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No. 108.

MARCH, 1876.

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

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HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Esoteric Science.

MARCH, 1876.

ON THE TRANS-CORPOREAL ACTION OF SPIRIT.

By M.A. (Oxon).

SYLLABUS.

The present a favourable time for proof of Spirit-action—Tyndall and the Materialists—Reinforce the old Faith by new Proof—Evidence of Spirit-action in one minute phase of it—Dr. Crowell's theory stated—Mrs. E. H. Britten's—The latter adopted and elucidated.

Phenomena which throw light on the transcorporeal action of Spirit.

A. Mrs. W.—Position of shawl changed, and the change made known to her spiritually.

B. Shelley (Letters from Abroad, p. 250, vol. i.).

Sensitives distinguish Spirits of living by the magnetic cord which unites them to their body.

C. Seeress of Prevorst on this point.

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G. Mrs. W.'s friend, the physician, who saw his double.

H. Dr. Russell and Mr. Oliphant.

If these be explained by cerebral action, what of

I. Double with characteristics of youth since lost by the body.

We maintain that Spirit does act transcorporeally :—

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(2). Appearances of Spirits as death warnings.

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(3). Appearances during sleep or abnormal state of the body.

— Case of E. V. Wilson.

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— Doubles of Miss Fay, Davenport, myself.

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- Dr. Baumgarten (during swoon).
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 - W. Experiments of Prussian investigators and Austrian noblemen.
 - Case of Mr. Walcott and Dr. Fowler.
 - X. E. H. B.'s dark page in Psychology.
 - Y. "Double" writing two words.

Dr. Carpenter on "prepossessions"—such not confined to Spiritualists. His position reviewed—Deception—how far it invalidates facts—Phenomenalism and Spiritualism—For whom this paper has been written.

THE present seems a favourable opportunity to place on record instances of the trans-corporeal action of spirit, and to attempt some sort of classification of them. Scattered up and down through the pages of periodicals, little accessible to the general reader, are a great number of cases that it seems to us will repay the labour of arrangement and orderly classification; and that collection and classification is easier now than when the records have become obsolete and little known. In this connected form, with such deductions as they will fairly carry, they will form an interesting chapter in the records of Spiritual Science, and may be even more serviceable at the present juncture. As occasion serves we hope to continue the selection: founding upon the facts quoted such deductions and generalisations as may serve to show the laws by which they are governed.

One of the most eminent advocates of Materialism has advertised the world that it need not go beyond matter to account for the phenomena of life. "Matter contains within itself the promise and potency"—so the *amended* statement of Prof. Tyndall runs—"of every form of *terrestrial* life." The original declaration was wider, and the recent qualifications in the *Fortnightly Review* have been so far-reaching that it is somewhat difficult to define with precision the exact standpoint sought to be occupied. However this may be, we shall not do Professor Tyndall any injustice in putting him forward as a very prominent oppo-

nent of those views of which we desire to come forward as a very humble exponent. We seek to prove that man has a soul—a spirit—an *ego* which survives bodily death : and that standpoint we occupy in distinct antagonism to the philosophy which sees no reason to go beyond matter for the promise and potency of life.

More than this. The advocates of the spiritual theory have found in Revelation the proof of the theory they have advanced. The Bible treats man as a being having an immortal soul, and the major part of the world has agreed to consider that as conclusive. But these are days in which no belief, however venerable, however consecrated by the consentient testimony of ages—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—can expect to be excused from showing cause for its existence. The fabric of Revelation has sustained some severe shocks of late, and men have begun to say, “We want something more than that. Can you show that your statement is not only in accordance with Revelation, but commendable to right reason? In effect, is what you say a matter of *fact* as well as a matter of *faith*?” In other words, can you supplement the universal belief by collateral evidence?

We believe that we can. We assert that there is no people so savage as not to hold the faith that there is in the human body something—a spirit—which will survive the death of that body. That view is by no means confined to the believers in the Christian Revelation, but is conterminous with humanity. It has been reserved for the latest and most advanced form of knowledge to deny that belief. Is there, then, any evidence of the existence of spirit, outside of the belief in Revelation, which may confirm the testimony of religion and experience?

We propose in the present paper to contribute materials to an answer to that question, in one minute section of it—hereafter we may attempt to carry on the argument—by recording in duly classified order accounts properly authenticated of the trans-corporeal action of spirit. A vast number, more or less well-authenticated exist, and we shall draw to a great extent from those already published. We do not claim credit for anything more than compilation and classification; and we have good faith that scattered records, accessible to few, will gain new interest and significance when placed in orderly juxtaposition.

For the purpose of this disquisition, we assume that the terms Spirit and Soul are practically the same in their ordinary usage—we do not seek to define them exactly—and we shall allow the fact of the existence of spirit to depend, so far as we are concerned in this paper, upon evidence of its action outside of the body. And we shall adduce such indications

of the action of the *ego* outside of its bodily tenement as we may consider to be applicable. At best, we can only touch one side of a great question, and that tentatively: nor do we claim to do more than adduce certain points of evidence. Our readers must determine the significance of them; and that judgment we are quite prepared to find in accordance with what Dr. Carpenter calls their "prepossession." Of course he has none himself.

Dr. Crowell in his recent volume, "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism" (chap. viii., p. 107), denies the possibility of the spirit leaving the body unless through the change by death. He admits the existence of a large body of evidence which would seem to prove the converse; but he concludes that "in such instances the spirit may be the subject of a psychological illusion." Assuming that "it is now an established fact that spirits, sometimes with the assistance of other spirits, can and do appear to mortal eyes with form, feature, and clothing different from their own," he goes on to assume further that they may also "take the appearance of their mortal friends or of others," and so personate a "double."

This two-fold assumption is rather serious, and even granting the first statement, which is very far as yet from being sufficiently established in any cases such as those which come under notice here, the further assumption is one that seems to us needlessly to complicate matters without any fair reason. If we had no evidence to adduce which, in our judgment, would upset the theory, we should feel justified in calling upon Dr. Crowell to give us some direct evidence for his theory. As it is, he gives us none except the statements of "his spirit friends," which "he is inclined to believe." We must have some stronger evidence than that for a theory which nearly all the facts contravene. A theory to be tenable must cover *all* the facts; and if two theories equally satisfy those conditions, then they must be weighed on their respective merits.

The opposite theory, that of the action of spirit outside of the body, is well stated by Mrs. E. H. Britten, from whose able and clear papers in the *Banner of Light* of November 6 and December 11, 1875, we condense the theory, and quote the instances put forward. In doing so, we desire to acknowledge gratefully our obligations to one who has done so much for Spiritual literature.

Mrs. Britten maintains that the consentient testimony of mankind goes to prove that within the spirit or soul of man is "the promise and potency" of those divine attributes which he has by virtue of the inbreathing of Deity.

The life-principle which vitalises the body she considers that

she has proved to be "in actual quality and degree" one and the same with the electrical current evolved from minerals. The life-principle of man she declares to be identical with the life-principle of the universe. There is one force, and the variety of its manifestations—heat, light, motion, attraction, repulsion, life—is due solely to the matter through which it operates.

Here we meet our old friend Psychic Force, called in its concrete form, the spirit-body, the astral-body, the atmospheric-body, the aural-form, the nerve-spirit or the magnetic-shape. Just as electricity operates wholly irrespective of distance, so does thought, the essential attribute of spirit; so, as proved by animal magnetism, does the life-principle or spirit body. Just as electricity can move ponderable objects, be felt as a force and seen as a light; so can the spirit-body be seen, felt, and heard; can even move objects, and converse intelligently. It can be projected as in mesmerism, from one body to another even at a distance. It can produce both physical and mental impressions on distant objects, as is proved by psychometry.

An individual endowed with an excess of magnetic life, or one who readily parts with the life-principle, gives off "a sphere," which can be detected at any point where it is carried by will, thought, or attraction. This life-principle always assumes the determinate shape of its originator even in smallest details. Finally, it is most usual that the manifestation of the spirit-body in this manner is involuntary; but as "the result of culture and repeated experiment," it can be done by an act of volition. Herein, we may remark, the Authoress is at one with the Occultists who claim as one of their chief attributes, attained only after prolonged endeavour, the projection of their spirits to any desired point.

This substantially, and in such rough form as condensation permits, is the theory that we desire to uphold. In the words of a friend to whom we are indebted for many narratives hereafter quoted:—"I am inclined to regard all the recorded instances of the double—of the spirit-body—as simply pointing to a highly spiritualised condition of the being, through predisposing causes of various kinds; it may be through a gradual loosening of the spirit from the fleshly body on the approach of dissolution; it may be through disease, or through violent emotion, or through deep sympathy, or through anxiety; or, in certain cases, it may be simply the manifestation of the normal condition of those temperaments which we call 'sensitive,' or 'mediumistic,' or 'psychic.'"

In presenting the evidence which we desire to adduce in favour of the trans-corporeal action of spirit, we shall first

notice certain phenomena which seem to throw some light upon the question, and then add proof that the spirit, either with or without direct volition, influenced either by affection, attraction, or psychological determination, and either from unknown motive, or under abnormal conditions of the body (such as trance), or previous to death, or under the effects of mental anxiety, does operate and manifest its presence outside of its bodily tenement.

The testimony of all sensitives, psychics, or mediums, *i.e.*, persons in whom the spirit is not so closely bound to the body as in the majority of individuals, agrees in the consciousness they all have of standing in places, and observing people, and scenes from a spot removed from that in which they know their bodies to be. Whilst employed in some occupation compatible with quietness and passivity, *e.g.*, reading, meditating, or quiet conversation, they feel frequently a strange second consciousness, as though the *ego* had moved away through space and were busied with other scenes. This agrees with the only external indication of the mediumistic temperament with which we are acquainted; a dreamy, far-off, absent look in the eyes, as though the spirit were used to roam. [Did the use of that word "absent" in this sense come about from this, we wonder?] No sensitive is without these interior feelings; none would mistake the state for one of dream or reverie; and in many cases the subjective consciousness of wandering in spirit is confirmed by objective evidence. In this connection we quote a singular experience of a friend of strongly-marked mediumistic temperament. It seems to show by objective evidence that the inner consciousness of separation from the physical body was an actual fact.

"One summer we were staying in a farm house in Wales. Our chamber window faced the east, and the bed facing the window, the bright light in the long summer mornings greatly disturbed us and fatigued my eyes, which were not strong. To obviate this annoyance from the light, I each night was accustomed to pin up to the white linen blind a black shawl, which thus effectually darkened the window. I was accustomed to stand upon the dressing-table to pin up the blind, and each morning in the same manner removed it. Of course the black shawl would be thus seen to cover the *inside* of the blind, and any person seeing the window from outside the house would see only the white blind which was next to the glass. One night when passing into sleep, in that peculiar magnetic condition in which visions are so frequently beheld, I suddenly became aware—as it seemed to me—of standing outside the bed-room window, and there I observed with some surprise that the black shawl was seen as if *next to the glass*. In another moment I was conscious of being once more in bed half asleep. 'How odd that I should see the black shawl from the outside of the house!' I thought to myself—that could not possibly be, for if standing outside one should see alone *the white blind*, the black shawl being inside,' I thought, and fell asleep. Next morning, however, when as usual I went to remove the shawl—there was from the inside *no black shawl at all*

to be seen—on this occasion the black shawl was outside the blind and next to the glass, and any one consequently standing outside the house must so have seen it. I felt amazed really by thus ‘in vision’ having so seen it the night before. How could the shawl which I had pinned as usual have been thus changed? To have pinned the shawl as I then found it would have been an almost impossible thing for me, besides I clearly recollected having fastened it up inside as usual. I then believed, and still believe, that the shawl had been removed by spirit power, and had been shown me as a test to myself of the reality of spirit sight, and also of the spirit body being able to go in and out of the natural body without let and hindrance if need be.”

Different in kind but of similar tendency is the fact to which Shelley refers in a fragment in his *Essays and Letters from Abroad*, vol. i., p. 250. In the course of some speculations on Metaphysics he writes:—

“I was walking with a friend in the neighbourhood of Oxford, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation. We suddenly turned the corner of a lane, and the view which its high banks and hedges had concealed suddenly presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill standing in one among many plashy meadows enclosed with stone walls, the irregular and broken ground between the wall and the road on which we stood, a long low hill behind the windmill, and a gray covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. The scene surely was a common scene, and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought: it was a tame uninteresting assemblage of objects. The effect which it produced on me was not such as could have been expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen that exact scene in some dream of long—

“Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome with thrilling horror.”

