

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Editor: DR. PAUL CARUS.
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PAGODA OF PEKING.

Characteristic of China, as exhibiting the state of decay into which public buildings are suffered to fall. (After a photograph.)

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AMERICA.

BY THE HON. CHARLES CARROLL BONNEY.

I.

The age we live in is an island, grand
And beautiful and wonderful! Its clouds
Are pierced by mountain monuments of great
Immortal deeds. Its sunny hills are crowned
With Arts' proud temples, and the church-spires tell
Of golden vales where God hath worshippers.

Science is everywhere at work, and while
She buildeth wonders, upward to the stars
Goes a triumphal anthem evermore
From earth's green gardens and the ocean's shore.
With awe-filled souls we stand and look away,
Out on the deep, blue, limitless expanse
Of moving waters: backward to the past
The spirit turns, seeking some island fair
In the far-off horizon, upon which
The soul may rest its vision: looking down,
It sees the precious fragments that remain—
The splendid ruins of antiquity,
Beneath its feet. The searchers after truth,
Who find their joy in seeking hidden things,
Have sought them out with all the eagerness
Of children gathering the early flowers,
And from the dark waves drifting them away
Toward oblivion's midnight-mantled gulf,

Have rescued the rich treasures, and have learned
 To read from them, as from a well-writ book,
 The marvellous story of the continent,—
 The birth and infancy of the New World,
 And its advance through prehistoric times
 Till it became adapted to the needs,
 And fitted to supply the wants of man.

II.

Unnumbered ages have been borne away
 To the great sepulchre, the mighty past,—
 That glorious mausoleum where the years,
 With all their good and glory, wrong and shame,
 Lie down at last to the untroubled sleep,
 When they have given back their life and bloom
 And beauty to the Father from whose hand
 They took them in the morning of their day,—
 Since from the ocean's untold depths, and gloom
 And grandeur, rose a New World. Strangely came,
 From out the wondering waves, Atlantic born,
 The new and mighty continents. All wild
 And desolate at first, the billows came,
 And sung their anthems grand along its shores.

III.

Ages of glorious seasons glided by,
 And living sunbeams came, God's messengers,
 To bid the sleeping elements arise
 In wondrous forms of majesty and power,
 On the prolific breast of the New World.
 Forms followed ever by still higher forms,
 In an ascending order built on law,
 Forms which should be upbuilt through the lapse
 Of countless generations by the power
 And glory of Jehovah's love, to form
 A marvellous pyramid of being, crowned
 By an immortal soul, called man, endowed
 With power to bend the lightnings to his will,
 And make the wild waves and the waterfalls
 The servants of his reason; and the stars,
 And relics of existences whose births
 Are lost in untold cycles, yield up truths

Hid in the tombs of time so long that naught
But an immortal soul could wrest them thence.

IV.

In the o'er-arching sky enthroned, sat one
Who guided ever the high destiny
Of earth and man, to keep them in the way
Of God's appointment. His inspiring name
Is victory's anthem to the aspiring soul—
Our language hath no more triumphal word,
The mind can grasp no more exalted thought,
Than Everlasting Progress!
Under his care and guidance, in his smile,
The vast and wonderful development
Of universe and system, earth and man,
With an unfailing movement has gone on,
And with increasing glory shall go on
Forever, rising ever in the scale
Of life and beauty, toward the great divine,
Eternal, perfect Parent of the Suns.

V.

The vales were carpeted with shining grass,
And larger verdure, and the hills were crowned
With most majestic forests.

Races rose,
Of strange-shaped beings, rudimental forms,
Leading the way like prophecies, to more
Exalted phases of existences, which
Would manifest more perfectly the love
And wisdom of their Maker.

Ages passed:
Those races flourishéd; went from youth to age;
Wrought out the work they were designed to do,
Then went to their great sepulchre, and left
In its vast solemn chambers all that now
Tells their amazing story to mankind.

Races rose o'er their ruins: earth and air,
And the blue moving waters were the homes
Of active life, in forms more wonderful
Than those which in his marvel-making dreams

Come to the poet. Every passing race
 Hath morning, mid-day, evening, and at last
 Its awe-inspiring burial and night.
 Each hath its special mission to perform :—
 He who created them makes naught in vain :—
 And each, when it hath played its destiny
 In Time's grand drama, goeth mournfully
 Down into Death's deep shadow and still vale.

VI.

Anon the Monarch of the Under-world,—
 Fierce King of Lava's realm of surging flame,—
 Roused from his slumber and in torturing rage
 Lifted great islands from the storm-tossed sea :
 Buildd majestic mountain ranges, wild,
 And high and marvellous. Filled lakes with fire :
 Wrecked life and loveliness. Hurled high in air
 Huge burning rocks as children play with toys,
 Shaking the mighty continents till all
 That on them lived were paralysed with fear,
 Or in dread chaos yielded up sweet life
 To the fierce demon !

Prince of awful powers,
 His name is Earthquake. In mid-world he dwells,
 And in his rock-bound prison feeds on fire,
 And dreams such dreams as none can ever know
 But he who dreams them.

But in all these dark
 And fearful episodes we still behold
 An over-ruling, guiding providence
 Of wondrous love and beauty. Oh ! think not
 That even here is aught unmerciful.
 Do not our sorrows herald in the dawn
 Of brighter mornings more replete with joy ?
 So did the earthquake but entomb the life
 Which dwelt on earth, that in more perfect forms
 A glorious resurrection it might know,
 Into a world renewed and beautified
 By storm and darkness.

VII.

Look backward to its source : the solemn flow
 Of the mysterious mighty river, Life,

Whose Alpha, or Omega, or expanse,
 No wizard hath pretended to unfold,
 Is sweeping onward with the lapse of years,
 And centuries and ages, to the deep
 Unbounded ocean of a glorious
 And indescribably grand destiny.
 And we are portions of that Amazon
 Of being: and each individual,
 One of the living water-drops that form
 Its never-resting billows: each great wave
 A generation, sweeping grandly on
 To Life's vast ocean.
 Forever ebb and flow its mighty tides,
 Bearing the fleets of progress on their breasts
 To new achievements and discoveries.
 Years are but moments in such histories.
 But howsoever humble we may be,
 As atoms in the universe of God,
 Ours is the highest station in the grade
 Of animate existence, and to us
 He has assigned a mission to fulfil,
 Of mightiest import.
 There are sublime responsibilities
 And solemn duties resting on us here;
 Claiming fulfilment, and rewarding it
 By clothing in habiliments of light
 The Soul, and giving it a shining crown
 Of everlasting glory, and a strength
 And beauty, fitting it at last to be
 Companion of the angels in their work
 Of gracious ministry to human need.
 To our own keeping priceless gifts are given,
 In mental mines of gold and precious gems,
 Exhaustless through eternity, though wrought
 With utmost diligence, but yielding more
 And more abundantly the rich rewards
 Of the immortal treasures which they hold.

VIII.

The New World seemed abandoned to the sport
 Of chance and chaos: changes vast and dread,
 And mighty in the ruin which they wrought,

Swept o'er the land whose vales are now our homes,
 O'erwhelming growth and progress: changing back
 To dust the clay that life made animate
 With bloom and beauty.

Whole generations of old moss-grown trees,
 Children of ages of deep solitude
 And solemn grandeur, that had clothed their forms
 Of lofty majesty with leafy robes
 Of brightness and of beauty, years on years
 Whose story is unwritten, save by Him
 Who writes His record on the enduring rocks,
 Bowed to the winds and waters and went down
 To the long sleep of ages 'neath the hills
 Torn up and piled upon them, that should change
 The forests into coal-fields which would light
 In the far future, many a happy scene
 Of home and fireside, in a hundred lands
 Through coming life-times.

Birds of giant forms,
 And powerful pinions, and death-dealing beaks;
 And towering ferns and grasses with them went
 To the same mighty sepulchre and sleep.
 Fishes of varied colors and strange forms,
 Which played in clear bright streamlets and fair lakes,
 Or dwelt in secret caverns, lone and deep,
 O'erwhelmed and shrouded in their coffin clay,
 Lay down to slumber with the untold dead
 Of sea, and plain and mountain: wondrous forms,
 Whose fearful strength like the wild tempests owned
 No master but the King of Kings alone.

Vast lakes that mirrored all the gorgeous
 Cloud-palaces and mighty giant shapes
 That sylphs build on the azure plains of heaven,
 Broke through their mountain barriers and rushed on
 To mingle with the ocean, giving fields
 Of untold richness to the sun's warm smile.
 Those lakes are now the prairies. Little dream
 They who tread daily o'er them what they were
 In those time-hallowed centuries.

Yet now,

In this our own age the same work goes on
 In the great inland seas: slowly, yet none
 The less unceasingly and certainly.
 And though in its brief life-time, human eye,
 Unaided by the instruments which art
 Hath blest the soul with, in its thirst to know,
 Could note no change in their vast magnitude,
 Still, with the lapse of unknown centuries,
 They shall go back, to mingle once again
 With ocean's waters. From its depths they came,
 And to them they shall all at last return.

They too are emblems. When the child grows old,
 How yearns the heart to find and feel once more,
 The tender love of infancy's dear home,

IX.

Years followed years, and age succeeded age
 Of mightiest changes, fitting this New World
 To be the dwelling of a loftier race
 Than yet had been upon its vales and hills.

And now the Earthquake, in his prison home,
 Was fettered for a thousand centuries,
 Striving from time to time to break his chains,
 And showing that though bound he is not slain,
 But lives and dreams of liberty and war,
 While Man, the last and God-like one of all
 The wondrous line from monad up to mind,
 Makes here his empire.

To the New World came,
 From lost Atlantis, and more distant climes,
 And island habitations now unknown,
 Invading hosts who made the land their own,
 And turned it to the uses of mankind.
 Buildd huge castles; fortified great towns;
 Reared monuments and temples; gathered gold
 And gems from mountains; shells and pearls from sea:
 And fruits and flowers, and fields of golden grain,
 From the fair hillsides and the sunny plains.

X.

The peopled bosom of the New World smiled
In palmiest prosperity, nor dreamed
Of dread catastrophe impending near,
And waiting the appointed hour to fall
And overwhelm the continent.
But it was so: the cycle was complete,
The era closed. The equinoctial year,
Vast and mysterious, had reached its height,
And stood a moment, mid the watching stars,
Looking with pitying eye upon the world,
Then voiced the order to the waiting seas,
Of the far north to take their mighty way
Of deluge and destruction, toward the pole
O'er which the Southern constellations shine.

The New World woke as ever. The great sun
Rose as serenely from the gorgeous east,
Kissing the dew-drops from the blossoms fair
That in the soft grass nestled bashfully,
As he had done for ages. Leaping brooks,
Whose crystal waters, ever murmuring
Low dreamy melodies, to silver changed,
With every gush of sunlight that streamed down
Through whispering leaves and blossom-laden boughs:
And joyous choirs of bright-plumed singing-birds
Sang Eden orisons. The active world
Woke with its olden hum. The student bent
O'er the strange cypher and hieroglyph,
Seeking in science something to allay
The thirst that burned his spirit. He who tilled
The soil for his subsistence, went that morn
To his loved labor with the same free heart
And jocund carol that bemark him now.
And radiant maidens, singing joyous songs
Gathered wild blossoms and sat down to dream
Enchanting visions of swift-coming years,
Gazing away into the clear blue heaven,
Till they forgot the green world and drooped down
Amid the sweet-breath blossoms and dreamed on
In vision-lighted sleep of that bright world

Whose radiant beauty and exquisite joy
 Steal o'er the spirit in its holier hours,
 Filling the heart with heavenly happiness,
 And such sweet melodies of love and faith
 As make it feel the nearness of the realm
 Of the immortal life : the kinship close
 Of those who there delight to do God's will.

XI.

Such was the New World ere the mighty change
 That now succeeded in its history.
 Then the Storm-Demon spread his sable wings,
 Hiding the blue sky and the awe-struck earth
 With masses of impenetrable gloom.
 His angry torches glimmered fitfully
 Amid the thunder of the mighty guns
 That heralded destruction. Then the rain
 Fell on the earth's warm bosom. Day passed day,
 Week followed week, and still the waters poured
 In torrents from the windows of the sky.
 Brooks swelled to roaring rivers and rushed on,
 Strewn with the fragments of the total wreck
 They left behind. At last, the mighty deep,
 Rising to meet the fury of the storm,
 O'erleaped its boundaries, and made the earth
 Another mighty sea—a sepulchre !
 The great waves in their madness fiercely tore
 From their foundations the majestic hills,
 And planted them o'er cities, hushing all
 Of life, and joy and sorrow, hope and fear,
 In the dark dread immensity of death.
 The unbound ocean brooded o'er the earth
 Like Night o'er Chaos, solemn and alone.

XII.

Years glided into years. The waters went
 On to the Southern ocean, and once more
 The New World felt the sun's life-waking smile.
 The rainbow shone in heaven, God's great seal
 Of glowing beauty. How we love to look
 Upon its splendid glories when a storm
 Is passing from the blue and beaming sky!

Over the graves of that primeval race,
 Trode a new people. From the mountain lands
 Whose heights o'er-topped the deluge and its woes,
 In the more favored countries of the world,
 Came when the love of conquest led them forth,
 Adventurous men, and once more peopled o'er
 This glorious New World; builded new towns:
 Founded great empires: reared high monuments
 That looked with silent majesty toward heaven,
 As it did seem forever. Laws were made,
 And gifted orators and poets stirred
 The deepest passions of the human soul,
 Rousing high aspirations and sweet dreams
 Of coming glory. Lovely maidens twined
 Wreaths of love's amaranth and myrtle bloom
 Around strong manhood's warm and generous heart,
 Which yielded gladly to the thralldom sweet,
 While the enchanting, joyous melody
 Of perfect happiness stirred all the strings
 Of the heart's golden lyre.
 Whene'er two spirits of like temper meet,
 Love's angel, swift descending from the skies,
 Ripples the waters of the heart's pure spring,
 By delicate touches of his shining wings,
 And soul responds to soul with songs of joy.
 And fair-haired children played on mossy knolls
 With clear sweet ringing laughter and glad hearts
 All ignorant that life hath nights of tears.
 So dreams man ever in prosperity,
 And in the future sees but brighter hours,
 And dearer pleasures than the present yields.
 And there were gushes of child-warbled song,
 And tales of thrilling interest, that waked,
 And stirred to action bold aspiring thoughts,
 And proud ambitions purposes to win
 By persevering industry and zeal,
 A place in Fame's immortal galaxy
 Of gifted souls, which would outlast the years
 Allotted to the spirit for its work.

Along the wilderness-shored Oregon—
 In the Missouri's clime, and in the land

Of the Cordilleras—in the golden vales
 Of California, and where lived and reigned
 The unknown builders of Chi Chen—along
 The lofty Andes, those majestic thrones
 Of giant Condor and of mountain storm—
 In the rich country of the Amazon—
 Along La Plata, and on Chili's shore,
 Nations sprang up and flourished.

XIII.

The generations followed as of old,
 And peace and power seemed builded on the rock
 Of perpetuity. The years passed on,
 Till finally the clear and starry north
 Was shadowed by a dark and threatening cloud,
 Which moved with ceaseless march toward the south.
 The savage Indian in fierce war-tribes came
 From Boreal Asia, o'er the ice-paved sea,
 As poured the mighty hordes of Goth and Hun
 Into eternal Rome, and swept away
 From their fair homes and happy villages,
 The people who had built them: save amid
 The vales of Mexico, where still remained
 The Montezumas, great and powerful,
 Waiting a future conqueror: and save
 That garden of the Southern continent,
 Where still the Incas reigned in strength and power.
 The North was desolate; its vast expanse
 Was but a hunting-ground for roving tribes.
 In Yucatan had perished a great race,
 A gifted people; yet their temples still
 Survive decay: like old Cholula tell
 The mournful story of those long-gone years.
 And many an ancient relic tells its tale,—
 Some touching legend of that earlier race.
 And we have found in many a sacred place
 Throughout the Western Hemisphere, the graves
 Of those forgotten peoples, and have torn
 Their mouldering bodies from the halls of death,
 To learn their story from their crumbling bones.
 We tread upon their tombs. The dust that formed
 The mortal dwellings of their spirits here,

Into our forms is moulded : and the same
Atoms that blossomed in the past, bloom now
In other forms, in other creatures shine.
The mind, the bright Immortal Soul alone,
Is reproduced and multiplied in time.
Dust moulders back to dust. The spirit knows
No dissolution. It but recreates
Its human being and goes home to heaven.

