make their movement irresistible.

Such men, such women, must and will be found, adequate to the emergencies and fitting into the necessities of the time. From the five to the fifty, the five hundred, the five thousand, the Hour that is upon us summons the children and servants of her Destiny. She attracts to their nucleating form the vital cell-germs of the Deathless Social People that shall be.—“*Ca Ira*”: God is with us and within us!

II.

Thus far the problem of Social-National nucleation has been considered from one factor of its equation: this by

itself is not truth in full circle, though it may indicate its hemisphere. Another law in evolution is that of association by fitnesses of sociality. It is upon this that we must rely for the structure of the heroic nuclei, that are to serve for the birth of the Peoples to a truly socialised humanity.

The Socialisation of the People is the work of Titans, and they must rise from the breadth and firmness of the common soil: men matriculated in the university of Labour; men in whom the Nation stands organised for constitution. A gigantic work, the effort of supreme evolution, it calls for gigantic men.

Now it is asserted that "Collectivism will destroy individuality and result in a generation of common-place imbecilities." So the spread of the bulb may be said to destroy the bulb; but the bulb that disappears in the growth process is not destroyed; it is diffused to a new birth in the breathing, leafy stalk and its crown of constellated flowers. So the raw, primitive nature-wealth of the egoised individual, as he becomes non-egoised, lives to its last value in the humanised enlargement of the abundant social man.

The massive man—egoised individualist—always by his growth becomes the anarch, the devourer, the destroyer: the more of him the worse for mankind. He is the spreading tree, whose roots suck up and absorb the fertilities of the area measured by its shadow. It is the prospective glory of Collectivity that it will put an end to the generations of the anakim.

Man is only in his real manhood as he is socialised through all his powers: the more of him the more of humane worthfulness in his fellow men: his being becomes the household work-room of organising Deity.

But evolution through the social passion and its life of humane service, transmutes the individuality from nature-

hood into humanhood. It transfigures the private self from the low, base, serpentine thing, crawling on its belly and feeding upon dust, to the majestic creature of God ; its attitude upright ; its radiation beauty ; its movement harmony ; its aspect benignant, intelligent, divine. The mission of Collectivity is "not to destroy but to fulfil."

The strong men of the world, who effect immense results by means of the associative law, combine upon the principle of a mutual service in the common egoism. "There is honour," of its base sort, "among thieves." This is the association of wolves who hunt in packs because singly they are unable to overcome their larger prey. This is the association of pirates, who choose their officers, select their crew and are amenable to a common discipline, because on this depends the triumph of the black flag and the capture of the peaceful merchantman : this is the association of the trusts and syndicates. Individual greed, in men of strong organism and trained intelligence, evolves to associative form and force by the fitnesses of concurrent rapacities.

We see this law and form of association exemplified in such organisations as the old Tammany Ring, of which Wm. H. Tweed was the pivotal and master spirit. Genet the courtly gentleman ; H—— the brilliant and versatile man of letters ; Conolly the genial, hearty Irish Roman Catholic squire ; Barnard, with the judicial cunning and rapacity of Jeffries ; Watson, with the affable, prudent air and manner of New England ; Tweed the arch-boss, coarse, vulgar, insolent, brazen-faced, with the bull-dog's conscience and tenacity of grip ; a mass of concreted acuteness of fraud embodied in a corporeity of vulgar ostentation ;—these serve as indices of the average. But, wound into the central

nucleus of never more than ten or a dozen, was a group of a hundred, enlarging to hundreds in its circumference; the master-adepts of a bad school; inheriting traditions from the lips of its founder, Aaron Burr, and grown to consummate skill in the arts of abstraction, division, concealment and silence.

All were antagonised by mutual disgusts, and yet all united by that fearful law, of fellowship by fitnesses of rapacities. They loathed each other; they despised each other; they feared each other. Each knew every one of his associates to be a villain; but they eulogised each other; they stood by each other through thick and thin; they maintained in their intercourse the fiction of a jovial good fellowship; they confided mutually in the secrets of vast schemes of public plunder; they shared the booty fairly according to the sense of corporate honesty that obtains among cut-purses. For the time they were borne triumphantly on the swelling bosom of the Democracy of the State.

This is but the meagre outline of ten thousand other nuclei, large and small, political, financial;—Oil rings, Sugar rings, Lumber rings, Railroad and Telegraph rings, “their name is Legion, for they are many,”—that have grown up since and that flourish now.

It is not to be supposed that the Cleveland or Hill nuclei in the Democratic, or the Blaine or Allison nuclei in the Republican party, or even the great nodules of trusts and syndicates, represented by men of the high standing of the Lorillards, the Pullmans, the Vanderbilts, &c., are implicated in technical or legal felonies. Gentlemen of irreproachable private morals occupy places of eminence in many if not in all. None are implicated in the criticism, excepting thus far, that these are associations founded and formulated in

the same law; men drawn together by the attraction of passionate pursuits, which are not for the divine well-being and humane association of the People; which are not in any sense in, of or for the People; which are in the most vital sense hostile to the objects for which the People exists;—in fine, working toward the subversion and destruction of the system of equal laws and equal rights to all, which was the object sought in the constitution of the Republic.

It is easy for egoised men of a congenial fitness and purpose to associate thus, because there is no divinity in the association; because each finds in it a pedestal for the elevation of his individual self-interest; because that private self-interest and instinct of self-preservation and self-advancement forces it upon them.

Now the difficulties in the way of centric and concentric nucleation among Social Nationalists are found just here. This movement being in the line of the direct divine tendency, it would therefore attract men to nucleate,—not by the binding of self-love to self-love in the compulsions of a mutual self-greed and self-interest; but just oppositely, by the attractions of the divine social passions in each, flowing into each other and making, so to say, a marriage of mutual and reciprocative qualities. What said the Arch-Socialist of Nazareth, speaking as the organ of the Living Power in evolution? “Where two or three are gathered together in my name I am with them: abide in me and I in you, so shall ye bring forth fruit.”

Social Nationalism, as the divine opening in man for the evolution of the Creative end, a divinely socialized humanity, must absolutely attract to nucleation, not by the natural law of the fitnesses of rapacities, but by its own law of the attraction of un-rapacities, of anti-rapacities; by the fire and

urgency of the social passion, as opposed to the heat and insistence of the unsocial, of the anti-social.

It would draw men toward the centre of the movement by the attraction and gravitation of their liberated and energetic social worths; draw them to the brain of the movement, because they are in the brain of its divine thought; to the heart of the movement, because they are filled and fired with the loverly passion of its service; to the mailed right arm and decisive hand of the movement, because their energies are becoming executive and forcible for its lead and sway.

It would draw men, in fine, because they have died out of the range of the private motive passions, which energise for personal dominion and aggrandisement, and are being born again into the range of the public and social passions, which lead them, for Humanity's sake, into a self-effacement; a yielding up of the individual aim and end into the aim and end of the evolution which seeks to lead to birth an organic Social People.

Now here is no place for half-way men, those of divided interests, of opposing motives, of contending or halting purposes; no room for waywardness, for doubt or lingerings or trepidations. "No man can serve two masters:" no two or more men can nucleate in the law of a divine social nucleation, excepting in so far as each is to a degree self-effaced and so born again from self-service into the service of the evolutionary organic social Man.

The workers have to find each other on this principle, and to recognise each other, so to say, "by the Master's word, spoken foot to foot, knee to knee, breast to breast, hand to grip and mouth to ear." In fine, they must meet, touch and recognise each other on that higher ground of self-effacing, socialising personality and experience, which is

analogous, on a different plane, to the mutual interflow and thrill by which kindred spirits of opposite sexes recognise their mutual fitness, relationship and interdependence.

Old secret, known to Hebrew bards and prophets; to seers, saints and sages of India and Greece; imparted by the Nazarene Master to the beloved with whom he clasped hands and broke bread; known to Christian apostles and martyrs; known to the heroic souls who fed with their lives the failing oil in the lamp of humanity during the cold, dark Middle Ages; known since; known now, if sought for in the utter devotion and consecration of the life;—this must be found, this must be realised; else the incipient Nationalism of to-day, however brilliant may be its temporary leafage and flowerage, will rot down, fruitless.

Such failure of result is not inevitable. The sore experiences of the past year have possibly taught the warm-hearted and earnest men and women who constitute the vital and effective body of Social Workers on the Pacific coast, that Social Nationalisation cannot prosper as a movement of superficiality. It begins to be seen, that it takes hold of the root principles in our real human nature; that it is a divine growth ascending in and germinating through human nature, and that from these most vital principles it must ripen to fruitage, if it is to bear fruit at all.

It is not going to advance as a Fourth of July procession. It is not going to be consolidated after the method or in the law of the extant Political Parties. It is not going to achieve the ends of a mere vast Benefit Club. Bread and the circus for everybody was what the Cæsars ensured to the populace of Rome.

It is going to arise in the dignity, honour and self-sacrifice of socialised, of divinised human nature. It is going in the lines of its advance to carry people out of their

dead, stupefied immersion and burial in private self and its belligerent interests, and to bear them on the bosom of its generous wave into the warm passions, the heroic aspirations, the courages and virtues of a true and real humanity.

Its interests are not to be trifled with, nor its honours smirched, nor its confidences abused, nor its triumph postponed or bartered, by local cliques or subtle demagogues. It will never be shaped into *salons de luxe* for the coteries of Mrs. Grundy to entertain their scandal parties. It is going to incorporate the *élite* of manhood, the divine flowerage of womanhood; to awaken them to a sense of the divinities that thrill within them; to evolve the repressed nobilities and lovelinesses that strive in their latent potency of humanhood, and to lead them forth, full armed, full illumined, into beatific and energised association.

Neither is it to be aristocratic, in any sense by which that term is used in the parlance of the time. It is to fuse its might and worthiness into the Common People; leading them into a common faith, a common hope, a common energy, for the common uprising. It will be only accessible—by the inexorable law of divinity in fitnesses—to those who are in heartfelt sympathy and alliance with its central principle of Common Good. Its hand must lift every man above his accidents and its bosom upbear every woman from her misfortunes.

Never yet, since the birth of History, has there ever been on Earth a genuinely human public opinion. On the other hand, public opinion as the times have known it, has been dominated by the inhuman pharisaic sentiment, clad with hypocrisies; fed to felonies; armed and exercised in murders and generated in odious and self-exalted lusts.

There is to be—it is rising now—a public opinion, born

out of the generous-hearted considerateness of our common and infinite humanhood. We are to rely on this, infilled and organised in the divineness and potency of the social passion, as the motive power, as the vast, revolving, irresistible wheel, that shall effect the revolution, the evolution, the re-creation of laws, customs and institutions.

It is but childish folly to under-estimate the holding and aggressive power of Capitalised Egoism. No rich man of the type is ever satisfied, whatever may be the bulk of his possessions; for the egoistic passion in its very essence is insatiable: it shapes in the man who is ruled by it an open grave, yawning ever for its spoil. Mr. John A. Rockafeller, when thirty years ago he enjoyed the salary of a poor clerk, probably looked up to \$100,000 as a vast sum, which to possess would fill the measure of his content. Well, he gained—pious communicant as he was—the \$100,000. He has since urged on the warfare of Standard Oil till the \$100,000 has passed the \$100,000,000 and is swiftly climbing to the \$200,000,000. And is he satisfied? To-day, with one hand, he clutches the Senate of the United States, and with the other he reaches out to the control of the entire system of public traffic and inter-communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

200,000 men now are the legal owners of more than half of all the properties and resources of this nation of more than 60,000,000. Are they satisfied? Never was their grasp, their greed, their eager and remorseless pursuit of every remaining franchise and freedom of the People, as it is at this hour. Capitalised Egoism, by the law and spirit of its nature, can never stop in its inroad whilst any value remains to be possessed that it has not already appropriated,

unless meanwhile it is mastered and abolished. Yet this is the Power which Social Nationalism has to meet.

If the cumulative force of Capitalised Egoism extended thus far and no farther, it might possibly be encountered and overborne by its natural enemies. But the Foe does not live solely in its shielded and solitary magnificence. It sits down by all but a small minority of hearths; it promulgates its treasons against mankind from nearly every fireside.

How is this? Simply because the average of the People, man and woman, young and old, are born and nurtured into the practical creed of the 19th century. That creed is this: that men are individual, isolated monads, and that their first and last duty, pursuit and interest in life is, with whatever power they possess and facility they enjoy, to acquire and maintain private material possessions; in competition with the neighbour; irrespective of any misfortune or ruin that may occur to the neighbour, or to the general well-being, as the result of their successes in the competitive strife. The prayer of the self-seekers, young and old is, "O that I might be rich, even as this Rockafeller!"

Now, till the unhuman appetite for private egoistic wealth is swallowed up and abolished in the passion for the public wealth, the public welfare, this massed Plutocratic Egoism has its moral ally, its mental attorney, its vital support, its religious countenance, everywhere throughout this vast national area of middle-class struggle and proletary anguish and destitution.

We have to contend, as Social Nationalists, not only with a plutocratic opinion and sentiment, but also with a plutocratic passion that diffuses its virus through the flesh and blood of the People; that feeds and strengthens in their food, that rests and re-energises in their repose, that whirls

their thought from the logic of its reason to the notions of the unreason; that organises feeling, desire, motive, effort, life itself, in the cruel and constrictive lines of bitter and relentless neighbourhood war. The great body of the Public staggers mentally and morally; dazed, hypnotised, intoxicated, deluded, under the operation of this deadly spell.

So the Nation maunders on; sick in its religion; impotent and improvident in its philanthropies; lost to the consciousness of its own vital and inseparable humanhood, and of its most urgent and extreme necessities; feeding the flower of its youth, exploiting the ripe worth of its manhood, to the service of a foreign and malign oppression. It is not only that the People is defrauded of its bread; it is poisoned almost to its core. Only the sweetest and most humanely heroic constitutions are enabled to hold a remains of the social will and consciousness; overswept as they are, deluged as they are continually, by the floods of malignant and profane delusions.

It is true that the Competitive System is inherently mortal; by its own inexorable law the hour of supreme triumph must also be the hour of ruin. It is true also that this ruin—unless a System of Public Safety is found ready for its place—will be fulfilled in the crash and explosion of all civil institutions. But it is also true that such wreckage and obliteration of moral and material results would still leave the Plutocratic Passion itself intact; organised in the private self of the multitude; entrenched there; defiant there as the master force and ruling instinct of the land. If there is to be no Socialist People evolving to dominion through the visible disaster, Civilisation must pass into a death-agony, and must rise again—if it ever shall rise—through incoherent, warlike barbarisms; the woes and inhumanities of unknown ages.

III.

Evolution advances to its end by a process of ideas. This process leads on by two parallel and inter-related streams, each holding and operating by its own quality to its own differentiated speciality; passions wed to thoughts and generating forces. Each may be said to have innumerable eyes and arms; methods, systems, manifold and comprehensive. Now these two currents of evolution have been growing up to their present special prominence from a period dating back to the last quarter of the preceding century. The first stream may be phrased as the inventive, the scientific, the mechanical-material. It leads by results to the dominion of man in the productive energies of Nature. It organises steam, it makes a workman of the lightning; it harnesses the solar forces to planetary service. Last and most significant, it lays hand upon the secrets whereby the etheric forces that entwine in gravitation can be disentwined and led by rhythmical motion to evolve for human service the power of the powers.

Man, who was heretofore the servant of these natural lares and genii, has at least begun to command the spells by which the genii shall be his subjects and fellow-workmen. Hence the labour-saving inventions, which, organised in their mechanical structures, are now equivalent to the daily manual labour of millions of men in the United States alone, and which are capable of being increased easily to hundreds of millions; there being no limit but the necessities of mankind.

Now, more than a thousand years ago Evolution, urging toward result, found a pacific, frugal, industrious and intelligent pupil in the receptive reason of the Chinese nation.

The tree of industrial invention rose to leaf, blossom and fruitage there. All of the sciences, all of the inventions follow in a law of series, of sequences. Chemistry was grasped as to the initiative; printing was discovered; gunpowder; the ship-building art led up to the construction of ocean fleets.

Then came the apprehension of the fact, that labour-saving inventions, largely substituting machine labour for toil of hand, would result in the withdrawal of employment from the masses, dependent on the sale of their lives in manual service for subsistence; with consequent want; the creation of pauperised hordes; the dissolution and ruin of families; the threatened disturbance of the equilibrium on which depends the institutions of public order.

The government of China, with a firm hand and with no paltering or delay, encountered the apprehended danger. It put an entire stop to the progress of invention; it arrested the evolution. This benevolent Oriental Herod slew the young child in its cradle. Nevertheless, though the national form and system of China survived, the genius of its gift was excluded; the virility of its intellect was emasculated; the promise of its social humanity was abolished. Its history from that time became stagnation.

We are now confronted in America, with the recurrence of the cycle of evolution in science and scientific invention, by the consequences that daunted the governmental authorities of the Chinese People.

There is a second current in the stream of evolution, which, were it to find free and abundant course, would ultimate to results in mankind, correspondential to the triumphant conquests over Nature that ensue in the movement of its kindred flow. China did not win or grasp to the key-note of this dynamic current. It was bound in the

superstition of the non-progressive, as applicable to human life. Its new youth was buried in the womb of a dead and sealed Antiquity. Its eyes were held to the pole of the frozen Past: they were not attracted to the fertile bosom and zone of the tropic Future.

With us it is different: the light by which the sage Franklin saw to flash lightning from the clouds for the scientific evolution of electricity; that light, transmuted to fiery human heat, generated in twain-bosomed America and France the surer flame that was the illumination of Liberty. The divine potency was enfranchised in the soul and flesh of man. Liberty generated for pregnant and fateful hours to a human atmosphere: men breathed it; they breathed in it.