This remark closes the fragment, which was written in 1815.

Most sensitives, and many who are not conscious of possessing the power, do find themselves at times amid scenes which are familiar, and face to face with persons whose countenances they somehow recognise. Their vagrant spirits have been afield, and memory reproduces what they saw. Dr. Crowell would say that some external agency had shown them the scenes by some psychological process. This, he would probably say, is a case of clairvoyance. Well, it may be, and we do not pretend that all facts prove conclusively the power we claim for the human spirit. We only contend that they are strictly compatible with it, and that some cannot fairly or reasonably be explained on any other hypothesis.

It is a well-known fact that clairvoyants distinguish spirits of the departed, who present themselves to their inner vision from spirits yet in the body, by the inevitable test that the latter are seen to have proceeding from them a magnetic line of light which unites the spirit to its physical body. This we believe is invariable, and once severed, that cord can never be reunited: physical death ensues. We have ourselves tested this fact in repeated instances, both in personal experience and in clair-

voyant vision of other spirits. Accustomed, not in solitary cases, but in reiterated and frequent experiences, to a consciousness of separation from the physical body, we have always seen the magnetic cord uniting the two bodies—the line of life—and have learned from spirit-guides that that cord can be indefinitely prolonged, and is the bond that unites the spirit to its earthly tenement. However far we have wandered in spirit, we have been conscious of that magnetic bond, and its drawing is the means by which the spirit is recalled. This sensation repeated again and again, in cases where objective proof of the reality of the occurrence has been afterwards given, leaves on our mind no doubt whatever of the fact which is confirmed by the experience of many other seers and sensitives. Cases have been previously recorded by the present writer in this magazine, notably in connection with the experiment in photography, the truthfulness and reality of which, in spite of the discredit which the tricks of the photographer have thrown round all his work, are assured to him from sources which he has no reason whatever to doubt.

Dr. Crowell, indeed, in his late volume, records of the Seeress of Prevorst two facts, one of which makes mention of a circumstance which shows the presence of this very magnetic cord of which we speak:—

“Dr. Kerner says of the Seeress of Prevorst—Mrs. Hauffe related to me that some time ago she had seen herself sitting on a stool, and clothed in white, whilst she was lying in bed. She looked at the object, and tried to cry out, but could not. At length when she did so, it vanished. She said on this occasion that her soul left her body, and clothed itself in an airy form, whilst her spirit remained with it.

“On May 28, 1827, at midnight, when I was with her, she again saw herself, as she afterwards related, sitting on a stool, clothed in a white dress which she had, but was not then wearing. She tried to cry out but could neither speak nor move, nor could see any object but that one on which her eyes were fixed. . . . The image rose and ran towards her, and just as it reached her a sort of electric shock passed over her which I saw. She then uttered a scream and related to me what she had seen. She saw herself on other occasions, and once when I remarked it and stepped between her and the image, she told me afterwards that *my doing so had caused her a very uncomfortable sensation, as she seemed to be cut off from her soul!*”

The same friend, of whom we have spoken above, and whom we will call Mrs. W., gives us a very interesting narrative of a seeress of rare powers, which we quote here, as it bears upon the means by which spirits yet in the body are distinguished from the departed:—

“Nearly twenty years ago we became acquainted with Mrs. N., a lady of Welsh extraction, possessed from childhood of extraordinary clairvoyant and mediumistic powers. Those who knew her—for, alas! she is no longer on earth—will well remember various singular accounts which she would

relate to her intimate friends regarding her power of leaving the body at will and travelling to distant places. She also possessed the power by her presence, of inducing this peculiarity in other persons. Repeatedly she has thus visited friends, leaving with them tokens of her presence, through touch, hearing, and sight. She was also a remarkable seeress, being cognisant of the presence of the spirits of the living as well as of the dead. The spirits of persons still in the body she recognised by the long line of light proceeding from the spirit body and still uniting it to the fleshly body—let that be existing still on earth, no matter how distant the spot might be from the place where the spirit-body presented itself to her spirit-sight. This cord of magnetic attraction (recognized as existing by all clairvoyants), once severed, death must inevitably ensue.

“Mrs. N. became acquainted with my mother, before she knew the rest of our family. She had observed my mother to be constantly surrounded by a group of spirit-forms, amongst which were several whom she recognised to be her children; but whether her children still on earth or in the spirit-world, she did not at the time especially notice; but so entirely individual must have been these forms, that upon the first occasion of this lady’s visit to our house, going out in the garden in the sunny afternoon to receive her, as she saw me approach she supposed me to be one of the *spirits* whom she had always seen accompanying my mother. She started with surprise upon perceiving that I was a spirit still clothed in flesh and blood. I conducted our new friend into the house, and led her through a room which contained some ancient furniture and a quantity of valuable old china. This china had been left in our care, together with the old furniture, by a friend of ours during his lengthened absence abroad. These things were heirlooms in the family of our absent friend, and greatly prized by him. His thoughts from his place of sojourn—distant many thousand miles, constantly reverted to them.

“‘Who are those six gentlemen, evidently all brothers, sitting in the room where the old china is?’ asked Mrs. N. when we had passed through the room.

“‘There was no one in the room at all,’ said I, much surprised. ‘Well then,’ she returned ‘I must have seen six brother-spirits; for there they were sitting, tall fair men, light haired and all strikingly alike, certainly they were six brothers, and they all looked the same age; about thirty years of age.’ I smiled to myself, recognizing in her description the owner of the china, and in the course of our new friend’s visit we showed her a portrait of our friend, whom she at once recognized as ‘one of the six brothers.’ In some mysterious manner the intensity of thought fixed by the possessor of the china upon his possession—to which we knew by his letters, his thoughts constantly reverted—had been able to manifest itself to the seeress in the form of the man himself—but *multiplied into six forms!*—It should be observed that this gentleman was, of what we should now term ‘a mediumistic nature,’ and was bound to his possessions by very strong and affectionate memories.

“At that time I had two brothers living at the Antipodes. Mrs. N. frequently saw their spirit forms appear and mingle in the family group. They presented themselves with their accompanying cord of silver light, until upon one occasion the spirit-form of the younger brother was seen without it. Mrs. N. did not mention to us—although she did so to a mutual friend—the absence of the silver cord, auguring from this circumstance that our dear one had passed from earth. And this alas! proved to be the case. In due course the sad tidings reached us that this dear youth had been drowned.

The circumstance of the intensity of thought projecting an

image six times repeated, is one that makes for the view that these appearances are projections of thought in some way; and did it stand alone, we should be compelled to resort to this explanation, although even then we should call upon Dr. Carpenter to explain how a fact unknown to the seer could project a sixfold vision on her consciousness. But it is impossible to refer all cases to thought-projection, especially where spirits yet in the flesh have been able to make themselves objectively manifest, and *even to control sensitives*. Mrs. E. H. Britten gives a striking narrative which bears on this point:—

“On the evening of the 30th of November, 1861, while sitting in the family circle of the friends I visited at Memphis, Tenn., we were joined by a gentleman (Dr. Greaves) whose acquaintance I had then very recently made, who for some years had been a practising physician at Milwaukee. Shortly after this addition to our party, I experienced the usual sensations attending the near approach of a spirit who was anxious to communicate through my mediumship. For nearly a quarter of an hour I tried to resist this influence, finding such control in private circles injurious to my public efforts; but although the force affected me as if from a great distance, and with a sensation of extreme debility, it conquered my reluctance to yield sufficiently to compel me to apprise the physician that a spirit friend was near him—one who regarded him with great affection, and bearing the name of Anna. She subsequently added a second name, which, though spelled incorrectly at first, was sufficiently strange and definite in sound to identify the spirit as one of the Doctor's patients, between whom and himself had subsisted an affectionate friendship of many years' standing. In proof of her identity, and entirely unsought for on the part of the Doctor, the spirit proceeded to give a great many singular tests, making me describe a number of pictures in her house, its furniture, the situation of a certain tree near the house-door, together with the leading traits in her own character, and allusions to one of her deceased children, and various fits of sickness, during which she had been under the Doctor's treatment; all of which minutiae brought home the identity of the communicating spirit with startling precision.

“The manifestation occupied quite an hour, and concluded by the vivid appearance of the spirit herself upon the wall opposite to where I sat. Had any question existed upon previous points of identity, this appearance would have settled it, as there were some peculiarities in the shape of the lady's head, her mode of dressing her hair, and its colour, which marked her with striking characteristics.

“Then came the Doctor's avowal that all these presentations were identical with a person who, to the best of his belief, was still *an inhabitant of earth*, and the hesitancy with which the first part of the manifestations was received, arose from the fact that he recognised no such description as applicable to any one then, to his knowledge, in the spirit-world. While his thoughts, therefore, were fixed upon disembodied spirits, the idea of his still living friends never occurred to him—placing the hackneyed solution of ‘mind-reading’ out of the pale of possibility—at least until after the name had been given.

“Three weeks later Dr. Greaves met me in New Orleans, and showed me a letter from one of the relatives of the communicating spirit, announcing the fact of the lady's death—an event, however, which did not take place till *one week after the period of the above-named manifestation*. I know I shall be told by many of the *savans* who undertake to reply to, but

not *explain*, these phenomena, that no doubt the lady's mind was at this time fixed upon her old friend, and in view of her approaching dissolution, she was deploring the absence of her accustomed medical adviser, etc.

"The question, however, arises, Is thought then so *material* as to magnetise a medium into a psychological state, compel from her pantomimical representations, and produce the apparently objective representation of a well-defined shadow on the wall?

"I may, however, add that the influence of these manifestations generally differs from that of 'the spirits,' inasmuch as it produces sensations of coldness, and sometimes a slight faintness, while the disembodied spirit brings a peculiar feeling of exhilaration and strength. Also in the above, and some other cases of a similar nature, the manifestations have been succeeded very rapidly by the death of the persons whose spirits were presented.

"I beg to state that I offer no inferences on this point, especially as it is not the general experience of those who have witnessed these phenomena. I myself, it appears, have frequently been seen in distant places, and yet I still live."

Mrs. Tappan has more than once told us of instances exactly similar to this which occurred in her own experience. Here are cases of a spirit yet in the flesh projecting its *simulacrum*, controlling a medium, and causing a well-defined sensation, by which she recognised it as still belonging to earth.

Another case shows that this vagrant power of spirit is intensified, as we have before said, by any circumstances which favour the loosening of the cord that binds it to the body:—

"In the month of February, 1858, a circle of ladies and gentlemen, whose names and unquestionable integrity are well known to and vouched for by the author, were assembled at the house of Mr. Samuel K. Cutler in Cleveland, Ohio, for the purpose of holding a circle. After having sat for a short time, one of the ladies present became influenced to speak German, she being totally unacquainted with that language. The spirit purporting to speak through her claimed to be the mother of Miss Mary Brant, a German lady then present. During the medium's entrancement she said in the German language many things which Miss Brant declared were known to no human being save herself and her mother. At the close of the dialogue, Miss Brant being herself a seeress, exclaimed with great astonishment that she actually saw her mother and recognised her fully in the spirit that had addressed her through the medium. As far as she had any knowledge of her mother's condition, Miss Brant affirmed her belief that she was alive and well; she had been so, at any rate, when last she had heard from her, and the fear lest this spiritual visitation gave token of her mother's decease occasioned the young lady the most painful anxiety. Before many months had elapsed, however, an acquaintance of Miss Brant's arrived from Germany, and called upon her. He knew nothing of Spiritualism, but in reply to Miss Brant's inquiry about her mother stated that in February, 1858, just at the time when this circle was held, her mother, to all appearance, died, and was about to be carried to the grave, when she showed slight signs of life. She was kept in this state for two weeks, occasionally showing signs of animation. When she came out of this condition she stated that she had seen her daughter in America, in a large room, surrounded by a number of people, and had talked with her. The German related several things,

also that which Miss B. had said to her mother while in the circle. The above facts can be attested to by a number of persons of the highest respectability."