XIV.

Again the march of centuries went on,
And hunter nations flourished and grew strong.
Then the wild warrior in his forest home,
Wooed the fond dark-tressed maiden and looked up
Through the dim glory that fell on his soul,
To the Great Spirit's throne beyond the stars,
And uttered unto Him his simple prayer.
And council-fires were lighted, and young braves
Chased the free bison and the bounding deer
O'er hill and prairie : and the wigwam's smoke
Curled lightly upward to the smiling sky,
Beyond whose bright horizon they did dream
Of waking from death's sleep, to find a home
That never would be visited by pain,
Celestial hunting-grounds,—the Spirit Land.

And while the years went on, bold Northmen came
O'er the Atlantic from their far-off homes,
And traded with the Red Man, and bore back
The wealth the New World gave them for their toil.

XV.

Years glided into years, and 'mong the thrones
Of the stern empires of the elder world,
Wandered a glorious spirit. He had seen,
With the clear vision of philosophy,
Across the Western ocean, a New Path,
Undreamed of by the sages : they did mock
At what they deemed his worse than foolish dreams.
But his high spirit knew its destiny,
And, mastering every obstacle, revealed
To Europe's wondering princes the deep truth
Of his grand vision, realised at last.

Oh! there is something God-like in the dreams,
 And toil, and tears, and suffering, and renown
 Of the far-seeing, gifted souls who come
 Like angel visitants from Paradise,
 And walk among us. Ah! how oft unknown
 In their habiliments of human clay:
 How often wronged and tortured: trodden down,
 Finding no rest but in a martyr's grave.
 But they rest sweetly now. The world has done
 Its worst: and soon in tears, repentance comes,
 With gold and marble, and funereal hymns,
 And mournful music, and dark waving plumes,
 To make atonement for long years of wrong.
 Death is the greatest blessing of the good.
 The high, the gifted: when the star goes back
 To its divine Creator, then the world
 First learns how great a spirit it has scorned.
 We mourn their loss, and yet for them rejoice,
 For they are in a far more peaceful clime,
 From which in life's serener hours they come,
 And whisper to the spirit yet again,
 The olden love they erst did give to us:
 Warn us of evil: counsel us of good,
 And bid us live and strive so worthily,
 That we may join them when our work is done.
 Time glorifies the past; and each year adds
 Brightness and purity to all that we
 Have loved, and still do love, though life's swift stream
 Hath borne them from our worship, far away.
 The sunlight tinges every cloud that made
 Our spirits sad, and the sweet roses hide
 Each thorn that wounded.

XVI.

Then from Europe came
 To the New World Columbus had revealed,—
 This wondrous land of promise and of hope,—
 The White Man with his cultivated soul,
 Learning and science, eloquence and art
 To find new homes where with a freeman's hand,
 And an unfettered conscience he might live
 In larger liberty, a higher life.

But then as if to prove that savagery,—
 The lust of conquest, and the greed for gain,
 Defile all races of our human-kind,
 Alike barbarian and civilised,
 The men to whom Columbus showed the way,
 Filled Mexico with carnage, woe and wrong ;
 Peru with outrage, robbery, and grief,
 And wrought destruction not to be described
 In human language. Ah ! how terrible
 Is murderous war, in all its murderous forms !

XVII.

Thousands of years ago, Humanity,
 On eastern plains began her grand career,
 Her march triumphal, westward round the world,
 Each year, each century she has gone on,
 Developing some new sublime idea :
 Ascending in the scale of thought and truth :
 Ennobling and untrammelling herself,
 With each advance towards the setting sun.

Such was its destiny. The pale-faced race
 Has driven the red warrior as he drove
 From home and burial-place those who, ere him,
 Peopled the lands of free America.
 Fair is the White Man's future, but the race
 Of the stern Indian bows to destiny,
 And in its wasting desolation e'er
 Moves slowly onward toward the deep abyss
 Beyond the horizon where the Red Man's sun
 Still lingers, shedding a faint radiance
 Over the country he once called his home.

XVIII.

Filled with funereal gloom the aching heart
 Lifts up its eyes with longings for the light,
 And turns again toward the morning's gates,
 Then smiles to see the glory of the dawn
 Descending to the valleys. Now the soul
 Ascends the mountains for a larger view,
 And soars above them till the continent
 Before its vision like a picture shines.

How marvellous and beautiful the scene !
 Fields, farms and gardens, cities, villages,
 Imperial States, and Nations still more vast !
 And in the heart of North America,
 The Great Republic. Elsewhere on the earth,
 Each people dwells apart, in its own land,
 And holds its rights by arms and fortresses,
 And strategy and battle. Not so here :
 But in this wondrous land all races seem
 To find a common ground of harmony,
 And dwell together as should brethren dwell,
 In unity and peace, with equal rights.

What means this miracle? How was it wrought?
 The marvellous mystery is quickly told.
 This is the Palestine of the New Age !
 To its fair fields the voice of God hath called
 From all the leading nations of the earth
 The brightest of their children, here to build
 A living temple of Free Government,
 The last and greatest wonder of the world.
 Here Liberty abides. Here Law and Faith,
 And Equal Rights, and Justice hold their sway,
 Except so far as some invading wrong
 Breaks in and baffles them till put to flight
 By the roused people whose resistless power,
 The common welfare ever may invoke.
 For in America the people rule,
 And choose their Kings to serve them, not to reign.
 Thus they who in their native lands had feared
 Their neighbors as their foes still meet them here
 As equals, and become their warmest friends.

XIX.

Yet here in Freedom's Garden had been sown
 The dragon's teeth of human slavery,
 Breeding vast ills and bringing on at length
 A trial of Free Government so fierce,
 Prolonged and terrible that it was proof
 To all the world that more than kingly power
 May by self-government be held and used.
 And thus has been assured throughout the earth

The final reign of Law and Liberty,
 With sovereign Justice and Equality:
 And by Coöperation, finally,
 Such bounteous prosperity that all
 May find supply of every righteous need,
 By honest industry.

Then will the dream
 Of Paradise Regained have been fulfilled !
 Then, learning wisdom from the Prince of Peace,
 The Nations will in Arbitration find
 A better safeguard of their rights, than war ;
 And wealth and power their highest glory seek
 In the most faithful service of mankind.

xx.

Thus do the hopes of human liberty—
 Free State, Free Church, free conscience and free thought ;
 And equal rights, protection and defence ;
 Laws mightier than armies, order firm
 And well-maintained without the bayonet :
 Rest on the Great Republic, and depend
 Upon the future of America.
 And this high claim involves no disrespect
 Of elder nations, though their treasuries
 Hold glories gathered through a thousand years,
 For the Republic is God's minister
 For human service, not a new device
 Of man for conquest and aggrandisement.
 So when the empires of the older world
 Salute the Great Republic, they confess
 Not the supremacy of other men,
 But the transcendent providence of God.

The eagle symbols His all-conquering Truth,
 The stars a knowledge of His sacred Laws,
 The bands the bonds of Human Brotherhood :
 And the fair hues the banner's folds display,
 The light and love of Unity and Peace !

Where'er these emblems tell of Liberty,
 And Law, and Justice, and Fraternity,
 And he who rev'rences, would name them all,
 He speaks the one grand word—America !

AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITUALISTS.

BY LT.-COL. W. H. GARDNER.

I WAS sitting one Sunday evening in the 'smoking-room of the Parker House, in Boston, with my friend Judge G——. Having nothing better to do, we concluded to attend one of the Spiritual Circles which we knew met on this evening in that city.

We sent out and procured *The Banner of Light*—a paper entirely devoted to Spiritualism and kindred subjects—and from among its many *peculiar* advertisements selected at random a meeting which we thought might serve at least to pass away an hour or two agreeably.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the house where the meeting was to take place, and after ringing the door-bell we were admitted into a small, plainly furnished drawing-room connected with another room of the same size by large folding-doors. There were several persons seated about the two rooms when we went in, but the one who most attracted our attention was the "Medium."

This important personage in the proceedings was a delicately formed woman apparently about twenty-five years of age; she had light brown hair, very light blue eyes, and her skin was so waxy and anæmic that she looked almost like a corpse. Her features were classical in their regularity, but her emaciation and care-worn expression plainly showed that she had long been an invalid; her dress was of light blue silk that hung in wrinkles and folds about her wasted form and increased, if possible, the death-like pallor of her face. She was sitting in a large arm-chair near the folding-doors and had at her side a small table on which were placed a couple of bouquets and a glass of water. The Judge and I seated ourselves as near her as was convenient and awaited in silent expectation the commencement of the ceremonies.

People came dropping in by twos and threes, some giving each other tokens of recognition; others, like ourselves, evidently stran-

gers to all present. After the rooms were filled and a small admission fee had been collected from each person, the bright glaring gas was toned down to "a dim religious light," and a lady seated at a parlor organ in the back room commenced playing very softly some plaintive hymn in a minor key; gradually the trembling tones hushed to a murmur so faint that the listening ear could scarcely detect the slightest sound, when the "musical silence" was broken by a deep sighing inspiration from the "Medium," which was repeated at intervals of a few seconds, until she sank back in her chair with her arms outspread, in an apparently cataleptic condition; her extended arms gradually fell, until they rested motionless upon the arms of the chair, and her vacant staring eyes were covered by the lids for a short time as in sleep; when suddenly she started from her reclining attitude and sat upright, her face assumed an animated expression, she looked around the room with her eyes full of intelligence, and with a voice apparently belonging to a child ten or twelve years of age she said:

"How do you do everybody? Willie is glad to see you all here to-night, and so are those who are with him; they say it pleases them to know that even amid the cares of earth their relatives and friends think of the Spirit land and the dear ones who have gone there before them.

"One comes with Willie to-night who says he came to see *that* lady"—pointing to a young woman dressed in deep mourning who sat near. "He says that he has often come here to tell her that she must stop grieving because he went to the Spirit land and left her alone; he says he is very happy and she must try and be happy too, and very soon they will meet again when there will be no more parting, no more sickness, and no more sorrow; he says that in life he was her husband."

From remarks made by persons near this lady we learned that her husband had recently died, that he was a Spiritualist and had formerly attended this circle, but that his widow could never be persuaded to attend their meetings until to-night. The poor creature appeared crushed to earth, her swollen eyes seemed—

"To weep a loss forever new,"

and her agonised face and heaving bosom told truer than words could tell the story of her bitter sorrow.

The "Medium"—Willie, as she called herself—then turned toward an old man who stood near the door and said: "There is a little tiny boy here only so high"—indicating his supposed height

from the floor with her hand—"he says he came to see Grandpa and tell him to be a good boy," to which the old man replied, while tears filled his eyes: "Yes, I knew his spirit was here, for I have felt his little hands drumming on my shirt front as he used to do in life every time I took him in my arms."

The "Medium" then spoke to other persons in the two rooms delivering so-called messages from friends in the Spirit world, the most of them of the same general character as those already detailed; some of them however appeared to be of a more personal or specific nature, for in two or three instances she called the person to her and gave the communication in a low whisper: one of those whispered messages was given to a gentleman who sat next to the Judge. The "Medium" said: "There is a spirit here who wishes to speak to *that* man"—indicating the person addressed with her finger.—"He says that you have the care of a stoopy old man with white hair who was his father; he says the old man will soon come to the Spirit land, and he says he has something more to tell you that he wishes no one else to hear;" to which the gentleman quickly replied: "Tell it aloud, I have nothing to keep secret."

The "Medium" then said: "He says it is about the burning of Mr. Coffin's store," whereupon the gentlemen cried out, "Hold on!" and quickly made his way to the medium who gave him the remainder of the message in a low whisper. When he returned to his seat, he turned to my friend and said: "I am almost an entire stranger in this city, and in this house I do not see one person whom I know, or who I believe knows me; to-night is the first time I ever visited this Spiritual circle, or any other meeting of Spiritualists; and yet this woman has not only told me truly of the dead and buried past, but I think she has accurately predicted the future, for"—he continued—"I have been appointed guardian to my wife's father, on account of his great age and infirmities, and he now lies at my house so ill that he cannot possibly recover."

The "Medium" then turned toward us and said: "There is a spirit here to speak to that man,"—pointing toward the Judge. "He is a tall man with blue eyes, light hair, and long reddish beard. He says his name is L—," slowly spelling out the name letter by letter. "He says he is glad to see that you have been led to seek for the light; don't be weary in the search, and soon your doubts will vanish, and the truth will be manifested to you; he says you are now threatened by a great calamity, but do not fear, as it will eventually turn out to your advantage."

The "Medium" then delivered an address or sermon to an elderly lady in the room, purporting to come from a daughter in the Spirit land, which seemed to be a conspectus of the creed of the Spiritualists of the present day, after which she dropped into a deep sleep—apparently of exhaustion—and the meeting broke up.

As we were walking homeward, the Judge said that L——, who was supposed to have dictated the communication to him tonight, and himself had been intimate friends from their boyhood up to the time of L's. death, a few weeks ago. L. was a man of extensive reading and of considerable scientific attainments, and he had been thinking of him nearly all the evening, for they had often conversed upon Spiritualism, though L—— was more inclined to believe in Materialism than in the doctrine of the Spiritualists. "Though"—he continued—"this evening's experience is so extraordinary as almost to seem miraculous, yet there are two or three circumstances in my life that I regard as more wonderful still; and I will relate them to you with the hope that you may be able to explain them without calling in any other *Deus ex machina* than the well-known mental powers.

"After I left College"—continued the Judge—"I was book-keeper in my father's store in the town of Lynn, and though we had a large fire-proof safe in the office yet it was one of the old-fashioned kind, without the combination lock, and so I used to take out the money and valuable papers and deposit them in the bank every evening before it closed.

"One Saturday night I found I could not balance my books by just ten dollars, and though I spent the whole of the next day—Sunday—going carefully over all the transactions of the week, it was all in vain; what had become of the ten dollars was a riddle that I was not Oedipus enough to read; at length tired out and disgusted with the matter, I went home late at night and went to bed, but I had scarcely lain down when my actual surroundings disappeared and I plainly saw *myself* standing at the bank counter giving into the teller's hands my moneys, notes, and bank book; the amounts of deposit were written upon a little abstract, showing first the amount of specie deposited, then the amount in bank notes, and lastly the amount in private notes, and there on that abstract given in by my actual self the Thursday before, I plainly saw the total amount of "paper" carried out *ten dollars less* than the sum of the notes actually footed up. My dream, or whatever you may please to call it, made such an impression upon my mind that on Monday morning as soon as the bank was opened, I went to the

teller and told him where the mistake was, and upon an examination of the notes deposited, it was found that my dream was correct: the teller had counted the specie and bank notes but had not taken the trouble to verify my statement of the total amount of private "paper" deposited.

"The next occurrence is more singular still. I had always carried one key of the safe, the other being deposited in the bank for security: One afternoon before the money had been taken to the bank my father came in and got the safe key from me and took out the books to examine them, and whilst he was looking over them I went out of the store; when I returned, a half an hour or so afterward, father was gone; the books were on the desk, but the safe door was locked and the key was not in it. I speedily hunted him up and asked him for the key, but he neither had it nor could he give me any account of it; this was very vexatious as it involved the necessity of carrying all the books and valuables to the bank each night, for there was no knowing into whose hands the missing key had fallen. The affair was at once placed in the hands of a skilful detective but each time he met me it was with the same blank report, that not the slightest clue had been obtained as to who had the missing key.