Always before a revolution men feel its presence in the air: always before the vast uprising of a people, it so palpitates about them that the common bosom rises to the rhythms of its atmosphere. The fact is indisputable, whatever may be the scientific or moral interpretation. And the form in which the Liberty of evolution clothes and displays its spirit is inevitably Law. Where Anarchy is welcomed Liberty recedes: where Anarchy thrives Liberty perishes.

And Liberty means this: first of all, the awakening and disenthralment of those divine attributes ingenerated in man, which constitute the divinity of his manhood, from their bondage of repression. It does not mean the degradation of man to the licence of his low-born animal origin: it means the uprise of the man, through round after round of wise and virtuous social service, till he breasts full to Deity, and finds home again within the precincts and pavilions of the God..

Liberty means the effacement of the barriers that interpose between the common man and the achievement of the common destiny. There is no possibility for the achievement

of the liberty of the individual, excepting as it is found in the pursuance of the service of the law that ensures the common freedom and well-being of the all.

Leo XIII. is bondsman under his papacy : Jay Gould is a serf under his plutocracy : Alexander III. is a slave under his imperiality. *Each is in licence*, but neither is in liberty, and neither can be in liberty till his licence perishes. No Oppressor is in liberty : all are in licence, and by so much as that licence empowers and authorises them to abridge and repress that liberty of others which exists only in the common right, they are themselves repressed from their own humanity. They drain the better blood from their own veins, when they make their hearts the goblets from which they quaff the life-flow of their fellow-men.

Licence to make war upon the rights of others, upon the common rights of all, is but the licence to beget Crime and dandle Anarchy upon the knees. Who then are the Anarchists by pre-eminence ? those who uprear their dominance in the suppression and exploitation of man, and hence in the anarchy of human powers. They may not apply the spark to the mine that threatens to explode Society ; but they generate a fluid of vital dynamite that is diffused, that flows in currents throughout the bodily form and corporate atmosphere of Society ; a fluid that is inherently explosive and that explodes in universal conflagration when full and ripe.

The American Revolution was an evolution of Liberty ; but the Mother Goddess, like the awful Isis, was veiled from even the most sage and devoted of her worshippers. None of them—notwithstanding the clause incorporated by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence—seem practically to have conceived that the recognition of the inherent right of man to liberty involved, by logical implication, the doctrine of the common equality as well.

Indeed, on mere natural grounds, the ground of finites, nothing can be more obvious than the fact, that men front to each other by universal inequalities. The Dantonists of France grasped at the concept of human equality, not so much by a process of conscious reasoning as by a logic of divination. If the Infinite Divine Humanity inhabits and is energetic in man, then it follows that, by this immanence of the Infinite, all are equally grouped, co-ordinated in the laws of that Infinitude, for the evolution through the each to the all and through the all to the each, of the divine social corporeal humanity, which shall bear witness to the enthronement and beatification of the Supreme Excellence in the social righteousness and holiness of the incorporate manhood and womanhood of the globe.

Men can only associate and intermingle fully and freely with each other, as they are able to recognise the absolute sense in which they stand by one interdependent life, for one comprehensive function of life, upon one common ground of equality, in God and before God. It was worth all the agonies of the French Revolution, if it shall have brought Equality to its regal prominence and set it forth as a fact to be incorporated in the thought and action of mankind.

All men free and equal by reason of the Divine immanence within them! Add to this, all men fraternal by virtue of the Divine Father-Motherhood, educing the divine-human sonship and daughterhood throughout the free, co-equal, interdependent all;—then we have the logical trinity of the divine factors in evolution; the creed of the Social Christ; the ethic of the new and social creation.

For man, if he came forth from God, holds to his humanity solely as he abides in God: racial unity thus exists; social unity becomes his destiny. Hence it is that the working masses, the only body that as such is in sympathy with the

logic of humane causes and events, tends by the gravitation of qualities, the attraction of the passions, to the idea of social, national and international incorporation and its fruitions.

Thus the secret of the world is found ; the problems of human life and destiny are solved ; the eras of agony, of dissension and disunion terminate : for strife, concord ! for disease, health ! for disaster, security ! for poverties, riches ! for the blank misery and destitution of the creature, the Social People, wise, benignant, exalted ; spontaneously fulfilling the common round of joyous activities in the common consciousness and sentience of God !

The SOCIAL CHRIST, embodied and active in the latent passion and force, the potency and passion of the Working Man, stands now bound and in captivity before the tribunal of Pilate, represented in organised Plutocracy. The successes of evolution, on the lines of mechanical invention, have armed and empowered that Plutocracy, by means of its absorption of the unearned increment, which represents the increase of wealth upon the planet by the toil of its myriads of productive labourers, ever since the century of inventions began.

The appropriation of the unearned increment has armed Plutocracy as well with the power of that riches ; so invested in the public, interest bearing securities of the civilised nations that the ruling dynasties are bound in its fortunes, pledged to its decisions and committed to its fate.

Plutocracy also is armed, fortified and massed, by means of such modicum of the unearned increment as is held as an investment in the mechanism of production and transit ; —a force equivalent at least to ten times the daily working power of the entire proletariat.

Christ before Pilate !—yet Pilate trembles ; for, though

conscience may be extinct within him, there is a secret sense of insecurity ; an awful foreboding of the judgment to come, when the Pilate of the age shall stand arraigned before the Industrial Christ of nations, helpless to escape from the decisions of the supreme tribunal.

Tzars of the thrones, Plutocrats of the marts and exchanges,—whatever there is upon the planet of extreme greed ; plus extreme wealth ; plus extreme sagacity and adroitness ; plus extreme force of the sanhedrim, the press, the bench and bar, the army and police ; plus the vast body of the parasitical classes that are fed from the offals of the tables of luxury, and that minister to its vast magnificence and voluptuousness,—all of these, by one consolidated power of antichrist, declare that the Christ of Labour shall die the death.—“Crucify him, crucify him !”

Labour has always been stripped, always scourged, always mocked, always brow-beaten ; always driven as a criminal on the *via dolorosa*, the bleeding pathway to the hill of agony. But Labour never, till as now, has made it evident by clear light, that the immanent God abode within its form, was out-breathing through its social passion, enunciating the truth of universal order through its quickening intelligence and knitting its members together into one compact corporeal structure ; a solidarity of social life.

Thus it is seen, that Plutocracy has built up to this enormous power of dominion by means of its control of the productive machinery and political organisations of the world. It has grasped the resultant force that is the outgrowth of the evolution on its material plane.—It is confronted, on the part of the People, by the luminous ideas that have been generated in the public mind by the evolution, advancing on the lines of its human and humanising plane.

It is a realisation of that sublime prophetic vision of the Apocalypse. The Woman clothed with the sun is bringing forth the Man-Child, born to the rule of nations. The dragon, coiled, intent, is waiting to devour the infant in the hour of its birth.—We are drawing toward the supreme crisis in the history of the globe.

IV.

The horror and heart-break of the present miserable situation is, that it is a war of members in the one inseparable body of mankind. Plutocracy and Proletariat, the parasite and the producer, are essentially one heart, one life, one flesh. There is but one interest that is vital and real, and this interest human and common to all.

The one question, underlying, inherent to and pervading all issues that are raised or that can be raised is this : shall Mankind struggle and wrangle on, involved in the universal warfare and murder of its private selfishness, the squalor and contemptibility of its base naturehood ; or, shall it transform that naturehood, enlarging through it into the social passion, the social institutions, the sweetness, culture and opulence of its divine-natural humanity ?

It may be possible to conceive of new environments, brought about by compromises and mutual concessions of the private self, that shall ensue in a partial restoration of the equilibrium of riches. Yet such arrangements in the nature of things can be but tentative and temporary. They can only be brought about, moreover, through bitter controversies, heart-burnings, lacerations of the Body Sensitive and strain and peril of the Body Politic.

The war of strikes and boycotts threatens always to

become a war of public insurrection. Pinkerton's police, State Militia, the Sheriff's posse are powerful ; but so are the massed Toilers ; their roused and maddened wifeness and motherhood : so is dynamite.

A mortgaged agricultural State, ruined by failing crops, ten per cent. interest, onerous rates of railway transportation, tariff-taxes, prices of farm products reduced below the cost of production by the system of cornerage—what is it but a State on the edge of revolution or secession ?

It is easy to conceive of a possible situation, in which the Farming States, as Independent Sovereignities in the Union, may array their governing authorities, legislature, courts, citizen soldiery, against the Federal powers. It is easy to look on to the birth of a new Confederacy : our Union is not a band of invulnerable steel ; it is a glass globe : we feel already the jar of the concussions : its atoms may fly apart ; it may shiver into fragments.

The Yeomanry of the Nation is plodding, patient, conservative, non-aggressive ; the last of the land to be aroused to social-political innovation. Yet its fire when aroused is not the flame of the stubble ; it is the fierce heat of enduring anthracite.

The Bucolic Issachar may be "an ass bowing between two burdens," and Plutocracy may be a "lion of Judah, ravening for the prey." But rouse Issachar too far, urge him till he meets the opportune, and the dumb creature trumpets in tones as authoritative as when the ass spoke to Balaam :—nay, he is transformed ; he is ass no more ; his aspect is that of the war-angel with sword of flame. How was it at Lexington, when the Yeomanry of Massachusetts Bay rose from their invaded homes on Lord Percy's red-coats ? How was it when they made of their breasts a shield and rampart for Liberty on Bunker Hill ?

It was the torpor of the Yeomanry of France that led to the failure of the Commune in '71. It was the wakening and arming of the Yeomanry of England that overthrew the monarchy and resulted in the temporary establishment of the Commonwealth: they were the Ironsides.

The Yeomanry of the United States is stirring and moving now. Its methods may for the time be incoherent and result in failures: its present leaders may prove inefficient, as not being possessed of the genius of the occasion. But let the occasion last, let it ripen, and the fated leaders are sure to arrive. So Cromwell was found for Britain; so Garibaldi found Italy. The Hour when pregnant always brings forth her men. But men of what sort? Shall this be sword-time, or shall it be God-in-People's time?

Issachar is slow, painfully ruminating; not at all conscious that the man-angel of Sociality is growing through his flesh to possess and transform his earthly and pauperised naturehood. Yet the heredities of Naseby fight, and Bunker Hill contest, move by evolutionary lines toward his social reorganisation. The persistences that were in Washington and John Brown penetrate to possess him: they are marching on.

The Bucolic Intellect as we have seen is slow: it is the contact of minds that evolves intelligence; that generates the passion of intelligence. Yet if slow, it is retentive. If the man of eighty still votes for Jackson, it is that he cherishes the patriotic memories of 1815. If the man of sixty casts his ballot in the pathetic remembrance of Lincoln, it is that he recalls the imperilled Union and the great uprising of the People. If he holds to his ecclesiastical traditions, it is because he or his fathers found God in the traditions. He is not yet aware that Divinity, felt from of old through the frozen mists of antiquity, throbs

now, heaves now, leads movement now in the infinitude of evolution. He is hardly able yet to "catch on;" his habits are constant and they operate to the constancy of his prejudices. His Eden is localised and bounded in the far, dim Past; but this is only till his humane passions are fired and his brain illumined and fed by the on-coming lights of the Social Future.

Yet meanwhile the environments, in which our Yeomanry found if not opulence yet comfort and security, have insensibly changed, becoming oppressive and ruinous. They narrowed and still narrow; they upgrow to floors of spikes and walls of thorns, and roofs that exclude the high, broad azure, and fashion the fetid ceilings of the closed and fatal prison room. The Yeomanry sleep in the tradition of Liberty, whilst round them weave and fasten the ligatures of the slave. The politician duped them by deceptive promises; they served the purposes of his Party; they believed in it as the lover in his mistress, and the devotee in his God. They are only cured of the infatuation as they awake to find the franchises of their existence lost; their inheritance divided between the middle-man, the railway-man, the cornerer and the mortgagee. If our Yeomanry wakes now, it is because Plutocracy has thrust in the knife; the deeper the knife is thrust in, the more they will awaken. When the vitals are pierced they will emerge; gaunt, ghastly, but terrible and inexorable.

The life of the individual monads of the race, when left to the sluggish motion of the rural solitude, is too brief for the serious maturities of Wisdom. Courting time, mating time, brooding time; then care time, ponderous, anxious, with recurrent troubles of disease and bereavement; then wasting, withering, decay;—it is all too brief. We are birds that hatch and warble and circle round our tree for the short

leafy season. Never till the nests begin to be broken up, and the food to fail, and the shots of the slaughterers to penetrate, and the trees to tremble for the blows of the axeman, will the flights commence to apprehend that the dooms have overtaken them.

When all is said in its favour that can be said, the life of the solitary farm homestead is still the survival of a barbarism: its decline and end is a necessary process in the evolution of man from his petty and stolid naturehood. But the transition, that might be made heroic and exhilarating, is embittered, protracted and imperilled by the refusal of the Yeomanry to recognise and become adapted to the new conditions;—the refusal of the germ to grow; of the buried bulb to cleave the soil and meet the morning and lift the stalk and enlarge to its transfiguration in the solar flower.

If men only knew!—but they do not know. Those who know and who bear witness must bear the penalty of this refusal to be instructed. Yet those who witness will not be alone in the sufferings. In times of denial it is not Jesus only who must endure the cross: it is also the sons and sires, the mothers and daughters of Jerusalem; toward whose walls the legions are marching, for whose temple and whose homes the torches bicker, for whose honours awaits ruin, for whose limbs the chain. Education is through agonies.

Our Nation, identified as it is with the larger form of Civilisation, is a mere thought bubble, custom bubble, propriety bubble, suspended in the general atmosphere of the egoised barbaric passions; the latent, repressed, resultant persistencies of the old cruel ages when lust and violence

held an unrestrained dominion. Old Napoleon said of the cultured Russ, "Prick his skin, and you find the barbarian." So of the decorous, moralised, conventional naturehood of the American Civilizee; parasite, producer, plutocrat,—prick the skin and we touch the savage still.

But this is not the savage of the stone age; it is the scientific savage of the age of steel, of dynamite, of electricity, to whom the exploitation of his fellow-man is a fine art, organised in his religions of enmity, glozed and defended in his literatures of hypocrisy and subterfuge. And his empire is built up as great Babylon, with hanging gardens on the mountain chains, from the belts of ice to the zones of endless summer, prouing gaily to the faces of the outside oceans and inland seas; and with palaces and pleasures, and ways of swiftness and magnificence that touch from circle to circle over a dominion such as from of old the world has never seen. And to the vision of the ancient seer, all the glory of great Babylon that he beheld, in one hour came to nought. And in another hour of unfeared and sudden doom this too may perish!

For the life and duration of all this is suspended on that which to the natural touch is absolutely nothing. It rests on an opinion, a stupor, an acquiescence, a concensus of repression among its quivering masses. The persistencies of the heredities of all savage and barbaric ages, all appetences of murders, all lusts of acquisition or revenge, all greeds of spoilation and rapine exist, partially dormant, chained in by superficial opinion, custom and policy: they exist as latent forces in the human naturehood: the divinity that exists and operates through common man has thus long and partially held them in coercion.

Now it is the advantage of the great body of the toiling Yeomanry and of the working Proletariat, born to the

cottage and the manger as it is, that it escapes the curse that issues through the loins of the Oppressor, the cruel birthright of ill-gotten hereditary riches. It was spoken by the Wisdom that was of old, "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God:" even so, how hardly shall those who are the children of the ill-gotten riches, and who inherit into the inhumanities of their acquisition, enter into that holy home and paradise of social man. They are born into the kingdom of unjust Mammon; their structural lines are fashioned, their instincts are organised, not in the sympathies of humanity, but in the antipathies, the animosities, the inversions of humanity. They are born into the vortex of the inhumanities; born to float gaily in the gilded barges that ride upon the death-stream of the martyred, toiling race.

It is a wonder of God in evolution that the offspring of the human tiger and tigress should, nevertheless, inherit into so much of the surviving qualities of the truly human infant. A wonderful thing that they so retain a survival of the divinity in their tender flesh, that they may still hold to a thread or thrill of connection that makes it possible for them to be over-watched by "the angels of the Father, who is in heaven."

"Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own:
Yearning she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can,
To make her foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came."

Thus Wordsworth in his immortal ode. But it is as the private self, nature born, nature fashioned, nature filled, naturally insatiate, closes in upon the tender essence of the

inmost and real humanhood, that the glories of the divine origin are obliterated, and the lamps of the imperial palace veiled from sight.

Nevertheless the child, in a large natural sense, is father to the man. Oppressors beget minions and representatives of oppression, till the line of the exalted and exclusive rich, marrying and intermarrying with its own kind, becomes impotent; wasting and failing in scrofula and idiocy. Wherever a strong great man is found, in whom the social passion makes its assertion by thoughts and works that serve to the liberation and enrichment of the People, it will be discovered that a glowing and opulent stream of People's life mingled with kindred streams for the due uplifting of structures into fitting lines of personality. What wealth of unexplored riches, what latent heroisms and nobilities await the happier times, for issuance from the People's womb!

It is claimed that the ordinary man of toil is ignorant; that he has much to learn. Granted; and this is to his disadvantage. But he has not so much to unlearn as the heir of Opulence, cultured in the egoised ethics and science and philosophy of the universities, in the history that is misinterpreted, and in the literatures that are diseased and deceitful. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." It is only those stout twigs of patrician birth that were so rooted and strengthened in the nobler heredity of the People that they would not bend, and indeed could not be made to bend, that hold to the upright aspect; that rise gold-flowered and fruited, to ripen the generous wisdoms of man's inner and real nature.