Not only so, but the faculty seems to be increased by any means which place the physical body in a condition of passivity, such as, for instance, a tendency to sleep. My friend Mrs. W. supplies the following illustration:—

"A friend of ours, a physician, Dr. K. T., thus writes to us of a circumstance which occurred to him lately. He says—'Something curious happened to me last Thursday evening. It was after midnight; I was sitting up reading—the household had retired to rest. I was sitting on a chair, with my feet placed upon another chair, reading Dr. Arnold's life. I read on till I was drowsy, and ceased to be in my ordinary waking state; yet I did not go off to sleep, for I was conscious of my situation, and knew that it was time to go to bed. At last I made up my mind that I would go to bed, and I seemed to myself to get up from my two chairs and go out of the room. But I could not proceed beyond the passage, and returned. As I returned I saw my own body lying on the two chairs. I was particularly struck by seeing my trousers from an outside point of view, and noticed how different they looked to their usual appearance as seen from the wearer's point of view. Then I became conscious that I was still lying down, and thought it singular, as I was positive I had been outside the room and had returned again. After a pause I again made the resolve to go to bed, again seemed to go out of the room, and on my return beheld myself still lying upon the chairs. This occurred three times. The fourth time I actually roused up and went to bed.'"

And Dr. Russell, in his "Diary during the last great war," relates an experience of his own with Mr. Oliphant, when, during sleep, the spirit obeyed the impulse of desire to supplement a previous conversation:—

"CHRISTMAS DAY.—A curious incident last night. I awoke from a deep sleep with the impression that O——, who was sleeping in a room some distance off, had come in and stood at the bedside, opening his lips as if speaking. I tried in vain to catch what he said. This made me very uneasy in my sleep. I had left him late at night in deep conversation with M—— by the fire in my sitting-room, earnestly expounding to him the doctrines on inspiration of the phase of Faith of which he is so devoted an adherent. Later still I went in, and found them still engaged, one talking, the other listening. Yesterday, in driving from St. Germain, we had exchanged some curious confidences respecting our own experiences, and I suppose that my imagination dwelt much upon the subject; but when I woke up there I saw O——, as I have said, addressing me. 'For goodness' sake, what do you want?' I exclaimed; 'do speak a little louder. Are you ill?' And as I spoke the figure seemed to turn away, leaving a kind of light space by the side of the bed. The fire was burning. I lighted a candle, walked along the passage, looked into O——'s room, and saw he was fast asleep in bed. In the morning I mentioned what had occurred, and added, 'I could have sworn you were in my room.' 'And most likely I was,' replied O——, very gravely. 'How could that be when I saw you asleep in your bed?' 'Oh! there is the mystery,' he answered quietly; 'I know that I wanted to speak to you last night, and so perhaps I did.'"

And if these be explained away by cerebral action, thought-projection, or any of the numerous scientific expedients for saving oneself the trouble of facing a difficulty, or for explaining away a troublesome fact, or even for bolstering up a notion which the inventor has patented, we present another case which is still more conclusive as to separate identity of the spirit-body. Just as mutilation, the result of accident, is not perpetuated in the spirit-body—as, indeed, it would seem that any material accident does not affect it—so it seems to retain the natural characteristics unaltered:—

“I am acquainted with a lady who avers that since childhood she has been accustomed occasionally to see a figure standing before her, the exact image of herself, and which is invariably dressed in the same manner as herself at the special moment when the phantom appears. The figure moves as she moves, and in every respect is a perfect reflexion of herself. One particular in this figure is specially note-worthy. When the figure smiles she exhibits prominent teeth. The lady herself in childhood had prominent teeth, but these having been extracted in early girlhood, she herself has false ones, which present no special characteristic. Her “double” or nerve-spirit, however, appears to retain the peculiarity.”

We maintain, then, that a reasonable case is made out for the trans-corporeal action of spirit; and we proceed to illustrate the ways in which that action is manifested.

I.—*The most usual form of manifestation is not accompanied with volition.*

Under this head come

1. SIMPLE APPEARANCES OF THE SPIRIT-BODY WHERE NO LAW APPARENTLY GOVERNS THE MANIFESTATION.

Perhaps it is better to say that no law can be at present ascertained or laid down so as to cover all cases. The two historic cases of Shelley and Byron come under this head. Shelley, in other instances, gave evidence of the sensitive temperament, and this, coupled with other evidence, is doubtless referable to the same source. Those who have once felt the influence of the spiritual world upon them will be the last to say dogmatically how far that influence reaches:—

“Byron,” writes Captain Medwin, “the most superstitious of beings, related the following story of Shelley, which I afterward heard confirmed. Shortly before his fatal voyage to Leghorn, the inhabitants of the country house of San Lorenzo were alarmed at midnight by piercing shrieks. They rushed out of their bedrooms. Mrs. Shelley got as far as the door and fainted. The rest of the party found Shelley in the saloon, with his eyes wide open, and gazing on vacancy, as though he beheld some spectre. On waking him, he related that he had had a vision. He thought that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned to him. He got up and followed it, and when in the hall, the phantom lifted up the hood of his cloak, and showed the phantasm of himself, and saying ‘*Sicte satis-fatto*,’ vanished.

"Captain Medwin goes on to explain this singular occurrence, by telling his readers that Shelley's imagination had been lately excited by the perusal of a rare play by Calderon entitled '*El embazado ó el encapotado*.' The story of this play is that a kind of Cipriano or Faust is through life thwarted in all his plans by a masked stranger, who stands in his way like an evil spirit. At length, when infuriated with disappointment, the hero is about to fight with his evil genius, the *embazado* unmasks, and discovers the phantasm of himself, saying, 'Are you satisfied?' To us, however, this is but a partial solution of the mystery. Another writer tells us of a figure as of Shelley being seen by various persons to pass into a wood, at a time when Shelley himself was known to be elsewhere. This was also shortly before the tragedy of Shelley's death—add to which, the poet possessed, from all accounts, what we now should term 'a mediumistic nature.'

We have lately heard from America of very distinct cases of this power, and Lord Byron gives the following extraordinary account in a letter

"To MR. MURRAY.

"Letter 389.

Ravenna, Sept. 6. 1820.

"In the latter end of 1811, I met one evening at the Alfred my old school and form fellow . . . *Peel*, the Irish Secretary. He told me that in 1810 he met me, as he thought, in St. James's Street, but we passed without speaking. He mentioned this, and it was denied as impossible. I being then in Turkey. A day or two afterwards he pointed out to his brother a person on the opposite side of the way. "There," said he, "is the man whom I took for Byron." His brother instantly answered, "Why it is Byron, and no one else." But this is not all. I was *seen* by somebody to *write down my name* among the enquirers after the king's health, then attacked by insanity. Now, at this very period, as nearly as I could make out, I was ill of *strong fever* at Patrus, caught in the marshes near at Olympia, from the *malaria*. If I had died there this would have been a new ghost story for you. You can easily make out the accuracy of this from Peel himself, who told it in detail. I suppose you will be of the opinion of Lucretius, who (denies the immortality of the soul, but) asserts that from the "flying off of the surfaces of bodies perpetually, these surfaces or cases, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it, so that the shapes and shadows of both the dead and absent are frequently beheld."

2. APPEARANCE OF THE SPIRIT AS A DEATH-WARNING.

Instances of this are so numerous that a volume might be filled with them. Scarcely a notable family but has a white lady who walks when a scion of the family is doomed, and the literature of olden times that dealt with the subject was full of such warnings. Is it that the ghosts have found readier means of communicating that such phenomena are now less conspicuous? Or is it that death is not so much dreaded since we know more of the land beyond? Whatever the explanation may be, gruesome ghosts in lonely country houses are not so rampant as they used to be. If it were not for the unfortunate predominance of Spiritualism, Professor Tyndall would say that the educated opinion of the human race was outliving supersti-

tion. *O si sic.* The ladies of Holland House is a well-known case of this death-warning :—

“THE LADIES OF HOLLAND HOUSE.

“In the grounds of Holland House,’ writes the Princess Marie Lichtenstein in her ‘History of Holland House,’ ‘is a long avenue like an immense gallery arched with trees and carpeted with grass.” This avenue, she informs her readers, is the scene of a ‘spiritual experience,’ chronicled by Aubrey in his *Miscellanies*, and which is as follows :—‘The beautiful Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in her father’s garden at Kensington to take the air before dinner, about 11 o’clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month after, she died of smallpox. And ’tis said that her sister, the Lady Isabella Thynne, saw the like of herself also before she died. This account I had from a person of honour.’ ‘A third sister, Mary, was married to the Earl of Breadalbane,’ we are informed, ‘and it has been recorded that she also, not long after her marriage, had some warning of her approaching dissolution. And so the old tradition has remained . . . that whenever the mistress of Holland House meets herself, Death is hovering about her.’”

From *Das Reich der Geister*, Part 8, we extract a striking narrative of Professor Bekker :—

“Professor Bekker of Rostock, chief preacher at St. James’s Church there, and Professor of Mathematics, had once engaged in a theological discussion with some young friends whom he had invited to his house. As one maintained one thing, and another another, regarding a certain passage in a certain author, he went out to his library to fetch the book. Entering the room he saw himself seated upon a chair at the table, where he was usually accustomed to sit. He approached the figure, and looking over its right shoulder, observed how his second self pointed with a finger of the right hand to the page of the Bible open before him ; and he observed that the text thus pointed out ran as follows :—‘Set thy house in order, for thou must die.’

“Filled with surprise and alarm, he returned to the company and related the occurrence. His friends sought to divert his mind, and to explain away its painful meaning ; but the Professor retained his persuasion that the appearance denoted his approaching death, and therefore took his leave of his friends as if about to die. At six in the evening of the following day the old Professor departed this life.”

And from the same work, one more out of many :—

“‘Old Frau von W——,’ says a writer in *Das Reich der Geister*, ‘sat in her sitting-room, and sent her maid up into her bedroom to fetch something for her. When the maid opened the door she beheld the form of her mistress sitting comfortably in her arm-chair, just as she had left her a minute before in the lower room. The maid, much alarmed, rushed down stairs and told the old lady what she had seen. The old lady, wishing to convince herself of the truth of this, also went up stairs, and beheld this figure of herself seated as the maid had described. This lady died shortly afterwards.’

“In the *Blättern aus Prevorst*, the following is related :—‘My grandfather, who lives at G——, travelled to his birthplace, St. G——, and went to visit there a relative, who did not have a very good character. When he had entered the house his relative—as he supposed—in her usual morning-dress, with a bunch of keys at her side, met him at the door of

the ante-room. He followed the figure and entered a bedroom, where, to his surprise, he discovered his relative lying ill in bed; indeed, so ill, that she died during his stay in the house. He accompanied the body to the grave, and not only he, but others present, saw the lady in her ordinary attire, with her keys at her side, seated upon the hearse. She seated herself upon the coffin as it was taken out of the house, but disappeared as it was lowered into the grave. From that time forth she so haunted her old abode that the house had to be at last pulled down."

This story is singular, as it exhibits a spirit even before dissolution commencing its haunting of its old habitation.

These might be multiplied *ad libitum*. Indeed a very strong case for the trans-corporeal action of spirit might be made out by collecting authentic death-warnings. It puzzles us to conceive how these are made out or accounted for on any hypothesis of thought-projection. If our opponents would candidly face the evidence, which they are very disinclined to do for many reasons (prominent among them the dread of returning superstition), we believe that they would be forced to admit that their scientific hypotheses (they are nothing more) do not cover the facts; and for the ten-thousandth time let us say that a dogmatic assertion that such and such things *cannot* be is no proof whatever that they *are* not.

3. APPEARANCES WHEN THE PHYSICAL BODY IS ASLEEP OR UNDER ABNORMAL CONDITIONS.

Under this head come all the various cases of dream, vision, trance, and, generally, of independent spiritual action in cases of bodily sickness. These are usually referred by the medical profession to abnormal mental action—the mind being influenced by the body. Is it so? In just the same way they refer all spiritual action, especially in women, in whom, since they are more sensitive than men, it more frequently occurs, to hysteria. Well, is it hysteria? When they will tell us what hysteria is we shall be more able to decide. In the meantime we make bold to describe it as we know it.