"Nearly two weeks had passed since the key was lost, when one night I went to bed more than usually worried about the matter, for it had now become necessary either to get a new safe or have the lock so altered that the old key would not fit it. I am conscious of lying awake a few minutes puzzling my brains over the mysterious disappearance of the key and then, as in the former instance, my surroundings vanished and *I distinctly saw myself* standing at the desk in the counting-room and my father come in and ask me for the safe key, as he did on the day it was lost; I saw him unlock the safe, take out the books and examine them, and while he was doing this I saw myself go through the store and start down street; then I saw my father shut and lock the safe door and with the key in his hand go down into the basement and examine some goods which were piled up on shelves on either side of the gas-jets. The basement was not lathed and plastered, and across from one flooring joist to another some boards had been nailed at intervals, forming shelves. After father had examined the goods, I plainly saw him stand abstractedly a few moments gazing upwards and then suddenly reach up and place the safe key upon one of those dusty unused shelves, and immediately afterwards come up from the basement and pass through the store into the street. This

vision could have occupied but a very few minutes, as the town clock was striking the hour of eleven when my consciousness returned, which was less than ten minutes from the time I had gone to bed.

“The next morning I was nearly wild with impatience to see if my vision had told me correctly, and as soon as father came into the store I said to him, ‘I think I know what you did with the lost safe-key’; and without further words I asked him to come with me down into the basement and said: ‘After you had looked over the books and left them on the desk you locked the safe-door and took the key in your hand and came down to examine the goods on those shelves, standing here;’ ‘You are right,’ said he; ‘And now,’ said I, ‘can you recall where you placed the key?’ After reflecting a moment, ‘Yes!’ he said, *and reaching up he took the key from the very spot where I had seen him place it in my vision.*

“Both of the circumstances I have just related occurred years ago, when I was a much younger man, and I thought that my hard experience during the civil war and since, had broken up the habit of ‘seeing visions and dreaming dreams,’ when on the first of September, 1871, I had revealed to me in a dream or vision all the horrors of the great fire in Chicago, and that, too, more than a month before it occurred. The date is accurately fixed in my mind by a letter from my brother, which was written in Chicago and dated August 29th, and was received by me on the morning of the first of September. The letter contained a draft and a request for me to renew the fire insurance policy on his property in Chicago. Pressure of other business caused me to neglect his request during the day, and I went to bed with the neglected duty on my mind. I had rooms then in Mt. Vernon street back of the State House; it was a still, sultry night, and I tossed around a long time before getting to sleep; after I did, I seemed to be awakened at once by an alarm of fire. Dressing hurriedly, I went from the house into the street, where for a time I was bewildered by the strangeness of my surroundings; by and by I recognised that I was in *Chicago* standing in front of my brother’s store on N. Clark, between Indiana and Illinois streets. Looking southward the whole city in that direction seemed to be burning; tongues of flame leaped over the tops of the highest buildings and were absorbed in the inky clouds of smoke rolling above. A motley throng of people filled the streets, a few in carriages, but the most on foot; many of them were only partially clothed and some were barefooted and in their night-dresses, all having in their arms or hands some little me-

mento, or article of value, hastily snatched from the destroying element; the lurid light of the burning city lit up the terror-stricken faces of the multitude, and above all the noise and confusion I could plainly hear the roaring and crackling of the flames as they were swiftly borne along by the fierce wind. After a short time my brother came up N. Clark street, his hands and face soiled with smoke and soot, and looking at the poor wretches who had lost their all I distinctly heard him say: 'My God this is terrible!' He unlocked the store and went inside, but shortly came out again and hurried down the street; some time elapsed and the roaring grew nearer and louder, and ever and anon I could hear the crash of a falling wall; the light grew brighter and brighter and I could plainly see showers of sparks and burning fragments borne aloft by the gale to add to the destruction. The crowd of people still increased and the panic seemed to grow greater every moment; when along towards morning, as it appeared to me, my brother again entered the store and said excitedly to the clerks and porters—who had come in while he was gone—'Save what you can men, the fire has crossed the river and Chicago has gone up.' At this time my distress and anxiety were so great that I awoke, but the horrible realness of the vision made such an impression upon me that I at once wrote to my brother about it and of course got laughed at for my trouble, though I assure you I lost no time in having his fire insurance policy renewed.

"Now before you attempt to explain any one of these cases, I wish to assure you, that just as I have related them they are *literally* and *circumstantially true in every respect*: and moreover I will inform you that at the times of their occurrence, I was in sound and vigorous health; I have never suffered from dyspepsia and am not as far as I know a somnambulist or given to fancies or hallucinations."

"Well Judge," I said, "the cases which you have related as having occurred in your previous experience are certainly more remarkable than anything we have seen or heard to-night; they are cases which the Spiritualists would magnify, mystify, and render inexplicable under the wonderful term "Clairvoyance," but if you will bear with me while I try to explain to you a little of the physiology of the brain and nervous system I think you will readily see that all of these cases are explicable by well-known laws of cerebral action.

"The nervous system is a highly complex machine consisting chiefly of cells, tubules and blood-vessels joined in groups or gan-

glia by connective tissue: Some of these groups of cells, ganglia, or nerve centres *originate*, or at least *preside* over muscular contractility, some over tactile sensation, and some are highly differentiated into complex apparatuses which take cognizance of special excitants such as light, sound, odors, and taste; the nerve-centres are all connected to each other and to every part of the body by the nerve-tubules which correlate and combine the various portions of the nervous system into one composite organ. At no one time is the *whole* nervous system, or the *whole* brain, in a condition of general activity; but periods of rest and activity alternate, the duration of activity and of rest varying with the peculiar structure of each particular ganglion and the special *habit* in each individual case: the term *habit* here being limited to mean, the preferable exhibition of vital activity through one particular channel or set of organs *from frequent repetition*. The state of activity or rest of any particular nerve-centre, ganglion, or cell, depends very greatly on the quantity and quality of the blood furnished; the blood supply being to a large extent governed by the force and frequency of the heart's contractions, and the calibre and patency of the vessels carrying the blood to and from the part; both of these factors being largely under the control of the sympathetic system of nerves, and varying not only with the conditions of the organs themselves, but also from stimuli or irritants reflected to them from contiguous or even remote organs.

“The brain, as well as every other part of the nervous system and indeed every organ and tissue of the whole body, requires for the proper performance of its functions, a plentiful supply of oxygenated blood. In sleep there is a diminished blood supply to the brain, and the functions of its various parts are more or less in abeyance, but while most of the brain may be locked in sound sleep, from receiving a *diminished* supply of blood, one or other ganglion may receive its *regular* supply or a *larger* supply, and be as active and vigorous or even *more* active than if the whole organism were fully awake; if therefore the sensorium and the nerve-centres that preside over muscular motion receive a *diminished* blood supply, while the comparing and ideational centres receive a larger supply, the function of reasoning might be properly carried on, though the individual would be totally unconscious of it. This is not an unusual mental condition and many remarkable cases of it are on record: I recall one very similar to the first ‘dream’ you have related, which is cited in Dr. Abercrombie’s work on the *Intellectual Powers*, and is quoted from there in ‘De Boisement’s

Rational History of Hallucinations; as near as I can recollect it now, it is as follows :

“The cashier of one of the banks in Glasgow was at his desk one busy day, when a man came in and presented a bill for six pounds, upon which he demanded immediate payment: he made so much noise and *stuttered* so horribly that the cashier at once paid him, to get rid of him, but being hurried did not note the transaction on the day-book; at the close of the year, some months afterwards, the books would not balance by exactly that amount. The cashier spent several days trying to find the missing six pounds, but without success. At length one night he went home and went to bed and then dreamed that he was at his desk, that the *stuttering* man came in and demanded payment of six pounds and that he quickly paid him *and did not enter the transaction on the day-book*; the next morning it was discovered that the transaction had not been entered on the day-book, though the circumstance was recollected by all, when associated with the *stutterer*.

“This is an instance almost identical with your first ‘dream’ and the explanation is the same in both cases. The attention had been painfully concentrated on one subject for so long a time that even in partial sleep the active ideational centres still dwelt upon it, and at length when the sensorium was benumbed and did not present external impressions to divert the thoughts, some associated idea arose, which recalled the whole transaction.

“The explanation of your second ‘dream’ is not materially different, and though it seems very mysterious as you have related it, there are undoubtedly circumstances which would throw light upon it, if you could remember them in detail; for instance: On the day the safe key was lost, and you had searched in all the places it was most likely to be found without discovering it, you had probably requested your father to recount minutely where he went, and what he did, from the time he left the counting-room until you met him again; he or some of the employees of the establishment would recollect that he went down into the basement; his or your knowledge that goods kept on certain shelves in the basement were getting low or needing inspection at the time would lead you to think that your father went down into the basement to attend to this business; and from where he stood it is probable that the shelves nailed to the flooring joists came into plain view. In your fruitless searches after the missing key, you had no doubt gone down into the basement with your father more than once, had stood where he stood and looked over the stock, had

seen the shelves overhead, and indeed acted over all the circumstances except placing the key on the shelf.

“In the mental condition which we have spoken of, if the mind is under the influence of a *dominant idea* it is often more vigorous when the body is inactive than at other times—the famous musical composition called ‘The Devil’s Sonata’ was composed by Tartini when asleep, after trying for hours when awake to write a composition for the evening’s performance; and Coleridge’s ‘Kublai Khan’ he said, was the recollected fragment of a long poem which he composed in his sleep after he had been reading Marco Polo’s account of this *crème* of Tartars: Your mind, when you went to sleep, was in a very similar condition to theirs, and it is probable you would have dreamed something about the key; sleep only supplied the missing link in your chain of reasoning, which would in all probability have been united the next day when awake.

“Your dream about the fire in Chicago is what our Spiritual circle to-night would call a wonderful case of *prevision* or *prophecy*; yet I do not think there is anything wonderful or supernatural about it. When you went to bed the night after receiving your brother’s letter your mind was occupied with this neglected business, which concerned insurance against fire for him in Chicago; and nothing is more natural, under the circumstances, than that you should dream of fire; the items of your brother’s letter, together with your personal acquaintance with the topography of the city of Chicago and a vivid imagination, undoubtedly supplied the details of the dream, for having been for some years a resident in Chicago you knew that a great fire had been predicted by many people in that city, who had long looked upon the shanties around De Coven and Jefferson streets and the rookeries known as ‘Conley’s patch’ as tinder boxes which were some day to set the city on fire; moreover it is more than probable that with your recollection of the ‘dream’ you have *assimilated* some of the details which were so graphically described in the newspaper accounts of the fire, for it is a law of mental action that similar events or impressions registered in the memory, especially if contiguous in time or locality, are so constantly associated that they frequently become identified.

“The so-called ‘Communications from the Spirit Land’ given by this ‘Medium’ to-night we do not know enough about to judge accurately how largely they are due to intentional deception, and how largely to that species of cerebral activity called ‘mind reading,’ or more scientifically ‘thought transference’; for if we rid our minds of all ideas of sentiment, and eliminate from the ques-

tion the adjuncts of the darkened room, the low plaintive music, and the seeming (or actual) trance as having no necessary connexion with the matter, it will then seem only natural that a person living in the same community should be cognisant of the death of a man so well known as Mr. L——, and it is highly probable that as you and Mr. L—— were intimate friends, she had seen you and L—— together more than once, and recognising your face, L—— was at once recalled to her mind; or possibly the conception of the personality of Mr. L—— having been formed in *your* mind, might have been transferred to the mind of the medium, on the principle of “thought-transference” before mentioned. Of the other messages, or the *whispered* message concerning the fire in Mr. Coffin’s store, we have no means of determining whether there was any secret to be told, whether those people were *confederates* of the medium, or whether, as I have before said, her mind was in sympathy (*en rapport*) with theirs, and she was thus enabled to tell the thoughts in their minds on the principle of ‘thought transference’; but surely either supposition is more consonant with experience and reason, than calling in the aid of departed spirits, which gives as a so-called explanation only an improbable and extravagant supposition, and a supposition that does not explain anything, but only makes the occurrence more of a mystery.

“One great fault with even scientific men is the habit they have inherited from their ancestors, of looking at all phenomena they cannot readily explain as *mysterious* or *supernatural*. And this fault is especially prominent in regard to those intricate chemico-vital phenomena in animal bodies about which philosophers from Thales down to Herbert Spencer have puzzled their brains for explanations and built up systems only to be demolished by the more extended observations and larger generalisations of later generations.

* * *

“If we go to either the most bigoted theologian, or the most advanced materialist, and ask them the question, ‘What do you mean by “Spirit” or a “Spiritual Body”?’ if they attempt to answer the question at all, they must both say that *spirit* is either an attenuated form of *matter* or some peculiar manifestation of *force*. It must of necessity be either one or the other. The whole universe as far as we now know of it concerns only *matter* and *force* in some of their varied forms or relations, every phenomenon of which is governed by natural laws, and when we speak of *natural laws* we limit the term to mean only that sequence of events that human

experience has shown to be universal and unvarying. We yet know but little more of the true essence of *matter* than we do of the actual nature of *spirit*: if we try to explain the intrinsic nature of either, we find ourselves involved in a hopeless tissue of contradictions. Still we know something of the laws that govern *matter* and *force*: we know that some form of *force* inheres in every atom of *matter*, that *matter* does not exist without exhibiting some of these inhering *forces*, and that *force* does not exist, *as far as we know, without matter in some of its varied forms*. Of *spirit* all we can say is that it is either a form of *matter* or *force*, or else a cant term to hide ignorance. If any scientific person knows anything about it, or knows how to find anything about it, let him tell the world how to find out.

“In the earlier ages of the world all of the varied functions of the human body, such as alimentation, digestion, secretion, assimilation, thought and volition seemed so mysterious that it was considered necessary to introduce an *ἄρχων*, *dæmon* or *spirit*, to preside over every separate one of these processes; as time passed on and the human race grew in knowledge, the rationale of most of these processes became better understood, and the *dæmons* or *spirits* that have been dislodged from one viscus of the body after another now have their residence only in the *brain*. But the march of intellect still goes on; the calm, cold, clear-eyed Goddess of Wisdom knows no reverence and no fear, and she will as ruthlessly exorcise the *dæmons* or *spirits* that yet haunt the brain as she has already chased them away from the other viscera of the human body.”

“Let us therefore set aside the hypothesis of *Spirits*, *Dæmons*, and *Ghosts* of which we know nothing, and see if we cannot explain these so-called spiritual phenomena by less ambiguous means. And for this purpose we will divide all of these so-called mysterious occurrences into two general classes:

“The *First*,—comprising all of those cases in which a purposed deception, trick, or cheat is practised.

“The *Second*,—comprising all of those unusual processes of the brain and nervous system, such as *Somnambulism*, *Hypnotism*, *Catalepsy*, *Trance*, *Ecstasy*, etc.

“The *first* class comprises by far the largest portion of all these phenomena that are presented for our study. The origin of these practices is lost in the remotest antiquity; but in the fragments of the earliest nations ‘that have survived the wreck of time’ and come down to our day, we read of *Chaldæans* and *Soothsayers*,

Priests and Magi working wonders and performing miracles, to impose upon the ignorant and credulous masses and thus gain power and ascendancy over them; and that they had attained no mean skill even in remote ages we can readily see from the descriptions given in the Sacred Chronicle of the contest between Moses and the Egyptian Priests; and the Witch of Endor who it is stated raised the spirit of Samuel at the request of Saul. In the Middle Ages well authenticated records tell us that the power of these adepts was almost omnipotent. Langlet du Fresnoy in his *History of the Hermetic Philosophy* and Mackay in his *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions* give detailed accounts of the miraculous powers of Gebir, Albertus Magnus, Raymond Lully, Roger Bacon, the Maréchal de Rays, Cornelius-Agrippa, Paracelsus, Cagliostro, and a host of others, who were believed by their contemporaries to possess the power of transmuting the baser metals into gold, making the spirits of the dead to appear, reanimating dead bodies, and all such *tricks* as their congeners—the Spiritual Mediums of the present day—entertain and mystify their believers with. Albertus Magnus was said to have made a brazen statue which under a favorable aspect of the planets he endowed with life and speech, and made it perform the duties of a household servant. Paracelsus boasted that he had discovered the *elixir vitæ*, and was not only able to prolong life for hundreds of years, but actually had power to reanimate the dead. Pirnetti was said to be able to render himself invisible, change his shape at will and multiply himself indefinitely; it is even related on credible authority that he was seen by the assembled inhabitants of St. Petersburg to pass out of every one of the fifteen gates of the city at the same instant of time.

