

The Dominion Review.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

NO. 2.

HEREDITY AND PROGRESS.

BY THE LATE J. M. WHEELER.

II. (*concluded*).

THE difficulty is, however, properly met by Mr. Galton in his latest researches. It lies in the constant tendency to mediocrity of which I have spoken. In experiments on seeds of different size, but of the same species, Mr. Galton noticed that the offspring did *not* resemble their parents in size, but always tended to approach a medium size—to be smaller than the parents if the parents were large, to be larger than the parents if the parents were small. The point of convergence was below the average size. In regard to human height, an experiment furnished the result that where the average height of the two parents either exceeded or fell short of the mean standard height, that of their offspring would be one-third nearer. The explanation, of course, is that the child inherits partly from his parents, partly from his ancestry. The further his genealogy goes back, the more numerous and varied his ancestors become, until their mean stature becomes the same as that of the race. The man who boasts descent from some Norman baron rarely reflects how inconceivably small can be the share of that remote ancestor in forming his own constitution. The father transmits, on an average, one-half of his nature, the grandfather one-fourth, the great grandfather one-eighth, the share decreasing in geometrical ratio with great rapidity. This law of regression, towards the averages of parentages, tells heavily against the full transmission of any rare and valuable gift. The more exceptional the gift, the more exceptional is the good fortune of a parent who has a child of equal or greater abilities than himself. If this discourages extravagant hopes in gifted parents, it no less discourages extravagant fears in those who are a little below the standard.

Is heredity, with its constant ancestral pull, a bar to progress? Not entirely. The very average type to which the tendency is to revert is not a stationary one. The aptitude for progress, the habit of adaptability to new conditions, and the faculty of invention, are themselves heritable, and with each generation the liability to reversion is slightly diminished. It still remains true that the civilized races supplant savages, and that feebler nations are overcome by stronger ones. The children of a gifted pair are far more likely to be gifted than the children of an average pair. I say pair, for any exceptional quality will be diminished in the first generation unless both parents partake of it.

In the case of music we observe stronger evidence of inherited faculty than in other arts, for musicians usually select a partner with at least a love of music. In the Jews we can see that all their art has run in this direction, the plastic arts having been forbidden to them. That many eminent musicians have had Jewish blood in their veins is well known. Great musicians, indeed, almost invariably come of a musical family. It was so with Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart. Still more striking is the case of the family which boasted Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of its musical genius. Through eight generations it produced multitudes of musicians of high rank, of whom twenty-nine were reckoned eminent. If, in our gardening, we desire to produce larger seeds, a considerable selection will have to be made through successive generations, and, if we wish to improve any valuable human quality, a careful selection of partners might be made and continued for several generations. Of two persons apparently equal, one may be an excellent specimen of a poor stock, the other an average specimen of a better one. Marriage with the latter is preferable, since there is a diminished liability to reversion to a lower type. And the latter case is the more unlikely. The tendency to mediocrity, as we have seen, makes it more frequently the case that an exceptional man is the somewhat exceptional son of mediocre parents than the average son of exceptional parents. The breeder considers "pedigree" even more than form.

Plato long since advocated breeding from the best men only, and in our own times Schopenhauer has hinted that great men should breed from as many as they please. "The life is impossible," said Aristotle of Plato's stud farm, and if the same is said now of the schemes of eugenics, stirpiculture, or man-breeding, it will arise from the same reason. Marriageable persons and their parents will look rather at their own immediate wants than at any ideal improvement of the race. Yet just as selfish trade benefits the world, so does sexual selection, looking only at its own interest on the whole, bring into existence the lives fittest for the environment. Each party usually has some eye to assistance, comfort, and happiness, which are supports in the struggle for existence; and the attraction of "beauty," after all, mainly consists in the requisites for the continuance of the race, including health, intelligence, energy and amiability. The type before referred to in the composite picture representing health, in the frontispiece of Mr. Galton's book, is that of what ninety-nine women out of a hundred would, other things being equal, consider an "eligible" young man. Moreover, nature's blinder method does act, despite the artificial hindrances of civilization. It is true weakly lives are preserved that would have perished in barbarous lands, and that both wealth and sentiment interpose shields between the action of natural selection and many of its rightful victims. But, though humanitarianism and medical science may preserve the unfit for a generation, it cannot do so in the end. Mr. Galton carefully analyzed the census returns of a thousand factory operatives of Coventry, and of the same number of agriculturists from the surrounding small rural parishes, and found that the former had but little more than half as many adult grandchildren as the latter. They had fewer

offspring, and of these a smaller proportion reached adult life. The offspring of the constitutionally diseased are stamped out in the long run. For the consumptive, scrofulous, epileptic, or otherwise hopelessly disordered, to have children is as absurd, not to say immoral, as to propagate a race of *cretins*. I say to have children, for, if they would avail themselves of the methods which Neo-Malthusianism places within their reach, I see little objection to their marrying among themselves, but strong objections against their marrying with those who might take better partners. They should be content to let the race be continued by those best fitted to meet its requirements. And here I take occasion to remark how the doctrine of evolution, first suggested to Darwin in connection with Malthus's law of population, tells strongly against the conclusion of Malthus that the prudent should refrain from early marriage. On the contrary it is the prudent who should marry early. As fecundity diminishes with age, the wisest policy is that which retards the average age of marriage among the feeble and hastens it among the vigorous classes. Mr. Ruskin, in eloquent words, has urged that marriage should be in the nature of a reward to be earned before permitted. If this is somewhat Utopian, at any rate a public sentiment is growing adverse to the placid reproduction of themselves by the criminal and diseased. The type of character which leads to criminality is shown by statistics to be strongly inherited. Dr. R. L. Dugdale, of New York, followed the line of descent from one Margaret Jukes, whose progeny for six generations, including in all seven hundred and nine persons, turned out thieves, prostitutes, murderers and idiots.

“Whate'er Ezekiel may allege,
When fathers eat of sour grapes
Their children's teeth are set on edge.”

The main characteristics demanded in modern man are obvious enough. “Brains, sir,” said Opie, when asked what he mixed his colors with. While the civilized man is but a fraction taller than the savage, his cranial capacity is larger by nearly thirty per cent. His brain, too, presents increased diversity in its convolutions. With brains are required larger powers of vitality to direct them, and of self-regulation to use them in conformity with the needs of social life.

Mr. Galton says: “In any scheme of eugenics energy is the most important quality to favor.” Of its importance there can be no doubt; yet I venture the proviso that the energy must be of an enduring kind. The stress of civilization is calculated to develop precocious energy, and to use it up speedily. It is still a question whether a long-lived phlegmatic race may not hold its own against one with a more glowing, but more easily diminished, vitality. Intellect is essential, but it must be backed up by physical vigor. Fineness of nerve is apt to end in fragility. Overbred animals have little stamina, and the race of German professors, which, it is said, has been vastly improved by the custom of marrying daughters of professors, might be bettered by an occasional variation with the daughter of an intelligent farm laborer of good

descent. The Greeks were intellectually the peers of the Romans, yet the latter had the stronger wills and the more vigorous vitality.

Modern progress also depends largely upon adaptability to new conditions. Those races and persons who insist upon retaining the ideas and institutions of the past can no more hope to hold their position against those of greater adaptability than can a person expect to protect himself from modern cannon with mediæval armor. We may rest assured that those who are most open to new ideas, and readiest in adopting new inventions and in setting aside faiths and formulas no longer adapted to progressive humanity, have the future for their own, and their species will, like a dominant organism, supplant and supersede inferior forms.—*Freethinker*.

SUPERSTITION.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

I.

WHAT IS SUPERSTITION ?

SUPERSTITION is to believe in spite of, or without evidence.

To account for one mystery by another.

To believe that the world is governed by chance or caprice.

To disregard the true relation between cause and effect.

To put thought, intention and design back of Nature.

To believe that mind created and controls matter.

To believe in force apart from substance, or in substance apart from force.

To believe in miracles, spells and charms, in dreams and prophecies.

To believe in the supernatural.

The foundation of superstition is ignorance, the superstructure is faith, and the dome is a vain hope. Superstition is the child of ignorance and the mother of misery.

In nearly every brain is found some cloud of superstition.

A woman drops a cloth with which she is washing dishes, and she exclaims: "That means company."

Most people will admit that there is no possible connection between dropping the cloth and the coming of visitors. The falling cloth could not have put the visit desire in the minds of people not present, and how could the cloth produce the desire to visit the particular person who dropped it? There is no possible connection between the dropping of the cloth and the anticipated effects.

A man catches a glimpse of the new moon over his left shoulder, and he says: "This is bad luck."

To see the moon over the right or left shoulder, or not to see it, could not

by any possibility affect the moon, neither could it change the effect or influence of the moon on any earthly thing. Certainly the left shoulder glance could in no way affect the nature of things. All the facts in nature would remain the same as though the glance had been over the right shoulder. We see no connection between the left-shoulder glance and any possible evil effects upon the one who saw the moon in this way.

A girl counts the leaves of a flower, and she says: "One, he comes; two, he tarries; three, he courts; four, he marries; five, he goes away."

Of course the flower did not grow, and the number of its leaves was not determined with reference to the courtship or marriage of this girl, neither could there have been any intelligence that guided her hand when she selected that particular flower. So, counting the seeds in an apple cannot in any way determine whether the future of an individual is to be happy or miserable.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS, NUMBERS AND SIGNS.

Thousands of persons believe in lucky and unlucky days, numbers, signs and jewels.

Many people regard Friday as an unlucky day—as a bad day to commence a journey, to marry, to make any investment. The only reason given is that Friday is an unlucky day.

Starting across the sea on Friday could have no possible effect upon the winds, or waves, or tides, any more than starting on any other day, and the only possible reason for thinking Friday unlucky is the assertion that it is so.

So it is thought by many that it is dangerous for thirteen people to dine together. Now, if thirteen is a dangerous number, twenty-six ought to be twice as dangerous, and fifty-two four times as terrible.

It is said that one of the thirteen will die in a year. Now, there is no possible relation between the number and the digestion of each, or between the number and the individual diseases. If fourteen dine together, there is greater probability, if we take into account only the number, of a death within the year than there would be if only thirteen were at the table.

Overturning the salt is very unlucky, but spilling the vinegar makes no difference. Why salt should be revengeful and vinegar forgiving has never been told.

If the first person who enters a theatre is cross-eyed, the audience will be small and the "run" a failure. How the peculiarity of the eyes of the first one who enters can change the intention of a community, or how the intentions of a community cause the cross-eyed man to go early has never been satisfactorily explained. Between this so-called cause and the so-called effect there is, so far as we can see, no possible relation.

To wear an opal is bad luck, but rubies bring health. How these stones affect the future, how they defeat causes and destroy effects, no one pretends to know.

So there are thousands of lucky and unlucky things, warnings, omens and prophecies, but all sensible and reasoning human beings know that every one is an absurd and idiotic superstition.

Let us take another step: For many centuries it was believed that eclipses of the sun and moon were prophetic of pestilence or famine, and that comets foretold the death of kings, the destruction of nations, or the coming of war or plague. All strange appearances in the heavens—the Northern Lights, circles about the moon, sun dogs, falling stars—filled our intelligent ancestors with terror. They fell upon their knees—did their best with sacrifice and prayer to avoid the threatened disaster. Their faces were ashen with fear as they closed their eyes and cried to the heavens for help. The clergy, who were as familiar with God then as the orthodox preachers are now, knew exactly the meaning of eclipses and sun-dogs and Northern Lights; knew that God's patience was nearly exhausted, that he was then whetting the sword of his wrath, and that the people could save themselves only by obeying the priests, by counting their beads and doubling their subscriptions.

Earthquakes and cyclones filled the coffers of the church. In the midst of disasters the miser, with trembling hands, opened his purse. In the gloom of eclipses thieves and robbers divided their booty with God, and poor, honest, ignorant girls, remembering that they had forgotten to say a prayer, gave their little earnings to soften the heart of God.

Now we know that all these signs and wonders in the heavens have nothing to do with the fate of kings, nations or individuals; that they had no more reference to human beings than to colonies of ants, hives of bees, or the eggs of insects. We now know that the signs and eclipses, the comets, and the falling stars, would have been just the same if not a human being had been upon the earth. We know now that eclipses come at certain times, and that their coming can be exactly foretold.

HOLY BONES, RAGS AND HAIR.

A little while ago the belief was general that there were certain healing virtues in inanimate things, in the bones of holy men and women, in the rags that had been torn from the foul clothing of still fouler saints, in hairs from martyrs, in bits of wood and rusty nails from the true cross, in the teeth and finger nails of pious men, and in a thousand other sacred things. The diseased were cured by kissing a box in which was kept some bone or rag or bit of wood, some holy hairs, provided the kiss was preceded or followed by a gift—a something for the church. In some mysterious way the virtue in the bone, or rag, or piece of wood, crept or flowed from the box, took possession of the sick who had the necessary faith, and in the name of God drove out the devils who were the real disease.

This belief in the efficacy of bones or rags and holy hair was born of another belief—the belief that all diseases were produced by evil spirits. The insane were supposed to be possessed by devils. Epilepsy and hysteria were produced by the imps of Satan. In short, every human affliction was the work of the malicious emissaries of the god of hell.

This belief was almost universal, and even in our time the sacred bones are believed in by millions of people. But to-day no intelligent man believes in the existence of devils—no intelligent man believes that evil spirits cause

disease—consequently, no intelligent person believes that holy bones or rags, sacred hairs or pieces of wood, can drive disease out, or in any way bring back to the pallid cheek the rose of health. Intelligent people now know that the bone of a saint has in it no greater virtue than the bone of any animal, that a rag from a wandering beggar is just as good as one from a saint, and that the hair of a horse will cure disease just as quickly and surely as the hair of a martyr. We now know that all the sacred relics are religious rubbish; that those who use them are for the most part dishonest, and that those who rely on them are almost idiotic.

This belief in amulets and charms, in ghosts and devils, is superstition, pure and simple.

Our ancestors did not regard these relics as medicine, having a curative power, but the idea was that evil spirits stood in dread of holy things—that they fled from the bone of a saint, that they feared a piece of the true cross, and that when holy water was sprinkled on a man they immediately left the premises. So, these devils hated and dreaded the sound of holy bells, the light of sacred tapers, and, above all, the everblessed cross.

In those days the priests were fishers for money, and they used these relics for bait.

II.

WITCHCRAFT.

Let us take another step: This belief in the devil and evil spirits laid the foundation for another belief: Witchcraft.

It was believed that the devil had certain things to give in exchange for a soul. The old man, bowed and broken, could get back his youth—the rounded form, the brown hair, the leaping heart of life's morning—if he would sign and seal away his soul. So, it was thought that the malicious could by charm and spell obtain revenge, that the poor could be enriched, and that the ambitious could rise to place and power. All the good things of this life were at the disposal of the devil. For those who resisted the temptations of the evil one, rewards were waiting in another world, but the devil rewarded here in this life. No one has imagination enough to paint the agonies that were endured by reason of this belief in witchcraft. Think of the families destroyed, of the fathers and mothers cast into prison, tortured and burned, of the fire-sides darkened, of the children murdered, of the old, the poor and helpless that were stretched on racks, mangled and flayed!

Think of the days when superstition and fear were in every house, in every mind, when accusation was conviction, when assertion of innocence was regarded as a confession of guilt, and when Christendom was insane!

Now we know that all of these horrors were the result of superstition. Now we know that ignorance was the mother of all the agonies endured. Now we know that witches never lived, that human beings never bargained with any devil, and that our pious savage ancestors were mistaken.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES AND WONDERS.

Let us take another step: Our fathers believed in miracles, in signs and wonders, eclipses and comets, in the virtue of bones, and in the powers attributed to evil spirits. All these belonged to the miraculous. The world was supposed to be full of magic; the spirits were sleight-of-hand performers—necromancers. There were no natural causes behind events. A devil wished, and it happened. One who had sold his soul to Satan made a few motions, uttered some strange words, and the event was present. Natural causes were not believed in. Delusion and illusion, the monstrous and the miraculous, ruled the world. The foundation was gone—reason had abdicated. Credulity gave tongues and wings to lies, while the dumb and limping facts were left behind—were disregarded and remained untold.

WHAT IS A MIRACLE?

A miracle is an act performed by a master of Nature without reference to the facts in Nature. This is the only honest definition of a miracle.

If a man could make a perfect circle, the diameter of which was exactly one-half the circumference, that would be a miracle of geometry. If a man could make twice four nine, that would be a miracle in mathematics. If a man could make a stone, falling in the air, pass through a space of ten feet the first second, twenty-five feet the second second, and five feet the third second, that would be a miracle in physics. If a man could put together hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and produce pure gold, that would be a miracle in chemistry. If a minister were to prove his creed, that would be a theological miracle. If Congress by law would make fifty cents' worth of silver worth a dollar, that would be a financial miracle. To make a square triangle would be a most wonderful miracle. To cause a mirror to reflect the faces of persons who stand behind it, instead of those who stand in front, would be a miracle. To make an echo answer a question would be a miracle. In other words, to do anything contrary to or without regard to the facts in Nature is to perform a miracle.