The trans-corporeal action of the spirit during bodily sleep is illustrated by the following narrative, quoted by Mrs. E. H. Hardinge on the authority of Professor Brittan:—

"On Friday, the 19th of May, 1854, I was at my desk writing; all at once I fell asleep, leaned my head down, and remained thus for half or three-quarters of an hour. While in this situation I thought I was in the city of Hamilton, forty miles west of Toronto, and that I called on several parties in Hamilton collecting money (as I thought). After I had finished the business transactions, I concluded that I would call on a friend who has taken a deep interest in spiritual manifestations. At once I dreamed that I was at her house and rang the bell, when a servant came to the door and informed me that Mrs. D——s was out and would not be in for an hour. I called for a drink of water, which the servant gave me, and I left my compliments for her mistress, and started, as I thought, for Toronto. Then

I awoke, and my dream passed out of my mind. A few days after, a lady residing at my house in this city, received a communication from Mrs. D——s, of Hamilton, from which I make the following extract:—‘Tell Mr. Wilson that he is a fine fellow, and the next time that he calls at my house to leave his address, and not cause me to run to all the hotels in town and then not find him. Mr. W. called at my house on Friday, asked for a drink of water, left his name and compliments. I think he might have spent the night with us, knowing the interest that I take in spiritual manifestations. I shall give him a good scolding the next time I see him; and then our friends were so disappointed in his not stopping over night with us.’

“When Mrs. J—— (the lady that informed me of the above) gave me this statement I laughed at her, and observed that Mrs. D——s and her friends must be mistaken or crazy, as I had not been in Hamilton for a month, and that I was asleep at my desk in my shop at the particular time mentioned by Mrs. D——s. Mrs. J—— replied that there must be a mistake somewhere, as Mrs. D——s was a lady that could be relied upon. Remembering all at once my dream, I half laughingly observed that it must have been my spirit. I then requested Mrs. J—— to write to Mrs. D——s that I would be at Hamilton in a few days, that several other persons would accompany me, and that we would call at her house; also that it was my wish that she should not mention to her domestics that she expected me or any company from Toronto, and that when we came, to direct her servants to see if either of the parties in the parlour was the Mr. Wilson who called on the 19th.

“On the 29th of May, I, in company with several others, went to Hamilton. We called at Mrs. D——s’s house; were met at the door by the lady herself, and ushered into the parlour. I asked her at once to call her servants and see if they could remember me. Mrs. D——s directed the servants to come in and see if either of the gentlemen was the one that called from Toronto. Two of the servants identified me as the person who called on the 19th, and gave my name as Mr. Wilson. I never saw either of these girls in my life before; and every word of the above can be supported by the testimony of the girls, as well as the lady at whose house the occurrence took place.

“Yours in truth,

“E. V. WILSON.”

In the same connection, my friend Mrs. W. writes as follows:—

“From repeated experiences of a similar nature, I am inclined to believe that a singular double dream, dreamed many years ago, the account of which I gave to Mr. Dale Owen, and which appeared in his ‘Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World,’ may be accounted for by this power possessed by the spirit of going forth on occasion from the body and making its presence evident, at even considerable distances, to friends. The dream to which I refer is as follows:—

“THE DOUBLE DREAM.

“‘We had a friend, S——, who some years ago was in a delicate state of health, believed to be consumptive. He lived several hundred miles from us, and, although our family were intimately acquainted with himself, we knew neither his home nor any of his family, our intercourse being chiefly by letters, received at intervals.

“‘One night, when there was no special cause for my mind reverting to our friend or his state of health, I dreamed that I had to go to the town where he resided (I saw all the detail of the town, and the silent streets were observed by me); and at last I seemed to arrive at a particular house,

into which I entered, and went straight up-stairs into a darkened chamber. There, on his bed, I saw S—, lying as if about to die. I walked up to him, and, not mournfully, but as if filled with hopeful assurance, I took his hand and said, "No, you are not going to die. Be comforted: you will live." Even as I spoke, I seemed to hear an exquisite strain of music sounding through the room. On awakening, so vivid were the impressions remaining, that, unable to shake them off even the next day, I communicated them to my mother, and then wrote to S—, inquiring after his health, but giving him no clue to the cause of my anxiety. The reply informed us that he had been very ill—indeed, supposed to be at the point of death—and that my letter, which for several days he had been too ill to read, had been a great happiness to him. It was three years after this that my mother and I met S— in London; and the conversation turning on dreams, I said, "By the way, I had a singular dream about you three years ago, when you were so ill." And I related it. As I proceeded, I observed a remarkable expression spread over his face, and when I concluded he said, with emotion, "This is singular, indeed; for I, too, had, a night or two before your letter arrived, a dream the very counterpart of yours. I seemed to myself on the point of death, and was taking final leave of my brother. "Is there anything," he said, "I can do for you before you die?" "Yes," I replied in my dream, "two things; send for my friend, A. M.; I must see her before I depart." "Impossible!" said my brother, "it would be an unheard-of thing; she would never come." "She would," I insisted in my dream, and added, "I would also hear my favourite sonata by Beethoven ere I die." "But these are trifles," exclaimed my brother, almost sternly. "Have you no desires more earnest at so solemn an hour?" "No; to see my friend A., and to hear that sonata—that is all I wish." And even as I spoke in my dream, I saw you enter. You walked up to the bed with a cheerful air, and while the music I longed for filled the room, you spoke to me encouragingly, saying I should not die."

We have detailed in the pages of this magazine some of our own trance experiences, and we reserve others for a future occasion. Meantime, here is a case of double manifesting itself in palpable shape during trance. Those who have much acquaintance with the phenomena that occur in the presence of strong physical mediums will be able to supplement the narrative from their own experience. In the test experiments that were made in his own house by Mr. Crookes with Miss Fay, Serjeant Cox, who was present, testifies to having seen a double of the medium (even down to the blue silk dress) handing out several articles through the curtain; yet few things are more certain than that the medium, at that very moment, was holding the test apparatus, from which it was impossible for her to disengage herself for a single moment without the fact being detected. Personally, we care little for the countenance that scientific men, who would willingly sink the whole subject, may give to such evidence as this; but it is well to ask Dr. Carpenter, in view of his recent article in the *Contemporary*, what he says to such statements. Does he believe the record? for, mind, a reflecting galvanometer cannot be subject to "prepossession" in favour of the medium. In the same way, the Davenports were

unjustly suspected of fraud because a double of one of them was seen in the room. Careful research into the phenomena of physical mediumship is leading us to believe that the duplication of the form of the medium is by no means rare. Certainly the materialised forms, at their first appearance, are so decidedly like the medium as to lend great weight to the idea that the form is, in fact, the presentation of the body of the medium; and knowing the power that the lower orders of spirits have over gross matter—as, for instance, in loosing bonds, and passing solid objects through other solid objects—it is difficult to put aside this hypothesis without careful testing and prolonged investigation. But we are now dealing with the action of spirit, and are not discussing its mode of operation. Here is a narrative, extracted from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. It is marvellous enough; but it works in with the knowledge which we are gradually gaining:—

“I was visiting a friend some weeks since, when one evening, as he and I were seated alone reading the daily papers, we were much interested in an article in the *Sun* upon Spiritualism. After reading and commenting upon the article, my friend asked me what I thought about Spiritualism. I replied that I knew very little about it; that I had once seen a Planchette write, and if that was a form of Spiritualism I should say it was all a deceit and humbug.

“My friend then said, ‘I have a Planchette somewhere in the house, and as we are alone, let us see if it will write.’

“After much searching he produced a beautiful Planchette of heart shape. After arranging the pencil in its proper position, we took our places at the table, our hands upon Planchette and Planchette resting upon a large sheet of paper. We were thus seated for a minute or two in silence, and were about despairing of any satisfactory results, when the pencil began moving over the paper in an irregular and aimless way until it reached the margin, when it wrote in a plain hand, ‘Shall I write E——?’ naming a gentleman living near my friend’s house and a very warm friend of his. In a moment more the words, ‘Yes, write,’ were written, but in a different hand from the first writing. The next thing written was, ‘What tests would you like?’ I said to my friend I will hide this silver coin and see if Planchette can tell us where it is. Planchette immediately wrote, ‘I will bring it to you.’ We were astonished at this communication and curious to know what the medium of conveyance would be.

“We were seated in the back parlour with only the light from one gas-burner lighting the room. The sliding doors leading into the front parlour were slightly open about enough to admit a person. No light was in this room except that admitted from the back parlour. I took the coin into the front parlour and placed it under a rug. I then returned to my place at the table and placed my hands upon the board, which wrote at once ‘Go.’ At first I could not comprehend its meaning and was about to speak when my friend asked: ‘Shall I go, E——?’ again naming his friend. The answer was written ‘Go.’

“I chanced to look up into his face at this moment, and I shall never forget to my dying day what I saw there. His eyes were wide open, set and glassy; they had a steady, searching look, as if seeing some object afar off, or searching for such an object. He was deathly white, and his hands

were as cold as marble. I felt for his pulse, but he had none that I could discover. Yet he breathed as one in a heavy slumber, and his breathing could have been heard in any part of the room. I was thoroughly frightened, and asked him if he was sick. He replied, 'No,' in an unearthly tone. During all this time that terrible searching gaze was never changed.

"He finally arose mechanically, placed his hands to his head, glided to the sliding door, and reached his hand through the opening. He remained there a moment, and then retraced his steps to the table and placed the coin upon the Planchette board. The coin had been hidden sixteen feet from the sliding doors, and my friend never placed a foot in that room.

"After this, he took his place at the table again, with his hands upon the board. His appearance had not changed in any way from what I have described. I again took the coin, passed through the front parlour out upon a portico, and laid it upon a seat. Returning, I locked the door and put the key in my pocket. I then reseated myself at the table, and placed my hands upon the board.

"He immediately inquired, 'Shall I go, E——?' naming his friend as before. The answer was written, 'Go.' He arose, as in the first instance, and went direct to the sliding doors. I watched him closely, and as he approached the opening I saw what seemed to be himself approaching from the opposite direction. I cannot describe the appearance of my friend's "double," or second self. It seemed shadowy and real at the same time. As he and his apparition approached each other, they each held out a hand, which seemed to come into contact. My friend then returned to the table, and placed the coin upon the Planchette board. He then took his seat, and placed his hands upon the board. I then went through the parlour, unlocked the door, and stepped out upon the portico. The coin was gone.

"My next question was: 'How much money have I in my wallet?' After going through the usual form, my friend told me correctly, not writing it.

"After one or two more tests, my friend passed into a natural slumber, and gradually resumed his natural appearance. In ten or fifteen minutes he awoke with a start. I informed him as to what had occurred, and particularly about his asked permission of his friend whenever anything was required of him. His only reply was, 'I know it, I know it; I am his, soul and body.' Not another word would he say concerning it. Was this mesmerism, or Spiritualism?

"Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y."

"O. D. T."

It would seem that a swoon disengages the spirit, so as to enable it to act independently:—

"Dr. Baumgarten, of Pittsburg, Pa., furnished the author with the following narrative relative to one of his patients, whose personal testimony he also added, though the gentleman objected to the publication of his name. Whilst engaged in gardening a Mr. E. accidentally cut his finger with such force that he fell into a swoon and remained unconscious for quite an hour. On recovering his senses he said to his wife, 'Dear wife, why did you waken me? I was far away and felt so happy; I have been with my brother Max in Berlin; he was drinking coffee with his family and other friends in the old arbor under the great linden tree, and, observing me first, my brother advanced to meet me.' After a few days the man got a letter from his brother at Berlin, in which the writer said:—

"'DEAR BROTHER,—Please tell me what happened to you on such a day, and such an hour. We were sitting with several friends in the arbor below the linden tree drinking coffee, and we were very happy. Suddenly I saw

you coming to us at a short distance, and I said, 'Oh, there comes my brother! Dear brother!' All present also saw you. I arose to meet and embrace you, but you disappeared suddenly before our eyes when I had got nearly to you.'

"The times exactly coincided."

And in what we call delirium there is "a method in the madness":—

"Under the head of 'Psychological Phenomena,' Rev. William Fishbough, in writing to the New York *Phrenological Journal*, gives the following incidents in relation to the well-known and philanthropic Spiritualist, Mr. Joseph Dixon, of Jersey City. The writer states that about the year 1822, Mr. Dixon suffered an attack of bilious fever, and during the worst stage of the disease was for a portion of the time, as it was thought, delirious. While in a state thus characterised by the members of his family, he one day described his father, who was then at sea, as being engaged, with others, in a battle with the crews of two piratical vessels. He described the party who attacked the pirates as being drawn up in four boats before their vessels, and his father appeared to be aboard one of these boats, and *he* seemed to be standing by his side. He saw his father struck in the breast by a bullet which had passed through a man's head who stood before him in the same boat, and immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, my father is shot!' He said his father seemed immediately to answer him, saying, 'No, my son, I am not injured;' on saying which he took the bullet from his breast and put it into his vest pocket. At the same instant a brutish-looking man appeared on the gunwale of one of the piratical vessels flourishing a broadsword, and challenging the boats' crew to come aboard. His father immediately seized a loaded musket and fired, and the man fell, pierced by half-a-dozen other bullets which were directed to him at the same time; the pirates, seemingly disconcerted at the loss of a leader, immediately set sail and escaped.