“At the present day every improvement in the arts, and every discovery in science, has been appropriated by the charlatans and made subservient to their purposes, and now there is scarcely a trick or deception of the senses the mind can conceive of, that they have not available means of performing, and that too with but slight risk of detection.

“The cases comprised in our *second* class cannot be disposed of so summarily: first, from the fact, that for ages past they were looked upon as something akin to ‘Demonic Possession’ and only to be legitimately treated by priest with ‘bell, book, and candle’; and therefore it is only within the latter half of the present century that they have been considered a subject of scientific investigation. Second, their causation, depending as it does upon imperfectly known chemico-vital processes, makes the study not

only intricate and perplexing, but often inexact, since the *personal equation* is never a *constant*, but varies in every case. Besides which, intricate and involved as these questions are *per se*, they are made much more obscure and inexact for the reason, that along with the abnormal condition of mental action which we wish to study there is always so great a tendency to *self-deception* and to deceive others, that it actually amounts to a ruling principle.

“But excluding all egoistic, personal, or subjective testimony, and as far as we can, every possibility of deception, there is still enough known about these cases to make the subject one of great interest to every one.

“Let us commence with **SOMNAMBULISM**. The name is derived from one single phenomenon occasionally presented in this condition, sleep-walking, though this is by no means an essential, nor is it one of the most commonly observed, phenomena of this state the condition of the body in somnambulism is similar to what it is in dreaming, except that the somnambulist acts out the ideas presented by his dream; those ganglia of the brain originating the ideas and impulses only, being active, whilst other portions are at rest. As in all other variations from the norm or standard of health in animal bodies, this abnormal nervous action is of varying grades of intensity in various subjects. The sucking action of the lips and cheeks frequently observed in the sleep of nursing infants is as truly somnambulistic as the more complicated psychical and physical actions of those less numerous cases, who climb dizzy heights, perform long journeys, compose music, or write logical treatises in a state of profound slumber.

“Not widely different from somnambulism and depending upon somewhat similar causes is that condition called **HYPNOTISM**, either automatic, or induced by the will of another, which has caused so much wonder under the mystifying titles of *Animal Magnetism*, *Mesmerism*, and *Clairvoyance*. This state may be produced in various ways, the most common plan being to fix the attention of the subject upon some small, bright object held near the eyes until tiring takes place and sleep occurs. The period required to produce this effect depends greatly upon the susceptibility of the individual: in children, and nervous hysterical women, and in men whose nervous conditions resemble theirs either from weakness, mental over-work, or original conformation of the nervous system, a few minutes may suffice; in those whose nervous organisation is fixed on a more stable equipoise, a longer period is required; and in some rare cases, whose vigorous wills never lose their controlling pow-

ers, hypnotism is impossible. In every case however induced, the only one essential cause required to bring on this condition is to produce temporary exhaustion of the sensori-volitional nerve-centres, and render them dormant. When this occurs, we have an animal automaton, which may be made to perform all the varied and complex acts that it has acquired from its peculiar organisation, environment, and education, but only by means of external suggestions. A woman in this state, if seated at the piano, would play and sing as well as she could in her normal state of consciousness, or if an infant were placed in her arms, would care for it as tenderly as if every maternal instinct were awake and active; a man, if placed in proper attitudes and started with leading suggestions, would make a speech, fight a duel, or run a foot-race; or, if paper and tobacco were placed in his hands, he would make a cigarette, light and smoke it; but, the sensorium being dormant, the woman would play a dummy piano with as much *empressement* as if it were a perfect instrument, and would nurse a doll or a pillow placed in her arms, as carefully as if it were a real child; and similarly the man would fight an imaginary foe as vigorously as if it were a real enemy; or make a cigarette of saw-dust as carefully and smoke it as readily as if it were made of real tobacco.

“Cases of Catalepsy, Trance, and Ecstasy are exceedingly rare. They are all of a somewhat similar nature, and are all caused by allowing the attention to dwell for a long time upon one idea, or set of ideas, to the exclusion of all else; until the one idea dominates and controls the whole organism. Almost invariably the ideas are of a religious nature; and the visions seen are of heaven, hell, and purgatory, the thoughts taking the particular cast of the previous reading or teaching upon these subjects. In these conditions the patient usually lies or sits perfectly still and composed, with the eyes open and staring, the facial muscles relaxed and calm, and the skin smooth and shiny, giving the condition known to physiologists as transfiguration. The breathing is scarcely perceptible, and the heart-beat often cannot be distinguished, even by the most careful auscultation; this condition is very similar to hibernation in animals, and is so liable to be mistaken for death that cases are on record of persons being buried alive while in this state. Consciousness—while in this condition—is usually in abeyance, or, if present at all, takes cognisance only of those impressions that relate to or are *en rapport* with the dominant idea. In impressible subjects the body is wholly in sympathy and dominated by the ruling idea. In the wonderful case of Marie de Moerl,

'The scarred maiden of Tyrol,' if we can believe the report of Doctor Goerres, there appeared in a short time bleeding ulcers around her brow, on her hands and feet, and over her heart, as the result of directing her attention so often to the localities of the wounds upon the body of Christ.

"These cases are all closely related to that protean disease called Hysteria, and like that disease are all marked by a more or less complete loss or suspension of volition or directive will-power: and by *will-power* I wish to be understood to mean the ability of determining a preponderating activity to one or more ganglia or group of nerve-cells, and so causing nervous force to be directed or expended through *one* channel, or to *one* organ, rather than to another. This lack of will-power not only leaves these cases little or no control over their own thoughts or actions, but also allows their thoughts and actions to be easily determined and controlled by persons of stronger wills. It is of course this class of people that are always selected as *Impressibles* or *Mediums*.

"The average adult human brain weighs about fifty ounces in the male and a few ounces less in the female: and as I have before said is a highly complex organ consisting chiefly of gray cells aggregated into masses called ganglia, white tubules or nerves, and blood-vessels: the whole apparatus combined and held together by a frame-work of connective tissue. The grey cells originate nerve-force, while the nerves transmit it to and from the various organs of the body. What is the intrinsic nature of this subtle force generated in the nerve-cells that, emitted through one channel, gives us the sensation of touch; through another, sound; through another, light, etc., *we do not know*; any more than we know the intrinsic nature of electricity, galvanism, or the chemical force. But there are many facts which lead us to believe that it is analogous to or not materially different from those forces last named, and like those forces is generated by the attraction and repulsion of atoms of matter having opposite polarities. Nor need we look upon this theory as one too meagre or too materialistic to explain all the recondite processes of cerebral action, including even thought; for when we recall the wonderful force evolved by the simple attraction of atoms of zinc for atoms of oxygen in the galvanic battery and the complicated uses it has subserved in the arts—in one place to drive an engine, in another to carry our messages through thousands of leagues of ocean, in another form to give heat, and in yet another light; we can readily discern how a varied and complicated extension of the same or a similar force acting

between the atoms of that most complex fluid, the blood, and the organic molecules of the animal body, can only be limited in its manifestations by the special mechanisms through which it must act."

"My dear Colonel," said the Judge, "it would not be very hard for me to accept your conclusion if I could accept your premises, which I can not, since they assume that dead brute matter is capable of self-consciousness, thought, volition and memory. You give me atoms of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, and other elementary forms of matter, acted upon by the blind force of chemical affinity; and expect me to construct out of these meagre details all the varied and complicated forms of life from its lowest manifestations up to man, with all the wonderful potentialities of the human brain. Can an atom of phosphorus think, has an atom of nitrogen volition, is there any consciousness in carbon, or memory in hydrogen? It is almost preposterous even to ask such questions."

"Not quite so preposterous as it seems, my dear Judge, though I acknowledge that it requires a careful study of the lower forms of life and a vivid, but still scientific, imagination to arrive at such a conclusion. If we go back link by link in the chain of life from the highest type of the *Homo Sapiens* down to the lowest microscopic speck of 'protoplasm' in which can be recognised the principle of vitality, we cannot fail to see that every higher type has been evolved from some lower type by some favorable variation or by a more favorable 'environment.' Every link in the chain is connected and shows that the highest powers of the human brain are potential in the amœba. And if we critically examine the manifestations of life displayed by these lowest forms of vitality we will find that if their manifestations differ at all from chemical affinity, it is not in kind but only in degree. These vital molecules—somehow—recognise in their environment what kinds of matter are necessary to their being, they appropriate it, assimilate it, and when their affinities are satisfied the residue is eliminated as excreta.

"Now let us turn to inorganic chemistry. An atom of oxygen if brought into contact with different atoms of matter will select one kind and refuse all the others; or if in combination with one kind of matter will leave that one, and unite with another if it has a stronger affinity for it. Every single atom of what you call 'dead brute matter' evinces this selective power.

"When atoms unite to form molecules their affinities are more

complicated: the more simple the molecule, the more limited is its range of affinities; while in those more complex molecules that form the basis of animal life, the more highly differentiated are their affinities, and the more wide their range of attraction; since every atom composing the molecule has not only its atomic (personal) affinities to be satisfied but its molecular (family) affinities to be satisfied also.

“The whole science of chemistry is but little more than a ‘table of affinities,’ and the great fundamental law that underlies the science is the fact that all kinds of matter have the power to select what combinations they shall enter into. If we bring together baryta and nitric acid, the acid and baryta unite and form barium nitrate; now if we add to the mixture a little sulphuric acid, the barium leaves the nitric acid and combines with the sulphuric, forming barium sulphate; if now we vary the experiment and to the solution of barium nitrate add the sulphuric acid in combination with a salt of potassium, a new element is introduced with its individual affinities, and a mutual divorce takes place: the sulphuric acid leaves the potassium and unites with the barium, and the nitric acid leaving the barium combines with the potassium. Now, I do not attempt to explain *why* atoms of matter behave in this manner; we must, for the present at least, be satisfied to know that this is ‘an ultimate scientific fact’; but I *do* say that in this discriminatory electing power possessed by all atoms of matter may be found the rudimentary germ which in the more highly differentiated and complex atoms that form the nervous system of animals, evolves those wonderful forces which we designate as consciousness, thought, and volition.

“Nearly six centuries before the birth of Christ, the Greek philosopher Thales of Miletus enunciated the rudiments of such a doctrine, and with all due deference to the philosophers and sages who have lived since his time I do not think they have improved much upon his fundamental ideas.

“All of the varied manifestations of life are now being carefully studied by cool clear-headed scientific men, who bring to their work minds purged from dogmas and preconceived systems, and trained to careful observation of facts and to logical deductions from them. They have already determined the chemical elements that compose the brain and nervous system, and in great part their molecular arrangement and peculiar construction. They have carefully mapped out the topographical anatomy of the brain and shown what special ganglia preside over the different parts of the

organism, and I am confident that in a short time it will be as possible to make accurate diagnoses of those deviations from normal cerebral action as it is now to detect any deviation from health in most of the other organs of the body."

After the Judge and I arrived at the Hotel, we had a little further discussion upon Spiritualism and analogous topics suggested by the evening's experience; and before parting each gave the other his sacred pledge:

That, if there is a *future* state of existence, with consciousness of personal identity, the first one of us who entered into that state would appear to the survivor and give him some unmistakable token of his continued existence, if such evidence was consonant with the laws that govern that state.

We then bade each other good-bye and parted. A few months after this meeting my dear old friend "went over to the great silent majority," and often since, when I have stood by his tomb, or visited the home his presence had made so dear, I have remembered the pledge we gave each other on that summer Sunday evening years ago and have watched and waited and *hoped* for the promised token—

"But alas Death's adamantine portal
Holds fast its secrets evermore;
And when we pass through that dread door,
It shuts the light from every mortal.
And though with aching brain we learn
The mystic lore of every age,
And knowledge taught by seer and sage,
The secret ne'er can we discern."

THE TAI-PING REBELLION.¹

[CONCLUDED.]

THE DECLINE OF HUNG SIU TSUEN'S CAUSE.

ONE inherent defect in the rebellion, viewed in its political bearing, soon showed itself. Hung Siu-tsuen's conviction of his divine mission had been most cordially received by his generals and the entire body of followers which left Yung-ngan in 1852; but their faith was not accepted by the enormous additions made to the Tai-pings as they advanced to Nanking, and gradually the original force became so diluted that it was inadequate to restrain and inspirit their auxiliaries. Moreover, the Tien-wang had never seriously worked out any conception of the radical changes in his system of government, which it would be absolutely necessary to inaugurate under a Christian code of laws. Having had no knowledge of any Western kingdom, he probably regarded them all as conformed to the rules and examples given in the Bible; perhaps, too, he trusted that the "Heavenly Father and Elder Brother" would reveal the proper course of action when the time came. The great body of literati would naturally be indisposed to even examine the claims of a Western religion which placed Shangti above all other gods, and allowed no images in worship, no ritual in temples, and no adoration to ancestors, to Confucius, or to the heavenly bodies. But if this patriotic call to throw off the Manchu yoke had been fortified by a well-devised system of public examinations for office,—modified to suit the new order of things by introducing more practical subjects than those found in the classics and put into practice,—it is hard to suppose that the intellectual classes would not gradually have ranged themselves on the side of this rising power.

Incentives addressed to the patriotic feelings of the Chinese were mixed with their obligations to worship Shangti, now made

¹From S. Wells Williams's *Middle Kingdom*. See note in the November *Open Court*.

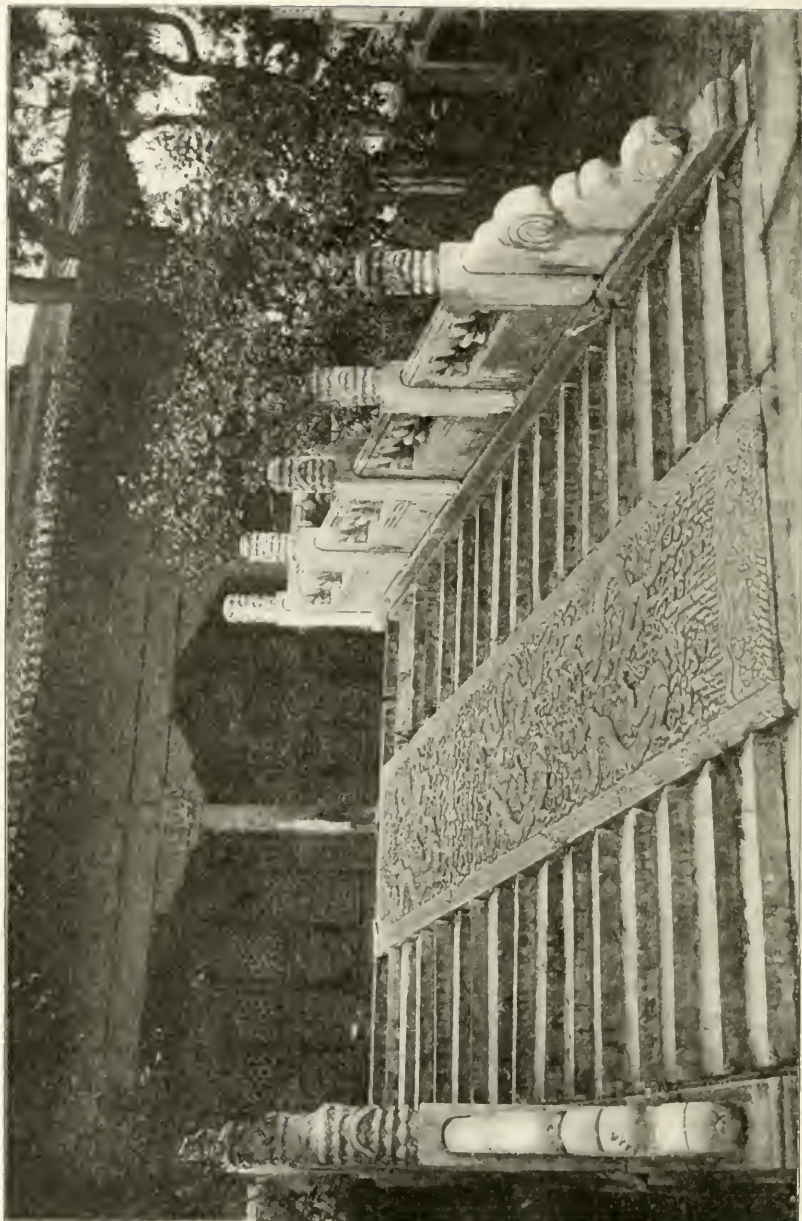
known to them as the Great God, our Heavenly Father, and security was promised to all who submitted.