There is more profound, accurate, incisive social thought to-day among the French, the Belgian, the Swiss, the German, the British, the Australian, the American groups of artisans; more, ten-fold, an hundred-fold, than in all the

pulpits, the counting-houses, the editorial sanctums or universities; more grasp of the humane principles; more knowledge of the actual trend of events.

Let miracle be denied; still this evolution of the divine qualities through man is by the law of the common and universal miracle. The hereditary bondsmen of Toil, having comparatively none of the false knowledge to unlearn, are proving themselves wise in the culture that includes all cultures, the ethics of Sociality. The groups of the Labour Unions are far in advance of the average groups of Congress men. Seat this young child of the People in the federal temple of the Nation, and the rabbis of the Senate will be astonished and confounded by his doctrine, for he will speak with the authority of scientific knowledge and experience, "and not as the scribes."

And the reason why the millions of the artisans have almost as a body abandoned the ministrations of ceremonial religion, is because they have a deeper and richer knowledge of the social ethics of Jesus of Nazareth; a vaster and more penetrative comprehension of his mission and purpose, so far at least as this world is concerned, than is even dreamed of by all but a few of the readers from the lectern or the celebrants of the altar. Even those of the German school, most agnostical in sentiment, possess an apprehension of the working methods of salvation which has almost become obliterated from the ecclesiastical consciousness.

These dis-churched artisans are working right in the direction of Christ's work of public and organic righteousness: they are in the stream of Christ's sympathies; they are following on in the toil of Christ to institute the uplift from below; to base the opulence and magnificence of Earth, not as it is now based on desolations, robberies, destitutions, shames and miseries, but on the common fellowship and

sympathy and right dealing and honour between man and man.

The uplift from below ! consider this for a moment. There is no doubt that the uplift of general mankind, sought to be effected by ministrations through a class, distinct and working from above, is a failure. Nearly a hundred thousand of the *élite* of the youth of the nation, with liberal culture, with the ethic and dogmatic of theology superadded, with exquisite moralities and social refinements, are set apart from each generation to preach " Christ crucified."

They cannot agree as to who or what Christ was, or as to what constituted the seed-germs and working powers of his thought. As to his social ethics they for the most part ignore them : as to his social aims they agree that they are impracticable. They keep alive the traditions ; they perpetuate the visible form and service of the sacraments ; they minister to the luxuriousness of the religious sentiment ; they assist to soothe the consciences and feed the spiritual hopes of the complaisant Plutocracy ; they serve to drill the morals and to throw a decent veil of saintly conformity over the ebullient passions of the *bourgeoisie*.

Their gospel reaches clean down, through the middle-men to the retainers and lackeys of Wealth's upper realm : it serves a public end for the consecration of the nuptial feast and for the obsequies of the departed. It does more ; it serves to roll up the stone, to seal the doors of the sepulchre where sleeps the Martyred Man of Social Toil : it stands as sentinel at the gates, lest he should come forth in resurrection.

We all know the valiant and worthful exceptions to this indictment. God will bless them ; and He hath blest. Yet the indictment we but repeat : it has been pronounced from their lips already. Bliss, Webster, Herron ;—the roll-call

may be led to hundreds like unto them. Yea and amen! but where stand the others of the hundred thousand? So stood Parker and May and William Channing, and hundreds with them, whilst the great American Church justified or extenuated the offence of chattel slavery.

If American domestic servitude was, as Garrison declared it to be, "the sum of all villanies," what shall be said of the system of Wage Slavery that has grown up to continental enormity since its abolition. "Runaways hunted by dogs in the cane-brakes of the Mississippi!"—Yes, but how about the troops of white girls, in those logging camps of Michigan, hunted by blood-hounds when they rush to escape from the nightly outrage of their persons that is perpetrated there?

What shall be said of the tens of thousands of educated and virtuous young ladies, who perish annually from consumptive diseases, passing to their poor pallets from attendance on such opulent sales-rooms as those of conspicuous millionaires, but too well known? They are used up and worn out with less consideration than is afforded to the beasts of carriage. They perish from excess of toil and insufficient nourishment.

Again how about this "right of seigniorage"? How about these tens and hundreds of thousands of young women of our own complexion, who to retain their places in sales-room or work-room, and to escape being cast out to unemployed destitution, are compelled to "stand in with the boss," with all the personal defilement and degradation that the vile phrase implies?

A wealthy clothing merchant, the supporter of a popular

church in one of the important cities of Ohio, privately told his story, having previously reformed his habits. It was to the effect that in the years of his business during which he had "lived up to his opportunities," nearly one thousand of virgins and widows to whom he supplied work had found it necessary to "stand in" with him.

We talk religiously of free will, but the Manufacturing and Employing Plutocrat knows how to coerce free will; to hurl down free will beneath the grinding wheels of organised and imperious necessity. The "great city Babylon" stamps whoso would buy or sell within her gates by "the mark of the beast in the forehead." Wearing that mark, in the full front and power of his authority, the man of the mark burns it in again on the brow and breast of the helpless daughters of the People. Yet the purities are murdered in the pure, the innocences stolen from the innocent, and "no man lays it to heart."

The church of the Plutocracy is dumb: its womanhood is dumb: its subsidised and universal public press is dumb. These are things that Society will not tolerate to be spoken of, and which when spoken of are commonly denied.

How again about the tens or hundreds of thousands of needle women, hand workers, machine workers; the never-ending ghastly procession that empties its wasted annual surplusage into the streets, into the dives, into the hospital and the pauper's grave? Is this America, a continent of the earthly planet, open through clear azure to sun and stars; or has it sunken down—its dwellers unaware—and become re-incorporated in the seemings of a world for a new and thrice infernalised Pandemonium?

Every hour so many of these, our sisters, drop through spoil and outrage into ruin, yet we are comparatively at the beginning; for with every hour the multitude of helpless,

impoverished, unprotected womanhood increases, throughout the length and breadth of the land. With every hour the mighty host of the Despoiler adds to its ranks by fit and chosen neophytes and associates, eager and fired and panting for the prey.

A luminous thinker of the middle years of the 18th century wrote, "All things stand prepared and ready, and await the light." The light dawned: it led the evolution by twin streams of scientific invention and humane culture and assertion. Unhasting, unresting, it brings all obsolete, outworn, impedimental customs, opinions, institutions; all environments of mankind, into judgment before the tribunal of the divinity that shapes to fashion in the humanity of man. But now it may be written again, "All things stand prepared and ready, and await the fire:" not the torch of the Insurrectionist, but the ardours of Living Evolution, led to their enkindling wisdom in the social passion of the Peoples.

It has been claimed by one school of liberal thinkers, that the evils of the Present are not so much more than those of the Past, but that we see them more. Even so; and we see them more because they are being led up to confront the Divine Tribunal in the formative social humanhood, and to receive the sentence, "Depart!" We too, who ponder together in this strange hour of the fate-time, are involved, from living flesh to living soul, in the full round of its tremendous issues: we too feel the momentum of the massive forms that wheel on, on to judgment: we too, as we survive, must incorporate our futures in the bliss or woe.

V.

There is at present, throughout the human area of our Nation, a movement which for lack of some better term may be designated as an "incipient evolutionary whirl;" a current of vital force, energised in the flowing stream of the out-working social passion. This may be traced through three distinct channels of operation.

The first whirl-current operates for the diffusion of the impulse of collectivity, for its method, firmness, sympathy and influence, through the vast body of artisans and common labourers. It is impregnating the Trades Unions with the socialistic fire, but embodies its more virile force, its more effective motion of intelligence, in the distinctive State Socialists, whose organ of service is the Socialistic Labour Party.

The visible fount of this movement was originally from abroad. Germany, the focus of the world's philosophic culture, was the first, more than a quarter of a century ago, to evolve the formulæ of a strictly logical and scientific evolution of organised industry, that should merge individualism in collectivity.

The distinguished Karl Marx was the first of thinkers to work out the problem in the logic of inductive reason: he announced beforehand the main features of the march of the competitive system through trusts and syndicates to the huge capitalistic monopolisation that exists to-day. More, he clearly defined the law whereby competition whirls on into a final result of combination, and hence the crash, the chaos of our present industrial fabric as the ensuing consequence. State Socialism must not be confounded with the imported Anarchism: they are as opposite in spirit, method and result as order is opposed to anarchy.

The second whirl of evolution circulates mainly through the professional, artistic, literary classes, the exceptionally humane of the *bourgeoisie* and thence to the isolated yeomanry. This movement was begotten in the old Socialism of cultured New England, surviving still from the labours of William Henry Channing, George Ripley and the band of exceptionally gifted men and women who were comprised in the "American Union of Associationists" 45 years ago: it is ideal, reverent, cultured, sympathetic and humanitarian. These old associationists were brim full of patriotic faith and courage; possessed of the modern spirit. Their one deficiency was in the lack of apprehension of the laws of industrial organisation and environment, which were afterwards formulated in the German school.

To Mr. Laurence Gronlund must be given the honour by his treatise, "The Co-operative Commonwealth," published some seven or eight years since, of being the first to introduce to the general American thought this missing factor, necessary for the evolutionary advance. Written from full knowledge of the logical ground and mastery of the facts of the material situation; written with the naïve honesty of the child yet with the ripe wisdom of the scholar in his specialty, this and his subsequent productions, though of comparatively limited circulation, served as the Euclid of social mathematics.

This and kindred literature supplied the base on which Mr. Edward Bellamy reared his popular and far-appreciated structure. In that now almost world-famous prevision it seemed to many that "Golden Jerusalem"—always luminous above the clouds of the mental firmament—was seen descending to a solid foundation established for it upon material soil. Yet "Looking Backward" would have fallen dead upon an apathetic Public had not the vital whirl of evolution

opened channels for its reception in the Popular brain and bosom.

The Arabian prophet affirmed that, "God sends to every nation a prophet in its own tongue." He sent to Germany Karl Marx and Lassalle, and to America the accurate, thorough Gronlund, and our own genial and hopeful Bellamy. But more, to these last annunciators he sent audiences as well. They translated the unapparent to the evident: so men found bread in the dry sand where before they but tasted stones; they met water-springs where before they had parched in the hot dust of the desert. So the whirl of evolution found access and Social Nationalism rose to a swift and auspicious prominence.

But there is in evolution a third whirl; a mighty one, though hidden as a river of the night. It is in the class raised by mental and industrial prowess, by extreme wealth—often hereditary wealth—to dignity, power, exclusiveness, sumptuousness and luxury; the centre and crown of existing Society.

The same heart beats in the bosom of the man of a dollar a day and the man whose dollar is born anew to him every minute. There is the same hereditary private self grasping to the egoised interest, and within him the same latent social passion, pregnant with the riches of the Infinite and yearning to the birth, that it may pour abundance into the bosom of the People.

Poverties are burdens that heap care and agony upon the man of cruel and lonely toil: riches are burdens that lead to their humane possessor anxieties, sore misgivings, crises of conscience, questionings as to what is the right and wrong between rich and poor, employer and employee, the public treasury and the private purse;—yea, what is the final right between opulence and God? Here is a vast, deep-burdened

heart that waits to be relieved: a vast brain that begins to apprehend that infinite benignities may be dispensed from the halls and treasuries that have been made the shrines of Mammon.

Humane Socialism is breathing on, feeling its way through the topmost class, and its movement there is in the strict order of evolution: it has taken up, all unobtrusively, a permanent abode. It has come, gloriously to demonstrate at no distant period that God's heart beats full circle through all classes and conditions of men. It is by no means improbable that gentlemen of such types as Wm. and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Leland Stanford, Robert Garrett, Abram Hewitt, Charles Francis Adams, may yet stand full bold in the logic of Karl Marx, and the fruitful suggestions of Gronlund and Bellamy. There is a host of working men of combined skill and capital, employers of labour, but kind and considerate employers, men of conscience up to the measure of their light, who are ripening up to become the apostles and organisers of solidarity.

"Of honourable women not a few!"—The cultured heiresses of Rome and Alexandria in the earlier Christian centuries exchanged jewels and purple and the service of slaves for the plain robes and sisterly avocations of the daughters of the People. We have yet to see full openings of the riches of social wisdom, devotedness and courage in the exclusive circles of our American Womanhood. It is simply ignorance or misinformation as to the social ethic, and its infinite possibility of uplift and reconciliation and cleansing and nourishing, that holds them in quiescence now.

This third stream of evolution throbs with a profound and even awful passion: eminently it is the Woman's whirl. It forms to the impulse that leads to the Episcopal Sister-

hoods; to nurse-service in the hospitals and among the lowly poor; to the zeal and devotion of the "King's Daughters" and kindred societies of help and succour. It stirs like the approach of Advent in the bosom of the church that is sometimes described as "the aristocratic and capitalistic porch of Zion:" it finds recent and warm access of partial utterance in the voice of prelates of that episcopate. It sets already two of its priesthood before the Public as founders or conductors of socialistic, nationalistic periodicals, and their utterances are both sweet and considerate, both wise and brave.

Let a preacher like Phillips Brooks fully comprehend and receive the God whom he adores and loves, as seeking to reach mankind again in this crisis-hour of its destiny through social evolution, and his utterance would rock the "Wealth Church" of the continent as if it were an infant's cradle: it would lead forth the land's proudest and most glorious daughters by tens of thousands. Where woman leads man is sure to follow: the path of this brave advance would be the Social Commonwealth.

The Nation possesses an untitled but hereditary *noblesse* that is not to be confounded with rail-sharps, oil-thieves, coal-robbers, and trade-pirates or their progeny. These are *aristoi*, the best; inheritors of the cultures, amenities and honours of families that greatened from old centuries by alliances and assimilations of fiery-passioned heroic qualities of mind and heart. Adamses, Winthrops, Jays, Schuylers, Lees, Fitz-Hughs, Hugers, Desaussures; blood of the *May-flower*, blood of '76, blood of Coligni's Huguenots, and William the Silent's Netherlands, and Cromwell's and Milton's England tingles now in the veins of the Republic's fair and wise and brave.

In these the worthier evolutions of the Past have sown

and reproduced their seed : they hold in living structures the wealth of the grand achievements of the forefathers. It is through such that the evolutionary whirl, condensed, compressed, awaits to marshal forth by sword and lyre, by breasting, battling, organising symphonies.

When the period of incubation is fulfilled the chick must pick the shell, or die. The Republic has accomplished its century of incubation : fashioned within this rigid shell of plutocratic environment, the system of a living People has grown to such completeness that the shell rocks and quivers with its agitation. The question is now, not whether the egg shall be gently eased to a posture in the nest that shall soothe the chick to a little longer period of quiescent repose, as the advocates of palliative and partial reforms, measures of political easement would enforce ; but whether the incubation shall fail and the dead egg explode from the degeneration of vitalities into corruptions ?

Previous and mighty civilisations have been abolished in the advance of decrepid age and the invasion of inherent, accumulative, catastrophic death. The civilisation of which this Nation is a part holds in its members, by means of the parasitical, retrogressive and venal classes, the age, the rottenness, the decline, the dissolution that shed forth to ruin for the proud empires of antiquity. The rot of Rome diffuses through our parties and the rot of Egypt prostitutes in our palaces and on our streets. We hold, in a suppression that rapidly becomes insuppressible, the consequence of every old catastrophe.

So the dead call to us, "Come down, come down!" Babylon calls from its sand-wastes upon the Euphrates ;

Carthage and Tyre call from stony sepulchres beside the seas ; but within all this body of corruption the Young Nation stands, opulent with energies of evolution throughout its industrious masses, whether their toil be of heart or brain or hand.

Essentially there are but two Parties, the Party of stagnation and that of quickening ; the Party of corruption and that of purifying ; the Party of absolutism and that of liberation ; the Party of entombment and that of resurrection. And Evolution will advance ! though the orb lifted hand against the sun the motions of the heavens will not abate, even if the orb shall perish. Though our Nation lift hand against evolution, the evolution will ride on from conquering to conqueror ; if not through us, with us and for us, then through us still, but against us : "whosoever falls upon that stone shall be broken ; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."

But we shall not fall. The embodiment of divine human principle fashioned in the vital constituents of this American People ; however tried, however tortured, is not thus to perish. "*In Hoc Signo Vincet.*"

VI.

So far as they conform to the style of naturehood and reject the law of humanhood, the Plutocratic Combinations and the associations of the Artisans and the Yeomanry possess an identity : motive, effort and end are the same ; a larger share of material wealth than can be secured by solitary action. Lacking the spirit of Collectivity, the best of them are partial, fragmentary and tentative. They

organise to fight, not to love ; organise in the principle of fight, not in the principle of love ; organise in the method of fight, not in the method of love.

If the roll of membership is scanned, all the way from Syndicates to Trades Unions, three distinct types of character are apparent. The best type consists of men in whom the genuine social humanhood is firm and assertive, on the uprise to birth. The worst type consists of egoised individualities, shells of aboriginal naturality ; creatures who " are on the make ; " to whom the affiliation serves for their purpose of make, present or prospective. Between is a middle type ; those who fluctuate, who drift, who are instabilities, impressibles ; who take on surfacely the alternate aspects of thought, the social and egoistical. Hence, notwithstanding appearances, there is in such associations no solidarity, for that implies a vital sympathy of passion and motive, flowing through all the members, each of whom serves as a factor and motor for the one organic end.

It was the contention of Lassalle, whose thought has permeated the mass of European socialists, that the populace of hand toilers constitutes the vital body of the People, to the exclusion of the classes. This may easily be shown to be a fallacy, that whilst it operates renders nugatory for final good the vast schemes of the Proletariat. The vital body of a Nation consists of those of its inhabitants who are vitalised into the passion, thought and action of their real humanhood. The drifts, the natural ignobles are, till born over, mere parasites upon that living body politic.