"All these particulars were related by Mr D. while in a state which his attendants pronounced delirium; but when his father returned, after the lapse of several months, he confirmed the description in every particular, and produced the bullet which had struck him in the breast, and which he had brought home in his vest pocket. The battle with the pirates had taken place off the Island of Cuba, and on the very day on which the son's description had been given."

Nor is this confined to mental affections. We ourselves have had a very conclusive proof of the fact that rude bodily injury does not impede the action of the spirit-body. The case was that of a man crushed to death in the most hideous manner by a steam roller. The accident occurred in the morning, and in the evening the spirit manifested at Mrs. Gregory's, in the presence of Baron du Potet. He felt the presence, and remarked that it seemed to him to be a spirit yet in the body. The corporeal elements clung round it.

Somewhat similar is the case of a man who fell from the scaffolding of a building, and to whom Dr. Cleveland of Providence, U.S.A., was called. He said to the doctor, as stated by Professor W. Denton:—

"As I struck the ground I suddenly bounded up, seeming to have a new

body, and to be standing among the spectators looking at my old one. I saw them trying to bring it to. I made several fruitless efforts to re-enter my body, and finally succeeded."

"Professor Denton in his work, 'Is Spiritualism True?' also states that Mr. Moore, an officer of the Charlestown Navy Yard, informed him that 'when fifteen years of age he fell when climbing a lamp-post, and his head struck the kerbstone of the street with such violence as to fracture his skull: he instantly found himself out of his body, and looking down upon it; but in a few minutes, with a struggle, was able to return to ordinary consciousness.

"The same writer also quotes from the statement of Lydia Maria Child, relating to her deceased friend Henrietta Sargent. 'One morning she spoke of not feeling as well as usual, but it was regarded by herself and others as merely a slight deviation from her customary good health, and in the course of the day she suddenly fainted away. As the usual restoratives failed, the family physician was summoned. No better success attended his efforts. The breath appeared to be entirely suspended, and the limbs remained rigid and cold. How long she continued in this state I do not remember, but while they were watching her with ever-deepening anxiety, she gasped feebly, and after a while opened her eyes. When she had completely recovered, she told her daughters she had been standing by them all the time looking upon her lifeless body, and seeing all they did to resuscitate it, and she astonished them by repeating the minutest details of all that had been said or done by them and the doctor during her prolonged state of insensibility.'"—*Dr. Crowell, Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism*, vol. ii.

4. APPEARANCE OF SPIRIT UNDER INFLUENCE OF MENTAL ANXIETY.

It would be easy to quote a number of cases illustrating this most fruitful cause of trans-corporeal spirit action. It is the same that brings a departed spirit back to the earth-sphere—that causes it to frequent its old haunts, and to endeavour to make its presence manifest. One instance clearly told by Mrs. Hardinge must suffice:—

"At the time when the famous miracle-circle was holding its sessions in New York, the late highly esteemed and truly reverend Thomas Benning frequently took part in these remarkable séances. On a certain Saturday, Mr. Benning, being engaged to preach for the Spiritual Society of Troy, N.Y., found himself afflicted with such a severe attack of sore throat as to render it impossible for him to fulfil his engagement on the morrow. He accordingly despatched a letter to the president of the society excusing himself on the ground of indisposition. Finding the severity of the attack lessened toward the evening, he thought he would drop in at the circle, which was then to be in session. Whilst there, he began to speculate on the chances of his letter being received in sufficient time to enable the society to supply his place. Considering all the circumstances, he determined in his own mind that his letter could not reach in time, and his kind and conscientious nature was much disturbed thereat. He knew there was no help for this, but still his anxiety continued, causing him to be absent in manner, and too much pre-occupied to attend to the proceedings of the séance. At this same miracle-circle the manifestation of the 'Double' was a very common phenomenon, and Mr. Benning suddenly bethought him of this, and wondered whether, if he were earnestly to set his mind upon his distant friends in Troy, he might not succeed in

impressing them with the nature of his dilemma. He did not actually realise any result of this wish beyond the vague and disturbed feeling of pre-occupation which had possessed him the whole evening. Suddenly this cloudy condition passed away, and from that time he entered into the proceedings of the circle with his accustomed interest and clearness.

"But now for the scene that was passing in Troy. Here, as in New York, a circle had been established, of which the Rev. Thomas Benning was a member. The circle numbered eighteen persons, and as Mr. Benning often visited Troy for the purpose of giving Sabbath lectures, it was decided to hold séances on the Saturday, at which time it would be entirely convenient for Mr. Benning to attend. On the evening in question seventeen of the members assembled in session, but Mr. Benning, who was confidently expected from the fact that he was engaged to lecture at Troy on the morrow, failed to put in an appearance.

"The hour appointed for the commencement of the séance had passed some thirty minutes, when the usual signal knock announcing a member's approach was heard. The circle sat in a hired room on the second floor. It was the custom of the members to give a signal knock at the street door, so that none but themselves should be admitted, or ushered upstairs. When the well-known signal sounded, therefore, the one whose office it was that night to be doorkeeper ran down stairs, unlocked and opened the street door, and there beheld standing in the clear moonlight Mr. Thomas Benning. Mr. A., the doorkeeper, immediately began to reproach the delinquent for his tardiness, and urged him to come in quickly, as he was impatiently waited for. To his surprise, however, Mr. Benning made no show of entering, but halted on the threshold, as if unwilling either to go or stay, and muttered in an undertone some words about his inability to lecture the next day. Somewhat provoked by this strange reticence, Mr. A. grasped the other's shoulder, pulled him forcibly in, at the same time complaining of the extreme cold occasioned by the open door, which he then closed, and somewhat brusquely pushed or impelled Mr. Benning up the narrow stairway before him. Before ascending, Mr. A., hastily locked the door, and as the custom was, when all the eighteen members were assembled, he put the key in his pocket; meantime, the circle above stairs becoming impatient of the long and unusual delay, sent two of its members to inquire what was the matter. These persons both encountered Mr. Benning on the landing, and began simultaneously to reproach him with being so late. To both Mr. Benning excused himself in the same low muttered tones, but instead of apologising for the present occasion, said indistinctly enough, but still sufficiently plain to be heard by all three of his associates, that he could not lecture on the morrow. 'Well, come in, come in, man,' cried the cheerful voice of Mr. W.; 'you've kept us waiting long enough.' In saying these words he put out his hand and laid it on the arm of the absentee, but to his great surprise Mr. Benning drew hastily away, and pushing by both his other associates, ran downstairs, and passed out at the front door, slamming it violently after him. Astonishment at the unaccountable conduct of their much esteemed friend formed the prevailing topic of conversation amongst the members of the circle during the remainder of that evening. The whole scene was written in the minutes of their proceedings, but none of them could offer the slightest shadow of an explanation. It was not until they broke up their séance, and descending the stairs found the door *still locked* as Mr. A. had left it, that the slightest suspicion occurred to their minds that something of a more weird character than that of mortality had been amongst them.

"The next day several of the party repaired to the lecture hall, hoping to obtain from Mr. Benning himself some clue whereby to fathom the

mystery. Of course the absence of the good preacher only served to make 'confusion worse confounded.' Here they learned that in consequence of a detention on the line, the letter of Mr. Benning had been delayed till after ten at night; but as the words 'haste and immediate' were written on the envelope, the postmaster had kindly sent it round to the hall on the Sunday morning. Still it was not delivered until some twelve hours after the mysterious visitor of the preceding night had anticipated the intelligence it contained. The author not only heard this narrative from the honest and truth-loving subject, Mr. Benning himself, but she has also received the testimony of two of the gentlemen who saw, recognised, and felt the ghost on the stairs; and by them she was assured, that however spiritual might have been the character of their visitant, his grasp was powerful enough to throw one out of his path, and nearly hurl the other downstairs."

These all seem to us to be cases in which the spirit shows its presence without the exercise of volition, and in most cases without any evidence of special mediumistic faculty.

It remains to notice another group of cases in which the spirit manifests with the direct exercise of will-power, and under the influence either of (1) strong affection, a potent motive-power with spirit; or (2) attraction, less strong; or (3) psychological determination.

II.—*Manifestations of spirit accompanied by volition.*

1. INFLUENCED BY STRONG AFFECTION.

Two cases eminently illustrative of this are given in the "Glimpses of the Supernatural," lately published by an orthodox clergyman for the purpose of proving that Spiritualism is diabolic, and so to be avoided. We have pleasure in giving the author the additional circulation of these pages, in order to show the diabolic motives which actuated the spirits on these occasions.

"A lady and her husband (who held a position of some distinction in India) were returning home (A.D. 1854), after an absence of four years, to join a family of young children, when the former was seized in Egypt with an illness of a most alarming character, and though carefully tended by an English physician, and nursed with the greatest care, grew so weak that little or no hope of her recovery existed. With that true kindness which is sometimes withheld by those about a dying bed, she was properly and plainly informed of her dangerous state, and bidden to prepare for the worst. Of a devout, pious, and reverential mind, she is reported to have made a careful preparation for the latter end. The only point which seemed to disturb her mind after the delirium of fever had passed away, was a deep seated desire to see her absent children once again, which she frequently expressed to those who attended upon her. Day after day for more than a week she gave utterance to her longings and prayers, remarking that she would die happily if only this one wish could be gratified.

"On the morning of the day of her departure hence she fell into a long and heavy sleep, from which her attendants found it difficult to arouse her. During the whole period of it she lay perfectly tranquil. Soon after noon,

however, she suddenly awoke, saying, 'I have seen them all; I have seen them all. God be praised, for Jesus Christ's sake,' and then slept again. Towards evening in perfect peace, and with many devout exclamations, she calmly yielded up her spirit to God who gave it. Her body was brought to England and interred in the family burying place.

"The most remarkable part of this incident remains to be told. The children of the dying lady were being educated at Torquay under the supervision of a friend of the family. At the very time when their mother thus slept they were confined to the house where they lived by a severe storm of thunder and lightning. Two apartments on one floor, perfectly distinct, were then occupied by them as play and recreation rooms. All were then gathered together. No one of the children was absent. They were amusing themselves with games in company of a nursemaid who had never seen their parents. All of a sudden their mother, as she usually appeared, entered the larger room of the two, pausing, looked for some moments at each and smiled, passed into the next room, and then vanished away. Three of the elder children recognised her at once, but were greatly disturbed and impressed at her appearance, silence, and manner. The younger and nursemaid, each and all, saw a lady in white come into the smaller room, and then slowly glide by and fade away.

"The date of this occurrence, Sept. 10, 1854, was carefully noted, and it was afterwards found that the two events above recorded happened almost contemporaneously. A record of the event was committed to paper, and transcribed on a fly-leaf of the family Bible, from which the above account was taken and given to the editor of this book in the autumn of 1871, by a relation of the lady in question, who is well acquainted with the fact of her spectral appearance at Torquay, and has vouched for the truth of it in the most distinct and formal manner.

"The narrative of the spectral appearance of a lady at Torquay, forwarded to Dr. F. G. Lee at his special request, is copied from and compared with that in the family Bible of H. A. T. Baillie-Hamilton, by the undersigned.

"C. MARGARET BALFOUR.

"MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON.

"Witness, J. R. GRANT.

"Princes St., Edinburgh, Oct. 7, 1871."

"A personal acquaintance of the Editor, whom he has had the pleasure of knowing for 20 years, most kindly furnishes the following example:—

"In the winter of 1872-3, I was afflicted with a long and severe illness, and for six weeks I was hovering between life and death. A nurse of great knowledge and intelligence was in attendance upon me. She had been brought up as a Socinian, and was entirely careless as to religious belief. At the same time she was wholly devoted to her duties, and most attentive and assiduous in the same. Two days after her arrival she was sitting up in the adjoining room, the folding doors between which and the room where I was lying being open, and lights were burning in each apartment. It had struck 2 a.m., and from my critical position, she was unwilling either to sleep or to secure temporary rest. On looking up at that moment she perceived a form bending over me. The figure was that of an aged person with attenuated features, straggling grey hairs, and thin clasped hands, which were placed in the attitude of prayer. For a while she thought it was some one who had entered the room; but, after gazing at it intently, she was smitten with a strange awe, and stood watching it intently for at least five minutes, when it gradually faded away and disappeared.