Now, we are convinced of what is called the "uniformity of Nature." We believe that all things act and are acted upon in accordance with their nature; that under like conditions the results will always be substantially the same; that like ever has and ever will produce like. We now believe that events have only natural parents, and that none die childless.

Miracles are not simply impossible, but they are unthinkable by any man capable of thinking.

Now, an intelligent man cannot believe that a miracle ever was, or ever will be performed.

Ignorance is the soil in which belief in miracles grows.

(To be continued.)

DYNAMIC SOCIOLOGY.

BY PROF. WARD.

I.

THE leading scientists and philosophers now realize and announce that all possible observable phenomena have real antecedents, and that therefore the work of investigating them is no longer a hopeless task, as it certainly would be if the possibility of the absolute independence of any phenomena were admitted.

The leading thinkers of our time also now concede and declare that the only ultimate object which can be successfully maintained for human effort is the improvement of the human race upon this planet.

Under the healthy stimulus of these two cardinal principles, the work of organizing human knowledge is now progressing with great promise of soon reaching a high state of completeness. Not until the work of classifying the sciences could be undertaken with the clear recognition that they may be arranged in some sort of connected and ascending series, whereby an acquaintance with subordinate stages becomes essential to a complete appreciation of the higher ones, could any satisfactory arrangement of the groups of phenomena be made or expected.

Not until such a clew was discovered and laid hold of, as the purpose of elevating humanity furnishes, could sufficient energy or perseverance be infused into the effort to insure for it a successful issue. The connection of a universal causal dependence of phenomena when transformed into an active working principle takes the shape of a universal theory of development or evolution. The high utilitarian motive, focalizing all considerations in the good of man, can have no other effect than to establish as the ultimate science, for the perfection of which all other sciences exist, the science of human life, which takes the form and name of sociology.

Thus, with the principle of Evolution as a law and guide, and with the doctrine of "meliorism" (vol 2, p. 468), as an incentive and motive-power, the organization of all facts, forces and phenomena into an orderly and connected system is to-day progressing with certain and rapid steps.

It is vain to expect men to put forth efforts unless some object is clearly set before them. It is further necessary that this object be a positive or constructive, and not a negative or destructive one. The tendency is to be perpetually building up. Negative objects, whose nature is to tear down, are undertaken with reluctance, and soon relinquished. To insure successful prosecution they must possess the elements of progress, and give earnest of carrying the world forward to a more advanced position. The failure of all religious systems to accomplish this is now apparent to all capable of observing the history of the world from a wholly unbiassed standpoint. The influence of imaginary advanced states beyond the present life has had no effect in securing such a

state in this life. The moral systems that have been more or less mechanically mixed with religious ones have shown themselves incapable of progressing beyond a limit reached in the time of Confucius and Hillel. The need of some inspiring progressive principle for mankind to lay hold of, for the satisfaction of that fundamental sentiment which aspires to a better condition, is as strongly felt now as it was in the days of Plato or of Paul.

The motive of all action is feeling. All great movements in history are preceded and accompanied by strong feelings. And it is those persons whose feelings have been most violent that have exerted the greatest influence upon the tone and character of society. Purely intellectual feeling is never sufficient directly to sway the multitude. The historical example which furnishes the nearest approach to this is that of ancient Greece. But even of this we have, in the surviving literature of that age, a very inadequate and superficial criterion. The fact alone that feeling so far prevailed over intellect as to require the sacrifice of Socrates to its demands gives us a faint glimpse of the other unrecorded exactions which it must have made. Throughout all time past, the mass of mankind has been carried along by the power of sentiment. It has never been deeply moved, at least directly, by that of intellect. Hence we see that the psychological agencies that have stirred up mankind have been chiefly of a religious nature. Religion is the embodied and organized state of the emotions. It represents the combined forces of human feeling. The immense success with which religious reformers have met has been due to the almost irresistible power of their emotional nature, and never to their intellectual supremacy. That this is the normal state of the public mind I shall endeavor to establish in another place (vol. 2, pp. 111, 113, 123). What I desire to draw especial attention to here is the remarkable fact that not only has the world been thus far ruled by passion and not by intellect, but that the true rulers of the world have had to be, in order to win that distinction, not merely enthusiasts and fanatics, but in the majority of cases insane persons, in a certain legitimate acceptance of that term. It is no longer a question among modern medical men that the remarkable actions of those men who have laid claims to divine inspiration and founded religious systems must be referred not only to a pathological but to an actually deranged condition of their minds.

The strange truth thus comes up for our contemplation that, instead of having been guided and impelled by intellect and reason throughout all the years of history, we have been ruled and swayed by the magnetic passions of epileptics and monomaniacs.

But this startling fact only shows us the more forcibly that it is feeling and not intellect which is required to influence human action. Indeed, this proposition is capable not only of a logical and a psychological, but of a truly physical demonstration. Still, it is somewhat obscure, it needs the aid of such an illustration as the above to bring it home to the mind. Those persons (and there are some very enlightened ones) who hope one day to see this state of society reversed, and who are looking forward to the time when intellect and reason shall assume control of society, dethroning passion and emotion,

are doomed to disappointment, not only in their own time but for ever. Intellect is not an impelling but a directing force. Feeling alone can drive on the social train, whether for weal or woe.

This is one of the great facts which the sociologist, laying aside all personal bias and seeking only the real and the true, must clearly realize and frankly acknowledge, and which, having realized and acknowledged, he must respect by shaping his philosophical system to correspond with fact. Renouncing the hope of an intellectual rule, admitting the right of feeling, or, if he please, of passion, to control the world, it becomes his duty to address himself to the only task remaining, and to inquire candidly, taking facts as they are, how the existing condition of society is to be ameliorated.

All reform which it is hoped to bring about by argument, persuasion, or any of the means available to the philosopher, must hold forth moral rather than intellectual inducements. To succeed, it must follow in the path of all previous efforts of the kind, of the religious systems and the moral schemes of Menu, Zoroaster, Confucius, Jesus, and Mohammed. But like those great and successful systems it must be in accord with the state of society upon which it is expected to exert an influence. Any one of those systems, if attempted to be put into effect in Europe or America to-day, would fail at its inception. Every such scheme must bear upon it the stamp of reasonableness proportioned to the reasoning capacities of the people. Thus far does intellect come in as an element of reform. Until credence can be secured, the necessary degree of sentiment cannot be aroused. But the same was necessary for the systems enumerated. The condition of society is at all times so bad, the degree of suffering everywhere witnessed is so great, and the amount of sympathy thereby excited and constantly experienced in society is so intense, that there has never been an age when there did not exist a deep-seated demand for some improvement of the existing state of things. The great moral systems of the remote past which have sought to accomplish this, owing no doubt to their failure to do so, were gradually transformed in more modern times into religious systems, which made no promise for this life, which they perceived could not be fulfilled, but only held out the highest hopes for another life, by which the failure of fulfilment could never be proved. Both classes of systems succeeded because they were adapted each to the degree of credulity of the people to whom they were addressed. As the failure of the first began to be felt, the second were brought forward. Now that in our age the fulfilment of the promises held out by the latter is coming more and more in question, there has been a rapid and increasing amount of dissatisfaction, until the present prevailing systems now fail to respond to the still undiminished demand for better things. But the failure of all previous systems, both moral and religious, to fulfil their promises, make some despair that any will ever be offered which shall succeed. Others think differently, and still hope that some fundamental movement may yet be set on foot which shall lead to the real improvement of society. The demand is for—1, an increase of enjoyment; and, 2, a diminution of suffering. It is, moreover, of a twofold character—subjective and objective. The motive principle of the former is egoism; that of the latter, altruism.

Egoism is the feeling which demands for self an increase of enjoyment and diminution of discomfort. Altruism is that which demands these results for others. Of course it can be shown that, in the last analysis, egoism and altruism are one, that altruism is only an indirect or mediate form of egoism in which the motive is *sympathy*, i.e., a kind of feeling which results from the contemplation of suffering in others, and which is strong in proportion as the organization is delicate and refined. For this reason, and not because it is of a distinct nature, is altruism a far higher and nobler, though thus far a much less powerful sentiment than egoism.

The great moral and religious systems referred to present us with a somewhat remarkable paradox. They have been grand successes in so far as exerting an extraordinary influence and absolute control over the wills and acts of men is concerned. They have been signal and complete failures in so far as the amelioration of the condition of society is concerned. While it is impossible to discern what would have existed in the world if they had not, it is possible, on the other hand, to trace to their direct influence an enormous amount of unquestionable evil, and that mixed with but a small quantity of demonstrable good. The fact that every system imputes as much to every other is one very strong proof of this truth.

When I speak of the influence of these systems in controlling the destiny of mankind, I wish to disconnect this idea wholly from that of the true progress which I admit has taken place in society. And when I assert that all the control that can ever be exerted over mankind must, in the future, as in the past, emanate from the side of feeling and not of intellect, and promise a mitigation of the hardships of existence, at the same time I unqualifiedly maintain that all the true progress which has in fact taken place in the world has come from the side of intellect and not of feeling. And herein lies a second paradox. This finds its explanation in the fact that all the real progress that has been made in the world has been the result of accident, or, at least, of the operation of the uncontrolled and unknown laws of nature. There has been progress in civilization, just as there has been progress in organic life, because the highest and best has been selected and preserved, and the lowest and poorest has perished. It is simply that man, as a progressive animal before the human period, and before the historic period, did not cease to be a progressive animal after reaching these periods. His progress has been the progress of nature, a secular and cosmical movement, not the progress of art, the result of foresight and intelligent direction.

In short, man has not yet ceased to be an animal, and is still under the control of external nature and not under the control of his own mind. It is natural selection that has created intellect; it is natural selection that has developed it to its present condition, and it is intellect as a product of natural selection that has guided man up to his present position. The principle of artificial selection which he has been taught by nature, and has applied to other creatures, more as an art than as a science, to his immense advantage, he has not yet thought of applying to himself. Not until he does this can he claim any true distinction from the other animals.

TALMAGE AS A PREACHER AND AN ORATOR.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD, QUINCY, ILL.

Not long ago I went for the first time to hear Talmage. I was in a western city, and a friend wished me to accompany him to the "Tabernacle" to hear the fellow, and I went. I had never heard him—had never had any curiosity to hear him, although I was familiar with his thought and style from reading some of his published sermons, and from numerous descriptions of his speaking which had appeared in the papers.

For the first ten or fifteen minutes the "distinguished divine," "the great orator," as he was advertised, evidently spoke from memory, and though the thought was feeble—but not the voice, which was loud and vigorous and strident—and the rhetoric strained, the sentences were grammatical and the periods well rounded. The preacher said that there was more evidence to prove the Bible was written by God's dictation than there was to prove that any work of history was written by the author to whom it is ascribed! Other ancient books had become obsolete, but the Bible was still read; therefore the Bible was divine, and "infidelity" should "hide its diminished head in shame."

The main part of the sermon was a repetition of portions of sermons that had been published, and it was extremely disjointed and discursive. The concluding half-hour was given to mere exhortation. The preacher floundered about, jumping from one thing to another, until he, as well as the audience, was confused and tired. The thought became more and more attenuated and the style more and more exhortative, until at length he asked "all who desired prayers" to arise, and after counting the few who arose, he concluded the performance with a prayer which was, compared with the sermon, rather tame. There was a large audience present—three thousand inside and another thousand outside the building; but the remarks made at the close of the meeting and the general appearance and demeanor of the audience indicated that the majority of those present attended from curiosity to see and hear the man, rather than from sympathy with his theology.

Talmage certainly has oratorical power, and his oratory is unique. He is an actor, and he knows how to play the part of the clown. He has art and says things which amuse by their very extravagance. His wit is coarse, but for this very reason it is effective with the average audience. He possesses imagination, and is something but not much of a poet. His similes, tropes and illustrations are often ridiculous, but they are his own. His originality is in expression and manner, not in thought. He is incapable of abstract reasoning, and he never tires his audience with philosophical ideas. There is nothing abstruse in his thought. He is concrete in thought and method. He thinks like a child and has childish views; that is one reason why intellectual children like to hear him.

He is emotional and religious by nature. There is no reason to doubt his

sincerity—to question his honest belief in the doctrines he preaches. For the kind of work he does he receives a large salary, it is true; but Liberals have no right for this reason to question his honesty. Men do not generally preach what they do not believe, when they can be popular and make money by preaching what they *do* believe.

Talmage's main deficiency is lack of intellectual integrity. His sermons are made up largely of distortions of facts, of absurd stories, of evasions and exaggerations, and of downright falsehoods. He is not a learned man, but he knows enough to know that many of his statements are untruths. He indulges in lying, and I have no doubt that he believes he is justified in lying—that it is approved of God, since it is in the interests of religion. With the fathers of the early Christian Church it was a maxim that falsehood was justifiable when used in the interests of their faith, and with many this is a practical belief to-day.

Talmage is an illustration of what is true beyond dispute, but of which so few comparatively have a clear idea—viz., that religion and regard for truth, that religion and a fair disposition, that religion and honorable and scrupulous methods, have no necessary connection, and may and often do exist apart from each other.

I make no attempt to criticize the thought of Talmage. It is *beneath* criticism. It is such thought as one may hear from any ignorant preacher or exhorter in communities that are off lines of travel and communication, and that have scarcely been touched by the spirit of rationalism. One of his statements was: "The greatest scientific man this country has ever produced was Professor Henry, and *he* believed the book which says that the whale swallowed Jonah." When this statement was made many in the immense audience laughed, some stamped their feet, evidently in derision, and a sensible-looking dog in the audience gave a short, sharp yelp—seemingly as a mark of disapproval.

The majority present were attracted evidently by curiosity to see and hear a celebrated sensational preacher. The preacher himself could hardly have failed to see that his discourse made but little impression upon his listeners. He has immense audiences wherever he speaks.

If his influence on thought were to be judged by the numbers that hear him, it would be much greater than it is. People go to hear him in crowds as they go to a show to see monstrosities, curiosities, etc., or as they go to the negro minstrels to see and hear what will make them laugh, rather than for instruction. Except among the ignorant, except among those who are in a state of intellectual childhood, Talmage's style and method of treating religion must destroy reverence for the doctrines he preaches. But I fear that his sensational, unscrupulous, and ridiculous treatment of his subjects, his habitual distortion of facts, ridicule of science, and burlesquing of unpopular reforms, tend, among those with whom he has any influence, to destroy also love of truth, to obfuscate the mind, and to perpetuate prejudice, bigotry and superstition.

Fortunately, the influence of such blatherskites is, compared with that of

men of science, superficial and evanescent. One Darwin, by his painstaking studies and his candid presentation of their results to the world, has done more to enlighten the human mind and to destroy superstition, than a thousand men like Talmage have, by their methods in this age, done to keep men in their old theological beliefs. The truths accepted quietly by a few only at first, here and there by a man of superior mind, gradually extend and percolate down through all the intellectual strata until they reach the masses and compel the popular preachers and exhorters even to modify their views and change their tactics.

NECESSARY TRUTHS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

SUPPOSE that there were no such things as impressions of sight and touch anywhere in the universe, what idea could we have even of a straight line, much less of a triangle and of the relations between its sides? The fundamental proposition of all Hume's philosophy is that ideas are copied from impressions; and, therefore, if there were no impressions of straight lines and triangles, there could be no ideas of straight lines and triangles. But what we mean by the universe is the sum of our actual and possible impressions. So, again, whether our conception of numbers is derived from relations of impressions in space or in time, the impressions must exist in nature—that is, in experience—before their relations can be perceived. Form and number are mere names for certain relations between matters of fact; unless a man had seen or felt the difference between a straight line and a crooked one, straight and crooked would have no more meaning to him than red and blue to the blind.

The axiom, that things which are equal to the same are equal to one another, is only a particular case of the predication of similarity; if there were no impressions, it is obvious that there could be no predicates. But what is an existence in the universe but an impression?

If what are called "necessary truths" are rigidly analyzed, they will be found to be of two kinds. Either they depend on the convention which underlies the possibility of intelligible speech—that terms shall always have the same meaning; or they are propositions the negation of which implies the dissolution of some association in memory or expectation, which is in fact indissoluble; or the denial of some fact of immediate consciousness.

The "necessary truth" that $A=A$ means that the perception which is called A shall always be called A . The "necessary truth" that "two straight lines cannot inclose a space," means that we have no memory and can form no expectation of their so doing. The denial of the "necessary truth" that the thought now in my mind exists involves the denial of consciousness.