In 1855 dissensions sprang up among the leaders themselves inside of Nanking, which ended in the execution of Yang, the Eastern King, the next year; a fierce struggle maintained by Wei, the Northern King, on behalf of the Tien-wang, upheld his supremacy, but at a loss of his best general. Another man of note, Shih Ta-kai, the Assistant King, losing faith in the whole undertaking, managed to withdraw with a large following westward and reached Sz'chuen. The early friend of Hung Siu tsuen, Fung Yun-shan, known as the Southern King, disappeared about the same time.

It had become a life struggle with Siu-tsuen, and his removal of the four kings resulted in leaving him without any real military chief on whose loyalty he could depend. The rumors which reached Shanghai in 1856 of the fierce conflict in the city were probably exaggerated by the desire prevalent in that region that the parties would go on, like the Midianites in Gideon's time, beating each other down till they ended the matter.

The success of the Tai-pings had encouraged discontented leaders in other parts of China to set up their standards of revolt. The progress of Shih Ta-kai in Sz'chuen and Kweichau engaged the utmost efforts of the provincial rulers to restore peace. In Kwangtung a powerful band invested the city, but the operations of Governor Yeh, after the departure of Sü Kwang-tsun in 1854, were well supported by the gentry. By the middle of 1855 the rising was quenched in blood. A band of Cantonese desperadoes seized the city of Shanghai in September, 1853, killing the district magistrate and some other officials. They retained possession till the Chinese New Year, January 27, 1854, leaving the city amid flames and carnage, when many of the leaders escaped in foreign vessels. None of these men were affiliated with the Tai pings.

By 1857 the imperialists had begun to draw close lines about the rebels, when they were nearly restricted to the river banks between Nganking and Nanking, both of which cities were blockaded. Two years later the insurgent capital was beleaguered, but in its siege the loyalists trusted almost wholly to the effects of want and disease, which at last reached such an extreme degree (up to 1860) that it was said that human flesh was sold in the butchers' stalls of Nanking. Their ammunition was nearly expended, their numbers were reduced, and their men apparently desirous to disperse; but the indomitable spirit of the leader never quailed. He had appointed eleven other *wang* or generals, called *Chung Wang*



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS, PEKING.

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("Loyal King"), *Ying Wang* ("Heroic King"), *Kan Wang* ("Shield King"), *Ting Wang* ("Listening King"), etc., whose abilities were quite equal to the old ones.

A small body of Tai-pings managed to get out toward the north of Kiangsu, near the Yellow River. Another body had already (in March) carried Hangchau by assault by springing a mine; as many as seventy thousand inhabitants, including the Manchu garrison, perished here during the week the city remained in possession of the rebels. On their return to Nanking the joint force carried all before it, and the needed guns and ammunition fell into their hands. The loyalist soldiers also turned against their old officers, but the larger part had been killed or dispersed. Chinkiang and Changchau were captured, and Ho Kwei-tsing, the governor-general, fled in the most dastardly manner to Suchau, without an effort to retrieve his overthrow. Some resistance was made at Wusih on the Grand Canal, but Ho Chun was so paralysed by the onslaught that he killed himself, and Suchau fell into the hands of Chung Wang with no resistance whatever. It was, nevertheless, burned and pillaged by the cowardly imperialists before they left it, Ho Kwei-tsing setting the large suburbs on fire to uncover the solid walls. This destruction was so unnecessary that the citizens welcomed the Tai-pings, for they would at least leave them their houses. With Suchau and Hangchau in their hands, the Kan Wang and Chung Wang had control of the great water-courses in the two provinces, and their desire now was to obtain foreign steamers to use in regaining mastery of the Yangtze River. The loss of their first leaders was by this time admirably supplied to the insurgents by these two men, who had had a wider experience than the Tien wang himself, while their extraordinary success in dispersing their enemies had been to them all an assurance of divine protection and approval.

The populous and fertile region of Kiangnan and Chehkiang was wholly in their hands by June, 1860, so far as any organised Manchu force could resist them. The destruction of life, property, and industry within the three months since their sally from Nanking had been unparalleled probably since the Conquest, more than two centuries before, and revived the stories told of the ruthless acts of Attila and Tamerlane. Shanghai was threatened in August by a force of less than twenty thousand men led by the Chung Wang, and it would have been captured if it had not been protected by British and French troops.

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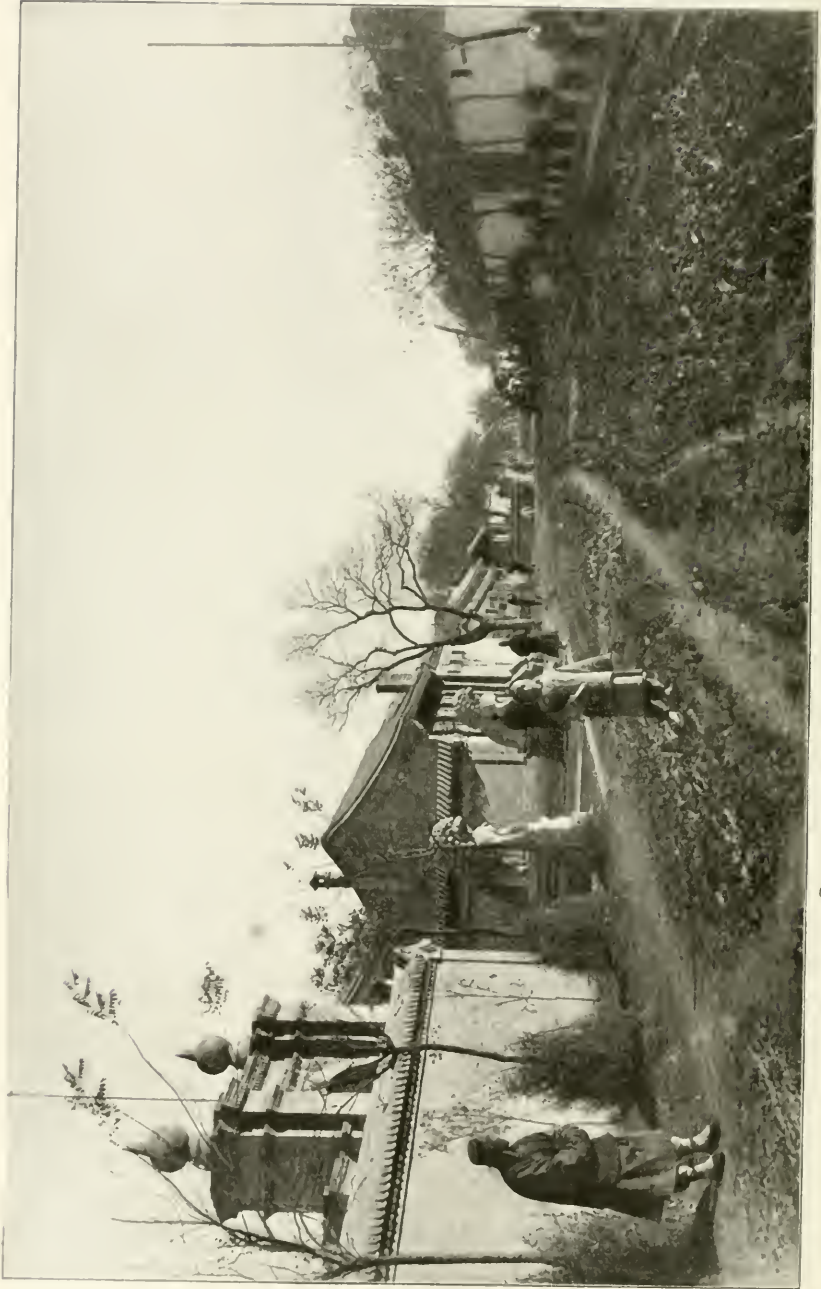
CHRISTIAN MISSIONS ON THE YANGTSE' RIVER.

THE EVER-VICTORIOUS FORCE AND THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION.

At this juncture the imperialists began to look toward foreigners for aid in restoring their prestige and power by employing skill and weapons not to be found among themselves. An American adventurer, Frederick G. Ward, of Salem, Mass., proposed to the Intendant Wu to recapture Sungkiang from the Tai-pings; he was repulsed in his first attempt at the head of about a hundred foreigners, but succeeded in the second, and the imperialists straightway occupied the city. This success, added to the high pay, stimulated many others to join him, and General Ward ere long was able to organise a larger body of soldiers, to which the name of *Chang-shing kiun*, or "Ever-victorious force," was given by the Chinese; it ultimately proved to be well applied. Its composition was heterogeneous, but the energy, tact, and discipline of the leader, under the impulse of an actual struggle with a powerful foe, soon moulded it into something like a manageable corps, able to serve as a nucleus for training a native army. Foreigners generally looked down upon the undertaking, and many of the allied naval and military officers regarded it with doubt and dislike. It had to prove its character by works, but the successive defeats of the insurgents during the year 1862 in Kiangsu and Chehkiang clearly demonstrated the might of its trained men over ten times their number of undisciplined braves.

In September the Tai-pings were driven out of the valley of the Yung river, but the death of General Ward at Tsz'ki deprived the imperialists of an able leader. The career of this man had been a strange one, but his success in training his men was endorsed by honorable dealing with the mandarins, who had reported well of him at Peking. He was buried at Sungkiang, where a shrine was erected to his memory, and incense is burned before him to this day.

It was difficult to find a successor, but the command rather devolved on his second, an American named Burgevine, who was confirmed by the Chinese, but proved to be incapable. He was superseded by Holland and Cooke, Englishmen, and in April, 1863, the entire command was placed under Colonel Peter Gordon, of the British army. During the interval between May, 1860, when Ward took Sungkiang, and April 6, 1863, when Gordon took Fushan, the best manner of combining native and foreign troops was gradually developed as they became more and more acquainted



STREET OF THE FOREIGN AMBASSADORS AT Peking.

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with each other and learned to respect discipline as an earnest of success. Such a motley force has seldom if ever been seen, and the enormous preponderance of Chinese troops would have perhaps been an element of danger had they been left idle for a long time.

There were five or six infantry regiments of about five hundred men each, and a battery of artillery; at times it numbered five thousand men. The commissioned officers were all foreigners, and their national rivalries were sometimes a source of trouble; the non-commissioned officers were Chinese, many of them repentant rebels or seafaring men from Canton and Fuhkien, promoted for good conduct. The uniform was a mixture of native and foreign dress, which at first led to the men being ridiculed as "Imitation Foreign Devils"; after victory, however, had elevated their *esprit du corps*, they became quite proud of the costume. In respect to camp equipage, arms, commissariat and ordnance departments, and means of transport, the natives soon made themselves familiar with all details; while necessity helped their foreign officers rapidly to pick up their language. It is recorded, to the credit of this motley force, that "there was very little crime and consequently very little punishment; . . . as drunkenness was unknown, the services of the provost-marshal rarely came into use, except after a capture, when the desire for loot was a temptation to absence from the ranks."¹

In addition, the force had a flotilla of four small steamers, aided by a variety of native boats to the number of fifty to seventy-five. The plain is so intersected by canals that the troops could be easier moved by water than land, and these boats enabled it to carry out surprises which disconcerted the rebels. Wilson well remarks concerning Gordon's force: "Its success was owing to its compactness, its completeness, the quickness of its movements, its possession of steamers and good artillery, the bravery of its officers, the confidence of its men, the inability of the rebels to move large bodies of troops with rapidity, the nature of the country, the almost intuitive perception of the leader in adapting his operations to the nature of the country, and his untiring energy in carrying them out."²

After Fushan, Chanzu, Taitsang fu, and Kiunshan had been occupied, Colonel Gordon found his position beset with so many unexpected annoyances, both from his rather turbulent and incongruous troops and from the Chinese authorities, that he went

1 A. Wilson, *The "Ever-Victorious Army,"* p. 132.

2 *Ibid.*, p. 138.

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OBSERVATORY OF PEKING. GENERAL VIEW.¹ (See footnote on page 749.)

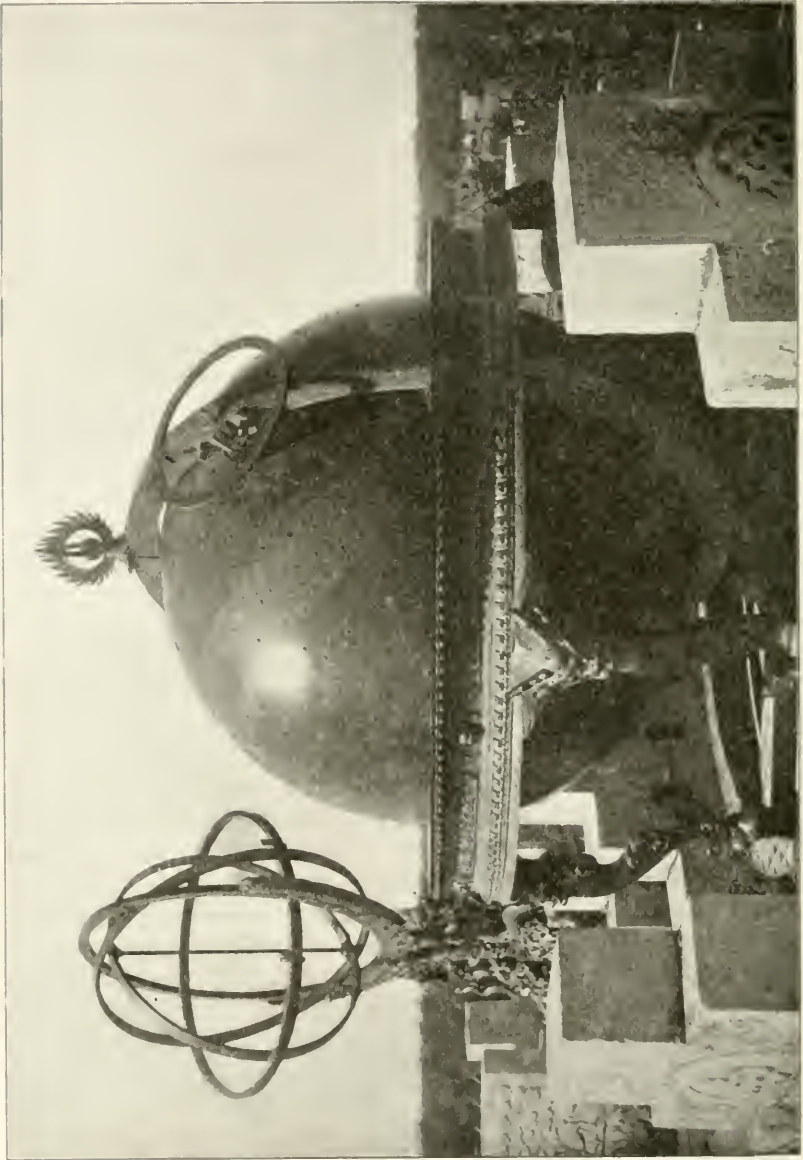
to Shanghai on August 8th for the purpose of resigning the command. Arriving here, however, he ascertained that Burgevine had just gone over to the Tai-pings with about three hundred foreigners, and was then in Suchau. The power of moral principle, which guided the career of the one, was then seen in luminous contrast to its lack as shown in the other of these soldiers of fortune. To his lasting credit Colonel Gordon decided to return at once to Kiunshan, and, in face of the ingratitude of the Chinese and jealousy of his officers, to stand by the imperialist cause. He gradually restored his influence over officers and men, ascertained that Burgevine's position in the Tai-ping army did not allow him freedom enough to render his presence dangerous to their foes, and began to act aggressively against Suchau by taking Patachiau on its southern side in September.