It is not ———'s millions but his inhuman rapacity that excludes him from the living body of the People : it is not Jacques Miner's handling of coal ; it is his holding into God for the possession and out-work of the humanly divine, that makes him a member of the People's corporate structure :

for the Living Nation is the corporate body of God, and those are its members who are nourished and who nourish their fellow-members in the flesh and blood of the divine humanity.

Another and equally prejudicial fallacy is, that the measure of a man's service is the sum of his product of material values. Now the law of naturehood is as Wordsworth phrased it for Rob Roy :

“ For why ? because the good old rule
Sufficeth them ; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

Each natural creature subsists by the appropriation of nutritive substance from other lives, though those perish ; but the law of Humanhood is gift. The man who from core to skin is warmly alive in the passions of his humanhood is a factor of forces to his fellows. As one of a group the sum of his productive toil is not to be measured by the chaldrons of coal that stand to his credit when the day's labour is complete. All the days he is a cordial ministrant to his fellows, and they have partaken of the essence and the substance of his powers by an unconscious but actual sacrament. He has given himself into them for strength of toil or skill of hand, for hope of heart and persistence of virtue. Illustrations of this law may be found everywhere if sought by the single eye. Hence there are men whose energies for productive wealth are multiplied ten-fold, a hundred-fold, a thousand-fold, yet the visible result of whose material toil may be less than that of the inferior members of the groups in whom they consociate.

Again, there are working men who boast of an ability to compete with or excel the most handy of their mates, yet

who to a large degree are parasites, feeding for the substance of energy upon generous, humane lives that are thus exploited. For the man of gift to toil where he is exposed to bodily *rapport* with the absorptive man of greed is for him to be abated in force and length of days. There is an exploitation of the masses that proceeds by their own parasites, and Toil can never be liberal and free till delivered from its incubi. Any system of association that provides for the equality and contact of the incubi in the Industrial Commonwealth involves the perpetuation of the more vital theft.

The vital body of the Nation consists thus of its humanly productives: as the tree so the fruit; as men lift into the ripe wealth of humanhood they will bear fruit, each after his specialty, more and more abundantly. And the toil of the man is as his days are: he is not to be exempt when his days have reached or passed the meridian: this to him would be slavery, suppression, misery. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Service is made divine as man enters into it by the motive and in the steps of God: no brand of serfdom can mar that calm, high brow or efface the kingliness that crowns thereon.

Doubtless, according to the law and purpose of their association, it was reasonable for the Labour Unions to establish such rules as that no workman should take a double step on the ladder, or carry more than the regulation number of bricks in the hod, or make the hours of labour a minute more than the order, or put in more strokes, or turn out better value of work in the day than his less qualified mates. Yet, for all this, it was degrading: it fettered the liberties of the free and prompt intelligence; it set the rank and file of Labour in a cuffle chain: it sought to bind the Spirit of evolution in man. There is a better way: it is not too late to seek it now.

It may be well for the great Oil Magnate to say, "This — sentiment has no place in business ; if I get a rival in a hole I mean to keep him there ;" but it will not do for one to say it who esteems the virtue and honour of his manhood, whatever may be the pursuit: for "sentiment," if by this we understand the flow of the divine sympathies of humanity, has place in every business, unless that business is meant to be degraded through the bestial into the diabolical. We are here to abolish the diabolism of rivalry ; to lift rivalry into the swift step and daring march and kindly supporting touch of kindred excellences. It is not when he receives the day's wage that the man is degraded ; it is when he serves for the purpose of pay : man honours and nourishes his manhood as he serves for love.

After all that can be said, the man who is solidified into the egoistic instinct and its private greeds, feels within himself a stronger, though delusive motive for the perpetuation of environments that suppress the social passion, and that give full licence within law for the enormous satisfaction and aggrandisement of the naturehood, than can be compensated for in any form of really humanised institutions. Man's life is in his desires, and his delights are by the measure of their satisfactions.

The delights of gratified pride to the self whose life is in pride ; of gain to the self whose life is in gain ; of contention and triumph and the outwitting and overpowering of rivals to the self whose life is in battle against competitors ; the delight of a wicked ruler in his rule ; of the satan of the press in his power to extort homage and inflict pain and enforce fear ; of the party boss in the intrigue, the adroit wheedling of the public, the massing of the simple, honest commonalty in the service of his fraud ; the satisfaction of the glorying, the perpetual oblations to his inhuman self-

praise and self-conceit,—these make to such the chief things that life is worth living for. Now, Society in its present form is a wisely calculated and prudently guarded system for the outlet and satisfaction of the egoistic lusts. Those in whom the lusts rule, and who rule by the lusts, would rather see the Republic bathed in blood and the People rent to fragments, than that this huge Corporeal Lusthood of environments should be pierced by the knife, or constricted by the chain.

“Lay not this flattering unction to thy soul.” No ruling majority in the school of Mr. Bellamy can draw out this leviathan by the hook. The voting conies may combine, but they have not yet done with the tiger. For this would be, by one master-stroke, to upset the constitution of human affairs as History has written it, and to establish a result, which the clearest eyes that ever shone in man could only glimpse as possible through the separation of the social sheep from the egoised and savage wolves. Yes, our Brother, whom we reverence as “the Light of the World,” saw order realised in the associative life of the human multitude; but this effected by a clean cutting through: those of the gift-service led by the attractions to the awaiting destinies; those of the greed-service left to their congenial anti-social combination. What may be the processes through which the evolution will operate for the Events that hasten on we may not fore-know. One thing we do know: the Master who foretold beheld the race cleaving apart; its living humankind emergent from its deadly and corrupting inhumanities.

Yet again, if our humanhood is thus to burst the shell of its naturality, it is “not to destroy but to fulfil,” and to infill. The scaffolding drops that the temple may stand forth in its sublime proportions. Cast through what fierce heat, uplifted by what supreme endeavour, the matrix opens to disclose

the statue of the god. Have we not a logical assurance for the faith, that all things serve the purpose of an infinite economy; that there is no final waste or loss in man?

May not this mass of incipient manhood, closed in the constrictive ego, fettered to the bondage of self-generated lusts, incapable of submission to the superior passion whilst that was dulled from its flame, chilled from its heat, restrained from its operation by the oppression of the General Ego, rampant in the lusthood of malign environments;—may not even this find a new impulse of generation through the generous, genial potency of the Uplifted Social Man? May not the birth-crisis of the New Republic precede and lead on to the fulness and freedom of a new mankind? May not the evolution be fulfilled in the reign of universal harmony; “the restitution of all things, spoken of by all God’s holy prophets since the world began?”—The closed ages are behind us: the open ages are before.

VII.

The stronghold of Plutocratic Egoism is in the egoised Church, which proffers to its adherents an egoised and private salvation. Yet the religion of the church was formulated by the Socialist of socialists, as a means of grace for the uplifting of mankind into its vital and corporate humanhood. In origin, essence, method and purpose it was pure socialism; its every sacrament a sociality. It was organised in the law of gift, antagonistic at every point to the anti-force of greed. Its message to every man, to every woman was, “Open inly to receive the social Christ of God: open outward for the diffusion of the social christhood throughout the race.”

Let us not condemn without discrimination. The withered beldame, standing on table-rock, stooping over Niagara, tea-spoon in hand! see, she pities the poor drops whirling down to their doom of "wrath to come:" she reaches out if haply some may be saved: she dips up spoonful after spoonful, drips them carefully into her row of tiny labelled vials and corks them in. "For this and to this," they say, "God took on flesh, and was crucified, and burst the grave."

State and Church! the one is organised in the competitions of individualism for this world's gain: the other in the self-pride of egoised anti-social believers for the gains and guerdons of the other world. The one tends to the complete exploitage of the productive masses and is based upon their bonded service: the other tends to its own magnificent exclusiveness, as the private domain of enriched non-producers middle-class competitors and unreasoning superstitionists. Such is the two-fold structure of the Public environment.

Now Socialism inhabits the Church as a nascent Humanhood, buried in an environment of naturality and struggling to expression. Therefore the visible ecclesiasticism has, notably for the last three centuries, evinced the process of a dissolution; as a structure of mere naturehood evincing more and more of a divorce from the living body of the People; depending as a vesture of superficiality upon its limbs; clinging constrictively upon the popular thought and custom.

We behold it at last invaded decisively by the evolutionary whirl. First, the scientific doctrine of evolution has shattered the faith of the wise among its doctors in their historical and dogmatic cult. Second, the progress of research has weakened or overthrown their trust in the collective accuracy and authority of its sacred oracles. Third, the truth of the Divine immanence in mankind is supplanting the creed of *Deus ex machina*; the high, outside God,

throned above the universe, and a stranger to the vitalised interiors of human heart and flesh. Hence the latent force-currents of the divine evolution are loosening its massed and pent-up multitudes, through differentiation toward social personality.

So the Ecclesiastical System which whilst it represents religion, now in the main misrepresents religion, is struggling for existence, and yet for transformation. The few of its strong authorities are feeling their way to the Social Christ, in the rise of the social passion, and by the hope and labour of the social good: the many are holding as did the rabbis of the Jewish cult against the advance of the Nazarene. Yet again, Religion, so long in thrall of ceremonial but ignoble naturehood, is taking heart and finding breath anew in the body of the vital People. Priest and Levite pass by on the other side, but Religion reaffirms her healing potency, instituting her new priesthood of the Good Samaritan.

Throughout the vast labyrinth of the sacerdotal and commercial Babylon, the voice of Evolution in warning is trumpeting, "Come out of her, my People, that ye receive not of her plagues!" Fifty years ago the name of "Come-outer" was a term of derision, applied to lonely Protestants against the defiant and popular iniquity: now the come-outers are becoming the People, and the stay-inners are beleaguered in their strong city by assembling hosts. Gage and his red-coats still hold the Boston of our hope, but the Continental Army is assembling and entrenching from hill-side to hill-side, the farmer from his plough, the artisan from the shop and smithy: Revolution becomes organic.

As evolution still advances, we see the Sects dividing into thinking, worshipping personalities. Men stood only as they were held together in close grip of tribal and churchly familisms: they fell to weakness as they held apart. Now

they find strengths rise with the assertion of liberty ; strengths intensify with the assertion of equality ; strengths multiply with the assertion of fraternity : from this grand eminence they look on to the supreme might in organised divine society. The cry is everywhere, " More room, more room ! " the old habit stifles. It would be impossible to compress men into the limits that held them half a century ago ; or if forced to that compression it would be to them as the black hole of Calcutta.

The egoised individual mind clings, by the love of life, to Nature as a ground of surface-hold and delight, and this appetency is denounced by the religionist as a profane worldliness. When Garrick exhibited to Dr. Johnson his superb gallery of art, the grim moralist exclaimed, " Ah, Davy, Davy ! these are the things that make a death-bed terrible. " The young birds love their sheltering tree, and though the summer is ended and the leaves fallen they shrink from the unknown flightways through the far, dim azure. But man is a creature of enduring hope ; so the ego knowing that the cling here must fail, mounts aloft by a self-longing for private possession and pastime, in an other-worldliness that it deems religious yet which is still profane.

Hence comes the delusion of the Pharisee : transferring the self-grip of the ego to that other world, he " thanks God that he is not as other men, or even as this publican, " who delights in creature good and makes his holding-place and joy-realm here. The Pharisee thinks to be wise in his generation : he will not " carry all his eggs in one basket ; " so that, when the lower basket drops and its eggs are broken, he may float high, bearing the other basket, with eternal prospect of chicks and omelets in store. He " is not as this publican. "

Now the religion of the social passion translates the hope and trust of man from self-righteousness to the divine righteousness, made social righteousness in the accordant human race. To the man of real religion the assumptions of self-righteousness are horrible. He conceives of God as immanent in mankind, condescending to its extremest needs; lifting in mankind, and hence lifting him personally, not as one selected out by an especial favouritism, but lifting him, in the accordance of the universal law and purpose, by just so much as he is divested of all self-striving; abolishing that private strife that he may become a factor and function in the general and social uplift of man.

No man was ever saved by means of a private and exclusive striving to save himself: no man was ever lost who merged his being, with all its interests and efforts, in the organisation of the Public Safety. There is and can be no religion in individualism pure and simple: the private monad can hold no religion: absolute religion is absolute socialism. As religions grow into reality and fruitfulness, they become more social: as they deaden and become sterile they grow egoistic, and egotistic, and time-serving, and persecuting, and mendacious, and fraudulent, and parasitical, and infernal.

It is not the priest and Levite who embody and show forth Religion, though each is in full succession from Mosaic orthodoxy, and though each "thanks God that he is not as other men;"—it is the "Good Samaritan," who thanks God that he is as other men; that, sinner as he is, he can yet feel in the common sympathy, and assist in the common helpfulness, and so serve to bind up the wounds of the fallen kinsman, whom priest and Levite have left to perish in the wilderness.

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Never before so much of the Gift Spirit, yet never such aggrandised and insistent greed! The more the man who has found his humanhood differentiates and enlarges, so much the more the fervid social passion takes grandeur and opulence in his heart. Yet the more the individual has fixed and fixed his appetences in the constitution of naturehood, the more the harsh, constrictive determinations of the private self clutch his faculties into inhumanity, ravage and destroy the generous sensibilities and set the mark of the beast upon his brow.

Now the charm that modern life has for strong characters of this inhuman type, consists in the fact that the planet has been thrown open, that wherever spoil is to be found they are free to venture, and that the men of push and daring were never so armed and equipped for the spoilage as is now. Depend upon it, our Cæsars are not to be disarmed by any Senate or impeded by any Rubicon. How great has Bismarck grown by his mastery of the opportune, yet how contemptible! an empire of *savants*, philosophers, scientists, men of charming culture and illustrious art, held by him of less account than household lackeys, and scribes of his reptile press. And we too have our petty Bismarcks, great in all but in that which remains to him of a faded, tarnished lustre. Nay, Plutocracy, in its thousand millionaires, knit to one ever-hardening, ever-solidifying, ever-concentrating Gold-Colossus, masterpiece upon the board of Evil Destiny, holds more than Bismarckian dare and dash; more command of press and legislature; more absolute knowledge of what to do, and how and wherefore and to what end the doing must serve, than he. The modern opportune leads strong men of greed to unknown bulk and height of evil greatness: then the *zeit geist* enforces their consolidation, and mankind is their spoil: it is broken at their feet.

Yet if there is on earth a new race of giants, their path is disputed by "offspring of the gods." Men heard the call, "Be oriented!" and lifted brow and bosom to the morn's intelligence. Again the call, "Be orbed!" so they round to englobed, irradiated spheres of living reason. Now at last the summons, "Be constellated!" orb after orb they swing to find their place and function in the ascending social solidarity. Are the human heavens silent still? Socialism shall yet lead mankind into her march of harmony by the music of the spheres.

But as men thus orb and constellate they brighten: the mind becomes more mental; the senses more sensitive; the passions more passionate; the endurances more enduring and persistent. The attractions attract and the repulsions repulse, by chords that rise in the rhythm of evolution.

If our pseudo "civilisation was nothing if not artificial," yet its nothingness becomes apparent as it is found to be artificial: its doom is written, in that it is not humanly but artificial. The firmest of artificial alliances are proving unable to withstand the evolutionary currents that wheel the quickening and orbiting lives into the association of their fitnesses by the attraction of concurrent sympathies.

The great, free Social Manhood is yet to come. The latent potency of our humanhood is evidenced in the fact that the intuitive sympathies of the race are in accord with real greatness. Social Nationalism, notwithstanding its material promise, is distrusted, because of the apprehension that its establishment may lead to the creation of a race of complacent and fatted mediocrities: it is always the level that is wearisome and monotonous.

The race cannot survive, lighten or enjoy in the default of its brilliant characters: however clear the lamp-light still the heart hungers for the stars. Yet man by his humanhood is

a being of infinite variety: the characteristic of real genius is that it is instinctively socialistic. All the dramatists are in Shakspeare: all the humanists are in Christ: it is the social passion that liberates the special genius in each demonstrative and creative man. Those mighty Brethren of the Past, who wrought forth the idea of their life into splendour and fruitfulness because the social passion was energetic within them,—they stand before us, they beckon on as if to say, “The social passion of the race made its tabernacle within us: this was the foundation and this the greatness of our labours. Ripening through growths of latter ages, the social passion waits to tabernacle and achieve in you.”

Yet Humanity is only for the human; its socialism only for the social. Our Nation is dominated and overcrowded by its dwarfs: the misfortune is, that the dwarfed heart, mind, sensation, imagination, faith and trust are made the measure beyond which, whoever transcends is made a mark for distrust, denial; almost an outcast among men.

Still, if the age greatens and men do not greaten with it, this is because they egoise against the greatness. If the age deepens and men do not deepen with it, it is because they shallow themselves that they may hide away in their pettinesses from the tides of the on-coming deep. So, if men egoise whilst the age seeks to socialise, it is because the private self shrinks from the heroic pursuits, the disciplines, the darings that make for the vast human good. The more vital part of the human faculties are in perpetual eclipse. Egoism holds but at most the lunar light: the richer worths of the solar ray are lost to us because it is only by means of the social passion that the bosom attracts and absorbs the human aura of the sun.

The great men of the Egoists are but brazen and pillared mediocrities. Egoism severs the tap-root of the human tree.

Observe any coterie of Club-men or Turf-men, or Bank or Railway magnates, or Cabinet Ministers ; on the whole they are miserable. Their enjoyments are coarse and feverish : they inhabit an atmosphere of suspicions. They journey at a swinging gait, but this is because they ride the crocodile : they see their ruined rivals trodden beneath the feet of the beast, and they know that the rivals rode once where they ride now : they know too that a twist of the reins, a slip of the foot, a careless motion may hurl them down to be as the rivals are.