To the assertion that the evidence of matter of fact is not so strong as that

of relations of ideas, it may be justly replied that a great number of matters of fact are nothing but relations of ideas. If I say that red is unlike blue, I make an assertion concerning a relation of ideas; but it is also matter of fact, and the contrary proposition is inconceivable. If I remember something that occurred five minutes ago, that is matter of fact; and at the same time it expresses a relation between the event and the present time. Hume, however, expressly includes the "records of our memory" among his matters of fact. It is wholly inconceivable to me that the event did not happen, so that my assurance respecting it is as strong as that which I have respecting any other necessary truth. In fact, the man is either very wise or very virtuous, or very lucky, perhaps all three, who has gone through life without accumulating a store of such necessary beliefs, which he would give a good deal to be able to disbelieve.

It would be beside the mark to discuss the matter further on the present occasion. It is sufficient to point out that, whatever may be the difference between the mathematical and other truths, they do not justify Hume's statement ("Inquiry," IV., p. 32, 33). And it is, at any rate, impossible to prove that the cogency of mathematical first principles is due to anything more than these circumstances: that the experiences with which they are concerned are among the first which arise in the mind; that they are so incessantly repeated as to justify us, according to the ordinary laws of idealism, in expecting that the associations which they form will be of extreme tenacity; while the fact, that the expectations based upon them are always verified, finishes the process of welding them together.

Thus, if the axioms of mathematics are innate, nature would seem to have taken unnecessary trouble; since the ordinary process of association appears to be amply sufficient to confer upon them all the universality and necessity which they actually possess.—"Life of Hume," pp. 116-118.

Most systems that I have watched the death of, for the last three hundred years, have gone just so. The Ideal, the True, and the Noble that was in them having faded out, and nothing now remaining but naked egoism, vulturous greediness, they cannot live; they are bound, inexorably ordained by the oldest destinies, Mothers of the Universe, to die.—*Carlyle*.

—o—

The orthodox preacher of an eternal hell would himself go crazy did he believe his own preaching, Did he see his wife, his children, his friends, or his neighbors in danger of falling into it, he would be overpowered by the sight. He saves his sanity only through his insincerity. To be sincere in his preaching he must first be insane.—*Gerrit Smith*.

—o—

The foundation of morality is to have done, once and for all, with lying; to give up pretending to believe that for which there is no evidence, and repeating unintelligible propositions about things beyond the possibilities of knowledge.—*Huxley*.

KNOWLEDGE AND THE "UNKNOWABLE."

BY CHARLES E. HOOPER, LONDON, ENG.

THE perennial question of the "unknowable" has lost none of its wonted interest, and very little of its pristine obscurity. What is the Unknowable, or is there any such thing? Can we divide the sphere of the unknown into two provinces—one of possible knowledge, and one which always and inevitably baffles man's inquisitiveness? Whether or no these questions can be effectively answered, it is certain that they cannot be so unless the meaning of the term "knowledge" can be rendered fairly definite. That which is supposed to elude the grasp of knowledge, either contingently, as the simply unknown, or necessarily, as the unknowable, can only be inferred, if at all, from the nature and scope of knowledge itself.

In the first place, note that the term "unknowable" may possibly, though not properly, be used to designate reality, regarded as objective to knowledge, as not really contained in knowledge, and, therefore, as not strictly commensurable with it. The reality here contemplated, however, is not something which cannot be known, but something which knowledge cannot be. In view of the devout idealist, knowledge, or the idea involved therein, can be everything. Not so in view of the scientific realist. To him, knowledge can be nothing but a symbol of realities which extend far beyond its own subjective appearance.

The difference between knowledge and reality is, at bottom, the difference between perception and energy. Perfect perception or omniscience need not, so far as we can judge, involve omnipotence—nay, need not even escape impotence. Unless a supposed omniscient being were furnished with a suitable instrument for transmuting forces at will, his knowledge would be an unenviable prerogative, showing the course of events throughout the universe, and showing how the intelligent application of power might alter and improve it, but not being the power to do so. The dictum that "knowledge is power" presupposes the physical instrumentality of man's body, which his knowledge directs for the utilizing of other and more potent bodies. I repeat, however, that the object of knowledge, regarded as transcending the subjective existence of knowledge itself, should not be called unknowable; since it is the distinctive function of knowledge to know or consciously symbolize, not to be. As mental facts, error, unreason, and groundless belief exist just as much as truth, reason, and knowledge. It is, therefore, not as existing, but as truly symbolizing existence, that thought becomes knowledge. Physical action, as opposed to intellect, is not unknowable by intellect, but simply unactable by it.

I conclude, then, that reality, as such, or in its complementary opposition to knowledge, is not unknowable. Whether or no it contains something or some things unknowable is another question.

Those who most vigorously scout the idea of the unknowable do so on the plea that it is absurd or arrogant to limit the possibilities of knowledge. They seem to think that knowledge can grow anyhow—to any extent in all direc-

tions. All that we know appears to them worth next to nothing, since it is so trifling a matter compared to what remains unknown, though possibly to be known. If this view were entitled to be called Agnosticism, I, for one, should heartily join with Dr. Carus in denouncing it. But neither Huxley nor any other exponent of scientific Agnosticism has descended to this stultification of knowledge.

Knowledge does not grow anyhow or in all directions. It expands from within an enveloping set of ideas, which may be compared to the limbs and organs of a growing organism. The anatomy of these comprehensive and closely connected ideas is no longer in embryo, though it may not have reached full maturity. The *limb*-ideas are the special "branches" of science. The offshoots of these branches interlace, but the branches do not lose their fundamental distinctness, or the "tree" of knowledge its general symmetry. Scientific knowledge expands in the definite direction which these branches indicate. The *organ*-ideas, on the other hand, are the ideas of philosophy, representing the pervading structure and method of growth of this tree of knowledge, and tracing it down to its roots of experience. While no limit can be set to the expansion of knowledge in the direction of the special sciences, its growth as regards the whole system of science and the fundamental ideas of philosophy is not a growth in bulk, but purely in progressive readjustment and clarification of view. Or, to vary the simile, since no simile is adequate to reflective truth, the ideas comprised under philosophy and the system of the sciences are like the outlines of a vast unpainted picture, potentially embracing the utmost extensions of future knowledge, which shall have our common human experience for its basis.

Do we think to escape the march of time, the expanse of space, the stream of cosmic energy, or the world of physical objects and movements? Are number and form, degree and quality, property and relation, likeness and difference, matters which science will one day dispense with? Will experience lose its value as the basis of knowledge, or will microscopic investigations at length invalidate the rules of formal logic? These questions would be absurd, were it not for the greater absurdity of the know-nothing school which suggests, by implication, an affirmative answer to them. Happily we do know some things, and I venture to believe that our present knowledge, with some needful readjustments, is a sufficiently solid foundation to carry any superstructure which scientific progress can build upon it. Truly, the more knowledge grows, the greater are the number of specific questions which force themselves on us and wait to be answered, so that the whole object of knowledge appears to reason, as space appears to perception, of infinite extent. Arguing that knowledge itself must be finite, this might seem to stamp the object of knowledge as unknowable. The term, however, would be ill chosen, seeing that the object is here regarded as baffling knowledge by its extent alone, not by its nature. It is nowhere closed to investigation. It is not unknowable, but infinitely knowable.

That which is meant by the unknowable, as Herbert Spencer conceives it, is not something lying, as it were, without that great circumference of knowledge to which science is always adding, but something lying at the heart of

knowledge itself. It is the essential mystery of those most frequently encountered and familiarly known realities which cannot be explained, because they themselves create experience and contribute the ideas which enter into all lucid explanations whatever. Whether or no or in what sense does this mystery deserve to be called the unknowable?

Knowledge has two very distinct aspects. In one aspect, it is that knowledge of facts or laws which is contained in the logical purport or *thoroughness* of statements as such. In its other aspect, it is the knowledge about some object-matter which can only be logically expressed by an indefinite group of statements, each of which joins a special predicate to one and the same subject-term, signifying the given object-matter. There is no clearer distinction in the whole range of philosophic thought than this; but I know of no recognized term for expressing it concisely, and shall, therefore, adopt the adjectives, transitive and intensive, in this connection. *Transitive* will be used as a technical term of logic, without regard to its much more restricted use in grammar; while *intensive* will naturally fall into line with the sense which logicians attach to *intension*. Transitive knowledge is embodied in the connection of subject and predicate, considered as symbolizing the real part-identity or distinction of the two object-matters referred to. Subject and predicate are thus considered impartially. When, on the other hand, the predicate is regarded as a mere attribution, expressing one part among other implied parts of the nature of the object-matter signified by the subject-term, the knowledge conveyed is intensive. Every piece of transitive knowledge is the definite answer to a definite question. When we say "fire consumes," as answering the definite question, "Does fire consume?" our statement is transitive. If we said it as partly answering the indefinite question, "What are the characteristics of fire?" our statement would be intensive. The self-same statements, then, may be either transitive or intensive; so that these terms do not mark two departments of knowledge, but simply, as was said above, two aspects of knowledge. Yet the distinction is none the less vital on that account. It has, moreover, a peculiar bearing on the question of the unknowable.

The unknowable, transitively conceived, is simply the *non-answerability* of certain definite questions. Intensively conceived, it is some entity, power, or principle, which is assumed to be cut off from all possibility of knowledge, *except* the knowledge of its existence. If its existence were essentially doubtful, that would be merely the purport of an unanswerable question, and thus the intensive sense of unknowability would be wholly brought under its transitive sense.

Whether the unknowable can be legitimately inferred in one or both senses, or in neither, are queries the discussion of which must be deferred.

—*Watts' Literary Guide.*

LOVE AND LABOR.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE, OF THE BAR OF ILLINOIS,

Author of "Upon This Rock," "Song of the Ages," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DIVILBISS, on the morrow, found rather a large party assembled at The Place. It was the baronet's way of bidding his friends and neighbors farewell, for, as Sir Guy had predicted, the wind had changed at last and within a few hours the Gitana would be bowling along towards Ushant and the Bay of Biscay. There were some county magnates, friends and neighbors of the baronet, half-a-dozen rectors and curates, among whom was the Rev. Tanaquil Lear, and almost enough ladies to permit the party to pair off on entering the dining-room, or rather dining-hall, for this important apartment was very large and lofty, with wainscoted walls and an antique ceiling of open rafters of black oak. For some time the conversation was mainly confined to the immediate vicinity of Sir Guy, who was subjected to a variety of questions respecting the places he intended to visit in the Mediterranean. One clergyman in particular, who had some years previous travelled through Egypt and Palestine, was eager to display his knowledge of the Levant and the harbors of Syria, and this gentleman's discourse, well seasoned with such words as Joppa, Casarea, Peter, and Simon the Tanner, seemed to partake in some measure of the character of a commentary on the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Thus it happened that Mr. Divilbiss had leisure to observe the company, an opportunity which he was not one to neglect. There was not much to interest him in the countenances of the county gentlemen, for, with one exception, these well-preserved, clean and comely personages were all pretty much alike. At any rate, their features, smooth and regular, indicated that they were by no means likely to

startle the world with original ideas. The one exception, however, was a remarkable man, and Divilbiss thought he had seldom seen a face that puzzled him so much. It was that of a man about forty years old, a man having thin straw-colored hair and a military looking beard and moustache. He wore rimless spectacles, of the sort fashioned to hook around the ears, and behind the glasses were eyes of the color of the wild violet, eyes that were very oceans of speculation and introspection. The brow was marked by two long, broken lines, such as are popularly said to indicate thought; the features generally were regular, and perhaps the expression, taken as a whole, except for the eyes, might have been considered a trifle haughty. This gentleman ate sparingly of the plainest dishes at the table, and seemed to abstain altogether from wine. Mr. Divilbiss probably looked towards him somewhat inquisitively, for, having withdrawn his glance, he saw that a young lady, his immediate neighbor, was watching him with a sort of mischievous twinkle in her own eyes. This was Agnes Bodrugan, Sir Guy's sister, blue eyed and fair haired, like her brother, and withal a tall and comely maiden as one would wish to see.

"I beg pardon," she said, as though apologizing for the twinkle, "but I think you are puzzled a little, Mr. —a—Divilbiss, I think. Allow me to come to your assistance. That gentleman, at whom you were looking so intently, is a seer."

"A seer, madam?" inquired the American; "are there such people in these prosaic times?"

"Indeed," she replied, "there are many —more perhaps than we think possible.

But this gentleman is Colonel Arthur Carlyon of Trefusis. He belonged to the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and was there stormed at with shot and shell, ultimately crawling out of the fight on hands and knees, for he was severely wounded."

"But why do you call him a seer?" asked Mr. Divilbiss. "Do you mean that he is a philosopher? he looks like one."

"I mean that he is a mystic, whatever that may be," she returned. "They say he learned it in India, where there are occultists, jugglers, and lots of uncanny things, you know."

"He appears to be very abstemious," said the lawyer. "I think I have heard or read of the mystics, but I always thought they belonged to the dark ages."

At this moment Colonel Carlyon raised his head and, addressing Mr. Lear, who had just given utterance to a palmer-like wish to traverse Palestine on foot, said:

"I have, myself, journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, and I agree with you that such a pilgrimage may be made a most profitable one."

"Quite so, quite so, Colonel Carlyon. I forget who it is that recommends it to the unbeliever,—Lamartine or some other traveller. What becomes of the cavils of sceptics when one is standing on the very theatre of all those tremendous events narrated in the Scriptures?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Lear," replied Carlyon: "the advantage of such a journey consists in its leading the traveller to the great discovery that our historical religions are merely the sepulchres of past traditions, and that the centre of true religion is in the human heart, that it is subjective and spiritual, not objective. That is the great lesson of Eastern travel, I assure you."

Professor Blunt, whose scepticism was known to the world at large, smiled grimly at Mr. Lear's evident discomfiture. The topic, however, was rather an unsafe one at the dinner-table, so none of the gentlemen continued the subject. Before the ladies retired, all the guests drank *bon voyage* to the Gitana, and Sir Guy ac-

quitted himself very creditably in a little speech appropriate to the occasion.

The ladies, headed by the Dowager Lady Bodrugan, having left the room, Mr. Divilbiss found himself between Professor Blunt and a little thin-haired man, with a pragmatic sort of countenance, who was no other than the famous Mr. Lieu, proprietor and editor of the *Piccadilly Chronicle*, whose series of articles signed "Mastiktor" had, a few years previous, so ruthlessly torn aside the veil from the shrines of Aphrodite in the West End of London. Mr. Lieu was not one of those who suffer their light to remain under a bushel, and it was a maxim with him to make the most of his company, so much so, indeed, that there were envious persons who affirmed that the editor was not unlike a sponge from which nothing could be squeezed beyond what had been casually absorbed. Professor Blunt presented a marked contrast to the newspaper man. Of medium height and sturdy frame, his face reminded one of a mastiff. Self-sufficiency, tenacity of purpose, and resolution were shown in every line of it, in the long upper lip, depressed corners of the mouth, and in the shaggy gray eyes. One of the foremost among living biologists, he owed his pre-eminence wholly to himself and his own perseverance. Starting in life as a naval surgeon's mate, he had known what it was to eat the bread of bitterness; but having, by sheer force of genius and an unwearied capacity for hard work, compelled recognition, he delighted to play the part of an iconoclast, and was an unmerciful critic of anything and everything that could not be irrefragably established.

For what was to him an unconscionable time,—that is, about ten minutes,—Mr. Lieu had been silent, a grievous affliction to a man of his character. Now, however, he instinctively recognized a deliverer from this enforced purgatory in the person of Mr. Divilbiss, with whom he ceremoniously drank a glass of wine.

"Yours is a great country, Mr. Divil-

biss," he began, "a great country, indeed. You see, I never forget a name, and when Bodrugan introduced us I made a note of yours by the old trick of association of ideas. Do you know what I mean?"

"I think it likely I do, sir," replied the lawyer; "you probably said to yourself that when you next saw me you would think of the devil as a means of remembering my name, eh?"

"Something like it, I confess," said Lieu, "only you will allow me to repudiate anything derogatory in the association. You know that, thanks in some degree to my friend Blunt there, our clerical friends have so whitewashed Satan that in our age one is almost justified in saying with the old dramatist, the devil is a gentleman. You know Professor Blunt, I think?"

"Only by his reputation, which is world-wide," answered Divilbiss, looking toward the great scientist, who, having heard every word, gave a short acknowledgment by nodding his head.

"There, that will do," continued the editor; "Blunt, that was a pretty compliment. Well, Mr. Divilbiss, from what part of the United States do you come; Boston, the Hub of culture? ha! ha! or from New York, eh?"

"I belong to Chicago," said Mr. Divilbiss, hoping perhaps by his own sententiousness to put the drag on his interrogator's loquacity. Vain hope this, for Mr. Lieu was working his conversational pump, and never did shipwrecked, foundering mariner ply that instrument more persistently.