"On the first opportunity she mentioned this strange occurrence to the people of the house, when she heard for the first time that my father had

been lying dangerously ill at his own residence, more than a hundred miles away. At the time of my own and my father's sickness, my dangerous state, for medical and prudential reasons, was not communicated to him, and my illness was made light of, fearing the effect on himself.

"That it was his spirit which thus appeared seems undoubted; for at 2 p.m., a relation came to see me from the city where my father had lived, to break to me the sad news of his decease. He had departed this life exactly at the period when his apparition in the attitude of prayer had been seen by my attendant.

"The above is a correct and truthful statement, witness my hand and seal.

"JOHN GILL GODWIN.

"76 Warwick Street,
South Belgravia, Nov. 6, 1874."

Dr. Crowell, in his recent volume, relates another narrative to the same effect:—

"I am acquainted with a respectable lady, who rejected as incredible some simple spiritual manifestations which were related in her presence and mine, and yet immediately afterward she gravely and, I believe, truthfully narrated the following story:—'About ten years since, when a girl, we had a neighbour who resided on the same block, a few doors from us. Our families were intimately acquainted, and the gentleman, a middle-aged man, had always manifested considerable regard for me, and I was fond of him. After a while business called him to visit Cuba, and his return was expected in about a month, when one day, as I was standing in front of my door, I heard heavy footsteps approaching at some distance. I instantly recognised them as being those of our friend, as he was a large portly person, and set his feet down heavily, and, upon turning, I saw him coming up the street. He stopped before his own house, and ascended the steps, and, at the same time, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out something, which I supposed to be a check-key. As he did this he raised his head and looked at me, at the same time nodding and smiling in recognition, and I returned his salutation. He then apparently applied the key to the door, and entered his dwelling.

"As this early return was to us unexpected, I immediately told my mother that Mr. F—— had just returned, and that I would go and see him. Accordingly I put on my hat, and proceeded to the house of our friend, and rang the bell, which was answered by his wife. I stepped within the door, and told her I had come to see her husband. She appeared perplexed, and enquired what I meant. "Why," said I, "he just entered the door." The perplexity of Mrs. F—— was even more apparent, and she said that her husband had not returned, or at least she had not seen him; but I at once concluded that he had secreted himself, and meant to tease them, and I proposed that we should search for him, which we both did, inspecting every room and closet from the basement to the attic, but to my astonishment Mr. F—— could not be found, and, after narrating to Mrs. F—— the details of the occurrence, we concluded to make a memorandum of it, with the date, and keep it for future reference.

"We did this; and, strange as it may appear, in the course of a few weeks, Mrs. F—— received the tidings of her husband's death in Havana, it occurring on the very day when I saw what appeared to be him ascending the steps."

Here was the action of over-mastering love: the most potent motive-power even in this world. Will our opponents say what theory they would apply here? Unless they deny the facts,

they will find them somewhat difficult of explanation, unless "unconscious cerebration" is furbished up again. It has done duty for equally unlikely cases before this.

2. INFLUENCED BY ATTRACTION LESS STRONG THAN IN THE CASES ABOVE NOTICED.

From the same source as that previously quoted—*Das Reich der Geister*—we extract the following:—

"The somnambule Auguste Müller often remarked to her friends that she possessed the power of making herself felt and perceived by persons at a distance. In the most remarkable and truly spiritual manner did this take place on the 23rd of November, 1816, at which time she herself was lying in a magnetic sleep which lasted for four weeks. One of her friends, who was suffering from violent toothache, paid Auguste a visit, when the somnambule casually observed to her friend that she, on the following night, would return the visit. The friend took no special notice of this remark, and went to bed at her usual time, locking her door. At two o'clock in the night she awoke, and saw before her bed a light cloud; rubbed her eyes, and perceived before her Auguste in her night-dress, with a sweet and friendly countenance smiling upon her, and surrounded by a light, as though (she said in describing the circumstance) a sun shone behind her. Very shortly after this she fell asleep, and waking on the following morning, felt herself freed from her toothache. Immediately she visited her somnambule friend, and found that she had never left her bed during the night, but had visited her in her spiritual body, in order to cure her of the toothache."

A more modern instance is supplied from the experience of the Baroness von Vay, recorded in the following letter from the *Spiritualist*, April 9, 1875:—

"Sir,—The following instance of the spirit travelling during the sleep of the body has been related to me by the Baroness von Vay:—

"A lady, who is a friend and neighbour of the Baroness, and who was near her first confinement, had begged the Baroness to come and mesmerise her when the event should occur. One evening, at a late hour, the husband sent his carriage to the Baron von Vay, with a request that he would send his doctor to the lady, who was very ill. The Baroness was just retiring to rest. Not being able to go to her friend, she said to her husband, 'Let us pray fervently for poor Mrs. N., and I will send my *spirit* to mesmerise her.' This was about 11 p.m. The Baroness fell asleep quickly, and about the same hour Mr. N. saw the Baroness standing in the bay window of his room. She said, 'Fear nothing; your wife will have a fine boy to-night.' Mr. N. was rather astonished, but believed that the Baroness had come with the doctor in his carriage. On turning round, he saw the Baron, who only waved his hand and disappeared. Mr. N. then went into the yard, and inquired of the servants when the Lady von Vay had arrived? They thought he must be out of his mind, as the hour was late, and no one but the doctor had come, and that in Mr. N.'s own carriage.

"The event turned out as predicted. This is the third time the spirit-'double' of the Baroness is reported to have been seen, each time by a different person.

"E. KISLINGBURY.

"38 Great Russell Street, W.C."

And a corroborative experience is recorded of my friend Mrs.

W. in Mrs. de Morgan's valuable work "From Matter to Spirit," p. 247:—

"A lady, Miss F——, was ill in a distant part of the country. A friend, Mrs. W——, who is, owing to some natural cause, in strong magnetic *rapport* with Miss F——, while visiting Mrs. N—— expressed great sympathy for the sick person, and desired to give her comfort. Both Mrs. W—— and Mrs. N—— are the subjects of spiritual experiences. Mrs. N—— observed that Mrs. W——, while talking, looked for a moment or two abstracted and absent (Qy.—Was the word *absent* first applied in this sense?) after which she conversed as before. The time was well marked: a few minutes before four o'clock—the dinner hour. On the next morning, or that following, a letter came from the mother of Mrs. W——, in whose house the invalid was living. The writer said that on the day in question, while lying down reading, at about four o'clock, in an upper room, she heard her daughter's footsteps come up the stairs, and then saw her pass along the passage, and enter Miss F——'s chamber. Although Mrs. W——'s back was towards her mother, the seer had a perception of her face. Neither walls nor doors offered any obstacle to the mother's vision, and the dress, hat, and mantle described in the letter were those which Mrs. W—— wore, and which had been taken off during her conversation with Mrs. N——.

"Miss F——, on this occasion, retained no remembrance of the visit of her friend's spirit. But upon various occasions during the many years of friendship which have existed between Miss F—— and myself (observed Mrs. W——), we have been repeatedly aware of the visible presence of each other's spirits, although residing at a considerable distance apart from each other."

And Mrs. Hardinge records a case, as follows, of a spirit acting during bodily sleep:—

In 1857, some few years before the stupendous changes ensued in the political economy of America which culminated in the abolition of slavery, Mr. Hensley, a very well-known and reliable citizen of Louisville, Ky., gave the following item of his experience to his friend, Mr. Charles Partridge, from whom the author received it with abundant assurances of its unquestionable truth:—"Last week," says Mr. Hensley, "I went to bed one night very early, and fell into a dream which seemed wonderfully real. I thought that I was searching for a runaway negro of mine on the track of the New Albany and Salem Railroad. It appeared to me that I had been looking for the fugitive all night, and that I was tired and worn-out; but just about daylight I found a waggon going toward New Albany, and I asked the farmer who was driving it to let me ride. The waggon, I noticed, had one spoke in the wheel broken, and the word 'Fillmore' was painted upon the side. The farmer was a tall man, with a swallow-tailed jean coat. He said his name was James Hudson. We entered into conversation upon various subjects, till we approached the suburbs of New Albany, which is all I remember of my dream. Now comes the mystery: The day after, while standing conversing with a friend by the side of the Market House, between Third and Fourth streets, before Housah's bonnet store, who should I see but the identical man, with the same waggon that I had beheld in my dream, with the spoke broken, and 'Fillmore' on the side! I was horror-struck, and stood gazing at the driver as he came up the street, till he got opposite me, when, happening to turn his head toward me, he exclaimed, 'Where did you get off at?' Upon receiving no answer, he again exclaimed, 'Are you not the man that was hunting a

nigger, back of New Albany, yesterday, and took a ride with me?' As the man was a stranger to me, and evidently too uneducated a person to comprehend the possibility of one's making an acquaintance spiritually, I simply assured him he was mistaken, and that I had never seen him before. He passed on, but his incredulity was manifested by his muttering as he went, 'I believe now *you was* the man that rode in my waggon last night, but how on airth ye got away from me is the puzzle.' Such are the facts, friend Partridge, but as to the *rationale* of the thing, I leave you to study that out for yourself."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

"THE JEALOUSY OF ART" AND "ART AS A BRIDE."

TWO SONNETS. WITH A NOTE.

By GEORGE BARLOW,

Author of "Under the Dawn," "Spiritualism and Modern Thought," &c.

"It is a pity you have no profession; versifying or book-making is none."—*Letter from a Friend.*

I.

THE JEALOUSY OF ART.

Is Poesy thus maimed and incomplete,
 And does she grant her votaries nothing pure
 And stable—no high guerdon to secure;
 Do no immortal buds, divinely sweet,
 Bloom round her coming and caress her feet?
 Nay, 'tis not so, but rather she is proud
 And jealous—true allegiance must be vowed;
 Her lover must adore with passion's heat.
 Then shall she crown him with her body and soul,
 Bestowing no poor portion, but the whole
 Of her sweet, gentle self—her lips and face:
 The secret joys she nurses in her heart—
 Her each desire—withholding not a part,
 Circling her lover with her every grace.

II.

ART AS A BRIDE.

Art is a bride, and she will not endure
 The second place—she must be first indeed;
 A man must travail—yea, a man must bleed
 And suffer in high search for what is pure
 And true, if Art's sweet soul he would secure:—
 This is the pitiless artistic creed;
 No flower of beauty without sorrow's seed!
 Anguish the only road to triumph sure!

No mingling of the petty cares of life
 And common interchange of low pursuits
 Will high Art suffer—for she is a wife,
 Keen, jealous, watchful—she must have the fruits
 Of daily toil, as well as flowers sublime;
 No man loves Art who loves her for a time.

NOTE.

The above sonnet was written in reply to the frequent advice of ignorant, but well-meaning friends, who, not knowing the supreme demand of absolute unintermittent devotion that Art makes of her servants and lovers, have urged me to add to my poetry some other profession, or some profession, for they do not acknowledge (in spite of the great undying example of Wordsworth and Mrs. Browning and Mr. Ruskin), that the quiet intelligent pursuit of Art can be any; however, they are the losers. For Art does not disclose her pure inner secrets to vague wanderers round the outlying gravel paths of her parks and gardens, or to mere casual spectators and *dilettante* lookers-on; indeed, properly, not to the *habitués* of her well-arranged, well-decorated, Richmond or Kew-like terraces and gardens at all; but rather to those who, lovingly and fearlessly, wander by her grey moonlit oceans and her long shining reaches of solitary sand; who seek to thread the dark depths of her boundless forests, and to traverse her obscure mountainous defiles. For those who will follow her fearlessly, "even unto death," there are rewards sweeter than the tongue of man hath uttered,—rewards which we may gain some apprehension, some fair foretaste of, even in this life; but for those who say, as my friends and acquaintances have many times said to me, "Do something else besides poetry; have some regular engrossing profession to follow, and write poetry in your leisure moments to amuse yourself" [Oh, the blasphemy! the blasphemy!]—for these and all such there are no strange, sweet gifts hidden in Art's palaces, no unlooked-for and unspeakable rewards.