Paradise is in the air : the atmosphere of our social hope is impregnated by diffused elysium. This utterance proceeds in that promise ; but there is also an air of terror. The toiling masses of the People can be led through miseries, disappointments, ruinous calamities ; on, to a certain point, they may be driven by their task-masters like cattle toward the shambles. Starvation of the body, starvation of mind, heart and hope ; starvation that with spectral shadowing extinguishes the fire of the hearth and slays the comfort of the bed ; that smites the babe upon its mother's bosom and shrouds at last that mother for the grave ;—this in its long approaches is endured, but in the last extreme it loosens the passion of revenge, the desperation of ruin that is latent in the naturality of man : it leads forth a storm of mania that is the opposite of the evolutionary whirl.

When the cry is heard, " Bread or blood ! " the Plutocratic Rulers may well tremble. This is not so far off, by the law of the alternative, but that quickening senses may now feel it tingling toward them. If all the promise of the past is latent in our Nation for the evolution of its social humanhood, the savagisms, the barbarisms of all that past lie latent

in its animalised cupidities. Coiled like gigantic serpents, they wait, if roused and unfettered, to whirl forth upon the land in all the power and deadliness of wrath that is implied in such enormous heredities. Then reason is nowhere : the instinct of self-preservation is lost, is swallowed up in the final instinct of destruction. The wise of old have written : “ It is dangerous to trifle with the avenging fates.”

Now there is here a body of toilers, men and women numbered by millions, to whom every outrage offered to the fellow is felt as a personal indignity, a dart that quivers and rankles in their own flesh. In this common multitude, made one by the sympathy and sensitiveness of the common outrage, this latent mania exists in full force, but is held hitherto in the consensus of repression. It struggles and is forced down : it heaves again and again, made by each new indignity less patient, more determined, more terrible ; loosening by little and little the accustomed restraints that held it in subjection.

“ Bread or blood ! ”—at any hour when the cry lifts wide and persistent the mania may emerge. There is not here to meet it, as in Europe, the obedient force of millions of soldiery. Our government does not rest on force : it is based on popular consent. These thousands of millions of dollars of the People’s earned wealth, these hundreds of thousands of square miles of the People’s heritage are appropriated by the capitalistic few, whose title holds only by pen and ink that has no binding force, excepting for so far and so long as the People is acquiescent.

Let a whirl of mania forestall the final outlet of the whirl of evolution, and the insurrectionary explosion may flash across the continent, from seaboard to seaboard, between the rise and set of sun. Then the rule of the prudent wise of the multitude is lost in the reign of the Terror. Mania,

the infernal goddess, whose hand brandishes the torch, may show by it the road to the guillotine. For the last quarter of a century we have filled up the land with the discontented myriads of the Old World : they came expecting freedom, but have found new servitudes : they came led on by hope : they sit down brooding and sullen with despair : the skies do not brighten to them, they darken and darken on.

Social Nationalism and the kindred preparatory movements, by instilling hope and patience into the oppressed masses, hold in suppression the explosive forces : but these forces are approaching terribly near the surface : the limits of the safety-line are very nearly overpassed.

Men have a curious habit of shutting the mental eyes to what they dislike or are afraid to see. Another habit, when successful, is that of thinking, in their phrase, that " old Mr. Luck will always be good to them." This habit holds possession of the average American mind. " No nation was ever so successful as ours ; therefore it must always be successful." They forget : this nation has been in rapid motion : a thousand years of result have been whirled into one century. Living so fast, it has lived almost to its end : its to-morrow is with Death. It may rise again, a New and Glorious Republic, socialised humanely to the resurrection of the just ; but, as to its present form, movement, custom and environment, it must first die.

It was the saying of Mencius, the ancient Chinese sage, that " the object of knowledge is the discovery of the lost mind." Now man has found his superficial mind, that of the ego, his private self ; and in it has found sublime thoughts, vast germs of theogonies, philosophies, poesies,

humanities, that lie heaped, stranded on its margin like treasures from some rich-freighted foreign Argosy that has foundered in the seas.

The shores of man's vast naturalness are heaped with the vestiges, and they constitute the wealth and worth of his intellectual possessions. But he uses or misuses them as might the barbarian: this drifted statue serves for a god in the shrine of his fetishistic worship; those relics of supreme culture for the adornments of his tinsel literature.

Whence came all these? They have washed up from the Lost Mind, from the buried social reason, the suppressed, submerged intelligence of the social passion. All religions of amenity, all charms and graces and virtues in society, all that is truly sweet and dignified in human relations, all that is logical and immortal in the human hope were born in the social passion of the common breast; flung forth to revelation through quickening faculties of the social mind, and led to stature and persistence through the toiling, battling energy of the incipient social purpose.

Now man, born into naturehood, is not as to his realness of natural origin. The acorn does not need that it should be planted in a grove of oaks to put forth the oak's quality and reveal its peculiarity. The wolf cub or the ape babe does not need that he should be nursed and bonded in the wolfery or apery to evolve the instinct and cunning and fashion of his wolfishness or apishness: these are forms of nature, egoistic fantasies and formulas that are capable of evolution to full structure of their own species in their solitary individualism. Contrariwise the human babe, for the evolution of its humane quality, is dependent on its social environment. The proof of this is found in the fact that if the boy infant is stolen by wolves and introduced

into the cave where the dam suckles her cubs, he will feed at her teats; he will grow up with the young wolves as brothers and sisters; he will travel on all-fours; his language will be mere whine, bark and growl; he will dive for the fish like an otter and eat them raw; he will pursue the round of ferocious animal pleasures, ignorant entirely that he is not wolf, but man.

Man, born with the germ of humanhood folded in and throughout the structure of his naturehood, can only commence to evolve and display the human quality as the social touch of the human species makes a connection, by means of which that which is inmost and truly real within him may commence to elaborate and grow forth to surfaces. Humanly he is a germ that cannot grow excepting as it finds a substance and form of humanhood that shall serve as environment. By whatever there is of humanhood in the family, the babe is taught to walk rationally upright. But the humanhood in the family is still a struggling, not a triumphant force; the really human family has yet to come; its naturehood transubstantiated to the flesh and blood of the humane divinity.

The child grown to youth, if of such human potency that he can hold the upright attitude, is famished for social food. According to his genius he searches for that food through religion, books, arts, the drama, poesies, heroisms, philosophies, sciences. In these he shapes environment; in these he creates for himself the vaster family.

He earns his bread by sweat of brow; toils perchance all the daylight under the wage-master. Night comes and his poor room opens: he is companioned there by each illustrious character whose fires have touched to him by the hand of art, or by the magic of the written page. He becomes, as they say, "a self-made man." Not self-made!

The form in which that virginal intelligence uplifts to enrich mankind by new discovery, is the form that the environment of the saints and sages and artist-heroes, his familiars, fashioned and ingenerated in his flesh. Grows he at length to be, in the old phrase, "inspired of God"? Yea, truly. The Supreme Power in evolution instars a splendour upon his brow, by so much as he took in this vast environment and made it invironment; wrought of its woven folds, as we may say, a second nature. So drew in the bosom to grasp the rhythms of the nobler inspirations; so transposed the action of the brain that he might think and reason from cause to effect, and thus from infinite to finite. For evolution, that it may evolve to round upon the globe, to fashion and transform its institutes, is dependent upon the environment in which its instruments are clad and armoured for the fulfilments of its purpose.

To call forth the lost mind is to find man again. What offence could be so unforgivable as the offence of instilling at one stroke into all the milk that mingles with the morning food of every child on the continent, a slow, rotting poison; corrupting the growing, incipient humanhood in each, and developing the seeds of the instincts of animal ferocities.

This is what our civilised individualism does: its environments are so fashioned, so surcharged with the greeds and despotisms of all self-vice, that they flow as a constant element of seeming nutrition into the soft, hungry, receptive, indiscriminative sensitives of this vast childish body of incipient, dependent mankind. "Wait:" cry our amiable, intelligent conservatives; "when the race becomes angelic, they will accept the environments which you propose." Can they not see? The few heroic constitutions overcome in part the daily poisons on which conservatives insist that all infants shall be fed: meanwhile the poisons make an

ever-growing flood, bearing generation after generation down through defilements to the last corruption.

If it be a sin which grows to infamy, that man persists in the degradation of his own human, how many million-fold a sin is it, that he should persist in strengthening, enlarging and making permanent the inhuman environments that by concurrent action dehumanise, age by age, the masses of the peoples of the globe. Write this so deep, so high, so broad that, wherever man turneth, the fire of the letters shall burn in upon his brow: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my little ones ye did it not unto me." Accept this as the logic of the statement: they who persist for the durability of environments that corrupt and ruin the humanhood in man, are themselves guilty of his blood. "Am I my brother's keeper?"—Thou art; and as thou keepest him so shall God keep thee.

Yet here we are confronted with another class of facts, another series of laws; the facts of the false heredity, the laws of the action of the unreason. The suppression of the ingermated racial consciousness, and the substitution therefor of a superficial egoistic consciousness, results in the enthronement, as the temporary arbiter of destiny, of the fictitious human being; the enormous, proud, cultured, non-social, anti-social and aggrandised ape. It is the ape, universally simulative, deceptive, a diabolised product of naturehood, evolved through incipient manhood degraded into baseness, that Bismarckises, that Bonaparteises, that Gouldises, that McAllisterises, that Leopoldises;—a fungus ape-growth in rotted manhood, which asserts the human in utter suppression of the humanly; that clothes itself in all the stolen robes, woven in the looms of social reason by its social

power, to flaunt its hideous deformity in the face of heaven ; its food our human flesh, its drink our human blood, its action our human waste and ruin.

It is the scientific, governmental, diplomatic, financial, mechanical man-ape, that by an inverted collectivity of egoism is organised into the gigantic, opulent, overbearing fraud, which holds this attitude, and is massed in this huge thing that fronts us in America by its aspect of Plutocracy. It is this that the Nation, in the intelligent lawfulness of its social manhood, must grasp by the throat and cast down and extirpate once for all.

The Man-People is ridden tyrannically by the grinning, hairy Deformity, the old man of the mountain that crept on Sindbad in his sleep, and wound his hideous extremities around the neck and made his seat upon the shoulders of the way-farer ; whose limbs strangle, whose huge fist pounds upon the brain and bosom, who makes of the man his beast of burden and the wage-slave of his cupidities. This sums up the situation. " Let us have peace," said Ulysses Grant, after that last surrender at Appomattox. Let us have peace, as Sindbad found liberty. He only found it when the foe was extinguished beneath his feet.

VIII.

Life is so bitter-sweet ; so chained in poverties, yet so filled and burdened by suppressed wealth of infinite riches ! Life is so brief, by measure of the flying years ; so long when one weaves into it, by fire of passion, and fulness of cultures, and logic of right reason, and persistence of true endeavour the spiral round of the eternities !

These gray hairs tell almost of the threescore years and ten, yet it seems as but yesterday that the child's lips kissed to the mother's bosom. "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and all the ways tread on to dusty death?" Nay, there is no death: our to-morrow is in God!

Resuming, in this discourse, a Public Ministry that has been suspended for the last thirty years, words may be pardoned that should not otherwise be spoken; a reminiscence be indulged in, that but for the end in view might savour of vain-glorying. Avoiding hitherto the personal, let me be forgiven if I employ it now.

In 1848 I was minister of the Independent Christian Congregation in New York. There was a growing and alarming body of Juvenile Destitution and Crime in that city. During one pleasant summer week, for some unknown reason I was unable to think out my usual discourse. A strange brooding quietude and stillness possessed the mental faculties. Saturday evening came, leading with it a calm that became intense; that made in the senses a suppressed thrill.

Retiring to the solitude of my study, it seemed that a voice, which was rather intelligence than voice, filled the air and played by a rhythm into the brain, generating words: "We wish you to write for us to-night." The same voice, by an identical process seems with me now.

I sat down at my desk, and the words of the Christ came for a text: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." From this I went on to write, as rapidly as words or symbols of words could be traced on the paper; yet with most absolute self-possession, and concentration of mental passion. No pause, no intromission of a foreign thought till the whole was written: no cerebral excitement, but the continued breathing rhythm, diffused in solemn yet joyful calm.

I read that discourse on Sunday morning to my great congregation : read it in that same mystery of vibrating intelligence, quivering with love, calm as the stillness of a perfect night in midsummer ; while from eye to eye it seemed as if the hushed, melted audience diffused an atmosphere that held the dew of tears.

As the people rose unwilling to depart, Mr. Horace Greeley, one of the office-bearers of the parish, stood up in his place and requested the congregation to remain. A public meeting was organised, and the " New York Juvenile Asylum " was born from the deliberations. A committee of the parish was placed in charge of the initiatory work. 30,000 copies of the sermon were distributed in pamphlet form as rapidly as possible. The discourse, in parts or in entirety, was copied in leading dailies. And, heretical as the author was considered, the sermon was preached verbatim on the following Sunday from leading orthodox pulpits ; good Dr. Muhlenburg, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, prefacing by saying that it was borne on his heart to address his people on the subject, but that this discourse said what he wanted to say in better words than any of his own. A charter was procured at the incoming session of the Legislature : the gifts of the citizens of New York were supplemented by a large public appropriation : lands were purchased and an edifice at once commenced ; the good work so far accomplished.

The course of public life led me away from New York at no distant period. The incident was almost buried from memory till some years afterward, a solitary wayfarer, in the dusk twilight, weighted with huge griefs and burdens of the People's care, I passed a great edifice, enclosed in ample pleasure grounds, on an eminence in the suburbs of the city. I heard from it the chorus of many voices of children singing

their evening hymn. I asked a passer-by, "What building is that?" He answered, "The New York Juvenile Asylum." Verily, "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Now I have referred to the incident, that the application may be to the present time. This great Columbia is an ampler New York. Every man in it, every woman in it, is by the inmost human a little child. Ah! and how really destitute is this child, this child People, pining for that divine humanhood which can never be reached by any one, till it shall be realised in the common society and enrichment of all.

This common Body of our Commonwealth is lacerated: it bleeds at every pore: this common breast is ripped open: these common senses and members are polluted, in the defilement of the land's daughters, and in the debasement and profligacy of its sons.

The Rich know—and I appeal to them—that, gaining wealth, they are still pauperised, defrauded from the vital satisfactions, in the absence of which gain is but waste and gold but misery.

The Poor—to them I appeal—they know, for they see and feel, that mankind and womankind are rotting down around them; that there are worse griefs than those that come from insecure employment and incomplete reward.

See! man and wife look on these prattlers about the table, these babies in the crib or on the breast. They dare not forecast: they shrink utterly appalled from the thought,—I cannot say it all: your sympathetic hearts will fill the lesion,—the thought of the ominous, broken-hearted future.

Lo! and this night—every night of the year—Hell opens, organised, exacting, palpable, with its bloody sweat dripping

to the flagstones; and with its ribald blasphemy an offence to every passer-by. Hell opens; never closes; the ever-growing and devouring, the ever-remorseless, the ever-insatiable.

A gentleman whom I knew in New York said to me, in effect, "You may think that these lost girls come mainly from the toiling classes. In the parlour of Madame —— I made the acquaintance of so-and-so; a graduate of Vassar College. On thus greeting her, she filled my astonishment by telling me of seventeen girls from Vassar whom she knew who were in the city, and receiving gentlemen as she was doing."

One such as these, yet unstained, is worth more in Heaven's eyes and to God's heart than all this wealth of Stanford. One such, in the utter loss, is more loss, on the scale of human magnitudes and values, than if California with all her riches went down to be buried in the sea.

Now I plead, I plead for the soul-flesh and body-flesh, the soul-blood and body-blood of Living Columbia. I gather up all this wealth of sonship that is blasting; all this riches of daughterhood that is withering, and show them to you. I gather up all this mass of sordid, defiled, corrupted, ruined manhood and womanhood, that around our feet becomes wormy and serpentine; that soaks the air with vice, and loads it with corruption.

I gather up in one, this great, glorious husbandhood and fatherhood, this sacred wifehood and motherhood of America; benignant, mighty, awful in force of character, beautiful in fore-gleam of the immortalities. Then I say, Let us have mercy on our own most vital qualities; our own most assertive virtues. Let us have respect to the fountains of our enjoyments and the high sources of their beatitudes. Let us find anew the springs of our origin and enter by full

movement into the flowings of our destiny. Let us cast out from our temple the "money changers and those who sell doves." Let us dare to penetrate to the vital fact of Life, that is buried within this surface show of custom, habit, partisanship and rivalry. Let us once for all take in this truth of truths, that for every sister that is ruined a vital part of us is rotted; that for every man who goes to wreck a vital part of us is deranged and withered.

Again I say, "Little children!" Now then let the Father speak in Christ, from the old gracious words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

If Columbia can but open heart, mind and purpose to this Brother Christ, this divine incarnation of fraternity in the heart and flesh of man;—if she can but compass the principle that works to the social righteousness by the instant and immanent laws of our common human evolution, the miseries of the People shall roll from them as the stone from the sepulchre, and their manhood and womanhood shall rise, filled with God, as if in all such goodly vastness this Christ were risen.

Finally, if this speech is with an assurance of certainty, it is not as from the religious or social enthusiast: these are the matured convictions of the long-trained specialist in public affairs. It is not the one side of Truth that helps, especially in crisis and emergency: it is Truth in full circle, rounded to the touch of every salient point and pressure of the occasion. The study of this one life has been to become a full-centred, all-round man.

Each vital problem of man has its outer form and environment of social-industrial bone, flesh, nerve and skin:

each political, industrial, social problem has its vital content and environment of human thought, passion and passionate force. Each class, each specialty of human character and condition, is played through by the vital currents that make for the higher, the humanising and final evolution. It is by the concurrence of all these vital currents, rising by the rhythms of their sympathies through the luminous and socialised man, that evolution pushes on to avouch and demonstrate for the last conclusions.