Emissaries from the foreigners in the city now reported considerable dissatisfaction with their position, and Colonel Gordon was able to arrange in a short time their withdrawal without much danger to themselves. It is said that Burgevine even then proposed to him to join their forces, seize Suchau, and as soon as possible march on Peking with a large army, and do to the Manchus what the Manchus had done, two hundred and twenty years before, to the Mings. Colonel Gordon's own loyalty was somewhat suspected by the imperialist leaders, but his integrity carried him safely through all these temptations to swerve from his duty.

As soon as these mercenaries among the rebels were out of the way, operations against Suchau were prosecuted with vigor, so that by November 19th the entire city was invested and carefully cut off from communication with the north. The city being now hard pushed, the besieging force prepared for a night attack upon a breach previously made in the stockade near the north-east gate. It was well planned, but the Muh Wang, *facile princeps* among the Tai-ping chiefs in courage and devotion, having been informed of it, opened such a destructive fire that the Ever-victorious force was defeated with a loss of about two hundred officers and men killed and wounded. On the next morning, however (November 28th), it was reported that the cowardly leaders in the city were plotting against the Muh Wang—the only loyal one among their number—and were talking of capitulating, using the British chief as their intermediary.

¹The following cuts show the astronomical instruments of the old Peking observatory as they were before their removal to Germany. Says S. Wells Williams: "They are beautiful pieces of bronze, though now antiquated and useless for practical purposes."

This rumor proved, indeed, to be so far true, that after some further successful operations on the part of Gordon's division, the



THE GREAT CELESTIAL GLOBE OF THE PEKING OBSERVATORY.

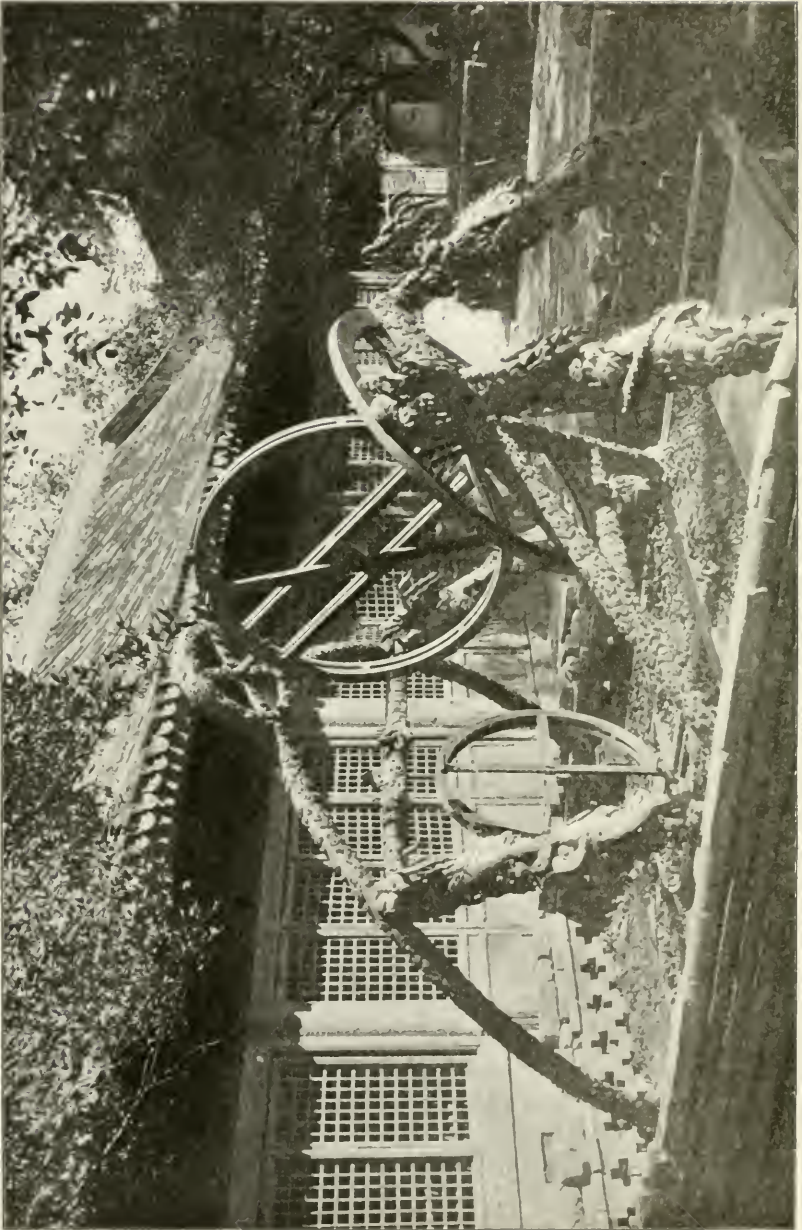
Wang made overtures to General Ching, himself a former rebel commander, but long since returned to the imperial cause and

now the chief over its forces in Kiangsu. The Muh Wang was publicly assassinated on December 2d by his comrades, and on the 5th the negotiations had proceeded so far that interviews were held.

Colonel Gordon had withdrawn his troops a short distance to save the city from pillage, but did not succeed in obtaining a donation of two months' pay for their late bravery from the parsimonious Lí. He therefore proposed to lay down his command at three o'clock P. M., and meanwhile went into the city to interview the Na Wang, who told him that everything was proceeding in a satisfactory manner. Upon learning this he repaired to the house of the murdered Muh Wang in order to get his corpse decently buried, but failed, as no one in the place would lend him the smallest assistance. While he was thus occupied, the rebel wangs and officers had settled as to the terms they would accept; and on reaching his own force, Gordon found General Ching there with a donation of one month's pay, which his men refused.

The next morning he returned to the city and was told by Ching that the rebel leaders had all been pardoned, and would deliver up the city at noon; they were preparing then to go out. Colonel Gordon shortly after started to return to his own camp and met the imperialists coming into the east gate in a tumultuous manner, prepared for slaughter and pillage. He therefore went back to the Na Wang's house to guard it, but found the establishment already quite gutted; he, however, met the Wang's uncle and went with him to protect the females of the family at the latter's residence. Here he was detained by several hundred armed rebels, who would neither let him go nor send a message by his interpreter till the next morning (December 7th), when they permitted him to leave for his boat, then waiting at the south gate; narrowly escaping, on his way thither, an attack from the imperialists, he reached his bodyguard at daybreak, and with them was able to prevent any more soldiers entering the city. His preservation amid such conflicting forces was providential, but his indignation was great when he learned that Governor Lí had beheaded the eight rebel leaders the day before.¹ It seems that they had demanded conditions quite inadmissible in respect to the control of the thirty thousand men under their orders, and were cut off for their insolent contumacy. Another account, published at Shanghai in 1871, states that nearly twenty chiefs were executed, and about two thousand privates.

¹ This was done in violation of the conditions under which the rebel chiefs had surrendered.



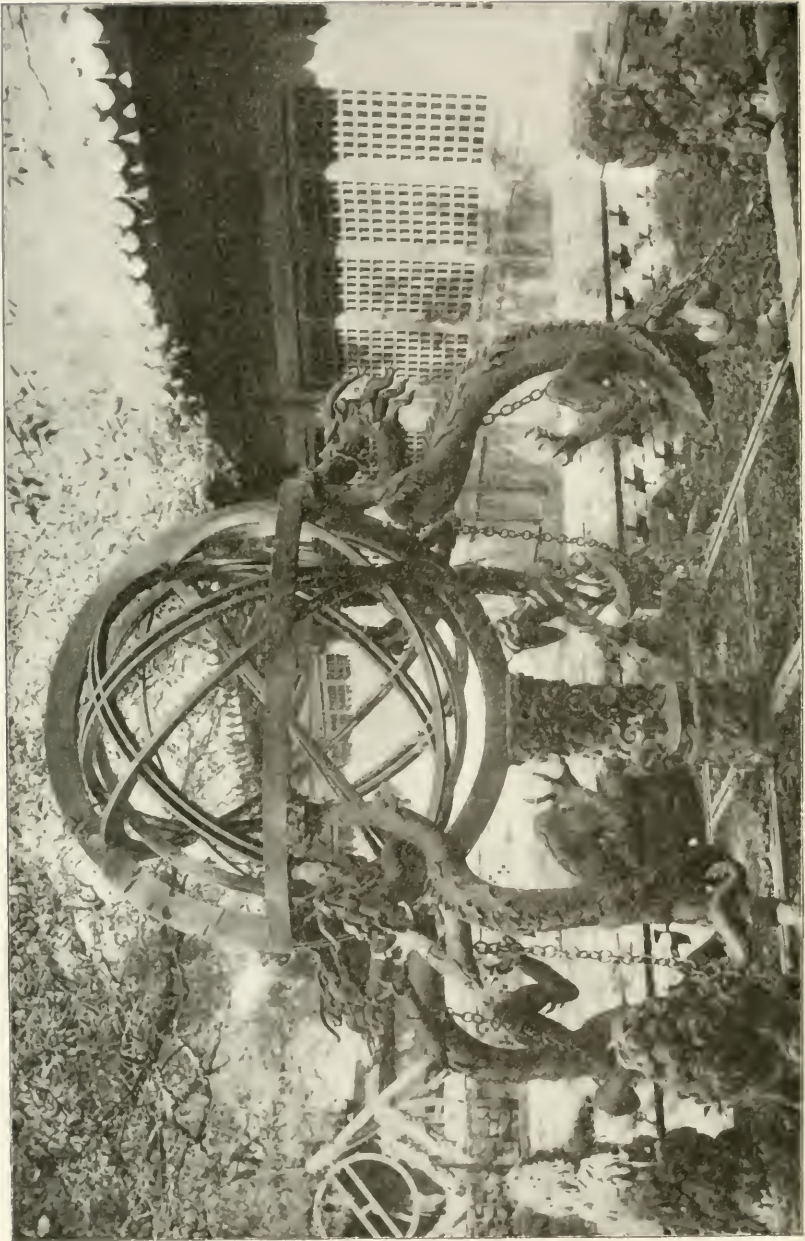
SPHERICAL ASTROLABE OF THE PEKING OBSERVATORY.

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As Colonel Gordon felt that his good name was compromised by this cruelty, he threw up his command until he could confer with his superiors. On the 29th a reply came to Lí Hung-chang from Prince Kung, highly praising all who had been engaged in taking Suchau, and ordering him to send the leader of the Ever-victorious force a medal and ten thousand taels—both of which he declined. The posture of affairs soon became embarrassing to all parties. The rebellion was not suppressed; the cities in rebel hands would soon gather the desperate men escaped from Suchau; Colonel Gordon alone could lead his troops to victory; and all his past bravery and skill might be lost. He therefore resumed his command, and presently recommenced operations by leading his men against Ihing hien, west of Suchau.

On reaching Ihing, the dreadful effects of the struggle going on around Gordon's force were seen, and more than reconciled him to do all he could to bring it to an end. Utter destitution prevailed in and out of the town; people were feeding on dead bodies, and ready to perish from exposure while waiting for a comrade to die. The town of Liyang surrendered on his approach, and its inhabitants, twenty thousand in number, supplied with a little food. From this place to Kintan proved to be a slow and irksome march, owing to the shallow water in the canal and the bad weather. On March 21st an attack was made on this strong post by breaching the walls; but it resulted in a defeat, the loss of more than a hundred officers and men, and a severe wound which Colonel Gordon received in his leg—oddly enough the only injury he sustained, though frequently compelled to lead his men in person to a charge. Next day he retired, in order, to Liyang, but hearing that the son of the Chung Wang had retaken Fushan he started with a thousand men and some artillery for Wusih, which the rebels had left. The operations in this region during the next few weeks conclusively proved the desperate condition of the rebels, but a hopeless cause seemed often but to increase their bravery in defending what strongholds were left them. At the same time a body of Franco-Chinese was operating, in connexion with General Ching on the south of Suchau, against Kiahing fu, a large city on the Grand Canal, held by the Ting Wang. This position was taken and its defenders put to the sword on March 20th, but with the very serious loss of General Ching, one of the ablest generals in the Chinese army. Hangchau, the capital of Chehkiang, capitulated the next day, and this was soon followed by the reduction of the entire province and dispersion of the rebels among the hills.

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THE ARMILLARY SPHERE OF THE PEKING OBSERVATORY.

With this capture ended the operations of the Ever-victorious force and its brave leader. Nanking was now the only strong place held by the Tai-pings, and there was nothing for that army to do there, as Tsang Kwoh-fan, the generalissimo of the imperial armies, had ample means for its capture. Colonel Gordon, therefore, in conjunction with Governor Lí, dissolved this notable division; the latter rewarded its officers and men with liberal gratuities, and sent the natives home. During its existence of about four years down to June 1, 1864, nearly fifty places had been taken (twenty-three of them by Gordon), and its higher discipline had served to elevate the *morale* of the imperialists who operated with them. It perhaps owed its greatest triumph to the high-toned uprightness of its Christian chief, which impressed all who served with him. The Emperor conferred on him the highest military rank of *ti-tuh*, or "Captain-General," and a yellow jacket (*ma kwa*) and other uniforms, to indicate the sense of his achievements. Sir Frederick Bruce admirably summed up his character in a letter to Earl Russell when sending the imperial rescript :

HONGKONG, July 12, 1864.

MY LORD,

I enclose a translation of a despatch from Prince Kung containing the decree published by the Emperor, acknowledging the services of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, R. E., and requesting that Her Majesty's government be pleased to recognise them. This step has been spontaneously taken. Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon well deserves Her Majesty's favor; for, independently of the skill and courage he has shown, his disinterestedness has elevated our national character in the eyes of the Chinese. Not only has he refused any pecuniary reward, but he has spent more than his pay in contributing to the comfort of the officers who served under him, and in assuaging the distress of the starving population whom he relieved from the yoke of their oppressors. Indeed, the feeling that impelled him to resume operations after the fall of Suchow was one of the purest humanity. He sought to save the people of the districts that had been recovered from a repetition of the misery entailed upon them by this cruel civil war.

I have, etc.,

F. W. A. BRUCE.

The foreign merchants of Shanghai expressed their sense of his conduct in a letter dated November 24th, written on the eve of his return to England, in which they truly remark: "In a position of unequalled difficulty, and surrounded by complications of every possible nature, you have succeeded in offering to the eyes of the Chinese nation, no less by your loyal and disinterested line of action than by your conspicuous gallantry and talent for organisation and command, the example of a foreign officer serving the govern-

ment of this country with honorable fidelity and undeviating self-respect."¹

Little remains to be said about Nanking. All egress from the doomed city was stopped by July 1st, when the explosion of mines and bursting of shells forewarned its deluded defenders of their fate. Of the last days of their leader no authentic account has been given, and the declaration of the Chung Wang in his autobiography, that he poisoned himself on June 30th, "owing to his anxiety and trouble of mind," is probably true. His body was buried behind his palace by one of his wives, and afterward dug up by the imperialists.

On July 19, 1864, the wall was breached by the explosion of forty thousand pounds of powder in a mine, and the Chung Wang, faithful to the last, defended until midnight the Tien Wang's family from the imperialists. He and the Kan Wang then escorted Hung Fu-tien—a lad of sixteen, who had succeeded to the throne of Great Peace three weeks before—with a thousand followers, a short distance beyond the city. The three leaders now became separated, but all were ultimately captured and executed. The Chung Wang, during his captivity before death, wrote an account of his own life, which fully maintains the high estimate previously formed of his character from his public acts.² He was the solitary ornament of the whole movement during the fourteen years of its independent existence, and his enemies would have done well to have spared him. More than seven thousand Tai-pings were put to death in Nanking, the total number found there being hardly over twenty thousand, of whom probably very few were southern Chinese—this element having gradually disappeared.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

In concluding this series of articles on China, we hope to have offered our readers some materials which will help them to understand the difficulties of the present situation. The deep-seated dissatisfaction of the large masses with existing conditions, and their rebellious spirit, are important factors that must be taken into consideration. It is highly regrettable that when Christianity—a Chinese Christianity rooted in the native soil—had in the Tai-Ping Rebellion taken the lead of the anti-Tartar movement, it was crushed, not by the Tartar government, but through the assistance of Christian England, who sent her best strategist to subdue

¹ "The rapidity with which the long-descended hostility of the Chinese government became exchanged for relations of at least outward friendship, must be ascribed altogether to the existence of the Tai-ping Rebellion, without whose pressure as an auxiliary we might have crushed, but never conciliated the distrustful statesmen at Peking."—*Frazer's Magazine*, Vol. LXXI., p. 145, February, 1865.