"Chicago, eh? the city of the great fire, the American Phoenix, remarkable for its pork and its divorces, I think. But really, Mr. Divilbiss, it is not, cannot be true that one can procure a divorce in twenty minutes there, as your funny papers are always saying, eh?"

"Not quite so soon, perhaps," answered the lawyer; "but still rapidly enough, I am afraid. You know our marriage laws vary in the different States, Mr. Lieu, and I don't mind confessing that in the West

they are in a most unsatisfactory condition."

Here Professor Blunt interposed:

"In what sense, sir, do you mean that they are unsatisfactory?" This question was asked in a rather magisterial tone of voice, which a lull in the conversation around permitted all the gentlemen to hear.

"Unsatisfactory in the sense that they permit the bonds of marriage to be too readily broken," said the American, "so that by merely changing his residence a man may with ease effect what would be much more difficult, or even impossible, at home in his own neighborhood. The great evil of this facility of divorce is that it encourages hasty marriages between persons unsuited to each other. In plain words, Professor Blunt, a man may, if he chooses, become practically a Free Lover in the United States, changing his affinity every four or five years. I knew a woman in Indiana who had been married eight times, and at her last wedding five of her previous partners were present as witnesses."

"I can see no reason whatever to condemn her," said the Professor. "On the contrary, she may be considered as one of the pioneers of freedom, yes, of freedom from what is assuredly the worst, the most retarding in its influence, of all the thraldoms to which man has ever submitted."

"We do not, I fear, quite catch your drift," said the editor; "you surely cannot mean——"

"I mean monogamy, nothing else," replied Mr. Blunt with the utmost coolness, startling though his doctrine, as he well knew, must appear.

"Dear me, Professor Blunt," said a tall, thin clergyman, the curate in charge of a parish near Truro, "you must surely be joking. A paradox, I hope, just to promote conversation or discussion. Monogamy wrong, eh? Surely you would not have us become Mormons?"

"No, Mr. Alban, not until some general council of the church shall add the Book

of Mormon to the canon, already somewhat overburdened perhaps. But it was no paradox, in the ordinary sense of being a wilful contradiction of truth. I hold that man is by nature not a monogamous animal, and consequently that every human institution based upon the assumption that he is monogamous is more or less of a perversion or a turning the race aside from the direct way to happiness."

"But Blunt, my dear fellow," cried Arderne, who was sitting by Colonel Carlyon, "for goodness' sake consider the consequences of such doctrine. Let the coming religion of science have two modes, an esoteric and an exoteric, one for the few, the other for the many, I beseech you."

"Like some other religions we know of, eh, Colonel Carlyon?" said Blunt, with a sharp glance of his gray eye across the board.

The gentleman thus addressed bowed gravely. "Only the epoptes or highest adept," he said, "knows that when the shrine is thrown open it is found to be empty. To the uninstructed, the worshippers in general, every religion has its countenance wrapped in a thick veil, the veil of the written letter, of parable and sign. The objective and phenomenal, which the many regard as the real, is merely illusion. The symbols, while they hide, yet contain the truth, which is subjective. Of course this must be recognized in the new era which is about to dawn; the failure of the Christian Church is the result of its having insisted on feeding all alike with milk instead of meat, thus alienating those who have learned to distinguish between the phenomenal and the noumenal."

"I have nothing to say concerning the mystical and cabalistical," replied Blunt; "I merely affirm a biological fact when I say that man, like the other higher animals, is not strictly monogamous. Only in a very limited few, and those isolated species, does the attachment between any two of opposite sexes endure long after

the birth of the young, the product of their temporary union. And how is it with man? Is not our professed conventional morality in the main a sham and a pretence? do we not, at least the large majority of us, even in the most civilized societies, virtually live in a state of polygamy? The human instinct is polygamous; even when the two persons united in marriage are intellectually in affinity, the time inevitably comes,—sometimes, indeed, ere the honeymoon is over or the first child born,—when the once eager love becomes simply friendship and the germs of new attractions manifest themselves. In other cases, where there is no such affinity of intellect, when the purely physiological impulse has been satiated and cloyed, there follows something like repulsion. Let this be continued and intensified, let us say by incompatibility of any kind whatever, and what do we see? In every such instance, we find two persons in the most wretched slavery, bound hard and fast in the chains of an unnatural conventional lie. Given one couple who continue to love each other fondly through a lifetime, there are ten thousand couples who would be immeasurably happier if the tie, the conventional tie, that binds them were sundered and they were left free to form other contracts. The passion called love is not immutable, but transient, yet, in order to gratify or satisfy a sentiment which we know to be, in the majority of instances, temporary and evanescent, we pledge, man to woman, a fidelity that shall endure as long as we live. The result of all this is that from one conventional lie we reap a full crop of other lies, dissimulations and hypocrisies; for, despite their pledges, men seldom, when they have opportunity, refuse to satisfy their individual impulses."

"But, my dear sir," here broke in Mr. Lear, his face showing by its workings the horror he felt, "in all this, it seems to me, you take no account whatever of the demands of Christian morality."

"You are right, Mr. Lear, quite right,"

returned Professor Blunt; "I was speaking apart from all prejudice, however derived, and was considering man as a natural being, and, I may add, as a being whose constitution and impulses are such that the practice of strict monogamy must surely be detrimental to his development and to his higher interests physiologically and socially."

The vicar drew a long breath, while his face indicated that he would probably make a reply of somewhat too intemperate a character for harmony to be preserved. Knowing right well that this would not otherwise affect Professor Blunt than to make him more dogmatically iconoclastic, Sir Guy made the signal for rejoining the ladies. As they left the hall together, Gilbert Arderne said to the American lawyer:

"Well, Mr. Divilbiss, what think you of this new doctrine of Blunt's? Will it reconcile you a little to the amiable prac-

tices which seem to prevail on your side of the water?"

"No, Mr. Arderne," replied the old gentleman. "and I hope it will never find a place either here or in my own country, for in that hour the foundation of our civilization will be destroyed. You are a young man, - pardon me if I venture to express a hope that all this poor sophistry, based upon man's lowest nature, will not tempt you to throw off what the Professor calls early prejudices."

Gilbert Arderne laughed as he replied: "I think you have a clear eye for consequences, Mr. Divilbiss. You must not take Mr. Blunt too seriously. We Englishmen are not quite so ready as, I believe, are the Americans, to swear in the words of a master, however great his reputation. Mr. Blunt is a great biologist, but that does not qualify him to command the channel fleet or to prescribe for us new social relations, and, between ourselves, he knows it."

CHAPTER VI.

THE evening was warm and sultry, and many of the guests of Sir Guy Bodrugan, availing themselves of the French windows, had betaken themselves to the terrace or the shrubbery, where they formed little groups or couples, apparently by some law of affinity or natural selection. The baronet himself remained in the drawing-room, for this was his last night at home, and he would not leave his mother's side - that mother whose joy and pride he was and to whose wise, uniform affection he owed it that he had, throughout the last five years of his nonage, escaped the perils which so often menace and wreck the morals and the fortunes of fatherless youth. His sister, Agnes, her arm resting lightly within Gilbert Arderne's, was even now descending the broad flight of steps leading from the terrace to the shrubbery. They were a lovely couple, and so thought Mr. Divilbiss, who was standing beside Colonel Carlyon near the terrace parapet,

the former smoking a fragrant cigar, the latter a long cheroot.

"There go youth and beauty," said the lawyer, half to himself; "see how the moonlight glimmers in her golden hair!"

"And how that brilliant in her neck throws back the rays of the bright star there in the south-east," replied his companion. "That star is Jupiter, with whose astral soul or *anima mundi* it may be that their *nepheshim* or astral shades are at this moment in communion. For Jupiter, the regal planet, is to its fellow orbs in our planet as those two mortals are to the generality of mortals. They are proud, ambitious, generous, and loyal, but the young man has these qualities in excess. He is arrogant and fond of power, disinclined to self-denial, indulgent to his passions: it may be millions of ages before the God within him shall become one with the Most High God."

"Millions of ages, eh?" said Divilbiss;

"why, Colonel Carlyon, this doctrine of Re-incarnations, of which you have been speaking, reminds me of the tremendous periods of the geologists, periods which not so long since used to take our breath away. It is hard to believe in the continuity of individual life, a continuity preserved throughout perhaps ten thousand various forms of body during millions of ages."

"And yet there are wonders no less prodigious and apparently incredible whose workings we can see for ourselves," replied Carlyon. "I have no difficulty whatever in believing with the Buddhist from whom, twenty years ago, I first learned the doctrine while hunting in Ceylon, that every living individual of to-day has had previous existences. Think of that protoplasmic thing the *amœba*, which is, though being constantly differentiated into individual forms of being, one ever unbroken existence, the sum of whose æonic vitalism inheres in every division or multiplication. Or take the medusa, the jelly-like amethystine goblet of our summer seas; you know how it is formed and the extraordinary phases through which it passes?"

"I am afraid, Colonel Carlyon, that my plain humdrum intellect cannot attain such heights as these. I would fain retain my confidence in the atonement of Christ; at my age it is painful even to renounce one's early ideals. I have not forgotten that my mother was sustained throughout a long and peculiarly painful illness by hope and belief in Christ."

"Which does not prove anything in favor of Christianity beyond that, to a believer, it seems satisfactory, as is the case with other systems. But how came the doctrine of re-incarnation, which Christ also taught if the words of the Gospels are authentic, to be the belief of the Gymnosophists, of the Magi, of the Pythagoreans, aye, and even of the early Christian Fathers? The life that now is with me and you is but one of a series of days, a stage in the upward passing of the monad, individual spirit towards its source, to its

final absorption in the ocean of infinity."

The eyes of the zealot glistened with the fervor of his conviction as he thus unbosomed himself to the American.

"But if this grand conception be true, Colonel Carlyon," said Divilbiss—"for that it is a grand conception I do not deny—why is it that there have been none whose memories extended, even faintly, back to their previous lives on earth?"

"The Lethe of the ancient Greeks meant the waters of oblivion or forgetfulness which every soul has to drink, and drinking which the former earth-memory is temporarily lost. Yet there have been instances where it has been claimed that this oblivion was not absolute, as in the case of Gautama Buddha, Krishna, Plato, Pythagoras, and others. Very indistinctly, and as the mere shadow of a shade. I have felt something of this memory, and so, no doubt, have you. We live enshrouded in mystery, but at any moment the veil may be torn aside, or partly so. Who shall say, Mr. Divilbiss, why the impression comes over me that you yourself are to be in some way connected with the future of that young man and woman who just now went down those steps? Yet this impression is strong upon me at this instant,—I do not pretend to explain it, but it is so."

"Such a connection, Colonel Carlyon, could only be the result of accident," said Mr. Divilbiss. "My purpose in visiting Cornwall is by no means that of amusement merely. I have business here, important business, but the persons interested are humbler of station than Mr. Arderne and the sister of our host."

"That may be so," Mr. Divilbiss, returned Carlyon, "but the web of destiny is strangely interwoven, and the mists of occultism are the media through which light comes to the illuminated soul. You are to be somehow, I know not how, linked with the future of those two. I tell you this by virtue of a power of clairvoyance which I have never been able to analyze."

Mr. Divilbiss was not a materialist, but

was, as he thought, a fairly well-balanced man of the world. In his own land he had at various times encountered pretenders to spiritual powers higher than those possessed by ordinary mortals, and what he had seen and heard of such persons fully warranted him in setting them down as either conscious or unconscious impostors. Here, however, was an English gentleman who was an acknowledged student of occultism, and, in some sort, a claimant to the faculty of second-sight. It was a pity, thought Mr. Divilbiss, that such a man should be so deluded, but it was probably the result of exposure to an Indian sun, or perhaps of some injury received in that deadly *mêlée* in the Crimea. The idea of an old lawyer from beyond the ocean becoming involved with the lives and fortunes of Gilbert Arderne and Agnes Bodrugan was really too absurd—so absurd that Mr. Divilbiss preferred to change the subject. It was all well enough for a man to have a hobby, and to trust himself to his own *steckenpferd*, but there was no reason whatever why another man should encourage him to lean upon it. Fortunately, they were soon after joined by Mr. Lieu, to whom the lawyer was just now a *persona grata*, and the conversation drifted into an exposition and criticism of the American Constitution and a comparison of the political methods used in Britain and the United States.

That last stroll by moonlight through the shrubbery was very interesting to Agnes and Gilbert. The time, the place, and the thought of the morrow's parting all tended towards that mutual spontaneity of feeling which produces that necessary element in anthropobiological sexual selection that we call love. In the case of Agnes Bodrugan, this feeling was no mere fancy or transient emotion. She loved Gilbert Arderne with a love which, doubtless, on such an occasion as this, no long wooing would be necessary to induce her to acknowledge. Gilbert, too, seemed to be under the spell of the subtle enchanter.

A brief stroll across the short-cropped velvety lawn brought them before a bell-shaped arbor, a cosy, creeper-encircled little resting-place dear to the tired tennis or croquet player, and where Agnes often entertained her particular friends to tea. At the entrance of the summer-house was a large clump of pinks, and Gilbert, stooping to pick one of the flowers, offered it to his fair companion.

"To-morrow," he said, "we shall be in blue water, far from Bodrugan and those we love. Will you not take this as a souvenir? It is more fragrant than the forget-me-not, and while its perfume lasts our memories will, at least, be pleasant to you."

"But its fragrance will not outlast its beauty," she replied. "I do not need a flower to refresh my memory of my brother and his friends."

Nevertheless, she took the blossom and fastened it in her bosom, a little below the brilliant whose rays had attracted Colonel Carlyon's notice.

"Shall we go in?" asked Gilbert, "or do you prefer walking?"

"As you please," answered Agnes, but at the same moment taking a seat just inside the arbor. Gilbert, taking the opposite seat, seemed determined to make the most of the sentimental mood he was in.

"Do you ever feel," he inquired, "on such a night as this, as if you were dimly conscious of a previous existence,—as if you were living over again a life long before begun and ended? I do. I wonder how Carlyon the Mystic would explain it? by some fantastic theory of transmigration, I suppose."

"Is it anything more than a trick of the memory?" said Agnes. "Do you not remember the first time you came down here with Guy, at the end of your third half-year at Rugby? One night Guy left us while he went to look at his pony, which had fallen lame that morning, and you and I strolled that way, just as we have done now."

"And we sat where we are now," continued Gilbert; "and I made love to you, little prig that I was. Yes, I remember, and I suppose that explains it all. But, Agnes, we are now man and woman, old enough to know that love is a much more serious thing than we then thought it to be."

"I suppose it is," she replied, toying with her fan; "that is, if Mudie's novels are authorities on the subject. The heroes and heroines appear to find it so. But they seem to take it naturally, like the small-pox or the measles: pity they cannot be vaccinated against the distemper."

"Was that the way we took it seven years ago, Agnes? If I were to tell you now that the same story is hanging on my tongue, would you bid me speak it?"

He bent forward to catch her answer. The hand which held the fan shook a little as she answered, somewhat inconsequently it would seem:

"Do you not think there is a rather heavy dew? It will not do for amateur sailors to put to sea with a cold on the chest, for there are no nurses to make gruel on board the *Gitana*, I believe. Shall we go back to the house? Remember, we must all be together when Guy passes round the loving-cup as he is going to do."

"Shall it be really a loving-cup for us two, Agnes? I came here resolved to ask you to become my wife, but I have left it until now to put the fateful question. Is it to be Yes, darling? My mother knew of my resolve before I left the Priory, and I think Guy has guessed it too. Is it to be Yes?"

"Perhaps it may be Yes, Sir Gilbert le Fainéant," answered Agnes, "but methinks so slow a lover hath small right to claim immediate answer from his *Dulciana*. Yet I promise thee thine answer on the return of thine *Argo* from *Colchis*, and that without stipulating aught with respect to the golden fleece. Seriously, Gilbert, I will not surrender at the first summons. If you will, you may woo me

once again on your return. Nay, plead no more; I will not yield an inch."

"So let it be, my lady," said Gilbert, in the same light humour of his mistress, "so let it be. But here is a slight trinket which I purposed to bedeck thee withal, and here is a pledge or gage that I will, at the time thou hast appointed, require an answer from thee."

The trinket was an engagement ring, which he slipped upon her finger. Both trinket and gage were received without protest, from which I opine, dear reader, that Agnes Bodrugan, despite her apparent reservation, had surrendered at discretion. Some such thought came to Sir Guy when, nearly an hour later, he himself came in search of the truants, whom he found world-oblivious pacing hither and thither across the lawn.

"Come, come, Gilbert," he exclaimed, "the guests are assembled in the hall to drink to our safe voyage and happy return. In 1643, five days before Braddock fight, Sir Henry and his brave yeomen went through a similar ceremony. Come, for Agnes is to be our Hebe, and everything is ready. Did you not hear the gun?"

"Did we hear a gun, *cara mia*?" asked Gilbert. "You see, Guy, how she hath bewitched me, and how the moonlight has affected us both when this sister of thine suffers me to call her so. No, I am afraid we heard no gun,—we might not have heard even such another bombardment as that of old *Trevannion* in the olden time."