Whoever would know mankind thoroughly, as he now is and is environed, must mentally, feelingly and practically enter into and abide in the fellowship of his universal service. This, by the continuous duties of a half-century of humane toil, I have sought to do; till, standing in the doorway that opens from the completed round, I find and meet mankind, full breast. And man is still precious; more precious, in that I have found the touch of the divinity that survives within him, in spite of all the chronic malady and defilement.

From this acme of result one thing at least is logically evident: it is this, that given the men, evolutionised into the spirit and passion of the service; given a quickening of the masses; given the hour of the opportune, it is no more a matter of difficulty to organise the New Republic, throned in the structures of fitting environment, crowned with the splendid lights of a supreme human intelligence, than it was for the Argonauts of '48 to open the treasures of the placers, and for their successors to establish this present Statehood.

But evolution now is reaching to the result for which all the advance of former struggle was but preparative. The complex structure that we know as Civilisation has reached the utmost verge to which it can travel on the lines and

levels, and by means of the activities of the private self, and its mutually repellant and adverse individualisms. The People touches to the last stone of the road, whence there is no further path of advance on the present lines of human travel. Beyond this is but ascent, or downfall into ruin. The Hour is pregnant: the evolutionary forces are involving stores of energies; making of the deeper, the more interior vessels of the human system treasuries, magazines, laboratories for the fiery and fluid powers.

Surely there is a way, could it be found, by which these laws and forms of humane social relations might be so presented, that this whole body of the common vital People might hear them gladly and accept them cordially, as was once of old: then might it be said, "the fields are white already for the harvest;" then might be fulfilled that ancient social prophecy of "a nation born in a day."

The People's breast is pregnant with all manner of good and fruitful seeds. These obsolete customs, jealousies, dissensions, superstitions; these swinish and wolfish environments bite and freeze upon that vast bosom. All are afraid to suffer the social worths that are in them to cleave the bulb, and put forth the tender springing leaf.

Servitors are called for by the Hour, so inspired and redolent of this human heat and radiancy that, entering among the People, they shall meet and overcome these bitter storms and colds of winter wherein the better life is buried and the days are slain.

A multitude of clear thinkers, who are yet cold thinkers, are ready to admit and to hope for the grand national-industrial result, but this only as a consequence of very slow

and partial change. They see the New Boston of "Looking Backward" lifting possibly by the close of another thousand years.

The Nation is socially barbaric: be this granted. Buried in naturality; unable to conceive of its own latent humanhood: be this also granted. Yet was not Ireland a congeries of raging savage hordes? Then did not the youth Patrick, solitary, unfriended, unarmed, venture into the very heart of it? Did not a humane civilisation quicken by his touch? Did not that rugged mass of harsh and cruel barbarism melt from granite to warm soil, open for sowings of the generous and kindly harvest? Did not Augustine penetrate the gloomy recesses of Albion and, as by the waving of extended arms, cleave and clear the wilderness for the rising cultures of a quickening mankind?

Has the race so hardened and chilled since then that History cannot repeat itself to that higher result of evolution which these old transformations shaped for and prefigured? It is always safe to trust the latencies of evolution, when their ascending pressures are felt moving through the great Common Heart. It is always safe to make the final and supreme appeal, not to the instincts of the feeding animal, but to the reasoning enthusiasm of the yearning man, in whom the Power dwells that would lift him up to stand, according to the potency and promise of his origin, revealing the insolate likeness of Almighty God. "According to thy faith so shall it be to thee."

Let Boston but find her Patrick, her Augustine, and a sublimer vision than that of Bellamy will greet her; even as if the hanging curtains of the mirage vanished, to reveal on solid soil the paradisaal familisteries and temples of an actualised Apocalypse. The environment follows the man. The energy of transforming Character moves on, in the logic

of the event, to shape its out-birth in transformed environments of institutions.

For this waits New York, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco,—each great mart and centre of thought and toil. By this the shadowed Ethiopia of our dark belt shall “stretch forth her hands to God,” and so embrace the Social Deity. Prophecy to these dry bones of Nationality; and the dry bones shall live, and stand up as in Ezekiel’s vision; an exceeding great and mighty host. It is not now “educate” alone: it is inspire and educate: bear the uplift on through the propaganda of social education. Repeat in social worth of work the miracle of Wesley’s impoverished but irresistible itinerancy. Hearts must be converted and opened to the social passion, as once they were initiated to the individual promise of the life eternal.

No more needs here be said. “They who are wise” in this emergency “shall shine as the sun,” and they who lead this bewildered, constrained and perishing many into the enduring organic form of the People’s social righteousness “as the stars for ever and ever.” The evidence and fulfilment of the promise is open to every one who rises to welcome, and persists to entertain and serve the Genius of the Hour.

Open thy vast womaned heart, thou MOTHER COLUMBIA! Reach forth immaculate arms, wide to the farthest, and low to the poorest of thy babes. Speak thou, in tones as when the MASTER spake, and the grave opened, and the dead heard and arose and lived again. Call thou, that thine own who love thee may inspire life, purpose and courage by the spirit of the message: “Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.”

APPENDED NOTE.

THERE are, as I think, two strong tendencies, each seeking for expression through the industrial agitation of our time. There is first, on the outside, a tendency to the formation of a system of action in lines of material advance, pure and simple. Unless I am mistaken—which I truly hope that I may be—there seems to be an impulse in certain quarters to push the movement upon the lines of the economic ; to bring about legislation that proffers a sure and abundant recompense for material labours, by means of the appeal to educated and enlightened selfishness. We in America have been so inbred to the commercial spirit, so accustomed to make of each humane service a matter of mere dicker, to rely upon considerations addressed to the interests of the private self as weapons for the advance of change and the amelioration of institutions, that there is a persistent reluctance to the complication of affairs by any introduction of the pure ethic.

There are inevitably, as Mr. Gronlund puts it, "two temperaments among us, those of an individualistic and those of a socialistic temperament." In other words, there are men, and able men, who endeavour to think out the problem, and enforce the methods of the occasion from the ground of the finite, private ego. Now, the educated private ego sees full well the material side of all this splendid opportune : to its vision all the kingdoms of this world and all the powers of them, the wealth, the art, the pleasure are easily within the grasp of the huge, organised multitude, which by the conflux of ego to ego shall be able to uplift and throne that common private self in its resplendent but superficial paradise.

The present capitalistic system is bleeding to death ; it is committing suicide. There is but one remaining alternative at the service of the concentrated Plutocracy : that is, boldly and decisively, to adopt the form of National Collectivism as the clothing for its own spirit. The associated interests that command Congress, legislatures, courts, parties ; the nation's wealth, implements and soil ; its army, navy and police ; if they but in this emergency are wise to the full wisdom of their selfishness, have it possibly in their power to suppress the humanly in man, by the shaping of compromised adjustments that shall satisfy the measure of his civilised animality. The Gold Colossus, masterpiece upon the board of Evil Destiny, may be able yet so to array bishops and castles and knights

and pawns, as to combine in its allegiance the present opposing forces ; unless perchance the Power behind evolution wills that it shall be otherwise.

Some are already saying, "narrow the question down to the material." The issue that awaits, is between these two policies, the ethical and the material. Mr. Gronlund says again, "I am more and more convinced that Karl Marx's doctrine, that the bread-and-butter question is the motive force of progress, is not tenable ; but that we must grasp the very highest moral and religious truths." Is there or is there not an infinite human truth, which is to the vast public movement of the time, as the soul of the man is to the body of the man ? If so, are we to ignore that infinite human truth ? The Master of Nazareth, were he here now, would hardly be able to find a place, certainly not a full expression of his thought, in any periodical which would object to the consideration of the problem of the humanly, in its devotion to the economic.

I have sought in these pages, in some tentative and I fear very imperfect way, to set forth this fact of the humanly : to show that this vast social movement that seeks to become organic environment should nucleate, not around a common greed, but around a common God. I speak but as a pupil and under great embarrassments ; yet I speak because the burden is upon me.

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LETTER FROM
THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

WITH PASSING REFERENCE TO RECENT CRITICISMS.

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BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE :

ITS FACT, LAW, METHOD AND PURPOSE.

LETTER FROM

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

FOUNTAINGROVE, SANTA ROSA.

June 23, 1891.

HON. THOMAS L. THOMPSON,
"Sonoma Democrat."

DEAR SIR :

Permit me to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your cordial and timely favour of yesterday, and to make such hasty and partial reply to the main point of your inquiry as the pressure of my many duties will allow. As to what "the Papers" say of myself or of my friends, it has been our uniform rule to take no notice.

For nearly half a century I have been dreaming a lovely dream of the New Harmonic Civilisation ; of the ending of all feuds, the vanishment of all diseases, the abolishment of all antagonisms, the removal of all squalors and poverties,

in a fulfilled Christian era ; a new golden age of universal peace : as one

“ Who rowing hard against the stream
Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
And knows the dream is not a dream.”

The Ideal always precedes, yet prophesies its fulfilment in the realised human actual. The solidest and most enduring of organisations first float before the world's thought as pictured imaginations. It was this prevision of a new Confederation of Humanity, in a new and noble People of a new continent, heir to the royalties of all the ages, that shone as a winged and constellated Hope before the eyes of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Revolutionary heroes and sages, and so on to the young eyelids of our own ascending and evolutionary time. I have sought to fold the genius of Christianity, to fathom its Divine import, and to embody its principle in the spirit and body of our own America.

There are two chief currents of vital force that operate through the human mind and its organism for the evolutionary advance. The first and minor stream flows through scientific invention, for the conquest and reclamation of Nature, and for the adaptation of its immense productive forces to the human service. Discoveries in this line of mechanical invention have added the working power of a thousand millions of men to the industrial forces of each day of the world's toil. Each new discovery, to the last achievement of our Edison, is greater than its predecessor, and each in turn opens avenues to mightier and unforeseen results. Miracle has entered science, and advances through it as with the front and aspect of the God.

But there is in evolution a correlated current, which is dominant and supreme. Pythagoras apprehended its ex-

istence and defined it as operating by laws of rhythmic harmony in the universe, and in the constitution of man. It is implied, though but hinted at, in the remains of literature surviving from the great and creative epochs of Asian, Hebrew, and Grecian history. It is a force that comes forth in the close of each act of the World-Drama and that, by its differentiation to mightier tendencies and results in man, inaugurates the new act.

“ Westward the star of Empire takes its way.
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest Empire is its last.”

Men of exceptional endowments; men, so to say, structured and sensitive to the movements of this rhythmic force; men capable of its study by the logic of pure reason and of obedience to its immense demands, are drawn into the whirl of its operation and must live henceforth—if they live at all—as servants of the Hour, as ministrants to its destiny.

The alleged mystery of my life, when understood, is as simple as that of George Fox or of Thomas Edison. I discovered in early manhood the key to the harmonic law of Pythagoras: I discerned it to be one in essence and effect with the law expressed by other and diviner phrases in the sayings of the Christ. The dogma of that law is religiously expressed in the Apostles' Creed: its ethic is intimated in the Sermon on the Mount: its operation involves man's natural system in the system of the supernatural. It reinstates the law of miracle in the law of nature. It leads on by its effect, to the redemption of the flesh of man from the gross passions and cupidities that are incidental to his lowly natural origin. It quickens and re-edifies the mind of man, to become the chaste temple of the breathing Infinite. In a

word, it opens for the race a New Life, in which all men shall be unified as one social body in God from the greatest to the least, and all shall know God, filially, personally, absolutely, from the least to the greatest.

Now mankind, as the Church continuously affirms, is involved, by its heredity, in an odious obsequiousness to Nature. Once, whilst in the integrity of his creation, upright and dominant over the animal ; since then, "made subject to vanity" or illusion, the animal world by its notional or phantasmal images overclouds his reason, whilst his senses are loaded, depraved and contaminated by its appetences, exaggerated and perverted to cupidities and lusts. The primitive or tygal man stood humanly upright, respiring in the rhythms of a Divine circulation, from the hour when "God breathed into him the breath of life and he became a living soul." The estrayed and carnally subjected mankind breathes bodily away from God, the Source and Centre of existence. It breathes continuously into the gross, and often deadly, natural ether. That atmosphere, loaded with spores, bacteria, breeding and spawning forms generated from the disease, decay and death, the strife, greed and lust of the world, flows into him with each motion of the lungs ; in turn to re-beget and reproduce, till each nerve-tissue of his frame is infested and led captive in the coilage of the universal evil.

Now the first of the discoveries that came to me was the key to all that follows. Great in itself, it has opened on from year to year to others, in themselves immense, incredible, overwhelming ; but pregnant with results of vast and durable beneficence to mankind that can hardly be expressed in words. Conscious human life begins and ends with the fact and consciousness of breath : all men are aware of the fact that they breathe from and breathe into nature.

Immersed by the continuous act of respiration in this beautiful and bounteous natural world ; they living in it ; it living in them ; their faculties open to the knowledge of Nature and their senses are thrillingly fed and solaced by its joys. With me the breath is twofold : besides the usual breathing from and into Nature, is an organic action of breathing from and into the Adorable Fount and Spirit of existence. First realised as by a new birth of the breathing system ; a breath of new intellectual and moral infancy, this carefully held, reverently and sacredly cherished as a gift of God, has advanced till at present each organ of the frame respire in breathing rhythms, making of the body one conscious form of unified intellectual and physical harmony : the spirit, the real or higher self, is absorbing the lowly naturehood, yet meanwhile nourishing it with the rich and vital elements of a loftier realm of being. This gift that I hold is the coming inheritance of all.

Mankind awaits its New Humanity
As Earth once waited for the first-born rose.

Every act of my respiration for the last forty years has partaken of this complex character. "He breathed upon them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." [Spiritus; breath.] He breathes into me so that I receive the holy breath continually. In my lowly, creature emptiness and nothingness, I yet realise the organic presence of the Christ. I witness, in this age of unbelief, to the fulfilment of the Master's promise.

During the years that ensued when the new respiration had been confirmed and established in me, I made this the central topic in the discourses of several years, preached in New York and in various cities of Great Britain ; the reports of which fill two or three volumes.

In grim earnest I have grappled with the fierce Problem of Human Life, that by the cultured mind of our age, as to that of all previous eras, has been given up as insolvable. From that first discovery of a new respiration, "the breath of God in man," I have advanced, in the logical sequences of an inductive that is correlated with its own deductive philosophy; working out and verifying in actual experience the laws of the universal mental, moral, physical and social renewal of mankind. My writings for the last thirty years have been mainly withheld from the Public, as I was unwilling to present crude or partial statements, or those not capable of complete demonstration.

To re-unify man, individually and hence socially with God, is obviously to organise evolution in his corporate system. Spake the Christ, "Greater works than these shall ye do." The final chord of the rhythmic law, that operates for the renaissance of the human system and its senses from age to youth, was not touched till the early days of the last autumn, and not until my own bodily structures were reduced to an appearance of frail, emaciated and perishing age. Within a week after finding the touch of the last rhythmic chord that leads the harmonic vibrations into bodily renewal, the bent form stood upright; flesh grew upon the bones; the dim eyes found their sparkle; every bodily sense awoke re-invigorated; the fountains of the blood seemed to flow as by a vortical motion, rounding in each recuperative organ to one grand consciousness of bodily grandeur, freedom, and, in a sense, of corporate immortality.

Thus it will be perceived, that my endeavour has not been to construct a new philosophy, much less to found a sect in religion, much less to organise a petty social community. I have but taken hold of the clue that every noble and virtuous young man dreams of and aspires to find in the brilliant

hours of his ardent and heroic prime, and I have followed that clue till the life-path rounds again into the morning. Human life, in the pursuit of this path, shall no more be a disappointment; shall no more be a failure. No more, as the New Life becomes known and realised, shall hearts be crucified, and minds perverted, and manhood crippled, and womanhood outraged, and truth enchained, and its sages assassinated.

In Appleton's Encyclopedia I am designated as a Reformer. In entire modesty I accept the term, yet with an enlarged significance. In these discoveries I proffer to mankind its own re-formed, renewed and ever renewing structure; the body of its infirm and prostrate naturehood uplifted to the promise and fruition of the creative idea; potentially unified with and re-edified in the body of its inward and indestructible humanity, by the perpetual operations of the Divine in-breathing and outbreathing spirit. I proffer that which an inspired Apostle declared to be the final outbirth of the agony and travail of the ages; "the redemption of the body;" the fulfilment in material substance of the old, now almost forgotten, Christian hope. Yet I proffer this purely as in the lines of an orderly and supreme evolution.

The seal to the truth of our Divine Saviour's ministry was set in the resurrection of His corporate fleshly image from the grave; a psychic body that was also full structured in the intense material. The attestation to the truth of the New Life follows in this law and line of evidence. Logically I believe, that in the advance of the New Life we shall soon begin to see our noblest, most heroic, most humane men and women, without respect to their previous religious or social cultures, lifting up, breathing forth; corporeally in a firstness of resurrection; their bodies in gradual transposition to that glorious image of the divine-human Lord. Civilisation is verging to a crisis; tending to the supreme

agony. Now, as always, "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

But this mortal mind and flesh, this action and passion of the frame, cannot be translated from naturehood into humanhood by any process but that of the acceptance and adoption, by each individual, of the whole corporate interest of mankind as his interest ; to be embraced and served in the full denial of any superior self-interest, or family or churchly or class interest. With the discovery that he begins to breathe in God, comes to the man the discovery that God lives in the common and lowly people of the world.