² *The Autobiography of the Chung Wang*, translated from the Chinese by W. T. Lay, Shanghai, 1865.

the Christian rebels. General Gordon, though a man of noble character and a good Christian, did not know what he was about. He saved a rotten dynasty, but ruined China's chances of building up upon native traditions a new China which would have been a better soil than is the present China for receiving the seeds of civilisations imported from the Western nations.

We are aware of all the shortcomings of the Tai-Pings. They were not Christians of the type of Christ, but like Cromwell, with a prayer-book in one hand and a sword in the other. They were fanatics, like the idol-smashing monks of the second and third centuries. As the mobs of Alexandria and Athens broke to pieces the most beautiful statues of ancient Greece, so the Tai-Pings destroyed the famous Porcelain Tower of Nanking. Further, the Christianity of the Tai-Pings was not our Christianity; it was neither European nor American, it savored of China, and like that of many Christian sects was full of odd notions of its own. Nevertheless, it was a Christianity, and we repeat it is to be regretted that the Tai-Ping movement was suppressed with the aid of Christians.

The English Government did not gain what it hoped to gain. The attitude of the Tartar dynasty of China toward the English has not changed, and foreigners are as much distrusted, feared, and despised as ever. This is proved by the late Boxer movement which in its original tendency was directed as much against the Tartar rulers of China as against the foreigners. The Empress of China for very good reasons was more afraid of the Boxers than of the Western governments. The result proves the wisdom of her policy. She still holds the reigns of government, while if she had dared to side with the foreign powers the dynasty would have lost control, and she might have become a fugitive living on the charity of her Western enemies.

At present conditions are lamentable. The Boxer movement has widened the gulf between China and the Western world. The most warlike nation of Europe has tried to hold China by the power of guns and canons, but Waldersee, who is as good a diplomat as a soldier, deemed it wise to retire; and the Chinese will not think better of Western civilisation after the occupation than before. The ruins of the Imperial Palace, the depredations committed by the invaders, remain mementos which will bear evil fruit.

Certain it is that China has not as yet seen the better side of Western civilisation; the Chinese know Europeans as the Germans up to 1870 knew the French mainly through Turenne and Napoleon. Atrocities of all kinds marked the wake of their invading armies; art treasures disappeared, and palaces were laid in ruins; but history teaches us a lesson. He who sows the wind will reap the whirlwind.

There is no doubt that on account of its stubborn haughtiness the Chinese Government has pursued a policy that will lead China into confusion and dissolution; but the mistakes of the Chinese government are no excuse for European Governments to do likewise. Instead of trying to humiliate the Chinese, it would be much better to study their national character, to appreciate their virtues, to gain their good-will, to teach them nobler and better views by setting them a good example in higher morality as well as wisdom. We have failed to gain their confidence. Perhaps we have never tried, but whatever the intentions of the foreign powers toward China may have been, the result is that they are at once hated and feared, as if they actually were what outlanders are called in China—foreign fiends.

DELUGE LEGENDS OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY THE EDITOR.

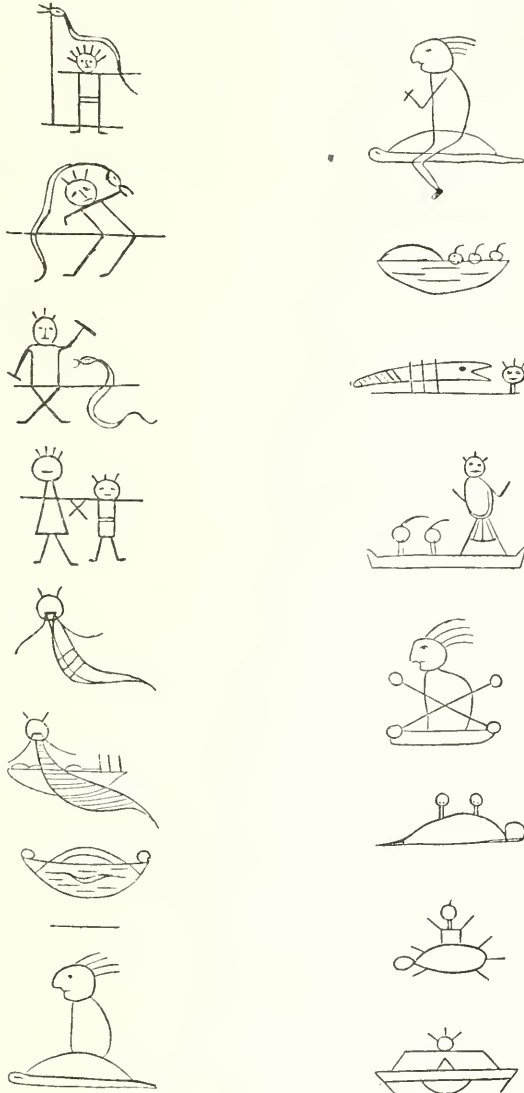
RICHARD ANDRÉ, the well-known anthropologist and editor of the *Globus*, has collected under the title *Die Flutsagen* a great number of Deluge legends and has endeavored in his concluding chapters to point out the natural causes of their origin. Among them he mentions a tradition of the Algonquins, a tribe of North American Indians, recorded in pictures on bark and preserved by A. G. Squier.¹ The pictures are merely a mnemotechnical method of remembering the story, but Mr. Squier publishes the explanation as given by the Indians in their own language, together with an English translation, and the meaning of it is in brief as follows:

“Long ago, there originated a powerful snake when people had turned bad. (First picture.) The strong snake was hostile to all creatures, and troublesome. (Second picture.) So they fought, and there was no peace. (Third picture.) Then the weak race of human beings suffered much from the keeper of the dead. (Fourth picture, where the cross between the small man and the larger figure indicates hostility.) Then the strong snake decided to destroy the whole human race and all creatures. (Fifth picture.) So he brought up the black snake, monsters, and rushing waters. (Sixth picture.) The rushing waters spread and covered all the mountains, destroying everything. (Seventh picture.) Upon the island of the tortoises (Tula) there was Nanaboush (Manabozho), the ancestor of human beings and all creatures. (Eighth picture.) He dwelt on turtle land (Tula) and made himself ready to move. (Ninth picture.) Human beings and creatures floating all about were searching for the back of the turtle. (Tenth picture.) There were many monsters of the sea who swallowed some of the people. (Eleventh picture.) The daughter of the great spirit (Manito-dasin) assisted them to reach a boat, and they shouted for help. (Twelfth picture.) Thereupon Nanaboush (Manabozho), the ancestor of human beings, the ancestor of all creatures, the ancestor of turtles, came. (Thirteenth picture.) He placed the men on the back of the turtle (fourteenth picture) and commanded the turtle with threats to save the lives of the people. (Fifteenth picture.) Then the waters subsided, the plain and the mountains

¹ *Historical and Mythological Traditions of the Algonquins*. With a translation of the *valum olum*, or bark record of the Linni Lenape, a paper read before the New York Historical Society.

became dry again, and the bad being walked his way to another place." (Sixteenth picture.)

André believes that this story is genuinely Indian and cannot be considered as a mutilated account of the Biblical deluge story.



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BARK MANUSCRIPT OF THE ALGONQUINS.

The same seems to be true of an old Quiché legend, of the natives of Guatemala, which is preserved in the *Popol Vuh*.

The *Popol Vuh* means the "Book of the People," and was written in the original Quiché language at about the time when the first white people reached the New World. It was translated into Spanish in the eighteenth century by Ximenes, a Dominican monk, and published in that language by Karl Scherzer at Vienna, 1857, under the title *Las historias del origen de los Indios de esta provincia de Guatemala, etc.* The original Quiché text was published, together with a French translation, in 1861 at Paris, by Brasseur de Bourbourg, under the title *Popol Vuh, Le Livre sacré et les mythes . . . des Quichés*. A critical report of it is given in D. Stoll's book, *Zur Ethnographie der Republik Guatemala*, published in Zurich, 1884.

According to the *Popol Vuh* the gods were dissatisfied with the animals whom they had created first, because they were mute and could not worship. So they made men of clay, but they too were imperfect, for though they could speak they were dull and could not move their neck; therefore the gods destroyed them in a flood. Then the gods created a new race, making the man of wood and the woman of resin. They were superior to the clay people but not as yet satisfactory, for their speech was crude and they showed no gratitude. Therefore Hurakan (the heart of the heavens) rained burning resin and caused an earthquake to come which destroyed all but a few who were changed into monkeys. Finally, the gods made men of white and yellow maize, and they were so perfect that the gods became afraid, and they took away some of their powers, reducing them to human beings such as they are now, and the Quichés are their direct descendants.

Among the Deluge legends of South America the idea is prominent that the people who saved their lives fled unto a big mountain, and that when the floods rose the mountain floated on the waters. In this way, the Incas of Peru declare that a shepherd was saved with his family, and the Araukens add that the people on the floating mountain covered their heads with wooden dishes in order to protect themselves against the heat of the sun, in case the mountain should be raised to the heavens.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUDGE WAITE ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Judge Waite, of Chicago, President of the Secular Union, and well known as a radical thinker, is the author of a thick-volumed and learned book entitled: *History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred*. The work has lately reached its fifth edition, and deserves the special attention of scholars in so far as it not only gives the results of the author's investigation, but adduces all the main evidences which he has collected and upon the basis of which he formulates his opinions. We cannot be expected to enter into details or criticise his views, for it is natural that as to the documentary evidence of church history covering so vast a period as two centuries there should be difference of opinion, and many of the mooted points are even beyond the possibility of a final settlement. For instance, Judge Waite speaks in the beginning of his book of the Gospel of Paul, to which the Apostle himself alludes in his Epistles (ii. 16-25; 2 Thessalonians ii. 14), and believes that Paul had actually written a gospel; while in our opinion Paul refers simply to the burden of his message, the doctrine of salvation through the death of the crucified Saviour.

Judge Waite divides the first two centuries of the Christian era into six periods: First, the apostolic age, 30-80, the time of Jesus, Paul, Peter, the Jameses, and other apostles; Secondly, the apostolic fathers, 80-120,—Clement of Rome, Ignatius Polycarp, including such men as Apollonius of Tyana and Simon Magus (we would have placed Simon Magus in the apostolic age as being a contemporary of Peter). Judge Waite thinks that this second period is the age of miracles, claiming that the older documents are comparatively free from the belief in the supernatural. The third period is the age of the Apocryphal gospels, the Protevangelion, the Gospel of Infancy, Acts of Pilate, etc., 120-130. The fourth period comprises the time of Marcion, Justin Martyr, and other authors of less importance, from 130-170. Judge Waite insists that so far in all this mass of Christian literature, there is not to be found a single mention of any of the canonical gospels; not one of all the writers down to the fourth period in any work which has been preserved has mentioned Luke, Mark, John, or Matthew as the author of a gospel. He claims that there is not sufficient evidence that Tatian's *Diatessaron* was a harmony of the four gospels. Eusebius's testimony as to the gospels is so skilfully thrown together as to create the impression that they existed during the time of which he was writing. But in every instance the assertion is by implication merely, and his intent to deceive, our author claims, is manifest.

The fifth period (170-185) is the time in which the four gospels received a defi-

nite shape. It is the time in which the Christian doctrine became settled and the church established as a powerful institution.

The sixth period, from 185-200, is characterised by the formation of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Here we have such authors as Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian.

With the establishment of the Church a deterioration in its character is noticeable. Says our author :

"As from a few bones the scientist can reconstruct the entire anatomy, so from these fragments can the historian arrive at the frame-work of the orthodox religion of the second century. But the complete and living form of Christianity is wanting.

"With the exception of the epistle of Clement of Rome, written near the close of the first century, and a few scattering writings afterward, there is but little in the fathers of that day to remind one of the teachings of Jesus, or the fervid utterances of the apostle to the Gentiles. The fathers of the second century were, with united energies, engaged in the work of suppressing heresy. Justin Martyr was writing against the Jews, Tertullian against Marcion, and Irenæus against all the heretics. This raid against those who differed from the established faith, left but little time to cultivate the more kindly Christian graces, and finally culminated in the establishment of a power which should be competent for the suppression of heresy by force. The teachings of Paul concerning heresy and his bitter denunciation of heretics contributed largely to this result.

"Another thing that strikes the attention in a comprehensive review of the period is the ignorance and superstition, even of the most enlightened and best educated of the fathers. Their bigotry has been noticed,—their ignorance and superstition were no less.

"With rare exceptions, they were men who utterly despised that learning of the heathen which consisted in attempting to ascertain the laws of the material universe. Construing in the narrowest and strictest sense the maxim, that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, they confined themselves almost exclusively to an exposition of the Jewish scriptures, and of the sayings of Christ, construed in the light of those scriptures; drawing oftentimes, in the application of the prophecies, the most fanciful and whimsical analogies."

The subject is so vast that even this thick volume, consisting of over 500 pages, merely touches upon a number of problems, without exhausting them. Whatever the value be of the results, the book has one advantage which even the author's adversaries ought to concede: the author proceeds like a judge by introducing evidence. His training in the juridical profession redounds to the advantage of the reader, who is thus confronted with a great part of the evidences themselves. The book bristles with quotations from the Church fathers, from Latin and Greek authors, and condensed statements of such books as the *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, etc., etc. Accordingly, those who do not agree with the author find here the material collected which they can utilise for their own investigations. There can be no doubt that the material has been collected with great diligence and circumspection, and if we consider that the bulk of it was done many years ago, at the time when the first edition appeared, we may be astonished that the collection is so well done. The author has upon the whole taken into consideration the results of modern research, which have been more rapid in this field than perhaps in any other line of historical inquiry. There are some exceptions, however; e. g., we are astonished that Judge Waite nowhere mentions the discovery of the frag-

ments of the Gospel According to St. Peter, which are very important in determining our opinion concerning that lost document.

While Judge Waite tries to be as impartial as a historian as he was in his capacity as United States Judge of Utah, we see plainly that the tendency of his book is to reveal the worthlessness of the ancient Christian writers, their lack of education as well as their dishonesty.

Judge Waite says: "Their credulity was unbounded. They had a sublime disregard for truth; not so much from perversity, as from carelessness, and indifference to its sacred character. Their unscrupulousness when seeking for arguments to enforce their positions, is notorious; as well as the prevalence among them of what are known as pious frauds. Jones, himself a zealous Christian writer, says that Justin Martyr, Clemens Alexandrinus, and Lactantius made use of testimonies out of forgeries and spurious books, to prove the very foundation of the Christian Revelation; and it is believed, on good grounds, that Irenæus was no better. This father, while engaged in the introduction of gospels which show that the ministry of Christ lasted from one to three years, not longer than three and a half, himself declares that it lasted about twenty years, and that he had the tradition from the elders of Asia who had obtained it from John and the other apostles.

"In conclusion, as the result of this investigation, it may be repeated that no evidence is found of the existence, in the first century, of either of the following doctrines: the immaculate conception—the miracles of Christ—his material resurrection. No one of these doctrines is to be found in the epistles of the New Testament, nor have we been able to find them in any other writings of the first century.

"As to the four gospels, in coming to the conclusion that they were not written in the first century, we have but recorded the conviction of the more advanced scholars of the present day, irrespective of their religious views in other respects.