"Is this so, Agnes?" said Sir Guy. "Well, sister, this has long been the wish of my heart; and Gilbert, you have won a treasure."

"Not so fast, Guy, not so fast," returned Agnes; "your friend claims more than he is justly entitled to. I have put him on probation until his return from this expedition, nothing more."

"And we have sealed the compact in this fashion," said Arderne, stooping to kiss her; "nothing more, you see."

"I see," said Sir Guy, "and I hope

God will bless you both. And now come in, for the gun was the signal, preconcerted with Cross, of his having got outside the bar and anchored off Portsreath. It was high water at 8.35. We must be on board soon after breakfast in the morning, and Agnes can see the *Gitana* spread her wings from the turret. Come in."

The old hall was well filled with the guests and domestics,—the latter being ranged in a sort of crescent at one end of the apartment,—while the loving-cup went round. When friend and servant had each and all drunk to the health and welfare of the voyagers, Mr. Lear—much to Professor Blunt's surprise,—said, in a loud voice, "Let us pray," and slowly and solemnly read a short prayer, apparently a modification or adaptation of that usually read in the royal navy.

"May they return in safety to enjoy the blessings of the land, and with a thankful remembrance of thy mercies to praise and glorify thy holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord." A fervent "Amen!" went up at this ending of the good clergyman's petition, and the eyes of the stately matron, of her daughter, and of many among the

servants were bedewed with tears. At what was comparatively an early hour,—it was little more than half-past ten,—the guests began to leave. Mr. Divilbiss accepting a seat in Mr. Lear's carriage.

About an hour before noon, the *Gitana*, her sails well filled with a fine north-westerly breeze, rounded Chapel Point and opened the majestic Dodman. From her seat on the turret roof at The Place, Agnes Bodruga was watching through a telescope the departure of her brother and her betrothed, little imagining that away there on Portsreath cliffs, the place where Gilbert Arderne encountered Tom Scantlebury, two eyes even more beautiful than her own were bent upon the self-same vessel. Two days ago young Scantlebury had left St. Meva to join his ship in London. Poor fellow! he had parted from Amy very dramatically, even pressing some little token of a jasper heart arranged as a brooch upon her, which only when her mother's solicitations were superadded did she accept as a memento. And now, in all probability, Tom's ship is speeding down the Channel, while Amy's heart is going—whither, who shall say?

CHAPTER VII.

MR. DIVILBISS had taken Mrs. Varcoe's upper room for a fortnight, but his stay in St. Meva lasted just twice as long. With his easy faculty of making acquaintances he had found out the young naturalist, Amy's cousin, Frank Trevena, and under his guidance the American thoroughly explored the surrounding country, organized picnics,—at which Mrs. Varcoe and her daughter, with many of their friends, were almost compelled to be present,—and went mackerel-fishing all over the bay, on one occasion remaining a whole night in an open boat on the famous bass ground near the Gwineas. Job Maxom, the stable-boy, had reason to bless the day when the stranger appeared at the Ship, for Mr. Divilbiss had himself gone to the inn one morning and stipulated with Mrs. Rosevear that, for a certain consideration,—the

amount of which he insisted upon fixing, although the good landlady protested that it was more than Job's services for a month would be worth,—he should be allowed to use the factotum in his own service whenever he might want him. Therefore Job soon found himself in what he considered a paradise. Whether it chanced to be a picnic, a fishing excursion, or a walk after specimens, he was always summoned, and never before had so many bright sixpences found their way into his pockets.

As for Mr. Divilbiss himself, it was surprising to see how brown his skin had grown under the joint influence of the sun and the sea air. In his usual place of an evening in the snug bar parlor, with an enormously wide-brimmed Manila hat thrown high up on his forehead, he looked like a good-natured, jovial old buccaneer,

who, having "realized" his capital, had come to St. Meva to spend what was left to him of life in peaceful leisure, within sight and smell of his beloved sea, and to die decently and like a gentleman in bed. His popularity with the sailmaker and the other regular patrons of the Ship had increased with every day of their acquaintance, for, as Mr. Lelean feelingly declared to the miller, he had never, in all his born days, known a freer-hearted companion over a social glass, or one whose cigars were so uniformly excellent and so generously shared among the company.

When, therefore, it became known that this prince of good fellows intended to leave St. Meva for Liverpool on the next Saturday—it was now Wednesday evening—the bar parlor grew animated, and it was unanimously voted that Mr. Divilbiss should be treated as the special guest of the assembled company. Seated between the sailmaker and the miller, the guest showed himself ready to prove the quality of the fragrant compound which steamed in the bowl before him, when Mrs. Rosevear, coming in from the bar, whispered a few words to Mr. Lelean, who in return nodded most complaisantly, whereupon the landlady retired. Mr. Lelean had explained that, out of compliment to Mr. Divilbiss, Mrs. Rosevear had made up her mind that no stranger guest should be allowed to enter the parlor this evening, but that she had requested permission to rescind this resolution, at least so far as to allow of the admission of a gentleman who had expressed a wish to join the company, when the latter entered the room and took a seat near the door. He was a man of between twenty-five and thirty, with a somewhat pale, broad face, with a short, light-colored fringe of whiskers under his ears. His entrance was scarcely noticed, because Mr. Lelean, having exhorted his hearers to fill their glasses, was clearing his throat preparatory to proposing the health of his friend, Mr. Divilbiss, the gentleman from America whose visit to St. Meva would never be forgotten so

long as any member of the present company should be alive and so forth. The toast was drunk enthusiastically, and Mr. Divilbiss, nothing loth, stood up to return thanks. As he did so, his eyes met those of the stranger, and in a moment he crossed the room and held out his hand.

"God bless my soul!" he cried, "who would have looked for you here? What, my young Gracchus of the Rue St. Martin! what on earth has brought you here?"

The stranger laughed pleasantly, showing a fine set of white, regular teeth as his lips parted.

"A fair question, Mr. Divilbiss," he said, "demands a fair answer. A French fishing lugger brought me to Gorran Haven from Morlaix; since we parted in Paris I have spent my time wandering through Brittany. I shall now go back to London and settle down to my work. That is all."

"Well, well, Escott, you are a singular fellow, and a wonderfully self-reliant one. Fancy doing the grand tour on foot with a few francs in your pocket! But I like you, my boy, for your grit; when I was your age New England was full of men like you, but they are growing rarer now, much rarer. If you had come a day or two later you would have missed me, Jack, for I go home on Saturday. I have spent a month here very pleasantly, and these gentlemen and I have become the best of friends. Gentlemen, this is my friend, John Escott, whose acquaintance I made in Paris, two months ago. What news do you bring to us from France, Jack?"

"Nothing that you will consider news, I think," replied Escott, "except that the lugger spoke a steamer with a dismantled yacht in tow about mid-Channel. One of the yachtsmen boarded us, which accounts for my being here. He paid the Frenchman well for landing him somewhere near his own place."

"Indeed, sir," inquired the sailmaker; "do you know the name of the yacht?"

"She was called the Gitana," said

Escott, "and she was a pretty craft, I should judge."

"The *Gitana*! dismantled!" exclaimed Divilbiss. "God bless my soul! she left here a few days ago. What can have happened to her?"

"A collision in the Bay of Biscay," was Escott's answer; "foremast carried away and bulwarks stove in, and the owner lost overboard, the only man missing."

For some moments this announcement was followed by profound silence, until at length Mr. Divilbiss poured forth a torrent of questions, the major part of which Escott was totally unable to answer. A heavy gloom which nothing could dissipate came over the company, and gruesome reminiscences of ships and sailors who had left the bay never to return, were exchanged. The news brought by the stranger could not long remain a secret, and each of the frequenters of the inn parlor longed to be the first to publish it outside. Thus, by tacit consent, as it were, the party broke up at what was, for such old hands, a comparatively early hour, and Mr. Divilbiss, accompanied by Escott, proceeded towards his lodging. They found Mrs. Varcoe and Amy still up, a circumstance which somewhat surprised their lodger, who knew that they kept early hours.

"This is fortunate, Jack," said the old gentleman, as they entered the hall, as the passage or lobby was called by the widow, albeit its extent was of the smallest, "this is fortunate, for I will show you such a girl as you never could discover in all France. Come in; you can pass away an hour as well here as down at the Ship, and there will be plenty of time for you to go back before the house is closed."

Escott having been duly introduced, Mrs. Varcoe said:

"We did not expect you quite so early as this, Mr. Divilbiss. Amy and I have only just come in from a long walk,—we went nearly as far as Bodrugan. The child has grown so listless and thin of late that I called in Dr. Ball this morning. He

says that she leads too sedentary a life, and I suppose he's right, although until lately she was the picture of health and as lively as a cricket. Yet she will not acknowledge that she is at all ill. What did he ask you about your chest, dear?" she said, turning to her daughter.

"He asked if I ever had any shooting pain or feeling of oppression in the chest or back, mother," replied Amy. "I told him I had not, and indeed I wish you would believe that I am as well as ever I was. You are anxious without any real ground for anxiety, I assure you."

The widow shook her head in a Lord-Burleigh-like way. The eye of affection, aided by long experience, is not easily mistaken, and the mother knew right well that her child's manner had changed of late. Before leaving the house, Dr. Ball,—an experienced old gentleman, and the only medical man in St. Meva,—had humorously suggested, while Amy's back was turned, that she might have fallen in love, an idea which Mrs. Varcoe indignantly repudiated. Strangely enough, some such a notion seemed to have occurred to the old lawyer, for, placing his hand under her chin, he turned Amy's face towards the light while he said:

"Let me look at you, young woman: perhaps it is an affection of the heart. Have you fallen in love with old Divilbiss, the Yankee traveller, eh? No? Well, I wish you had, that's all. Tut, tut, Mrs. Varcoe, you distress yourself without cause; the child's all right. A little under the weather, it may be, as we say in America, but that's nothing. Give her a little more fresh air; take a long walk every evening. You do not know, you Cornish people, what an elixir of life you have always at hand in your glorious atmosphere. I wish I could bottle up your ozone and ship it across the ocean, I should become a millionaire in no time. This is sad news that this young fellow brings with him, ma'am, sad news, but I suppose you have not heard it yet."

"Sad news?" inquired the widow;

"no, Mr. Divilbiss, we have heard nothing. Has anything happened among the fishermen?"

"They're all right enough, Mrs. Varcoe. No, but the Gitana, the yacht you know, has been run down in the Bay of Biscay, and that fine young fellow, Arderne, has gone to the bottom."

A suppressed cry of horror, a wild swaying to and fro, and Amy Varcoe fell to the ground as if shot. For a moment paralyzed, but Jack Escott rushed forward, and raising Amy's head saw that she had fainted, and he called hurriedly for water. It took some time to convince Mr. Divilbiss and the mother that it was not apoplexy, but Escott, while chafing her hands, ridiculed this idea.

"Nonsense, my friend," he said, "this is not apoplexy. If ever you have seen a man struck with apoplexy you cannot forget the symptoms. For Heaven's sake, if you have any ammonia or smelling salts in the house, bring them to me, and be quick."

Mrs. Varcoe, whose distress had hitherto prevented her from doing much beyond wringing her hands and sobbing, now grew calmer under the stranger's influence. The ammonia was brought, and soon afterwards Amy showed signs of returning animation. Divilbiss would have gone to summon Dr. Ball, but Escott assured him this was wholly unnecessary.

"With your permission, madam," he said, "I will help you to convey your daughter to her room, for she is now better. Do not worry her with questioning her: come, Miss, take this glass of water, if you please, and lean on my arm. Don't be afraid, I am strong enough to support you. Now, ma'am, if you will show the way, we are ready."

It was wonderful to observe how quietly this strange young man assumed the control, and how implicitly the others followed his directions. At the door of her bedroom Amy was strong enough to hold

out her hand and to thank him for his kindness and ready help.

"Pray do not mention it," he said; "I am happy to have been able to render some help. It is nothing, only a fainting fit; you will be all right in the morning. Good night!"

To Mr. Divilbiss Mrs. Varcoe delegated the duty of securing the house for the night,—in that community there was little fear of burglars,—and the two men spent some time in discourse in the parlor.

"Upon my word, Jack," said the lawyer, "the mother's apprehensions are not so baseless after all. That young woman,—she is the pride of the district, let me tell you, and as good as gold,—is a dress-maker, and she has worked herself down in her devotion to her mother unto such a point that the slightest shock upsets her. Um! This must be remedied; yes, yes, this will never do."

"Do you know," asked Escott, "if she had a friend, or a sweetheart perhaps, on board the yacht? It was evidently your abrupt breaking of that news that caused her to swoon."

"Sweetheart? No, of course not. But she knew the poor gentleman who was drowned, and for generations her people have been devoted to the Bodrugans,—the young fellow that you came on shore with is Sir Guy Bodruga, of The Place, about a mile or two from here."

"I see," replied Escott; "no wonder the girl was shocked when you blurted out such a bit of ill tidings so suddenly. Well, I must see about returning to the inn, for I must leave early to-morrow if I would be at Paddington before midnight."

"It is only six miles to St. Austell, Jack," said the lawyer, "and I myself will drive you to the station. So you are going to settle down, eh? I wish you would go back with me to New York. Surely you could do better in America than in England?"

"I do not feel quite so sure of that," observed the other. "The United States is no longer the artisan's paradise. As was

long ago foreseen, you have imported the embossed sores and headed evils of Old World sociatirian conditions, and the germs have even developed in the new soil beyond anything yet seen among us. I have been in your country—in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul,—and wherever I worked it was always the same story of heartless, soulless corporations—or companies, as we call them—and of workmen bound to the wheel like the fellow in the classical dictionary. God knows that the Prosperos of American trade, the plutocrats who rule your country's rulers, have bound poor Caliban hard and fast by their wizard spells. I have seen the gates shut in the face of men who chanced to be five minutes late on a winter morning, when the temperature has been more than thirty below zero, and when, the street railways being snowed up, the poor fellows have had to walk a mile or more to their work. I have seen woe, misery, hunger—aye, and even murder—in Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania; and I have thanked God that, bad as we are here in England, there was yet an abyss of calculating heartlessness that we can never fall into."

Mr. Divilbiss was silent, perhaps because he too had seen like evils in his own country. After a brief silence Escott resumed:

"I think I told you once, in our *logis* in the Rue St. Martin, that I lived two years on the West Coast of Africa, where I went as an engineer of a river boat soon after my time was out as an apprentice. I had the fever three times, but my constitution is an iron one, and this, with my temperance in eating and drinking, carried me through. On my return to England I found employment with a firm of engine-makers in London, where I worked three years. During this period, I learned that, for the working classes, life is not living, and I also saw that a great social revolution was at work. The old civilization was worn out, consumed with dry rot; the old theory of life, based upon the belief

that God had pre-ordained and irrevocably fixed the wrongs and injustices which I saw around me,—the superfluity of luxury and joy of the wealthy, the joylessness and blighted development of the toilers,—this theory is as dead as the men who built the pyramids. I asked myself why, if this is so, should we suffer the institutions founded on and for ages buttressed by an imposition to survive the theory and to render sterile and joyless the lot of the many. I became a Socialist, and I swore to devote my life to the people, to the men and women of my own class, the workers. So now you see why I must remain in England; because in this matter of the social revolution England is, or soon will be, ahead of the world."

"John Escott," said Mr. Divilbiss, "you are a terribly earnest fellow, and if there were a revolution I do not doubt you would play your part in it, whether for weal or woe. But, my dear fellow, where are the signs of any such a movement to-day? Nowhere but in your own brain—excuse me if I say in your over-wrought brain. The world was never so quiet as it is now, and I must add that, in my opinion, it was never so happy. You will outgrow all this, and knowing of what you are capable, I venture to prophesy that you will die a respectable, well-to-do citizen, glad enough to know that the guillotine or new electric-annihilator has never been set up in Trafalgar Square to extirpate the capitalists."

"I see your mistake, friend Divilbiss," replied Escott; "your idea of a revolution is that it must be something sudden, sharp, bloody, and overwhelming. This is quite a mistake: there need not go one drop of blood towards the extinction of our false civilization. Think for a moment, and you will recognize that old things are passing quietly away under our very eyes. Already by trade organizations the England of the early part of Victoria's reign no longer exists; let us organize the unskilled workers and teach them to use the powers so lately given them, and the movement I

speak of will gather the momentum of an avalanche."

"It may be so," said the lawyer, "of an avalanche indeed, and of a destructive one it well may be. But in these matters it is best to go cautiously. I am sorry to say that my own experience, at home in America, is not very favorable to mob-rule, which is what democracy amounts to, I guess. And who will be the cloud-compeller when the elements are at strife? Think of the French Revolution, and of the fate of the many gifted men and women who, having freed the giant and taught him his strength, hoped afterwards to lead him by a silken thread."