Here then is found the present cross of Christ. The aristocrat must be crucified to aristocracy ; the plebeian to plebeianism ; the luxurist to luxury ; the ascetic to asceticism ; the exclusive to exclusionism. It is a strict, honest give up and come out from spoilage, pretence and illusion. For this God is a jealous God : he proffers to man the wealth of a consummate and indestructible manhood, to be realised in each filial and fraternal personality ; but man, to receive the gift, must first accept the common burden and sorrow and service of mankind.

Here and there, in Asia, in Europe, in Australia and America, men and women of heart, of thought, of humane principle, realise this new breath, and draw by vital and organic sympathies into the relations of communion in the New Life. They know, by their own mental advance, that a social crisis is at the doors : they are seeking to endure to the end, and to become fitted for service in the exigences of the extreme hour.

Our unique experience and attitude forces upon us liabilities to great misapprehension. The first thought of the vulgar is, that secrecy and mystery, isolation and home-keeping, imply depravity. Wherever in any country our

little families exist, our industrious, peaceful, harmless and non-aggressive ways always, however, command respect. This is, notwithstanding the attacks in the Sensational Press now and then upon the one of our number, whose name is most publicly identified with "the Life," and upon the nearer of his associates. We have received and gratefully acknowledge great obligations, both to members of the learned professions, to the Public Journalists and to the business and industrial community for hearty kindnesses and recognitions. Nothing stands but Character in the long run: we cannot talk down misrepresentations, but we can live them down.

To adapt a figure from Bulwer's romance;—if a brilliant, aristocratic but fast-living Glyndon forces himself upon the retirement of Zanoni; is healed of his mortal malady by means of infusions of the "vrilic essence;" fed with supreme knowledges and given years of affluent vigour; yet afterward, against all warnings, plunges into a career of ruinous hallucinations and perishes by its inevitable consequences, it does not follow that the remains of the dead exhale a perfume of sanctity, or that the modest Sage was a charlatan or an impostor. So,—without making personal applications,—this may well be conceived:—that, if there are men who grasp the grand law of the New Life and who thereby handle forces that are potential for mental and bodily sanitation and renewal, among the many who seek and who profit by their ministrations there may be some who first pervert the gifts to their own purposes, and who thence may abuse the kindness that would still shield and succour them, till the shadows fall.

It may be not inappropriate to make the passing remark, that representatives of the New Life, gentlemen and ladies

of position, culture and material competence, who repudiate class distinctions, and who esteem it both an honour and a duty to devote all they are and all that they possess to the well-being of Society, shrinking from no toil and fearless of all misapprehension, are at least entitled to the common respect which law and custom offer to the most destitute and the most obscure. If it is a law of their conduct, "when smitten on one cheek to turn the other also," this affords no proof that they are without final and resistless powers of assertion as well as defence.

Christ, arraigned before Pilate, answered not a word, save in his reply, "Thou sayest it." It is the final test of the man of sane and balanced character, conscious of the rectitude of his purpose and the honour of his career, that he pursues the even tenor of his duties, holding no malice, shrinking from no criticism, but making no rejoinders, however powerful the weapons that are at his command.

All reflective and well-informed men are aware that the edifice of Civilisation, both in our own land and abroad, is menaced by rapidly encroaching perils that will test its endurance to the uttermost. We think that when the Hours of Peril shall have come, our long training and thorough knowledge and mastery of the vital problems involved in the social situation, will serve for a good stead. Our cult, thus briefly hinted at, is not Socialism as that is commonly understood. It is far more: it is properly THEO-SOCIALISM; the realisation of the Social Infinite, the Christian's Lord and Saviour, in the transformed and beatified fraternity of a New Life; a socialised mankind.

Withdrawing from a public literary and oratorical service, for the last thirty years my effort has been concentrated to survive: to serve the providential ends of my calling; to strengthen the brave men and women scattered throughout

the world who were coming into the same organic fact and consciousness. This is all that there is of mystery in the "Brotherhood of the New Life." The tie that unites us is not credal, not communistic, not in any sense hostile to existing religions or social systems, whilst they still continue to exist. To live in Christ, to grow in Christ, to share with each other as utility requires both the fruits of industrial and ethical labours, to maintain the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and so to prepare ourselves for a coming public service in the primary hours of an era of transposed respiration and perishing environments, that we think to be just at the doors;—this has been, is, and will be, the purpose that unites us all.

We are often obliged, if we would preserve life, to maintain among ourselves a strict seclusion. Whilst cultivating an intense interest both in the individual and public welfare, the maintenance of the breath is our first duty. We realise the fact of organic interdependence so actually, that if one of our number is under bodily or mental oppression in Great Britain those of us who are in America feel his burdens in our own mind and flesh. We share, however remote in space, the respirations and vitalities of a common life. This is the germ, as we think, of an actual organic and social Christianity.

Eminent divines of the Church of England and of the orthodox and liberal denominations, authors and professional men of well-known distinction, learned oriental scholars;—a body, in fine, distinguished at once by high character and unobtrusive philanthropy, scattered over three continents, have for these many years been co-labourers and co-discoverers with me in these fields of vital research. They have however agreed in the unanimous conclusion, that the hour had not quite arrived when publicity should be

given to their ripe conclusions. We have been waiting till certain final demonstrations might be at hand; waiting also till the state of growing anxiety in the public and social mind, in view of the dangers to society from the industrial situation, should require to be met.

With reference to the recent memoirs of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, and to the hostile criticisms indulged in by a certain class of Newspapers, growing out of its misrepresentations—it is a Foreign publication, and those misrepresentations have been answered already in Great Britain where it appeared. There the real facts have been long privately known, and there a gentleman of known probity and character, the intimate and confidential friend of the deceased during the long period of his relations with myself, and familiar with the nature of all those transactions, financial or otherwise, from first to last, has published such statements as should satisfy all unbiased persons that both myself and friends have been greatly wronged, and that in no particular have I or they been the wrong-doers.

Men do not bandy words with carrion. For the function of the respectable Publicist no person has an higher esteem. For the nasal purveyors of the Sensational Press, who prowl about the kitchen middens, and who from the smell of the waste-pipes presume to sit in judgment on the aromas of the *salon*, I hold no more than a kindly contempt. It seems one of the strange anomalies of the hour that this sagacious American People should permit any region of their great domain of the Press to have become the haunt and spoil-ground of banditti. It seems singular that truculent and specious adventurers, who in private circles have no recog-

nised standing among men of honour, should be given a weight in the printed effusions of their hirelings, which no one would think of giving to their spoken affirmations.

My position and that of the gentlemen whose names are identified with mine, is that of peaceful travellers in the Public Coach, who have refused to yield "backsheesh" to the Black Barts of Journalism. It is they who must stand trial before a jury of the honourable American People. It is not my humble personality that is on the defensive, nor is it the world-wide though hitherto private association that is known as the "Brotherhood of the New Life."

For the last two or three years I have been secluded, most of the time, in my mountain retreat, working on to the final solution of the problems that opened in my discoveries of forty years ago. The final problem that faced me during these years was briefly this: By what process shall the man who, by consequence of respiration opened into God and the resultant life of service rendered to mankind, has fitted himself mentally and socially for a continuation of that service, with powers amplified from a hundred to a thousand-fold, overcome the universal racial tendency to physical deterioration and decease, and renew the outer structures of his person, and lead on a renaissance of the vitalities and vigours of the prime. How, in a word, without passing through physical decease, shall man practically embody and realise the resurrection?

As it is, Earth's greatest-best, who have grown up to immense human proportions, through the threescore and ten seasons of a self-devoted and heroic labour, perish from earth and are lost to mankind, just when, in the ampler sense, they were beginning to live. I had elaborated theoretically the science of the process. I now applied that process to a final test in my own organisation. I had

determined never to publish another word respecting my discoveries unless I should pass safely through this final ordeal. In fact, the long-continued and intense concentration of the faculties in the persistence of my labours, had so told upon the surface body that literary or any other effort would have been impossible. The alternative was, success or dissolution. Success came, as suddenly, as pleasantly, as when a deep-laden, storm-tossed ship glides over the harbour-bar from the raging outside sea, and swings at ease in a land-locked haven.

For more than fifty years, in hours of extreme toil and peril, a voice had always spoken to me that seemed to have been wrought into the sensitive structures and seats of life : "Persist, pursue; you will pass through December and emerge into May." I have passed through December, I am in the May-time; conscious that I hold in quickened mind and flesh the final secret and method and law and power for the resuscitation, the re-habiliment, the organic restoration of the nobler multitudes of Earth's aged and almost exhausted race. No more an old man of nigh seventy, but now renewed in more than the physical and mental prowess of the early prime, my retirement is at an end. The first work of my new service—rather a play and exercise of faculties than serious toil—occupying a scant four weeks, was the volume of Lyrics which is now passing into type under the title, "Battle Bells: verse-studies in Social Humanity." This American People, whom I love, and to whose best interests my life is pledged and consecrated, will now hear from me and find me, as events move on, not as in the arena of private controversy, but as an annunciator and demonstrator of supreme vital laws, and of verified facts, of largest value when applied either to the individual or the public good.

For myself, as before stated, I leave the disposition of my honour to the slow but finally just unveilings of coming time. Each hour of my days must be devoted to labours of necessity and beneficence. An American by choice ; a Californian by long residence and cherished associations; I have no fear that I shall ever cease to be regarded as a loyal and honourable son and servant of a great and glorious People. I shall feel myself at liberty to make a further use of this rapid sketch, as an appropriate preface to a new volume, dealing with topics of the hour, which is now passing into type.

Like the ancient Spartans I move on to the battle of the future to the soothing and enchanting music of the lyre and flute. And so it shall be! "Every battle of the Warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire." Europe is a camp of arms; America menaced by the fierce proletariat and the more belligerent plutocracy, glaring on each other, held but by feeble restraints of fast-dissolving law from agonised, convulsive struggle. "The war-drums beat around the world," but only till the drums are broken.

To their New Life shall wake the joyful Nations.
 " War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
 And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, ' Peace.'
 Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies,
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of Love arise."

So remaining, Dear Mr. Thompson,

Believe me,

Gratefully and faithfully yours,

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

APPENDIX.

IN answer to the many inquiries with reference to the statement in a recent "Sonoma Democrat," Mr. Harris would not be misunderstood. His natural degree of person is now transposed into the spiritual degree; but the spiritual degree is also transposed into the natural degree; thus making a twofold unity, an intermovement of the two in one. Hence his natural person is divested of the obsolete remains, the failing passions of old age, and the tendencies that result in final decease. He is alive, in the sense of a new divine-natural life, to the most extreme sensories of the visible form. Spirit is diffused throughout the flesh: flesh is in turn impregnated with spirit. He is thus re-incorporated into the potency and promise of psycho-physical immortality. He is in the youth and spring and morning of the new existence.

But, by means of this transposition and transubstantiation, he enters anew into the general organization of the earthly and suffering mankind. He does not show, personally, by a transfiguration, as some might suppose; but by renewed ability to enter more and more into the sympathy and burden of the suffering of the earthly man. He now touches the race, feels to it, and will only show an advance in the visible splendours of his own apparent form and mind, as mankind itself quickens and is being moved onward to the great crisis of its own redemptive deliverance.

It has been previously stated, that he would not appear to be "less natural, but more natural," and this is verified. It has been also stated that, for a time, he would wear the appearance of old age upon the surfaces, while these surfaces would appear vivified and penetrated by a divine-natural youthfulness and radiance; and this is verified also.

FOUNTAINGROVE, *Aug.* 28, 1891.

AUTHOR'S NOTICE.

During the last thirty years the writings that bear my name have been privately printed, and gratuitously distributed to applicants, pending the hour when the march of public events should make appropriate their publication and general diffusion. Such works, old and new, as seem adapted to a service in coming necessities, will therefore now be issued as fast as is thought desirable, and they will be charged for at prices that will defray their mechanical cost.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

FOUNTAINGROVE, SANTA ROSA, CAL.

July 1, 1891.

UNWIN BROTHERS, THE GRESHAM PRESS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.

BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE.

Department of Great Britain:

**ARTHUR A. CUTHBERT, Moseley, Worcestershire,
Departmental Secretary.**

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BROTHERHOOD
OF
THE NEW LIFE

E163

LETTER FROM

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

WITH PASSING REFERENCE TO RECENT CRITICISMS.

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA:

T. L. HARRIS, PUBLISHER.

BROTHERHOOD

OF

THE NEW LIFE

ITS FACT, LAW, METHOD AND PURPOSE.

The rapid march of events and the call for more frequent and varied utterances make it necessary to modify our plan of Quarterly Publication. To fight our ship well, its broadside must never be deferred when the enemy comes within good striking distance.

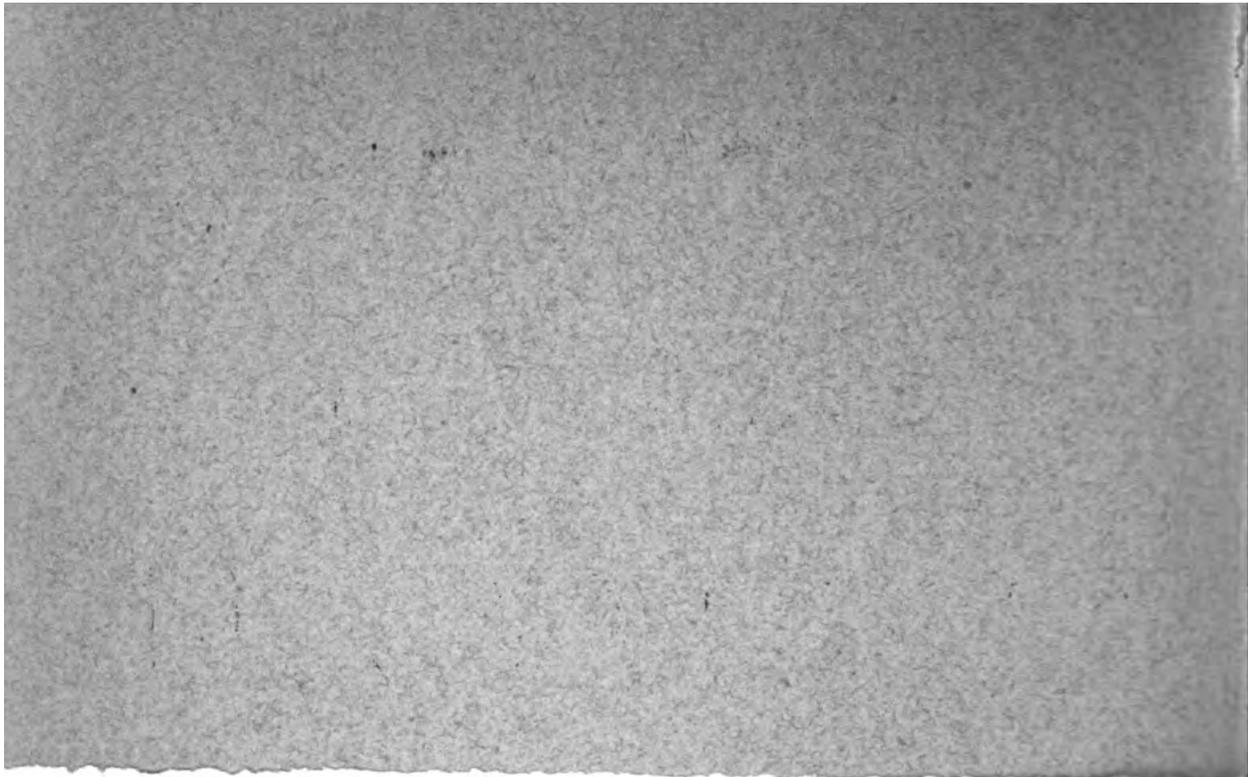
Comrades may expect that our writings will be issued from the Fountaingrove Press and elsewhere, as rapidly as emergencies require. The effort will be to fashion words in the divine spirit, and for the social-humane purpose of the hour.

FOUNTAINGROVE PRESS,

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LETTER FROM

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

FOUNTAINGROVE, SANTA ROSA.

June 23, 1891.

HON. THOMAS L. THOMPSON,

“Sonoma Democrat.”

DEAR SIR:

Permit me to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your cordial and timely favor of yesterday, and to make such hasty and partial reply to the main point of your inquiry as the pressure of my many duties will allow. As to what “the Papers” say of myself or of my friends, it has been our uniform rule to take no notice.

For nearly half a century I have been dreaming a lovely dream of the New Harmonic Civilisation; of the ending of all feuds, the vanishment of all diseases, the abolishment of all antagonisms, the removal of all squalors and poverities, in a fulfilled Christian era; a new golden age of universal peace: as one

“Who rowing hard against the stream
Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
And knows the dream is not a dream.”

The Ideal always precedes, yet prophesies its fulfilment in the realised human actual. The solidest and most enduring of organisations first float before the world's thought as pictured imaginations. It was this prevision of a new Confederation of Humanity, in a new and noble People of a new continent, heir to the royalties of all the ages, that shone as a winged and constellated Hope before the eyes of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Revolutionary heroes and sages, and so on to the young eyelids of our own ascending and evolutionary time. I have sought to fold the genius of Christianity, to fathom its divine import, and to embody its principle in the spirit and body of our own America.

There are two chief currents of vital force that operate through the human mind and its organism for the evolutionary advance. The first and minor stream flows through scientific invention, for the conquest and reclamation of Nature, and for the adaptation of its immense productive forces to the human service. Discoveries in this line of mechanical invention have added the working power of a thousand millions of men to the industrial forces of each day of the world's toil. Each new discovery, to the last achievement of our Edison, is greater than its predecessor, and each in turn opens avenues to mightier and unforeseen results. Miracle has entered science, and advances through it as with the front and aspect of the God.