Of course such a foolish way of speaking in itself shows that those who give utterance to such sentiments are utterly devoid of the true intuition of Art; that they have never stepped hesitatingly, alone and silent and trembling, over the floors of her stately "pleasure-domes;" nor seen, with rapture and mute awe, occasional nearer gleams and personal hints of her marvellous beauty. To these "the higher ways of Art," are indeed "sealed ways;" they pass onward from birth to death, through months and years of slow toil and sad prosaic thought, without ever having seen God—without ever "once possessing their souls," or possessing their true selves; with the silvery or pure-golden light of no beatific vision streaming over their daily pathway—without Art in the world, which is the same as being "without God in the world," seeing that many of the fairest statues of the true God are hidden forever within Art's sacred temple—never maddened with the delight of that "Shekinah" or visible glory of God, the sight of which slays and heals at the same time, destroys and delivers and saves—killing for ever, by

sheer excess of spiritual superb pleasure, the wanton low earthly life in us, and exalting us to a higher life beyond.

Of all this the enemies of Art are ignorant. But since "love is the fulfilling of the law"—the law of Art as well—let us not despise or revile them. Art has to win even her enemies to herself. Not by a single figure stretched, pallid and blood-streaked, on a single cross shall she "draw all men" unto herself, but by the out-stretched sore-stricken arms of all artists, in all ages, who have suffered even to the utmost bitter end for her sake. "Sweeter than honey to the mouth" are the lips of Art; many true artist-souls—Keats, Shelley, Byron—she has loved and kissed; but the day of her supreme espousals is not yet come. Many will be at Art's marriage-feast without wedding-garments; but those who have loved her through the pangs and countless troubles of earth will at that day have their labour and their pain taken account of, and divinely, sweetly, recompensed. There is, absolutely, nothing to fear; the world swings round, and, with sure glad steps, brings truth towards her destined triumph.

"Humanity sweeps onward—where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fragments burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

Truth for ever on the scaffold, wrong for ever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God in the darkness keeping watch above his own."

So it is: so shall it ever be. The prison and the chains to-day; the sceptre and the song of triumph to-morrow. The sorrow and labour here; the rest and joy hereafter. First misunderstanding and endless, reasonless, pitiless obloquy; then appreciation and the love of friends and followers, and assured perfect triumph. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And it is the good pleasure of Art to bestow rewards upon those who are true and faithful to her, as high or higher than any of those upon which, in rapt ecstatic vision, the young Hebrew prophet dreamed. Not, perhaps, gold crowns in heaven (they might tarnish), or crimson, wonderful angelic robes (they might be worn and moth-eaten), or bright seraphic harps (they might break a string), or palms and silver sceptres of tall lilies, which might droop and grow dull; but the clear and increasing sense of the endless beauty and variety of things, both human and natural that we see around us, and the widening power of creating the very rose-scented atmosphere of heaven, and joyfully, thankfully, breathing it, around our very path. Such gifts, such powers, such bounties, are in store for us, if we but be calm and strong, and brave and true. The wings of the faithful eternal God shield us, who are atheists and infidels and outlaws and unbelievers from the old point of view,—though we never trouble the conventional churches with our unseemly presence, nor sit to listen to the sonorous plati-

tudes of men ordained and consecrated for the express purpose (so it seems) of emitting weekly floods of meaningless, purposeless, passionless sound. Still, God's beauty—the beauty of the new God—broods and bends over us; His whisper cheers, and clears, and animates us; we are not all alone. We have our sacraments (upon the hills and in the meadows), our meetings and interchange of holy talk (beneath the moonlit skies and beside the sea), our churches (beneath the bright blue sky), and our sermons (in flowers, and stars, and in all the manifold marvellous works of men). So we pass on towards the future in quiet confidence, not troubling ourselves overmuch to look forward or to look back. Our vision of God, though it be called by the churches wicked and atheistic—that is to say, no vision at all—is sweeter and clearer than they know. It is sweeter than the old visions, because we now know more of Nature, and are closer to her secrets. It is clearer, because we have, as a race, progressed greatly in knowledge,—and all knowledge, however wide and various in scope, adds to our grasp and apprehension of that which is essentially divine.

We have our vision, clear and calm and sweet, and we do not envy or desire the visions of others. We have our sacred rites, when music sounds, bringing wonderful untold dreams with it, and raising our spirits nearer, in high and holy communion, to the dead and grand ones of the past. We do not envy the churches their "communion of saints"—their Augustine, and Luther, and Clement, and John Knox, and Henry Martyn, and Paul, and "golden-mouthed" Chrysostom; for have we not Keats, and Byron, and Sophocles, and Æschylus, and Schiller, and Dante, and Petrarch, and Hans Andersen, and divine Shelley—more truly "golden-mouthed" than all? These form the sacred priesthood, the spotless hierarchy of Art; and with these to look to and reverence we need not seek further. Their sweet songs sound across the billows of time, gently; and they allure us more than all the sonorous harps of heaven swept by saintly and ascetic fingers.

Our vision, I say, is clear and calm and sweet. Truly the pure servant of Art has meat and drink that the world knows not of. It is his meat and his drink to do the will of Beauty, and to perform her spotless mission in the world. He is like a warrior who, having taken in battle some lovely maiden, keeps her captive in a castle safe and high and strong; and there visits her nightly, if haply by alluring words and gentlest treatment she may be won to return his passion. Just as during the daily storm and stress of battle he faints not nor wearies, remembering the white arms and sweet glances that at nightfall (and the soft, re-assuring night!) gleam and beckon from afar, and the hours of dainty, delicate dalliance (no more with the caresses of wanton swords and coarse breasts clothed in brutal resonant armour) that awaits him; so is it with Art's true servant. He, too, has a captive maiden in a safe castle, white and sweet beyond words, and full of secret treasures of lovely unimagined thoughts and embraces. He, too, can

raise his heart to heaven in the midst of the struggle and din and piteous turmoil of daily things, and be thankful that he has a sacred home to retire to far away, where these sounds cannot reach him, or can only reach him modified by air and distance and transformed to music. Art is his pure peerless mistress, who keeps sweetly hidden for him innumerable messages and secrets that can only be told when the fierce battle is over, beneath the shrouding arms of the tender "inscrutable night." Art is the maiden gladly captive for his sake; and the safe high secret castle, moated, well-guarded, turreted, is *his heart*.

To this true servant Art shall reveal all mysteries: all mysteries of humanity and of nature and of heaven. And to all her true followers Art shall be gracious. The suffering may be long and dreary and weary, but "at even it shall be light." There are martyrs of Art as well as of Religion; and their reward shall be alike. Not golden crowns, as we said before—but to apprehend their own divinity and immortality, and the divinity and immortality of earth. *To know the true beauty of one red rose.* To see fully the beauty of one such supreme flower, or the soft incomplete beauty of a maiden, or the perfect beauty of one mature, faultless woman, flawless and fleckless in body and in intellect and in soul—of such a fashion are the rewards that Art gives,—of such symmetry and moulding is Art's anticipated heaven. *To see and to know clearly, right and sweet things and things glad and wholesome, as they are.* That is the promise to humanity given in this our age of poetical thought and imaginative speculation by the ultimate voice of Art. And be ye sure, pale sad sufferers, that if ye be faithful to your vision of truth, as certainly as the sun each day rises and gilds both valleys and mountains with its beams, ye shall have your reward.

DARK AND FAIR HIGHLANDERS.

(From the Highlander.)

PROFESSOR YOUNG, of Glasgow, is really the first who has given expression to the notion that the Celts are a dark-haired race, contrasting with the light-haired descendants of Scandinavian exiles. Not but the belief existed in a half formed state previously, but it never assumed the attitude of a scientific dogma until recently laid down by Dr. Young. Dr. Young himself is not of lofty stature, and his complexion is sallow, and his hair jet black. At the last Inverness gathering in Glasgow, he *posed* these attributes as characteristics of the Celts, and he declared that the large number of faces of fair complexion he witnessed among his audience evidenced to him the presence of a Teutonic mixture. There can be no doubt that among the Highlanders,

leaving out altogether the identical characteristics of the Lowlanders and the English, black hair and olive complexions are not uncommon; but any one who will take the trouble to read the remarks of early classic writers, must be satisfied that such characteristics were not native to the indigenous Gael. The second part of the present issue of *Logan's Scottish Gael*, which quotes all these authorities, amply disposes of any doubt on the question. Then whence the dark sallow admixture? Stewart of Garth, in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," observes at page 482 (Ed. 1822)—"It is a commonly received opinion that the Highlanders have harsh features, high cheek bones, and as we see in allegorical paintings and engravings of them, a fierce and melancholy aspect. It is not easy to define exactly the characteristics of the Highland features. In all parts of the country many men are seen with swarthy faces, and countenances more characteristic of a Spaniard or an Italian than of men born in the cold climate of the Scottish mountains. At the same time people who are in the habit of seeing Highland regiments (those that are really such) must have observed the fresh complexion and regular features of a great proportion of the young men. In their own country, both sexes lose their juvenile looks at an early period of life. This is probably owing to their food. Vegetable diet seems healthy and nourishing to the youthful, enabling them to go through much hard labour. But, judging from the Highlanders, a hard working man of forty requires more than potatoes and milk, with the addition sometimes of a little bread, and very rarely animal food." These remarks of the gallant old officer testify to the presence of a dark-complexioned, dark-haired breed among our Highlanders, but they do not assign a probable origin for the admixture. Stuart, in his "*Caledonia Romana*," a work of much research and erudition, and an authority in his own speciality of much higher calibre than Dr. Young, inclines to the belief that the dark hair and swarthy hue common in the Highlands, are not native characteristics of the Gael, but are owing to some foreign intrusion, respecting which history is silent. After referring, at pp. 28 and 29, to the ruddy locks and fair complexions of our ancestors, and proving those personal attributes by quotation from the only sources of information available, he adds—"The lapse of ages has materially changed the personal characteristics of the Celtic race, especially as regards the Northern branch of their descendants, the Highlanders of Scotland. The ruddy colour of the hair undoubtedly maintains its old ascendancy, but the '*Candida Corpora*,' and '*Cœrulei oculi*'—the fair persons and the blue eyes—of the ancient Gael no longer abound in the same proportion. Some admixture of foreign blood has probably led to

the change ; but, as all authentic history is silent on the subject, we can say nothing of the source whence came the dusky skin and sharp grey iris of the modern Gael." While it is undoubtedly the case that history is silent respecting the race which produced such physical changes, still the writer is disposed to attribute it to the Scoto-Irish invasions from Ireland. Forbes Leslie inclines to the belief that the great Celtic races penetrated to Western Europe through two or three channels. One passed along the north of Africa, crossed the pillars of Hercules, and peopled Spain and France, or portions of them. Another took the opposite side of the Mediterranean, mixing with the dark races there, and formed the progenitors of the ancient Italian peoples. A third passed westwards, farther north than the latter, and formed the yellow-haired races whom Cæsar speaks of meeting and fighting with in Gaul. It is extremely probable that, while all these might be Celtic peoples, speaking dialects of the same speech, the dark-haired people of Southern Europe passed into Ireland, forming what is called the Milesian race ; while the yellow-haired race of Gaul—the Northern Wave—passed into Britain by the Straits of Dover, and travelled northwards in successive pastoral migrations until they peopled Caledonia. There can be no doubt of the fact of a Gaelic wave having passed over England and the south of Scotland, for the names given to the physical features of the country prove it. Then as to Ireland, foreign types of feature are common in it. In Kerry the people would almost pass for Spaniards and Portuguese. The mass of the people appear to be of Basque origin—dark, sallow people : and to persons accustomed to meet Irish and Highland people, the distinction between the two is obvious at a glance. I make no doubt that the same agencies which retard Spain have kept back Ireland. The Southern vengeful spirit is not rare in Ireland, while it is rare in the Highlands of Scotland. In fact, the two peoples are as widely asunder, morally and socially, as they appear to be in race. There are no agrarian outrages in the Highlands. During all the cruelties of an ungenerous foe, there is something innately cruel and unrelenting in the Teutonic race. In 1746, we hear of scarcely any retaliation ; and during the Loch-Sellar evictions in Sutherland, no blood was shed by the injured natives. The feelings of the Scottish Gael were as strong and overmastering as those of the Irishman can be, yet the vengeful Italian or Spanish spirit never came uppermost. I believe that, although the Gaelic tongue was at all times that of Ireland, it came to be spoken by dark tribes not originally of Celtic origin, just as the language which we call English has displaced the Cornish, the Cumbrian, the Strathclyde British, Gallovidian, and so on ; and for the

same reason, viz., because it happened to be the language of the most numerous and dominant race.