Escott smiled grimly. "We have not

freed our giant yet," he said, "but if free to-morrow his wildest plunges would be preferable to the awful plague which now consumes us. If nothing else but the cautery can heal our social system, why then let us welcome fire and sword. But it is growing late, Mr. Divilbiss; if you will drive me to St. Austell to-morrow, I shall be glad to have it so. Good night!"

After the young man's departure Mr. Divilbiss smoked another cigar in profound contemplation. Warned at length by certain nods of his head that it was time to retire, he locked the doors, saw that the lower windows were properly fastened, and lighting his candle went quietly to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was, as the reader has already surmised, Sir Guy Bodrugan whom the Frenchman had landed at Gorran Haven. The damage done to the Gitana by her collision with the homeward bound steamer was pretty much as described by John Escott, timely precautions on both vessels having minimized as much as possible the force of the impact. As the ships glided by each other, however, with a rough grinding noise, the bulwarks of the smaller pleasure craft were stove in amidships, and her foremast broken off near the crosstrees. At the first sign of danger, when it became apparent that the stranger had suddenly altered his intention of crossing the Gitana's bows—a pretty safe manœuvre at her then rate of speed and distance—Gilbert Arderne sprang forward, and was standing just abaft the fore-castle companion when the shock came. Believing, as it would seem, that the ships would pass clear of each other, he stepped towards the port cathead at the very moment when the top-hammer came down carrying away with it the forestaysail, jibs, and jibboom. In the excitement of the moment his disappearance was not noticed, and it was only after the merchant steamer had rounded out to astern that this painful discovery was

made. The yacht's largest boat, the launch, had been swept from the davits and broken into matchwood, but the star-board cutter, manned by Captain Cross and four hands, with Sir Guy himself in the bows, boathook in hand, was afloat in five minutes. The steamer also had lowered her boats, and although the sea ran high a most careful search was begun. The ships had, of course, drifted considerably in the current that ran towards the north-west, where it meets the Gulf Stream off the south-western coast of Ireland, but in something less than half-an-hour the cutter ran into the wreck of the fore-top-mast. The most diligent, and on Guy's part, most agonized search was made, everything being overhauled to the imminent risk of the boat and her crew, but no trace of the unfortunate owner of the Gitana could be seen. Nevertheless, only when the last gleam of hope had subsided did the baronet reluctantly, and with a bursting heart, give the order to return to the yacht. As he stepped once more on the deck of the unlucky schooner his hand was grasped by Professor Blunt.

"I see how it is, Bodrugan," he said in a choking voice, "our friend is lost to us. It is a sad ending to a life full of promise,

for the lad was as solid as he was brilliant, and I loved him well. But there are those who will feel this more severely than even you, his life-long friend, can do. It is for you to break the news to his widowed mother, and that before she learns it in any other way. Come aft, the captain of the steamer is on board; you must consult with him and Cross."

Thus, by the kindly interposition of Professor Blunt, led to think of the living rather than the dead, Guy Bodrugan went aft where he found the captain of the merchantman and Mr. Lieu. The great journalist was looking very pale indeed, but he had shown his presence of mind by drawing a couple of trunks and a Gladstone bag from his own cabin on to the quarter deck, no doubt with the view of transferring them with his own proper person,—so invaluable to the *Piccadilly Chronicle*,—on board the steamer.

"My name is Whitford, sir," began the master, introducing himself, "and my ship is the John Bright of Hartlepool. I was turned in below, or this, I am sure, would not have happened. It was an error of judgment on the part of my mate, but it can't be helped now. I am sorry, very sorry; but such things will happen at sea. Your craft is sound as a roach and I propose to take you in tow to Plymouth, if you are agreeable.

After due consultation with Cross, it was decided that Captain Whitford's offer should be taken, though it took some time to convince Mr. Lieu that it was by no means advisable for him to leave the yacht. A little before noon next day, about forty-five miles north east by north of Ushant, longitude 4.57 west, they spoke the French lugger, and observing that she was a fine sailer with an enormous spread of canvas, the baronet saw that he might, by taking passage in her, be landed many hours before the John Bright, with the *Gitana* in tow, could make the land near Plymouth.

This was in brief, the story told by Sir Guy to his mother and sister, both of

whom were inexpressibly shocked by the recital. Only the recognition of the fact that Sir Guy had not a moment to lose if he would reach Wymondham,—the nearest town to Withington Priory,—before the London papers containing the report of the arrival of the two vessels and the story of the collision prevented Agnes from openly indulging her grief. The blow she had received was as keen as it was sudden and unexpected, but her thoughts went out to the mother in the great hall in Norfolk, and postponing the indulgence of her own sorrow she lent instant aid in making things ready for her brother's journey. While the baronet was refreshing himself,—for he had eaten scarcely anything since leaving the yacht,—the dogcart was got ready and Robins drove up just as his master declared himself ready for the road. Hurriedly kissing his mother Guy turned to Agnes and said:

"Sister, you will find a book in the bag that I brought on shore. That book I found in Gilbert's cabin, and as his keys were lost with him I thought it right to bring it with me. It is, I think, a sort of private log-book; but I have no heart to look into it. If it should be worth while we can give it to his mother; for the present, dear, I leave it with you."

After Guy's departure Agnes hastened to secure the book. Instead of a log-book or record of the yacht's daily run, she found, however, that she held Gilbert's diary in her hand, and regarding this as a treasure inestimable she took it with her to her room that night that by this means her spirit might hold communion with that of her betrothed. Naturally enough, upon opening the volume she turned to the last entry, dated but three days ago, and this was what she read:

"G. rallied me last night upon what he termed my *metanoia*, or change of mind on the subject of marriage, and I.. rang the changes, like an overgrown school-boy or a Scotch pedant, on words beginning with *meta*, with the view of

accentuating my supposed conversion. Yet I never was a misogynist,—who that has such a mother ever could be? But this absurd passion called love has not enslaved me, and I think it likely that my wedded life will, on the whole, be happier because it will be founded rather on friendship than on passion. I shall at least escape the reaction which, according to Blunt, comes from satiety. My marriage, instead of being the result of animal impetuosity, will be a rational one; it will cement still closer the tie which binds me to my dearest friend, and secure me against such suggestions as I have experienced so recently—suggestions which in my case might easily become that furious, devouring fever which the erotic German veiled under the name of *Wahlverwandschaft*.

“Cross reports a large steamer ahead, —the first ship sighted since we took our departure.” Weather clear, with a bright moon: shall speak her if possible.”

Something like a thrill of horror came to Agnes Bodrugan as she read this sententious secret of the dead. She bowed her head upon her clasped hands while she endeavored, for some time vainly, to arrange and regulate the thoughts which rushed through her brain. One thing only was clear,—she had lost, not a lover, not her other complementary self. Heaven help her in this hour of trial to refrain from judging the dead man too harshly, to refrain from loathing his memory! What would her brother, her frank, open-hearted, generous brother, think when he came to read this shameful avowal? Ah, he must not see it, lest haply he might learn to execrate the name of Gilbert Arderne. No, Guy must not see it; she would keep the secret within her own bosom. And so, thinking rather of others than of herself, Agnes carefully tore the page from the book and locked it up in her cabinet. Having done this, she knelt beside her bed, and while thanking God

for her deliverance, breathed a petition that he who had suddenly passed from earth might be forgiven the trespass he had committed.

* * * *

The full-rigged ship Nizam, three days out from London, bound for Kurrachee, was crossing the Bay of Biscay. Stroke by stroke the time, eight bells, was tolled on the ship's bell, and the second morning watch came “tumbling up” the hatchway from the forecastle. A motley crowd they were, such a lot as few British shipmasters would, had they any choice in the matter, have chosen to man their vessels. Some such thought seemed to occur to the boatswain as he watched the fellows moving to their stations, for, turning to the second mate of the ship, whose watch it was and whose looks showed equal repugnance, he said:

“I reckon you've got the worst bunch after all, Mr. Lobb. That fellow who took the wheel is a sea-lawyer. His name is MacMullen, and he calls himself a Welshman from Cardiff, but in my opinion he's nau' but a Yankee Irishman. That's a bad breed, sir, a d—d bad breed.”

“The worst bunch? I should say so, bo'sun,” returned the mate; “I'll be hanged if there's an Englishman or a Scotchman in the whole watch except the middy and ourselves. That MacMullen has already been grumbling over the grub and telling the others that we are undermanned. By God, he's about right there, at all events, for hang me if you could find three sailors in the whole nineteen of 'em.”

“The day before I left the Sailors' Home a barque put back to Falmouth with her crew in a state of mutiny. I read the yarn in the *Gazette*, and from what I could make out the men refused to do their duty on the ground that the barque was unseaworthy. Yet she was as tight a vessel as ever left the Channel, that I can swear to, for her second officer is a Shields man,

like myself, and I went over her while she lay in the East India dock and a better fitted hooker never floated."

"All d——d nonsense about her being unseaworthy, no doubt," said the mate; "it's the crews now-a-days that are unseaworthy—the scrapings and rakings of the world. They are talking of forming a sailors' and firemen's union there in London, and I'm not the man to deny that some such a thing is needed; but I hope to live to see the day when all this foreign riff-raff will be swept off the decks of the mercantile marine. Halloo! is the wind drawing to the south'ard? No, but that Welsh-Irishman is trying to poke the jib-boom in its eye. Hi, there, Mr. Scantlebury, just step aft and see how her head is."

This order was given to the senior midshipman, Tom Scantlebury, of St. Meva, who, going aft to the binnacle, found that the sea-lawyer was some points off his course. Having admonished him—not too gently, it must be confessed—that he was on the verge of luffing, Tom took a step or two to leeward and cast a look over the waste of heaving, rolling water. As he stood thus something caught his eye that made him jump to the rail, standing upon which and steadying himself by the shroud, he shaded his eyes with the disengaged hand and looked eagerly towards the object that so excited him. There was no mistake: it was a portion of wreck, and as it slowly slid down the gray shoulder of the billow, Tom saw something that made his heart leap. In another instant he had jumped to the deck and raised the to a sailor always terrible cry, "Man overboard!"

Fortunately, the helmsman's inattention had, by throwing the ship nearer to the wind, considerably lessened her speed, so that Mr. Lobb and the boatswain reached Tom's side just in time to catch a glimpse of the dark object astern in the lee of the Nizam's wake. The second mate, though a rough seaman, was a humane man, with a heart as kindly as a woman's, and when

Tom assured him that there were perhaps two or three castaways on the raft, Mr. Lobb at once assumed the responsibility of wearing, and while the ship was coming around preparations were made for lowering the long-boat. Just as the stout boat, under Tom's command, left the ship, the master of the Nizam came on the quarter-deck and with some asperity demanded an explanation of his second officer. By no means certain how the captain would take it, Mr. Lobb explained that they had sighted what appeared to be a raft on the lee quarter, and that Scantlebury had positively declared he had seen some one lashed to the wreckage. Greatly to his comfort, no doubt, the second officer met with no rebuke from his superior.

"I incline to think the youngster's imagination has run off with him, Lobb," said the captain, turning his telescope towards the boat. "If so, he must look out to be guyed unmercifully for many a long day. But no, by Heaven they have reached the wreck! Wait a bit till she lifts again,—ha, yes, I thought so! Good boy! he is pulling this way. Keep her off a bit; we will run down to them. Steady!"

"Steady it is!" shouted the helmsman in reply, and almost ere it can be told the gallant ship, with the wind now almost astern, had covered the stretch of intervening ocean, and the bowman in the boat had dexterously caught the coil of rope thrown to him by the boatswain. It was evident, as the captain looked into the long-boat, that Tom had effected a rescue from the wreckage, for there in the stern sheets, with the middy's jacket thrown over him, lay a man, whether dead or alive being yet to be determined. Very tenderly and carefully,—for the rolling and heaving of the ship, as she lay with her huge wings thrown aback, made it no easy task to perform,—they hoisted the castaway to the main deck, and laid him on a studding-sail while the captain and the second mate proceeded to inquire into his condition. It was an anxious moment for Scantlebury who had recognized, to his

intense amazement, while unbending the running gear which bound the man to the wreckage, the features of the supercilious gentleman with whom, a few weeks previous, he had quarrelled on the cliffs at St. Meva.

"What do you say, Mr. Lobb?" at length asked the captain; "is he gone, think you?"

"My opinion, Capt'n, is that the man has not yet slipped his cable," replied the mate. "This is no case of drowning, for see here where his forehead is swollen and bloody. He was washed overboard maybe when his ship was pooped, and I take it,—but let the young master tell how he found him."

"I agree with you, Mr. Lobb, this man was not drowned, as you say. Steward, bring me a bottle of brandy, we will have him taken into the cabin. Lift him gently, men, and take him aft. Now, Mr. Scantlebury, let me hear your report."

"I found the raft, as we took it to be, Captain Cross, was a part of the upper works of a vessel,—nearly all the bulwarks, I should judge, torn off from bow to 'midships, stanchions and all. These were lying half across a spar,—a jibboom with the sails and gear thrown up across the wreck, with the foot of one of the jibs hanging over into the sea on the other side. The man's body, from his feet to his shoulders, was under this sail, and he had made shift to lash a rope around him; he was lying partly on his back."

"Well, well, Mr. Scantlebury, if this man lives he will be your debtor for life. You have done well, my lad, whether he live or die. Come with me, for Mr. Lobb has the ship to see to."

Upon entering the cabin, or rather deck house, they found the second mate, assisted by the first officer, who had turned out on hearing the noise made by the men, trying to force a little brandy between the lips of the castaway. Taking this duty upon himself, the captain briefly ordered Mr. Lobb to put the ship on her course again, while the first officer and Scantle-

bury began to strip the body and to endeavor to restore the circulation by friction. Pillows were placed under the head and shoulders, and a couple of warm rugs from the mate's own berth were also brought into requisition. Meanwhile the signs of returning animation grew more assured, and it soon became certain that the man's life would be saved. Then it was that Tom Scantlebury spoke the words he was burning to utter.

"Captain Cross," he said, "I have met this man before. His name is Arderne; he is a gentleman, owner of a yacht called the Gitana. Three weeks ago she was lying in St. Meva Bay,—I belong to St. Meva,—I met him there."

"God bless me!" cried the captain, "is this Mr. Arderne? Why my own brother is his sailing master. Work for your lives, boys, work for your lives!"

In his excitement the good captain tilted the case bottle a little too unguardedly over the patient's mouth, so that a considerable quantity of the ardent liquor ran freely into his throat. A quick nervous convulsion ensued, a few drops of blood came from the nostrils, the eyes opened, and the chest was violently agitated apparently by the sudden excitation of the stomach. Gradually the film cleared from the eyeballs, and with a long-drawn sigh Gilbert Arderne returned to conscious life. With the first gleam of intelligence there came a rushing, swirling sound, like the noise of an advancing hurricane, his ears seemed to be bursting, and then a horrible jangling, ringing, pealing tumult followed as though some demon ringer had taken possession of a cathedral belfry. His brain, too, felt like lead within his cranium, only it was lead molten, bubbling, raging, leaping as it were to be poured out like water. He made an effort to rise; but the strong arms of the mate prevented him, while Capt. Cross, overjoyed at his success, was preparing a tumbler of mulled wine which, when ready, he exhorted his patient to swallow gradually, meanwhile commanding him not to talk. Ere long

Gilbert was so much better, save for the noises in his ears and the splitting headache, that Captain Cross deemed it advisable he should be put to bed. This was accordingly done, the doors of the "state" room were shut, and after having

spliced the main brace with the skipper, the mate, Mr. Trail, and Tom Scantlebury left the cabin, the former to finish his watch below, the latter going to his duty on deck.

CHAPTER IX.

TOM SCANTLEBURY would have given much to be alone with his own thoughts during the remainder of his watch. This was not to be, however, for Mr. Lobb came and paced the deck beside him, eager to know how the rescued man was, and so pestering the lad with questions that Tom was fain to tell all he knew about the yacht, her destination, and her owner. Thus the time drew on until seven bells announced that the watch was nearly at an end, when Lobb broke up the conference and busied himself for a time in seeing to it that, as he said, everything was "ship-shape and in Bristol fashion." When, however, the watch was called an unpleasant incident took place. Mr. Trail had just come on deck, and the men of the two watches were gathered together near the fore-castle. The second officer was going to his berth, when, turning his head, he saw five or six of the crew, three of whom he knew to belong to his own watch, coming aft towards Mr. Trail. Sailors are ever keenly alive to anything unusual in the daily routine at sea, and therefore Mr. Lobb, actuated by curiosity, stepped a little outside the cabin to observe what might occur. The sea-lawyer, MacMullen, was the foremost man of the group, and instinct at once assured the second mate that this fellow was, as he said to himself, "up to no good." As the men came aft Mr. Trail, who was a short, thick-set East Anglian, somewhat quick-tempered, advanced to the edge of the quarter-deck to meet them.