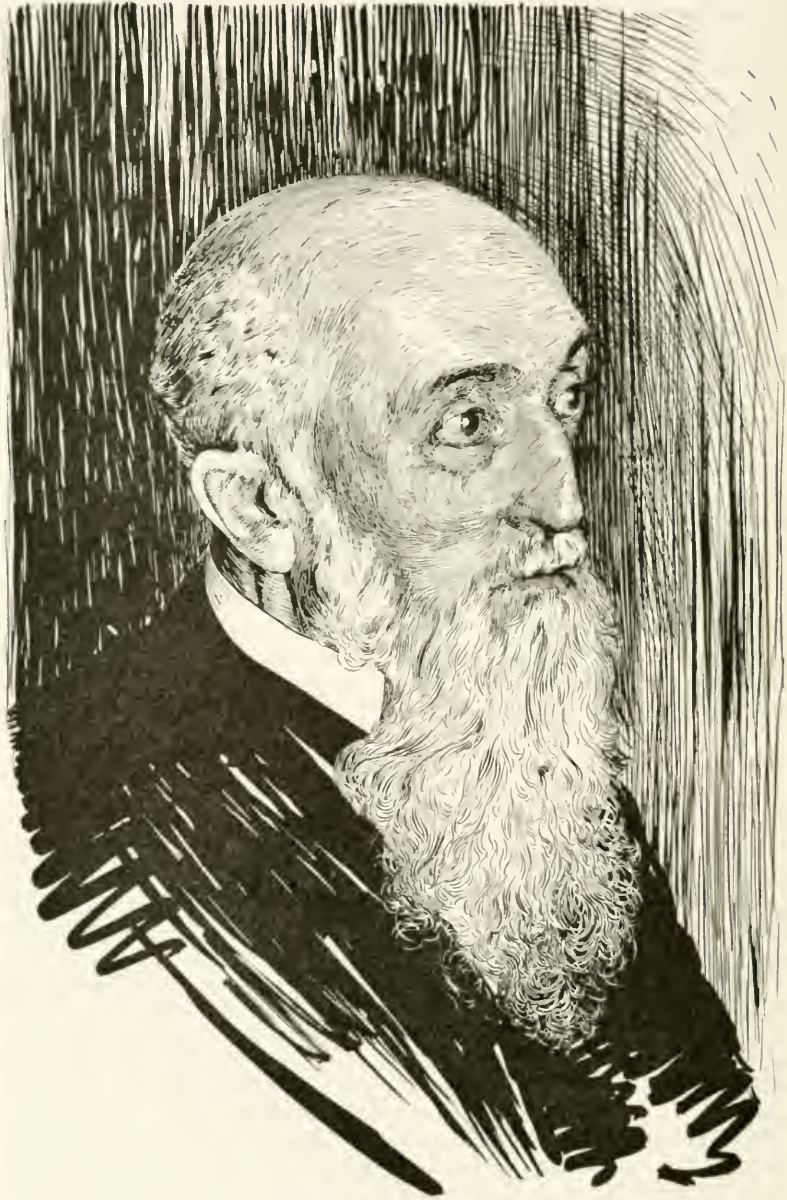
"All that is of any value—all that is in harmony with the immutable laws of the universe—all that is in accord with the eternal principles of right and justice, still remains. All else is fast passing away, and is destined to pass away forever."

P. C.

THE HON. CHARLES CARROLL BONNEY.

Though a lawyer by profession, the well-known President of the World's Fair Auxiliary Congresses of 1893, the Hon. C. C. Bonney, is a poet of more than average ability. It was a happy event that when the last vacancy in the Chief Justiceship of the U. S. Supreme Court was filled, Judge Fuller was preferred to Mr. Bonney, the names of both being presented in the last choice; for Mr. Bonney was thus spared for other work, not less important than even the paramount influence which is wielded by the members of the highest court in the country, viz., the realisation of his life's dream—of a great scheme of World's Congresses, culminating in the marvellous achievement of a successful Religious Parliament. Mr. Bonney partakes of the nature of a prophet, and a prophet is naturally possessed of a poetic vein. We publish in the present number of *The Open Court* a poem by Mr. Bonney which characterises the high strain of his Muse and gives expression to the noble sentiments which ensoul his patriotism. Some of the lines, especially those in the end, summarising the whole, breathe the true Miltonian spirit. It is to be expected that in some of the passages in the middle of the poem the reader is apt to flag; but even they are not without significance, for they convey the author's

convictions concerning the geological periods of the formation of the continent and the prehistoric development of the Indians, which may not be shared by many,



but which could not be omitted without doing violence to the underlying conception of the whole.

The poem was written some time ago; but so far it has circulated in type-written form only among the most intimate friends of the author, and is here published for the first time. The pen and ink drawing of Mr. Bonney which accompanies this note was made by Eduard Biedermann, the same artist who illustrated *The Chief's Daughter* and *The Crown of Thorns*.

Mr. Bonney has deposited in the Chicago Public Library his collection of World's Congress papers and publications embracing nearly a hundred printed volumes relating to the proceeding and including such historic works as Appleton's *History of the World's Fair* and Dr. Barrows's *History of the Parliament of Religions*.

TOLSTOI ON INDIA.

Mr. A. Ramaseshan publishes in a late number of the *Arya* of Madras (Vol. I., No. 5, August 1901) a monthly magazine of India devoted to "Aryan religion," exhibiting a tendency toward Theosophy and kindred subjects, a letter from Count Leo Tolstoi, written by the great Russian author in reply to a letter of sympathy and expressing his opinion on the evils of India as well as recommending a cure for them. Tolstoi's letter is characteristic of his deepest religious convictions, and we republish it without any further comment:

"DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your very interesting letter. I quite agree with you that your nation cannot accept the solution of the social problem which is proposed by Europe, and which is no solution at all. A society or community kept together by force is not only in a provisory state, but in a very dangerous one. The bonds that keep together such a society are always in danger of being broken, and the society itself liable to experience the greatest evils. In such a position are all the European States. The only solution of the social problem for reasonable beings endowed with the capacity of love is the abolition of violence and the organisation of society based on mutual love and reasonable principles voluntarily accepted by all. Such a state can be attained only by the development of true religion. By the words 'true religion' I mean the fundamental principles of all religions, which are:

"1. The consciousness of the divine essence of the human soul, and

"Respect for its manifestation,—human life.

"Your religion is very old and very profound in its metaphysical definition of the relation of man to the Spiritual All,—to the Atman; but I think it was maimed in its moral, i. e., practical application by the existence of caste. This practical application, so far as Lucknow, has been made only by Jainism, Buddhism, and some of your sect, such as Kabir Panthis, in which the fundamental principle is the sacredness of life and consequently the prohibition to take the life of any living being, especially of man.

"All the evils that you experience—the famine, and what is still more important, the depravement of your people by factory-life—will last as long as your people consent to kill their fellow-men and to be soldiers (Sepoys). Parasites feed only on unclean bodies. Your people must try to be morally clean.

"I quite agree with you that you ought to be thankful for all that has been done by the English for your well-being, and should help them in all things tending to the civilisation of your people.

"I think the duty of all civilised Indians is:

"1. To try to destroy all old superstitions which hide from the masses the

principle of true religion, i. e., consciousness of the divine essence of human soul and respect for the life of every human being without any exception, and

" 2. To spread them as far as possible.

" I think these principles are virtually, if not actually, contained in your ancient and profound religion and need only be developed and cleared from the veil that covers them. I think only such a mode of action can liberate the Indians from all the evils which now beset them and will be the most efficacious means to attain the goal which you are now looking for.

" Excuse me for stating my opinion in such a straightforward way, as likewise for my bad English, and believe me

Yours truly,

LEO TOLSTOI.

" 14th July, 1901.

" P. S.—This letter is not written in my handwriting, because I am bed-ridden at the present moment."

MAHA BODHI SOCIETY OF INDIA.

The Maha-Bodhi Society of Calcutta has decided to open a Literary Section, the object of which will be: (1) To transliterate the Pāli Buddhist works into Devanagari and the other vernaculars of India, together with their translations; (2) To bring out popular editions of important Buddhist texts, with copious notes and explanations so that they may be read and understood by the Hindu people; and (3) To open a class for the study of Pāli Literature (which will be converted into a regular institution afterwards) at 2, Creek Row, where regular instructions will be given to the students who are willing to join. Pāli is one of the classical languages of India, whose history can be traced so far back as six hundred years B. C. The Buddhists of the Maha-Bodhi Society claim that while every attempt has been made to revive and spread the Sanskrit language both by the people and the Government, we have up to the present neglected Pāli, which for centuries together flourished in the whole of Upper India as the principal dialect, bequeathing to posterity a rich and valuable literature that dates back to the times of the Buddhist period when the ancient Universities of Nālanda, Takkhasila, Udanta-pu-ri and Vikramsila were flourishing.

Thanks to the exertions of the noble band of Orientalists, the subject has been fully appreciated and is being studied in the Universities of England, France, Germany, Russia, and America. To India, however, Pāli literature has been almost a sealed literature; yet a knowledge of the history of India is not at all complete without the knowledge of Pāli. For brilliant records of the achievements of kings and princes, the interesting history of the manners and customs of the people, and a faithful account of the internal government, are all to be met in this venerable and beautiful literature. The language is important alike to the student of comparative religion, history, and philosophy. Its study will at once reveal the glory of ancient Indian wisdom. The Society has undertaken the publication in Devanagari of Kaccāyana's Pāli Grammar by Pandit Satish Chandra Vidhyabhushan, M. A., and Dhammapada and Suttanipata by Babu Charu Chandra Bose.

The Secretary of the Maha-Bodhi Society says in a circular:

"To carry out the foregoing objects, viz., undertaking the translation of important Pāli works and bringing out popular editions of rare Buddhist books, and also establishing an institution where every facility may be given for the study of

this classical language, would require at least two thousand rupees annually. The work will be purely of an unsectarian character. The chief aim of the Maha-Bodhi Literary Section is to give the educated public an opportunity to come in contact with this splendid literature which is an inexhaustible mine of knowledge and an immortal legacy handed down to us by the sages of old. We ask for the help and co-operation of all who are interested in this work both in this country and in the foreign lands. Donations for the furtherance of the cause will be gratefully received and acknowledged in the Maha-Bodhi Journal."

All communications on the subject should be addressed to Ras Bihari Mukharji (Uttarpara), Bengal, Honorary Secretary, Maha-Bodhi Literary Section, 2, Creek Row, Calcutta.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

DIE DEBORAH. Eine deutsch-amerikanische Monatsschrift zur Förderung jüdischer Interessen in Gemeinde, Schule und Haus. Als Wochenschrift begründet 1855, von *Isaac M. Wise*. Cincinnati: Druck von The Razall Co. September, 1901. Heft 9.

Deborah, a German Jewish monthly, contains in its September number some theses by Rabbi B. Felsenthal, in which he explains the significance of Judaism, first in its wider sense as denoting the national community of Jews as a nation, and secondly in the sense of Jewish religion. Judaism, says Rabbi Felsenthal, is a universal religion; it is properly speaking a national religion, for without Jews there would be no Judaism. Nevertheless, Judaism, that is to say, the Jewish faith, contains universal elements, and reveals to mankind certain absolute and eternal verities. The historical task of the Jewish nation consisted in revealing certain metaphysical and ethical principles, and making them the common possession of mankind. The typically Jewish features, consisting in definite national symbols and ceremonies, such as the choice of the seventh day as the day of rest and edification, the Jewish calendar, etc., are merely national institutions and have no universal character. But they served as a basis by which the universal ideas manifested themselves and assumed a definite shape. He concludes that the ultimate triumph of Judaism would not consist in the consummation that all men should become Jews, but that the eternal truths of theism and the moral demand of a sanctification of life should be universally recognised as ideal powers, determining and dominating our entire life.

P. C.

The April, May, and June issues of *The Bibelot* series were: (1) "Lyrics from 'Ionica,'" by William Cory; (2) "Clifton and a Lad's Love," by John Addington Symonds; and (3) "Dear Love, and Other Inedited Pieces," by Algernon Charles Swinburne. The titles for July, August, and September are: "A Minor Poet and Lyrics," by Anny Levy; "A Painter of the Last Century," by John Addington Symonds; and "Proverbs in Porcelain," by Austin Dobson. These dainty booklets cost but five cents apiece, and not infrequently are accompanied with some illustrated supplement. (Thomas B. Mosher, Publisher, 45 Exchange St., Portland, Me.)

The eighth volume of the International Library of Social Sciences issued by Schleicher Frères, of Paris, is devoted to the life of the working classes of France, and treats of such subjects as the length of the working day, wages, the work of women, professional morality, modes of life, alcoholism, etc. (*La vie ouvrière en*

France. By Fernand Pelloutier and Maurice Pelloutier. 1900. Pages, 344. Price, 5 francs.)

Mari Ruef Hofer, the able editor of *The Kindergarten Magazine* of Chicago and a kindergarten teacher of wide experience, publishes a number of *Children's Singing Games, Old and New* (price, 50 cents), for the use of kindergartens. There are running and other games, representations of trades and domestic life, and social themes,—an extension of our kindergarten work which is much needed and which will no doubt be appreciated by kindergarten teachers.

It will be interesting to our readers to learn that the story in the present *Open Court*, "An Evening with the Spiritualists," by Lt.-Col. W. H. Gardner, is based on facts. In a private letter, from which he has permitted us to make a few extracts, Col. Gardner writes as follows:

"There is little to tell of the story save that it is an actual fact except for obvious reasons I have changed names and places. But the *facts* are the same, and whether it was Judge *** of ***, who told me the story, or Judge *** of Boston, it can be no detriment to the *facts* in the case, upon which my theory is founded. I have been a careful student of history, chemistry, ethnology and biologic science. I believe I have read all of the works of Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and other advanced thinkers on the subject of evolution, and when a few years ago I was stationed at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, I went to every spiritual *séance* that my title as an M. D. and graduate of a university and moreover as a medical officer of the army allowed me to attend. I had some very funny evenings: rope-tying feats, horn-blowing, etc., but I think it is not worth telling about them, as it was all too ridiculous to invite attention to. But at the *séance* I refer to, Judge *** went with me to the house I have spoken of and then he got the supposititious message from his deceased friend ***. Well, all I can say is what I have said in my manuscript. The dear old Judge was the colonel of a Massachusetts regiment of cavalry during the Civil War, and a few months after our meeting at the hotel, his sister sent me word of his death, with a pair of cuff-buttons that he had sent to me. I see them every day and think of my dear old friend and of our compact to come back and tell each other of the future life, if there is one. But the dear old judge has not yet given me any sign."

We have one comment to make in connexion with the terminology of Lt.-Col. Gardner's exposition. The word "thought-transference" is a dangerous term in psychology, and our author had best avoided it in his explanation of the phenomena described. Thought-transference of course is possible, but not in the sense in which the word is commonly understood. Thought-transference is carried on daily in our intercourse with each other by language, spoken as well as written and printed. Symbols of thought are created which are generally, or to certain persons, intelligible. They are given and received, and deciphered by the recipient. Every sentence spoken and listened to, written and read, telegraphed and delivered to the addressee of the message, is a thought-transference; and there is no thought-transference except by the transmission of some symbol. Mr. Courtland's mind-reading is based upon a close observation of involuntary muscle-motions; and suggestions or warnings given in visions which turn out to be justified may sometimes find a proper explanation in the correct interpretation of certain indications, which are easily overlooked in the bustle of life but assert themselves in the hush of night, taking shape in dreams.

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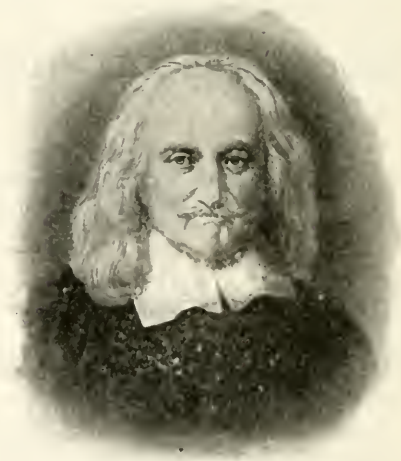
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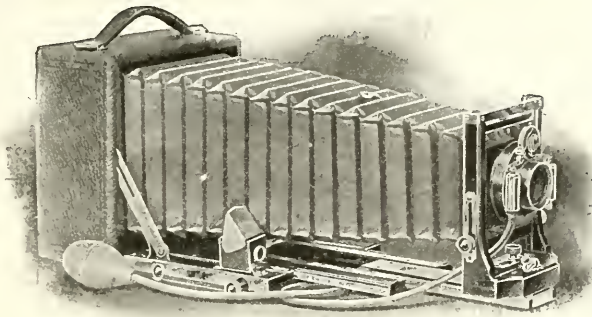
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