

**PROTEUS; OR  
UNITY IN NATURE**

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Proteus; or Unity in nature by Charles Bland Radcliffe

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**CHARLES BLAND RADCLIFFE**

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UNITY IN NATURE**



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# PROTEUS

OR

## UNITY IN NATURE

BY

CHARLES BLAND RADCLIFFE M.D.

AUTHOR OF "VITAL MOTION AS A MODE OF PHYSICAL MOTION," ETC.

SECOND EDITION.

„Die Oesterwelt ist nicht verschlossen,  
Dein Sinn ist ja, dein Herz ist tot:  
Auf, Lute, Zähler, unversehrt  
Die ist 'ste Herz im Drogenloch!"

Goethe (Faust).

„Ich nicht auf Menschen baut, sondern auf den Gott in mir und über mir."

Jean Paul (Titan).

London :

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1877.

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## P R E F A C E.

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MUCH of what I have to say in the following pages is likely to find little favour in a materialistic age like the present. The *zeit-geist*, I know full well, is decidedly against me: and, most assuredly, I should not have cared to put myself in opposition to it if I could have got rid of the feeling that truth was at stake, and that it would be cowardly to keep silence. And yet I am able to find some encouragement in the hope that my words may not be altogether out of season, for I believe, not only that the day will surely come in which all opposition on the part of the spirit of the time will be at an end, but also that there is light enough in the east, even now, to make it certain that this day is already dawning.

LONDON:  
25, CAVENDISH SQUARE,  
May, 1877.

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INTRODUCTION.



IN the story of Proteus, as told by Menelaus to Telemachus in the *Odyssey*, there is much to rouse the attention of anyone who desires to raise the veil under which the face of nature is hidden.

Menelaus and his companions have given up all hope of ever again reaching home when the story opens. They have been driven to a desert island in the Egyptian waters of the Mediterranean Sea. They have been detained there until they are in actual want of food. The night is fast closing in. No longer able to bear the sight of his foodless ships and hunger-bitten companions, Menelaus has escaped in the evening twilight to a distant and lonely part of the shore, whither Eidothea, the daughter of Proteus, has gone to meet him. He, dazzled and startled by the bright and sudden apparition, can only listen. She, without a pause, hastens to tell how, every day at noon, on the beach close by, her father (who is a seer to whom Neptune has entrusted the care of a herd of seals or sea-calves), may be seen counting his wards, or else sleeping for a short time, sleep always following the counting unless the numbers are found to be wrong,—how while asleep he may be mastered and made to tell all his master