"Well, men," he said, "what's up now? You, MacMullen, why don't you go below now that your watch is over?"

Thus singled out from the others, MacMullen at once assumed the office of spokesman.

"Well, Mr. Mate," was his reply, "the matter is about this way, I reckon. I speak in the name of the ship's crew, is it not so, mates?"

"Aye, aye," returned his companions, "that's it, shipmate."

"In the name of the crew, sir, that's what I do; and without making a long yarn over it, I have to say that me and my mates consider this ship to be short-handed."

Here he paused, as if to take breath, or perhaps to note the effect of his declaration upon the mate. Except for a twinkle in his small gray eyes, Mr. Trail stood apparently unmoved.

"Ah!" he said, "short-handed, eh? You consider the ship short-handed. Well, is that all, or have you anything to add to that?"

"Yes, sir," said the sailor, "we know that the load line is not to be seen abaft the fore-chains and the ship is so overloaded that no man's life would be worth a stiver in the waist of her in anything of a gale. We know our rights under the Plimsoll Act, Mr. Mate, and, by God, we intend to have this thing settled."

"Anything more?" asked the mate, his eyes still twinkling ominously.

"I reckon that's about all, mates, eh?" said MacMullen, with a leer towards his companions.

"About all, mate," said one of the men, a Swede, "except dat de grub, you know, is bad."

"Aye, aye, Yanson, I forgot that. The provisions, Mr. Mate, are bad, d—d bad, cag-mag, salt-horse, and barley sinkers instead of bread. Fine stuff for men to work on, and to do the work, each hand of 'em, of a man and a half. That's all

I've got to say, sir," and the fellow fixed an indescribably saucy look upon his superior.

"If that's all you've got to say, men," said Mr. Trail, "I want to know why you come to me with it. Why to me instead of to the captain?"

"Well, sir, that's a fair question," was MacMullen's reply; "we know you're not the captain of this ship, of course. But having made up our minds to complain, we thought as how we'd get you to speak to the skipper and persuade him to put back to Falmouth or Plymouth. That's what it must come to, for we've made up our minds, and you may as well know it at once, Mr. Mate."

Hitherto Mr. Trail had managed to suppress all show of anger, but now his self-control wholly forsook him. Leaping down on to the main deck, he confronted the bold spokesman:

"Look ye here, ye d—d Attorney-General of the Horse Marines!" he cried, "I order you to go below at once or I'll have you put in irons for mutiny in the twinkling of a handspike. Sheer off at once,"—and he pushed him, none too gently, in the chest with his open hand,— "sheer off! and you, Yanson, who belong to my watch, go to your duty."

"Hands off, Mr. Mate!" said MacMullen, his face white with rage; "hands off, or 'twill be the worse for you," and in his excitement the fellow threw up his right arm and struck the mate's arm aside.

Like lightning the now thoroughly aroused East Anglian struck out straight from the shoulder, the blow catching MacMullen between the eyes with the force of a stone cast from the ballista. Hercules himself must needs have measured his length on the ground if struck so squarely by an arm so nervous; small wonder, then, that the sea-lawyer succumbed. The back of his head struck the deck with a thud, and the other seamen fell back a pace or two, seemingly as dismayed as the Philistines when Goliath fell before the shepherd

boy. Giving them scant time to recover, Mr. Trail drew a belaying-pin from the rail and proceeded to drive the men forward, a movement accelerated by the timely appearance on the scene of Mr. Lobb, Tom Scantlebury, and the boatswain.

"Get up out of this, you dog!" cried the boatswain, as MacMullen assumed a sitting posture on the deck; "get up and take yourself off to the forecabin. Not four days at sea and stirring up mischief already. Get up and take yourself off to your hole, you fox, before the captain comes on deck. Get up, I say."

Considerably crestfallen, the fellow made his way to the forecabin, where he was at once seized upon by his mates and led below. At this moment the captain came on deck, just in time to behold Mr. Trail coming aft in triumph, like the son of Tydeus after the skirmish with Mars. Having heard his mate's report, Captain Cross looked very serious.

"We have a scratch crew," he said, "the sweepings of the Sailors' Home and Ratcliffe. We are not the only ship to leave port with the load line partially submerged. These infringements of the Act of Parliament are only too common, I'm sorry to say. You see, Mr. Trail, the fines imposed on shipowners are ridiculously small when a prosecution is undertaken, and the evil is much greater on a homeward voyage. Still, our load-line,"—here the captain looked over the side,— "only dips an inch or two abaft the beam, the fault of the stevedores, while it lifts a hand's breadth forward, so that she is, on the whole, just about right to the mark. As to undermanning, that's all nonsense. If the agitators on shore had their way, they would add ten or a dozen men to every foreign-going ship, making them as full of loafers as a Chinese junk. Keep an eye on that fellow MacMullen, and if he cuts up any shines clap him in irons and keep him there till we get to Gibraltar. An Englishman is often the better for a good knock-down blow, but you never can tell how it will be with a hybrid."

By careful nursing Gilbert Arderne rapidly recovered, and on the second day after his rescue he was able to come on deck, where, to his no small surprise, he learned who it was that saved him. Having pressed Tom's hand warmly and thanked him in terms that brought a proud blush to the young sailor's face, Gilbert said :

"When you and I first met, Mr. Scantlebury, we little thought of renewing the acquaintance in the Bay of Biscay. I remember that Bodrugan told me you were famous for rescuing people from drowning. Well, it is perhaps a good arrangement which precludes us from foreseeing the things that are to be. You will find me grateful, however, for this brave rescue, and the time will perhaps come when I shall be able, in some manner, to requite the service you have done me."

Meanwhile the ship's duty, so far as the crew were concerned, was carried on in a very half-hearted manner. The men were sullen, and they let slip no opportunity of annoying their superiors. On the fourth day after his rescue Arderne was rudely jostled, as he stood by the booby hatch smoking a cigar, by the Swede Yanson, who, instead of apologizing, gave expression to a coarse sea oath, asking in broken English how it was possible for a man to do his work while the ship was given up to fine gentlemen too proud to put their hands into a tar-bucket or to haul a rope by way of paying for their passage. This sentiment was applauded by others of the crew who heard, and a notorious skulker, a mongrel fellow, known as the Portugee, called out in affected terror :

"Look out, Yanse, or maybe you get you 'ead broke wiz ze *manovella* for ze ammutinamento."

Knowing the temper of the men, Gilbert made no reply to this insolence, for having, as lawyers say, no *locus standi* on board the Nizam, he deemed it best to treat the insult with contempt. At dinner, however, the topic being the men's behavior,

he thought it best to mention what had occurred, adding :

"You seem to have one or two mischievously disposed fellows on board, Captain Cross. It is, I suppose, sometimes ticklish work to preserve discipline in the merchant navy when there are a lot of men thrown together from so many countries."

"Yes, Mr. Arderne, I have no doubt that my brother has an easier time of it. Our lot would hardly do for your yacht, if she is above water. In the old days, when the road was around the Cape, our men were more judiciously chosen, and they were nearly all English. Nowadays any crew is thought good enough to take a ship through the Mediterranean and the canal. —Lascars, Maltese, Italians, anything will do. Yes, it is sometimes ticklish work, especially with young officers of short experience. Give your crew an inch and they will take a yard for themselves, and if, after yielding once, you strain the rope, you will find it snap short off, and maybe get a knife between your ribs in the bargain."

During the afternoon of this particular day the wind, which had hitherto blown steadily from the south-west, veered to the south-east, the ship being somewhere in the latitude of Cape Rocca. The barometer beginning to fall rapidly, the captain made all snug, and the hands were kept busy throughout the dog-watch. To Gilbert Arderne it seemed that the crew, or a portion of them, were ripe for mutiny, so sullen was their demeanor. All the adjurations of the officers and exhortations to "bear a hand" and "look alive" were disregarded, and, as Mr. Trail remarked to the captain, they moved about like a lot of undertakers rather than seamen.

"All the more reason why we should be ready for what is coming, Mr. Trail," answered the captain. "The barometer has been falling all day, and you can feel for yourself that the temperature is much higher than it was at noon to-day. All this shows that we are to have either a

nor-wester or a norther before long, so make all snug and never mind their grumbling."

Soon after sunset, when the watch was set, Gilbert and the first mate were standing together near the binnacle when the canvass shook violently and then drew in flat against the masts.

"Here it comes," said Mr. Trail, "the skipper is a good weather prophet." Drawing his finger between his lips to moisten it, the mate held it aloft. "Ah!" he said, "I thought so, here it is straight from the north: thank heaven we are all snug."

While the mate was speaking Gilbert was lost in admiration of the magnificent spectacle presented to view in the southeast, where the moon, now an hour and more high, was just emerging from a huge saddle-shaped cloud of dark purple from whose threatening crest vivid flashes of lightning were continually emitted. The flashes from the northern extremity of this cloud-ridge were especially brilliant, and the immense cumulus, illuminated at once by the lightning and the golden moon-shield with its diamond-like attendant, the planet Jupiter, might almost have been taken for some lofty mountain bulwark rather than a bank of vapor.

"It will not come from that quarter," said Mr. Trail, casting a glance towards the port bow, "but from behind us there where you see those ragged fringes coming on before the gale. We will pull on the braces a little and let her run before it. It will be a fair wind at all events, and will take us to the Gut in no time if everything holds."

"To the Gut?" inquired Gilbert, not at once recognizing the familiar word, so common among sailors.

"To the Strait of Gibraltar," said Mr. Trail, turning away to attend to the braces.

Within an hour the storm came down on the Nizam with great fury, and ere long the gallant vessel was driven like a feather before it under close-reefed topsails, mizen

and staysails. All night she drove onward, the storm ever growing in strength, the huge waves, as they raced astern, being literally skimmed of their crests by the furious wind. About midnight Arderne, clad in a suit of Mr. Trail's oilskins, and with a sou'-wester tied under his chin, once more ventured on deck. Here, partially sheltered by the deck-house or cabin, and holding on to a stout brass handrail, he tried to form an adequate notion of what was transpiring. At first he could make out nothing very distinctly, for his eyes were filled with tears by the wind and showers of salt spray surrounded him. Gradually, however, he became somewhat more at ease, so that he was able to take note of the scene. The wind being dead astern, the Nizam was comparatively on an even keel, and even Gilbert, landsman though he was, realized that she fairly flew through the water, which heaved and tossed, as it seemed to him, far above her on both sides as she was borne onward to the south. Small fleecy clouds raced across the sky overhead, now and then obscuring the moon for a second or two, and except for the howling of the wind through the rigging and the tossing seas there was little to inspire fear, for the night was unusually brilliant.

Gilbert Arderne had been on deck about ten minutes when he saw a man, dressed in oilskins like himself, descending the ladder from the poop. It was Tom Scantlebury. He looked somewhat surprised to see Gilbert, thinking perhaps that, if left to his own choice, he himself would prefer the shelter of a berth below on such a night. Twisting an arm around the ladder, Tom said:

"Well, Mr. Arderne, we have a fair wind, you see, but a trifle too much of it perhaps. The captain himself is on deck, and we have two hands at the wheel. It will blow itself out before morning, but we shall have made almost enough southing by that time; she is travelling like a race-horse."

"I am surprised to find her pitching so little," returned Gilbert; "she is a very steady ship, eh?"

"Like a church, sir, like a church; but then she is very deep in the water, perhaps too much so, for the placing of the load-line is an arbitrary thing. Yes, we are a little down by the stern, but nothing very serious. Whew! that is a gust."

Almost ere the words were out of his mouth, a sharp cracking sound was heard, and the fore-topsail, blown clean from the yard, went floating feather-like before the gale. In a moment, her way stopped, the Nizam fell off a few points to the eastward of her course, and a monster sea came pouring into the waist, deluging Gilbert and his companion and lifting them off their feet. Tom's head was dashed against the ladder, and, instinctively recognizing that the youth was stunned, Arderne grasped him firmly by the collar and held on. Just then the ship lurched heavily to starboard, a crack like the report of a pistol was heard, and the main-topmast went by the board, carrying the staysail with it. All this happened almost in a moment, and before the vessel could recover she had shipped another sea. The situation was perilous in the extreme, and Arderne, clinging to the rail with one hand, tightened the other convulsively in Tom's collar, and with a mighty effort made his way to the head of the cabin stairs. Here, helped somewhat by the return heave of the ship, he managed to grasp the door-knob, and with great difficulty, for Tom was dazed by the blow he had received, they made their way into the cabin.

Meanwhile, the greatest confusion reigned on deck, but by dint of good seamanship Captain Cross succeeded in once more bringing his vessel straight before the wind. Now, however, that her sailing powers were diminished, the Nizam shipped much water over the taffrail, but fortunately the wind, if anything, had fallen a little; at any rate, there were no more squalls or gusts.

The steward, a Chinese, coming to the

assistance of Gilbert, Scantlebury's scattered faculties were soon restored. In response to Gilbert's request, Yung Loo brought a teacup half full of whisky, which Tom must have found a sovereign remedy, for within a few minutes he was able to return to his duty. "You see," he said to Gilbert, "it is properly my watch below, but in such a time as this, and with a crew like ours, a man can do better than skulk under hatches. And now I'll go and lend a hand on deck, where their hands are pretty full by this time."

Before morning the wind had fallen considerably, although the sea ran very high. Captain Cross, now that the wreckage had been cleared away, and seeing that the ship was running steadily, retired to his cabin, leaving the Nizam in charge of Mr. Trail. Gilbert Arderne, still too weak to endure much exertion or want of rest, was asleep in his berth when Tom Scantlebury, his face white with horror, ran through the cabin crying "Murder! murder!" Arderne, effectually awakened by the fearful cry, sprang from his berth just in time to see Mr. Lobb, his face covered with blood, barricading the cabin door. Almost at the same instant Captain Cross, with Scantlebury talking excitedly, came from his state-room, holding in his right hand a large revolver.

"This is bad business, Mr. Arderne," said the old sailor. "The men have mutinied, and the Portugee has stabbed Trail to the heart. They have got to the liquor by way of the forepeak, and they are all howling drunk. I am doubtful if we can regain possession of the ship. Hark! only hear them."

In a few hurried words the story of the mutiny was told by Tom. He, too, was below when one of the sailors, an Englishman, called him and Mr. Lobb, telling them that by some means some of the men had possessed themselves of liquor, and that there was fighting going on on deck. Both men immediately went up, arriving just in time to see the unfortunate chief mate engaged in a struggle with the

sea-lawyer, MacMullen. Mr. Lobb, rushing to the scene of conflict, was struck on the head with a handspike almost at the very moment when the Portuguese drove his sheath-knife into Mr. Trail's body. How the affair originated it was impossible to determine, but Tom thought it probable that the mutineers, headed by MacMullen, had come aft with a peremptory demand that Mr. Trail should alter the ship's course and bear away for Lisbon. At any rate, it was evident even to those in the cabin that the ship was no longer running before the wind, and it was only a mere question of time when the infuriated sailors would insist upon the captain executing their commands. Cross, though a good seaman, was wholly out of his element in such an emergency as had now arisen. He was evidently at a loss what course to pursue, and his indecision, as he stood under the swinging-lamp with the pistol held gingerly in his hand, was painful to witness. Mr. Lobb, who had by this time secured the door in a masterly manner, now looked to his superior for orders.

"Captain Cross," he said, "I guess they've got the bo'sun and the few good men of the lot snugly battened down under the fore-scuttle. That MacMullen is no sailor,—he never can con the ship nor fudge a day's work. Something must be done and that at once, for the longer those drunken dogs have the run of the deck the worse 'twill be for all of us."

"Mr. Scantlebury," said the captain, "just slide back that hatch and take a look out, will you?"

Tom obeyed this order very cautiously. The hatch or shutter belonged to a side window,—the windows inboard, in the fore bulkhead of the cabin, being round deadlights of thick ground glass, and almost useless for purposes of observation. The young man, unable to see much beyond the bulwarks and rail, thought he might venture to peep through the window which, accordingly, he ventured to slide back. Very cautiously he thrust his head through the opening, only to draw it back

with something suspiciously like an oath when a mop saturated with scuttle water was thrust into his face. Quick as thought Tom shut the window, the spring or hasp clicking sharply as he did so.

"It was that Swede, Yanse," he said. "I saw his ugly face plain enough. They are on guard at every window, no doubt."

While he was speaking there came a loud knock at the cabin door, and the noise of shuffling feet was clearly heard.

"Who is there, and what do you want?" shouted Captain Cross.

"Open the door and you will see," was the reply.

"I give you all to understand, men," returned the captain, "that you stand in a perilous position. Not only has there been mutiny, but some of you have committed murder. I will not open the door except to Mr. Philp, the bo'sun, and that only on his assurance that you are sorry for what you have done and that you are willing to go to your duty like honest men."