But there is in evolution a correlated current, which is dominant and supreme. Pythagoras apprehended its existence and defined it as operating by laws of rhythmic harmony in the universe, and in the constitution of man. It is implied, though but hinted at, in the remains of literature surviving from the great and creative epochs of Asian, Hebrew, and Grecian history. It is a force that comes forth in the close of each act of the World-Drama and that, by

its differentiation to mightier tendencies and results in man, inaugurates the new act.

“Westward the star of Empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest Empire is its last.”

Men of exceptional endowments; mén, so to say, structured and sensitive to the movements of this rhythmic force: men capable of its study by the logic of pure reason and of obedience to its immense demands, are drawn into the whirl of its operation and must live henceforth—if they live at all—as servants of the Hour, as ministrants to its destiny.

The alleged mystery of my life, when understood, is as simple as that of George Fox or of Thomas Edison. I discovered in early manhood the key to the harmonic law of Pythagoras: I discerned it to be one in essence and effect with the law expressed by other and diviner phrases in the sayings of the Christ. The dogma of that law is religiously expressed in the Apostles' creed: its ethic is intimated in the Sermon on the Mount: its operation involves man's natural system in the system of the supernatural. It reinstates the law of miracle in the law of nature. It leads on by its effect to the redemption of the flesh of man from the gross passions and cupidities that are incidental to his lowly natural origin. It quickens and reedifies the mind of man, to become the chaste temple of the breathing Infinite. In a word it opens for the race a New Life, in which all men shall be unified as one social body in God from the greatest to the least, and all shall know God, filially, personally, absolutely, from the least to the greatest.

Now mankind, as the Church continuously affirms, is involved, by its heredity, in an odious obsequiousness to

Nature. Once, whilst in the integrity of his creation, upright and dominant over the animal; since then, "made subject to vanity" or illusion, the animal world by its notional or phantasmal images overclouds his reason, whilst his senses are loaded, depraved and contaminated by its appetences, exaggerated and perverted to cupidities and lusts. The primitive or tygal man stood humanly upright, respiring in the rhythms of a divine circulation, from the hour when "God breathed into him the breath of life and he became a living soul." The estrayed and carnally subjected mankind breathes bodily away from God, the Source and Center of existence. It breathes continuously into the gross, and often deadly, natural ether. That atmosphere, loaded with spores, bacteria, breeding and spawning forms generated from the disease, decay and death, the strife, greed and lust of the world, flows into him with each motion of the lungs; in turn to re-beget and reproduce, till each nerve-tissue of his frame is infested and led captive in the coilage of the universal evil.

Now the first of the discoveries that came to me was the key to all that follows. Great in itself, it has opened on from year to year to others, in themselves immense, incredible, overwhelming; but pregnant with results of vast and durable beneficence to mankind that can hardly be expressed in words. Conscious human life begins and ends with the fact and consciousness of breath: all men are aware of the fact that they breathe from and breathe into nature. Immersed by the continuous act of respiration in this beautiful and bounteous natural world; they living in it: it living in them; their faculties open to the knowledge of Nature and their senses are thrillingly fed and solaced by its joys. With me the breath is twofold: besides the usual breathing from and into Nature, is an organic action of

breathing from and into the Adorable Fount and Spirit of existence. First realised as by a new birth of the breathing system; a breath of new intellectual and moral infancy, this carefully held, reverently and sacredly cherished as a gift of God, has advanced till at present each organ of the frame respire in breathing rhythms, making of the body one conscious form of unified intellectual and physical harmony: the spirit, the real or higher self, is absorbing the lowly naturehood, yet meanwhile nourishing it with the rich and vital elements of a loftier realm of being. This gift that I hold is the coming inheritance of all.

Mankind awaits its New Humanity
As Earth once waited for the first-born rose.

Every act of my respiration for the last forty years has partaken of this complex character. "He breathed upon them and said, receive ye the Holy Ghost." [spiritus; breath.] He breathes into me so that I receive the holy breath continually. In my lowly, creature emptiness and nothingness, I yet realise the organic presence of the Christ. I witness, in this age of unbelief, to the fulfilment of the Master's promise.

During the years that ensued when the new respiration had been confirmed and established in me, I made this the central topic in the discourses of several years, preached in New York and in various cities of Great Britain: the reports of which fill two or three volumes.

In grim earnest I have grappled with the fierce Problem of Human Life, that by the cultured mind of our age, as to that of all previous eras, has been given up as insolvable. From that first discovery of a new respiration, "the breath of God in man," I have advanced, in the logical sequences of an inductive that is correlated with its own deductive

philosophy ; working out and verifying in actual experience the laws of the universal mental, moral, physical and social renewal of mankind. My writings for the last thirty years have been mainly withheld from the Public, as I was unwilling to present crude or partial statements, or those not capable of complete demonstration.

To re-unify man, individually and hence socially with God, is obviously to organise evolution in his corporate system. Spake the Christ, "Greater works than these shall ye do." The final chord of the rhythmic law, that operates for the renaissance of the human system and its senses from age to youth, was not touched till the early days of the last autumn, and not until my own bodily structures were reduced to an appearance of frail, emaciated and perishing age. Within a week after finding the touch of the last rhythmic chord that leads the harmonic vibrations into bodily renewal, the bent form stood upright; flesh grew upon the bones; the dim eyes found their sparkle; every bodily sense awoke re-invigorated; the fountains of the blood seemed to flow as by a vortical motion, rounding in each recuperative organ to one grand consciousness of bodily grandeur, freedom, and, in a sense, of corporate immortality.

Thus it will be perceived, that my endeavor has not been to construct a new philosophy, much less to found a sect in religion, much less to organise a petty social community. I have but taken hold of the clue that every noble and virtuous young man dreams of and aspires to find in the brilliant hours of his ardent and heroic prime, and I have followed that clue till the life-path rounds again into the morning. Human life, in the pursuit of this path, shall no more be a disappointment; shall no more be a failure. No more, as the New Life becomes known and realised, shall hearts be crucified, and minds perverted, and man-

hood crippled, and womanhood outraged, and truth en-
chained, and its sages assassinated.

In Appleton's Encyclopedia I am designated as a Reformer. In entire modesty I accept the term, yet with an enlarged significance. In these discoveries I proffer to mankind its own re-formed, renewed and ever renewing structure; the body of its infirm and prostrate naturehood uplifted to the promise and fruition of the creative idea; potentially unified with and reedified in the body of its inward and indestructible humanity, by the perpetual operations of the Divine inbreathing and outbreathing spirit. I proffer that which an inspired Apostle declared to be the final out-birth of the agony and travail of the ages; "the redemption of the body;" the fulfilment in material substance of the old, now almost forgotten, Christian hope. Yet I proffer this purely as in the lines of an orderly and supreme evolution.

The seal to the truth of our Divine Savior's ministry was set in the resurrection of His corporate fleshly image from the grave; a psychic body that was also full structured in the intense material. The attestation to the truth of the New Life follows in this law and line of evidence. Logically I believe, that in the advance of the New Life we shall soon begin to see our noblest, most heroic, most humane men and women, without respect to their previous religious or social cultures, lifting up, breathing forth; corporeally in a firstness of resurrection; their bodies in gradual transposition to that glorious image of the divine-human Lord. Civilisation is verging to a crisis; tending to the supreme agony. Now, as always, "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

But this mortal mind and flesh, this action and passion of the frame, can not be translated from naturehood into humanhood by any process but that of the acceptance and

adoption, by each individual, of the whole corporate interest of mankind as his interest; to be embraced and served in the full denial of any superior self-interest, or family or churchly or class interest. With the discovery that he begins to breathe in God, comes to the man the discovery that God lives in the common and lowly people of the world.

Here then is found the present cross of Christ. The aristocrat must be crucified to aristocracy; the plebeian to plebeianism; the luxurist to luxury; the ascetic to asceticism; the exclusive to exclusionism. It is a strict, honest give up and come out from spoilage, pretence and illusion. For this God is a jealous God: he proffers to man the wealth of a consummate and indestructable manhood, to be realised in each filial and fraternal personality; but man, to receive the gift, must first accept the common burden and sorrow and service of mankind.

Here and there, in Asia, in Europe, in Australia and America, men and women of heart, of thought, of humane principle, realise this new breath, and draw by vital and organic sympathies into the relations of communion in the New Life. They know, by their own mental advance, that a social crisis is at the doors: they are seeking to endure to the end, and to become fitted for service in the exigences of the extreme hour.

Our unique experience and attitude forces upon us liabilities to great misapprehension. The first thought of the vulgar is, that secrecy and mystery, isolation and home-keeping, imply depravity. Wherever in any country our little families exist, our industrious, peaceful, harmless and non-aggressive ways always, however, command respect. This is notwithstanding the attacks in the Sensational Press now and then upon the one of our number, whose name is most publicly identified with "the Life," and upon

the nearer of his associates. We have received and gratefully acknowledge great obligations both to members of the learned professions, to the Public Journalists and to the business and industrial community for hearty kindnesses and recognitions. Nothing stands but Character in the long run : we can not talk down misrepresentations, but we can live them down.

To adapt a figure from Bulwer's romance ;—if a brilliant, aristocratic but fast-living Glyndon forces himself upon the retirement of Zanoni, is healed of his mortal malady by means of infusions of the "vrilic essence," fed with supreme knowledges and given years of affluent vigor ; yet afterward, against all warnings, plunges into a career of ruinous hallucinations and perishes by its inevitable consequences, it does not follow that the remains of the dead exhale a perfume of sanctity, or that the modest Sage was a charlatan or an impostor. So,—without making personal applications,—this may well be conceived :—that, if there are men who grasp the grand law of the New Life and who thereby handle forces that are potential for mental and bodily sanitation and renewal, among the many who seek and who profit by their ministrations there may be some who first pervert the gifts to their own purposes, and who thence may abuse the kindness that would still shield and succor them, till the shadows fall.

It may be not inappropriate to make the passing remark, that representatives of the New Life, gentlemen and ladies of position, culture and material competence, who repudiate class distinctions, and who esteem it both an honor and a duty to devote all they are and all that they possess to the wellbeing of Society, shrinking from no toil and fearless of all misapprehension, are at least entitled to the common re-

spect which law and custom offer to the most destitute and the most obscure. If it is a law of their conduct, "when smitten on one cheek to turn the other also," this affords no proof that they are without final and resistless powers of assertion as well as defense.

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All reflective and well-informed men are aware that the edifice of Civilisation, both in our own land and abroad, is menaced by rapidly encroaching perils that will test its endurance to the uttermost. We think that when the Hours of Peril shall have come, our long training and thorough knowledge and mastery of the vital problems involved in the social situation, will serve for a good stead. Our cult, thus briefly hinted at, is not Socialism as that is commonly understood. It is far more: it is properly THEO-SOCIALISM; the realisation of the Social Infinite, the christian's Lord and Savior, in the transformed and beatified fraternity of a New Life; a socialised mankind.

Withdrawing from a public literary and oratorical service, for the last thirty years my effort has been concentrated to survive: to serve the providential ends of my calling; to strengthen the brave men and women scattered throughout the world who were coming into the same organic fact and consciousness. This is all that there is of mystery in the "Brotherhood of the New Life." The tie that unites us is not credal, not communistic, not in any sense hostile to existing religions or social systems, whilst they still con-

tinue to exist. To live in Christ, to grow in Christ, to share with each other as utility requires both the fruits of industrial and ethical labors, to maintain the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and so to prepare ourselves for a coming public service in the primary hours of an era of transposed respiration and perishing environments, that we think to be just at the doors;—this has been, is, and will be, the purpose that unites us all.

We are often obliged, if we would preserve life, to maintain among ourselves a strict seclusion. Whilst cultivating an intense interest both in the individual and public welfare, the maintenance of the breath is our first duty. We realise the fact of organic interdependence so actually, that if one of our number is under bodily or mental oppression in Great Britain those of us who are in America feel his burdens in our own mind and flesh. We share, however remote in space, the respirations and vitalities of a common life. This is the germ, as we think, of an actual organic and social Christianity.

Eminent divines of the Church of England and of the orthodox and liberal denominations, authors and professional men of well-known distinction, learned oriental scholars;—a body, in fine, distinguished at once by high character and unobtrusive philanthropy, scattered over three continents, have for these many years been co-laborers and co-discoverers with me in these fields of vital research. They have however agreed in the unanimous conclusion, that the hour had not quite arrived when publicity should be given to their ripe conclusions. We have been waiting till certain final demonstrations might be at hand; waiting also till the state of growing anxiety in the public and social mind, in view of the dangers to society from the industrial situation, should require to be met.

With reference to the recent memoirs of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, and to the hostile criticisms indulged in by a certain class of Newspapers, growing out of its misrepresentations, it is a Foreign publication, and those misrepresentations have been answered already in Great Britain where it appeared. There the real facts have been long privately known, and there a gentleman of known probity and character, the intimate and confidential friend of the deceased during the long period of his relations with myself, and familiar with the nature of all those transactions, financial or otherwise, from first to last, has published such statements as should satisfy all unbiased persons that both myself and friends have been greatly wronged, and that in no particular have I or they been the wrong-doers.

Men do not bandy words with carrion. For the function of the respectable Publicist no person has an higher esteem. For the nasal purveyors of the Sensational Press, who prowl about the kitchen middens, and who from the smell of the waste-pipes presume to sit in judgment on the aromas of the *salon*, I hold no more than a kindly contempt. It seems one of the strange anomalies of the hour, that this sagacious American People should permit any region of their great domain of the Press to have become the haunt and spoil-ground of banditti. It seems singular that truculent and specious adventurers, who in private circles have no recognised standing among men of honor, should be given a weight in the printed effusions of their hirelings, which no one would think of giving to their spoken affirmations.

My position and that of the gentlemen whose names are identified with mine, is that of peaceful travelers in the Public Coach, who have refused to yield "backsheesh" to the Black Barts of Journalism. It is they who must stand trial before a jury of the honorable American People,

It is not my humble personality that is on the defensive, nor is it the world-wide though hitherto private association that is known as the "Brotherhood of the New Life."

For the last two or three years I have been secluded, most of the time, in my mountain retreat, working on to the final solution of the problems that opened in my discoveries of forty years ago. The final problem that faced me during these years was briefly this: By what process shall the man who, by consequence of respiration opened into God and the resultant life of service rendered to mankind, has fitted himself mentally and socially for a continuation of that service, with powers amplified from an hundred to a thousand-fold, overcome the universal racial tendency to physical deterioration and decease, and renew the outer structures of his person, and lead on a renaissance of the vitalities and vigors of the prime. How, in a word, without passing through physical decease, shall man practically embody and realise the resurrection?

As it is, Earth's greatest-best, who have grown up to immense human proportions through the three score and ten seasons of a self-devoted and heroic labor, perish from earth and are lost to mankind, just when, in the ampler sense, they were beginning to live. I had elaborated theoretically the science of the process. I now applied that process to a final test in my own organisation. I had determined never to publish another word respecting my discoveries unless I should pass safely through this final ordeal. In fact, the long-continued and intense concentration of the faculties in the persistence of my labors, had so told upon the surface body that literary or any other effort would have been impossible. The alternative was, success or dissolution. Success came, as suddenly, as pleasantly, as when a deep-laden, storm-tossed ship glides over the harbor-bar from

the raging out-side sea, and swings at ease in a land-locked haven.

For more than fifty years, in hours of extreme toil and peril, a voice had always spoken to me that seemed to have been wrought into the sensitive structures and seats of life: "Persist, pursue; you will pass through December and emerge into May." I have passed through December, I am in the May-time; conscious that I hold in quickened mind and flesh the final secret and method and law and power for the resuscitation, the re-habiliment, the organic restoration of the nobler multitudes of Earth's aged and almost exhausted race. No more an old man of nigh seventy, but now renewed in more than the physical and mental prowess of the early prime, my retirement is at an end. The first work of my new service—rather a play and exercise of faculties than serious toil—occupying a scant four weeks, was the volume of Lyrics which is now passing into type under the title, "Battle Bells: verse-studies in Social Humanity." This American People, whom I love, and to whose best interests my life is pledged and consecrated, will now hear from me and find me, as events move on, not as in the arena of private controversy, but as an annunciator and demonstrator of supreme vital laws, and of verified facts, of largest value when applied either to the individual or the public good.

For myself, as before stated, I leave the disposition of my honor to the slow but finally just unveilings of coming time. Each hour of my days must be devoted to labors of necessity and beneficence. An American, by choice; a Californian by long residence and cherished associations; I have no fear that I shall ever cease to be regarded as a loyal and honorable son and servant of a great and glorious People. I shall feel myself at liberty to make a fur-

ther use of this rapid sketch, as an appropriate preface to a new volume, dealing with topics of the hour, which is now passing into type.

Like the ancient Spartans I move on to the battle of the future to the soothing and enchanting music of the lyre and flute. And so it shall be! "Every battle of the Warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire." Europe is a camp of arms; America menaced by the fierce proletariat and the more belligerent plutocracy, glaring on each other, held but by feeble restraints of fast dissolving law from agonised, convulsive struggle. "The war-drums beat around the world," but only till the drums are broken.

To their New Life shall wake the joyful Nations.
 "War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
 And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."
 Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies,
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals.
 The holy melodies of Love arise."

So remaining, Dear Mr. Thompson,

Believe me,

Gratefully and faithfully yours,

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

AUTHOR'S NOTICE.

During the last thirty years the writings that bear my name have been privately printed, and gratuitously distributed to applicants, pending the hour when the march of public events should make appropriate their publication and general diffusion. Such works, old and new, as seem adapted to a service in coming necessities, will therefore now be issued as fast as is thought desirable, and they will be charged for at prices that will defray their mechanical cost.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

FOUNTAINGROVE, SANTA ROSA, CAL.

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