"Mr. Philp be damned!" was the reply; "we want you to navigate this ship to Lisbon, and what's more we'll see that you do it. We have no fancy to bring to under the loopholes of the galleries of Gibraltar and to be rowed ashore in irons. Once more, I say, open this blasted door or we will open it for you."

"I shall not open the door," replied the captain, "and what you do you will do at your own peril."

"That was MacMullen," said Mr. Lobb; "the rascal is ripe for the gallows. Hold on, good door!" he added, as a heavy crashing sound told that the mutineers had brought a handspike to bear as a battering ram.

The door was a good door, albeit it had not been constructed to withstand so rude an assault. Swung by vigorous arms the handspike crashed into the panels and sent them flying in splinters into the cabin. Thrown for a moment off his guard, the captain fell back a few paces. Seeing his hesitation, Gilbert Arderne snatched the

revolver from his unready hand just as the door, lock and barricade alike yielding to another mighty blow, swung back into the cabin. Two men, one the Swede, the other MacMullen himself, who had wielded the handspike, fell forward prone on their faces, leaving the Portugee, knife in hand, and six or seven other half drunken foreigners visible in the rear. Before these rascals could rush into the cabin the second mate had seized the hand spike from the floor and dealt MacMullen a sound blow on the shoulder. Gilbert Arderne, smitten with the battle-fury, stepped up beside Mr. Lobb and discharged his weapon straight before him. Three times did he pull trigger, but there was no occasion for a fourth shot, for the mutineers, with a yell of terror, rushed headlong from the cabin.

The attack and repulse took place almost in less time than it takes to narrate the story. Seeing Scantlebury struggling with the Swede, who, though a powerful man was far less agile than the young Cornubian, Captain Cross and the Chinese steward had gone to his assistance, and Yanson was soon overpowered. MacMullen was sitting on the cabin floor, his collar bone fractured by the blow given by the second mate. The Portugee lay just outside the door, his right arm shattered by a bullet, and his forehead furrowed by the passage of Gilbert's second shot, which narrowly missed passing through the fellow's brain. Seeing that the tide of victory was on the side of rightful authority, Captain Cross recovered his courage.

"Pshaw!" he said, blowing with pursed-up lips, "how I hate to smell that infernal powder. I always did fear a gun, loaded or unloaded. However, my lads, it seems the ship's our own after all. Mr. Lobb, you and I will go on deck; Mr. Scantlebury and the steward will see to these fellows. Mr. Arderne, I thank you very sincerely for your gallantry; you must come with me, for that pistol may be needed yet, and I see it is in the right hands."

The discharged chambers of the pistol having been reloaded, the three men went out on deck. They found a man at the wheel, apparently intent upon his duty, doubtless because he felt it his interest to be so. Bidding him keep the ship's head as it was for the time, the captain and his party cautiously went forward. The fore-scuttle, or passage to the fore-castle, was found to be securely fastened, the more loyal sailors, with Philp the boatswain, having been shut in like rats in a trap. It took but a few seconds to liberate them, and one by one the mutineers, six in number, now well-nigh sobered, came from their hiding-places and were securely ironed. This being done, the captain gave orders to "bout ship," and in fairly good time, considering her partially dismantled state, the Nizam was once more headed for Gibraltar. The boatswain himself was sent to the wheel by Captain Cross, "for," he said, "you see we are short-handed now, at all events, Philp."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the boatswain, "but the day's our own, after all. I forgot to say that Mr. Trail is in the fore-castle, in a hammock. You had better see to him, sir, I think."

"Mr. Trail!" cried the captain, "in a hammock? God bless my soul, I thought he had been murdered!"

"Not quite so bad as that, sir," said Philp. "That bloody Portugee knifed him in the ribs, and he has bled like a bullock, but he will live, sir, to command a ship yet, I hope."

Very much to the surprise of Captain Cross and the others it was found that Mr. Trail was doing as well as could be expected. There was evidently no vital injury, and they were able that day to move him to his own cabin. It was found that another of the mutineers had lost two fingers by the timely shooting of Arderne, so that the Nizam, when, thirty-six hours after, she replied to the signal from the watch tower on the great lion rock, was both a floating prison and a hospital. Soon after the anchor touched the bottom Gil-

bert and Captain Cross went ashore, and on landing at the Ragged Staff and crossing the draw-bridge Arderne met an old school chum in the person of one of the officers of the garrison. After a brief explanation,—for Gilbert's raiment bore signs of rough usage,—Major Hammond

conducted them to his own quarters where they were introduced to his wife and daughter. Captain Cross, having duties to perform, was permitted to retire on condition that he would dine at the mess that evening.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SUPERSTITION IN AMERICA.

Nor long since we referred to a case in which an adept of the Christian Science school, who had ministered, after the manner of the sect, to a patient suffering from typhoid fever which proved fatal, was convicted of practising medicine without a licence; and to another case in which a similar decision of a judge had been appealed against, the Supreme Court of the State (Rhode Island) having the knotty problem propounded to it whether Christian Science is a method of medical practice or a system of religion. The Court has not yet, so far as we are aware, delivered judgment. In the meantime, the Court of Common Pleas in Ohio has decided in another case that the rites which the Christian Science healer performed "were religious and not medical, and therefore not within the State medical law under which she was prosecuted." As an illustration of the "religious" rites practised by these deluded people and their results, the following story told by Dr. Frank S. Billings, in a recent issue of the *New York Times*, may be cited. We give it in his own words:

"Mrs. — was the pretty young wife of a clerk. Her mother was a maniacal Christian Scientist. When it came time for Mrs. — to be confined, the husband was told he might go to business, and the mother (mother-in-law) took the case in hand, aided by a Christian Scientist healer. The poor girl began to suffer, and the fool women put a Bible on her abdomen and told her that her pains were all imagination, that the Lord never gave people pain, and so on, *ad nauseum*. The agonies of that poor child must have been terrific, for neighbors heard her screaming and begging for a physician, but these Christian fiends never let up. Finally, the pain stopped; no further screaming was heard. The reason was that the child had ruptured the womb and was in the abdominal cavity of the mother. Then there was rushing in mad haste. The husband was sent for, the physician was sent for, but too late; the woman died of hæmorrhage and the child choked to death. Two murders! But were those women prosecuted? Not a bit of it. Public sentiment was entirely on their side, and no official dared to issue a warrant. 'It was God's will to take his dear ones that way,' said the minister (not a Christian Scientist) at the funeral."

We need not comment on the tragedy here narrated. We may, however, call attention to the fact that the patient begged for a physician. As one was not immediately sent for, this might have been thought sufficient to bring the foolish matrons in attendance within the grasp of the law, on the ground of wilful neglect. Tender as the law is in this country (Britain) in its treatment of quacks, it appears to be still more tender in America. In view of the case which has been referred to, it may be interesting to quote the method of conducting childbirth according to the principles of Christian Science, as laid down by Mrs. Eddy in "Science and Health" (page 459):

"Teacher and student should also be familiar with the obstetrics taught by this Science. To attend properly the birth of the new child, or the divine idea, you should so detach mortal thought from its material conceptions that the birth will be natural and safe. Though gathering new energies, an idea should injure none of its useful surroundings in the travail of spiritual birth. It should not have within it a single element of error, and should remove properly whatever is offensive. Then would the new idea, conceived and born of Truth and Love, be clad in white garments. Its beginning will be meek, its growth sturdy, and its maturity undecaying. When this new birth takes place, the Christian Science infant is born of the Spirit and can cause the mother no more suffering. Thus it will always be when truth is allowed to fulfil her perfect work."

If detaching mortal thought from material conceptions be the secret of safe and natural midwifery, the poor girl to whom allusion has been made should not have died, for the women about her had evidently detached their thoughts from anything so material as a suffering sister and her child. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Eddy would say their treatment was meddling, as no mention is made by her of the application of a Bible to the abdomen.—*British Medical Journal*.

THE MALAYS.

BY MAJOR-GEN. J. G. R. FORLONG, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., ETC.

[Condensed from "Short Studies in the Science of Comparative Religions." By Major-General Forlong. London: Quaritch.]

THE Malays are by far the most important race, not only in the Indian seas, but from Africa to Polynesia. From unknown times they have been enterprising seafarers and colonizers in most eastern ports and coasts. They have thronged East Africa for more than a thousand years, and have a colony even at the Cape of Good Hope. They traded everywhere throughout Madagascar—their Mala-gasa,—and the Mala-dvipas, or Maldives. They colonized 500 miles of the west coast of India, still known as Mala-bar; the great islands of Sumatra and the adjoining mainland, known as the Malacca Peninsula,

extending over some 700 miles; all the large island kingdoms of Java, Celebes, and their dependencies, and the extensive Molucca group. Their ancient history and general character partake of that of Pelasgi, Seleges, Phenicians, and Venetians. The ocean and its littorals they looked upon as very much their dominions, and for some two millenniums they have been the carriers of nations on the Eastern seas.

Their principal divisions in the Eastern Archipelago, which they call their Tana-Malayu, or Mala-land, are—

1. The Orang-Malayu, or leading trading and cultured class.
2. The Orang-Benu and O-Gunung—"men of the plains and hills."
3. The Orang-Laut, or men of the sea.
4. The Orang-Utan, or men of the jungle.

We are now convinced that the Malays are part of that early Mongol influx of Malas or Manas who are so prominent in ancient Indian history and tradition as Mugs, Moghs, Munds, Maghs, Mons, Mans, Kols, Kasis, or the Kosis of Kosala, after whom India was primarily called Kolaria. One large body of these entered India through the high passes of the principal rivers of Oudh, in the highlands of ancient Kosala, where the sacred Sravasti and the Malini ("river of Malas"), the Iravati and Sarayu, Gagra or Gogra of Lucknow, break through and intersect the Hima-Malayan chain. The sources of these rivers are close to the Elysium of many of the Indian races—a sacred traditional gathering-ground around the holy lakes of Mana-saravar, said to symbolize the bounteous Vishnu.

Colonizers from this high Asian valley would, in settling on the plains of India, be first naturally called after their Indian chief centre. Hence the Kosis of Kosala, the Kasis of Banares, the Sakyas of Saketa, etc. All, as Mr. Hewitt shows, were Kolarian Mallas, Muns, Mons, or Mans, which last name may have followed them from the Mana-Saravar, a lake of Manas; though this, like the Mal-ini (river), may have been called after them. Undoubtedly Indians, especially in unlettered ages, would first know them as Malayas, because issuing from "the mountains," the Hima-malas, or Himalayas, or snow-hills.

After reaching the Ganges near Kasi or Kosi (Banares) and Patna, the Malas began to be called Maghs or Mughhs, as in the Mugh-Kalingæ, and the Empire of Magadhas of Greek times. They settled as Munds, Mans, and Kols over the highlands of the Da-munda, or "river of Munds," and from them did Bangal, or "land of Bangas," obtain the name of Mundaka, as in the Ramayana and Nasik cave inscriptions. It was their Karna-Suvana—"Holy or Golden Land;" and Pliny spoke of them as the Munda-loi, or Mon-edes, strictly Kolarian terms like Mon, Man, Mal, and Mavellyer. Here, as Mughhs-Kal-lingæ, they established their ever-sacred mountain-shrine—the Mund-ar of their Turanian Siva or Kala, the Mons Malleus of Ptolemy (160 A.C.), and the Paris-nath of later Hindus, and of all Turanian Bangas, or Bengalîs.

Another Mala colony from the sacred Turanian gathering-ground—Mana-Saravar—seems to have entered the valley of the Punjab by the valley of the

Sutlej, called by them, as in Oudh, the Sarayu; and here also they have a Rapti and Iravati, showing their intimacy with their brethren on the Mal-ini or Sarju. The Sutlej is said to take the overflow of the Mena-Saravar, and would lead the colonists into the lands of the Tugas, or Trigartas, a powerful Dravidian tribe known in the Rig-Veda as Nagas, or "Sons of the Serpent."

The Punjab Malis very early concentrated around Multan, the junction of the Five Rivers—their Mala-tana—and from here they ruled all the Lower Punjab and Upper Sind, under the name of Yona or Yavana Malis.

It is easy to trace the Malas throughout India, for Malayan names make this easy. Clearly the Punjab Malas passed over all Rajputana, and largely settled along the sea-coasts of Saur-rashtra—our Kutch and Gujerat. On reaching the seaboard in Gujerat, the Malas found their true vocation on the great inland seas and then on the ocean, and finally annexed as their own all the littoral of Western India, which for 500 miles we still call Malabar, or Mala-land. Gradually they overflowed to the Maldives and to Malagasa, where the rulers still hold this old Mala name of Yonas, or Yovas, or Hovas—that is, Yavanas, or "foreign" princes.

Mr. J. Barras, in his "Decades," and M. Flacourt, in his "Hist. Madagascar," state that the Malays of the Indian Archipelago had from prehistoric times free intercourse with the Malagasis, "certainly for 2,000 years." They are described as a widely-trading and enterprising sea-faring people who, ages ago, had found their way to the Persian and Arabian coasts, which of course were freely navigated by Gujerati Malas long before Alexander took his fleet from the mouth of the Indus to Babylon.

There were here considerable movements in 510 B.C., when the Persian army of Darius I. seized the Punjab and navigated the Indus, nor relaxed his hold thereon till the fall of the Empire at Arbela in 327 B.C., when Greeks seized all, and greatly extended the Indo-Aryan possessions. The wealth of India was proverbial in the west during all the 4th and 5th centuries B.C., and the Yona or Yavana Malas were then the most important Indian people, as Alexander found to his cost. They carried on a lucrative coasting trade from the delta of the Indus into all the ports of the Persian or Eruthrian Sea, as it was also called; and it was their mariners who enabled the Greek army to embark on the Indus and sail therefrom.

Sir S. Raffles ("Java," i. 191) notices many marks of intercourse between Java and Malagasa. He says the latter "was ruled by Malays from our early centuries," and that there is a great conformity in the languages of the rulers of the two islands and in official terms, showing that India is the source of both. The first ruling class were known as Sakalavas; and we have elsewhere shown that a great body of Malas from "Desa Sangala" (Panjab) went to Java about 150-200 A.C.

The French have lately been looking closely into the ethnology of Malagasis, and M. Hamy, in the *Revue Scientifique* of Sept., 1895, tells us that "the Sakalavas, or first Indo-colonizers, are still markedly Indo-nesian, though less so than the Anti-merina, or Hovas," of whom there are about one million. These gradually moved some two centuries ago from their landing-places to the central highlands, while the Sakalavas remain all along the

northern and eastern coasts. The ordinary Malagasis, adds M. Hamy, "resemble the Malay of the Indo-Archipelago. . . . physically, intellectually, and morally. . . . Almost without exception their dialects are like those of the Sumatra Bataks, . . . they dress like the Indo-Malays, wear their hair in the same fluffy tresses, and have the same household utensils, musical instruments, etc. . . . The higher Hova (Yova, or foreign) nobility have all the characteristics of the pure Malay," but, as they emigrated without their wives and mixed freely with all islanders, the type of the lower classes is much obscured.

From the Malabar and Chola Mandel coasts, Turanian colonies pushed seawards as well as landwards, and many have ever since clung to a seafaring life, as in the coast-tribes of India and the Malays of Trans-India, where one can easily trace them by innumerable Indian names. They carried on the faith and symbolism of the ancient Andhras,—those "hateful Sisua-devaites" of the Rig-Veda, and adopted as their chief shrines three of the twelve celebrated lingams of India, and hence their name, Tri-lingæ.

Krishna is still the favorite solar-phallic deity from Malatana and Mathura to all over Rajpootana and south to the Nar-numda; and strange rites take place before his dark emblems, especially among Vallabha-Charayas,—those pious libertines best known as "Bombay Maharajas," who still maintain the *jus prime noctis* once so common in Europe and even among Celtic peoples.

The Malayan cultus was markedly arborial and reverential to the spirits of groves, forests, and jungles. Ever and again, in an apparently untrodden thick jungle, one comes suddenly on a cleared bright green sward, surrounding or in front of a primeval natural clump of trees dedicated to the spirit of the hills, woods, and streams, with possibly some huge grotesque figures. The race believed, as did Italians and many Western peoples, that their gods lived in all the objects of nature, and that originally man sprang from trees.

The great ancestral god of Malas was a But or Bud, Vasu or Basu-deva, whom Aryans adopted; he was something like the Hebrew Baseth and Egyptian Bas of Bubastes, of whom traders on the two Erythrean seas would readily hear much. Like the early Aryans of the Rig-Veda, these Turanians offered human victims to their gods, especially to Sri-Bonga, the Earth-mother, and children to Kali and Basali; and only after prolonged effort and at great cost did the British Government manage to suppress the Meriah or human sacrifices of their Kolarian brethren.



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3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services sustained by the Government shall be abolished; and especially that the Bible in the Public Schools, whether ostensibly as a textbook or avowedly as a book of religious worship, be prohibited.

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