Professor Young has commenced to study Highland ethnology at the wrong end. Let him trace out the nationality of the dark-haired portion of our race. Is it Phœnician, or Roman, or Basque, or Slavonic? Language, he himself admits, is not a safe gauge, else the writer of this, who cannot speak Gaelic, but is as pure a Highlander in race as any in the county of Inverness, would not be considered Celtic. If the Professor after enunciating his novel doctrine, is going to say no more about it, it is not an honest retreat from an objectionable hypothesis. He has plenty of leisure in the summer months to investigate this matter to the very bottom. He knows that a good deal of intercourse has at all times been carried on between Ireland and Scotland. He knows the Irish traditions as to Spanish or Iberian descent. He knows also from the ancient writers respecting our race, that it was primitively a fair-haired one. Let him, if history say nothing as to the immigration of dark-haired races, investigate the subject ethnologically. A man who can trace Scandinavian peoples along the courses of our streams, and people of Celtic blood at higher elevations in the heart of mountain triangles, can have no difficulty in following similar observations in Ireland or elsewhere. A man accustomed to read the history of the physical progress of our globe, in the aspects of our rocks, can surely supply a missing chapter in our national history during the (to him) mere fleabite of time, dating from the age of Agricola—a trifle compared with the myriads of ages which the Professor is accustomed to account for in his daily prelections. There can be no doubt that Professor Young has left the subject in a very unsatisfactory state, and, as a matter of common justice, he is bound either to retract his observations, or to prove them. To flippantly vilipend the Celtic race by alleging it to be puny, sallow, and composed of dwarfs, and to make all the beauty, muscle, and bone of the nation, of a race which we never knew as conquerors, and which never was a match for us in war, is nothing less than a gross, unscientific blunder, which the Professor should either repudiate, or do something to establish. Personally, I rather like Dr Young; he is a model Professor, and an excellent man, free from scholastic starch, and I only regret that he should have stumbled so outrageously when alluding to his mother's race and people.

A CELT FROM THE AIRD.

WHAT is there more lovely to the sight, or delightful to smell and taste than a dish of ripe strawberries, peaches, apples, pears, grapes, &c.? It is hard to tell whether sight, smell, or taste gives us most pleasure.—*How to Cook.*

MRS. TAPPAN'S DISCOURSES.*

It is now nearly two years and a half since Mrs. Tappan was introduced to the Spiritualists of this country, a comparative stranger to all but a select few. Her fame as an inspirational speaker had reached the ears only of those conversant with American Spiritual literature, but she came endorsed by the best men and most influential literary organs of the United States. The open arms with which she was received by all classes from those employed on the daily press to the humblest devotee of Spiritualism, was not what might have been expected of a Spiritual medium, but rather that form of applause which usually awaits distinguished professors in one or other form of attractive entertainment. The most fashionable and intelligent assemblies listened to her with breathless admiration, and the critics spoke of her elocution, and the matter to which it was the vehicle of expression, in the highest terms; and not only London but all parts of the country soon re-echoed the fame of Mrs. Tappan. Her meetings quickly became one of the institutions of the metropolis, and in a few weeks was gathered around her a phalanx of supporters which some able men labour for half a life-time to secure.

Some of her discourses were delivered from themes suggested by her guides, while others were proposed by committees selected by the audience. It did not matter which of these methods was adopted, the fluency and the connectedness of the discourses were the same in nearly all cases.

Her discourses were usually followed with a poem which, in most cases, was upon themes suggested at the moment by some one in the audience.

Having remained in London speaking every Sunday, and sometimes twice in the week in addition, Mrs. Tappan made a tour in the country, where her pretensions as an inspirational speaker were put to the severest test by critical audiences who knew comparatively little of Spiritualism. Through this trial Mrs. Tappan emerged in triumph. A remarkable degree of originality and appositeness characterised her utterances on a great variety of subjects. She returned to London for the winter, and delivered in Cavendish Rooms, before small audiences, a series of thirty discourses upon Spiritual subjects, all of which could not be regarded as popular. Another provincial campaign

* Discourses through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, in one volume of 720 pp., on toned paper, elegantly bound, price 7s. 6d.; superior edition on fine paper, bevelled boards, gilt edges, with photograph of Mrs. Tappan on Symbolical Mount, 10s. 6d. The volume includes 54 Discourses, 63 Poems, and 12 Extracts. Offered to the readers of *Human Nature* for this month, the plain edition for 6s., post free; the fine edition for 7s. 6d., post free.

occupied the remainder of her sojourn in this country. Mrs. Tappan returned to America in September last, just about two years from the time she commenced her work in London.

These discourses and the poems which followed them were nearly in every instance carefully reported,—those in London without exception. They, in the first instance, appeared in the *Medium*, and afterwards the type was re-arranged into convenient pages, corrected by Mrs. Tappan under the influence of her guides, and stereotyped for future use. The volume before us is the fruit of these two years' industry. The whole of the orations reported are not contained in this book. The thirty discourses delivered at Cavendish Rooms on "Spiritual Dynamics" and "Spiritual Cosmology" are also in stereo-plates, but await publication in a separate volume. The one before us is quite large enough, extending as it does to 720 pages, and were it not for the fact that the paper used is exceedingly fine, the volume would have been unwieldy in bulk. The selection of materials made, and the excellent workmanship put into the book, have kept it within limits; and it is so put together that there is no danger of the mechanical departments giving way, as is often the case in ponderous volumes.

The work appears in two separate editions,—one printed on superfine paper, the other on common paper. The first quality is prefaced by a fine photograph of Mrs. Tappan, by Mr. J. Bowman of Glasgow, mounted on a symbolical design, the work of Mr. Gill of Brighton. This artistic effort embodies within it those floral and geometrical symbols alluded to so frequently in certain of Mrs. Tappan's discourses. This superior edition is bound in bevelled boards, and is full gilt; while the common edition appears plain. These are the only distinctions observable, the contents being in either case the same.

The work is divided into four sections. The first, Introductory, being a narrative of Mrs. Tappan's Experiences as a Medium, delivered through herself by her guides at St. George's Hall, to which are fittingly appended Extracts from her early mediumistic compositions in prose and in verse. These Extracts are equal in merit to her more recent utterances, and present valuable evidence of her mediumship. It might be argued that a lady of mature age, who had moved for the greater part of her lifetime among educated people, might, by some normal means, be able to discourse in a manner similar to Mrs. Tappan; but that argument could not by any means be brought to bear on the case of a school-girl of twelve years being similarly endowed.

The second section of the book is entitled "The New Science," consisting of such discourses as purport to give facts respecting spiritual existence, explaining the functions of mediumship, or

the conditions under which the various phenomena occur. The first discourse of this series is the one with which Mrs. Tappan commenced her labours in London. It is followed by a short series delivered on week evenings, chiefly at Lawson's Rooms, under the auspices of Mr. Slater and the Misses Dickson. In these discourses a vast fund of valuable thought and statements of practical fact is to be found. The principles presented were vigorously discussed, in the form of question and answer, in the evenings on which the discourses were delivered. A newspaper critic essayed to attack, in his columns, some of the statements, but the reply by one of the controls, "Professor Mapes," shows that the spirits were equal to their task, and knew how to defend their position. The remainder of this section is derived from such of the discourses delivered from week to week, as were seen to relate to scientific rather than to ethical subjects.

The third department is entitled "Spiritual Ethics," which very fully describes the nature of the speeches under that head. It presents what may be called the moral and religious teachings of Spiritualism, and will be found probably to be the most interesting and valuable portion of the volume, as it also occupies the greatest amount of space.

The fourth and concluding section relates to the passing away and experiences in spirit-life of Judge Edmonds. The first discourse purports to be from "Theodore Parker," and is a tribute to the character and devotion of his friend the Judge. Two discourses follow by "Judge Edmonds" himself, in which he gives an account of his entrance into spirit-life, and the persons and scenes which met him there. Then follows an account of experiences of a spiritual kind, which tends to give an idea of the higher development of mind in spirit-life, and of the relations which exist between those thus situated and their representatives on earth.

The Poems attached to the discourses are far from being equal in merit. Some of them are very excellent, others very poor. They are, however, honestly reported in every case with all their beauties and blemishes. And though they may not at all times gratify the poetical eye, yet they complete one of the most valuable records of the intellectual phenomena which has been derived during the era of modern Spiritualism.

Viewing the book critically, a remarkable degree of consistency prevails throughout its various sections. It embodies a system of thought which many Spiritualists will recognise as more or less an expression of the opinions held by them. Mrs. Tappan is supposed to be controlled by twelve guides, and the scope of the work indicates something of the kind. Some of the subjects relate to material conditions, and are treated in scientific language.

Others again are exalted and spiritual, and the terse style of the demonstrator of facts gives place to an appropriate and poetical form of language, indicating not only great diversity of treatment, but a distinct individuality in the controlling powers. Governmental and social questions are mixed up with those more particularly Spiritualistic, just as the demand of the audiences might determine when the subjects were left to their suggestion.

Those who heard these orations delivered had a very much better opportunity for giving an opinion respecting the difference observable in the controls than the reader of the book can possibly lay claim to. Yet there may be those who, taking into account the fact that every page is the utterance of the same woman, may detect those peculiarities which indicate a speciality of control or teaching, which could not well be supposed to emanate from one mind. We would not for a moment adduce such a performance as the volume before us in evidence of spirit-identity. But these discourses, taken in connection with other facts which may be derived from the experience of Mrs. Tappan and other mediums, very much strengthen and complete that chain of testimony which of necessity is required to uphold the spiritual hypothesis.

The volume having been collected from week to week from the columns of a newspaper, there is necessarily less completeness of mechanical finish observable than would have been the case if the printer, from a completed manuscript, had set to work, and produced a book in the ordinary manner. This consideration must be some apology for any defect which may be observed. The same consideration, coupled with the fact that the whole of the book was given off-hand without notes of pre-arrangement, must surely be ample excuse for any deficiencies which may be noted in the subject-matter.

Apart from any theory of inspiration, the fact of a delicate woman, with no books in her possession or at command, producing such a work, is enough to demand an explanation other than is furnished by the current opinions of mankind. Whatever view be entertained as to the production of the book, its value to the reader is not altered thereby. Spiritualism has, in this collection, the most complete record of intellectual phenomena of the kind which has yet been produced, and for many years it must be regarded as a work of great importance. No investigator of these nineteenth century phenomena can consider his library complete without this agreeable addition.

IPHIGENIA, AND OTHER POEMS.*

By HENRY PRIDE.

AS the major portion of this volume has already appeared in *HUMAN NATURE*, it is not necessary to lay before our readers any extended criticism, for they are in a position to judge for themselves. Mr. Pride is a young poet, this being his first volume, composed of pieces which have already appeared in periodicals. His writings give expression to a poetical view of the present spiritual movement, of which he considers himself to be a product, so to speak. His preface indicates that he is a warm defender of Spiritualism, by which he seems to mean an eclectic system embodying philosophy, science, religion, and theology. His aim is expressed in the following sentence:—"With the good of every creed he claims to be a co-worker in their purest aims, and, looking reverently God-ward, avows that his sole prayer has been to faithfully serve the truth." In every poem this resolution is apparent.

It may be said that all poets are Spiritualists, but it is particularly so in the case of Mr. Pride. His chief point seems to be the unfoldment of spiritual truth as wrapt up in religious dogmas, symbols, and rituals. He effects this purpose more as a generous adherent to the inner meaning of present religious forms than a destroyer of all that at present obtains. His idea is perhaps best expressed in the symbolical diagram on the cover. The golden orb of Truth, whose rays are diffused universally, is partially obscured by the cross in an attitude of declination, which symbol casts a shadow over a portion of the earthly sphere. In plain language, Mr. Pride recognises that there is divine light behind all religious machinery, which may be more generally perceived by a removal of existing hindrances, which, instead of interpreting, obscure the light of Truth. With this view, the chief poems are directed to the overthrow of leading theological errors. Priestly influence and the sacrificial system are held up to obloquy in the leading poem "Iphigenia." "God with us," and "Christ Jesus," also in narrative form, are intended to set forth principles which lie beneath the surface of the verse.

The minor contributions are far from being of uniform excellence, and Mr. Pride would have acted wisely to have withheld some of them. True to the unsophisticated candour of his nature, he has made the volume an honest record of his poetical experiences, thus far giving the reader an opportunity of judging of his flight in its higher and lower planes of action.

Some of the poems are written to exemplify mediumship, and to explain and enforce the lessons taught by spiritual phenomena. Others, as "Sibyl," indicate that the poet is subject to fitful moods, apparently inconsistent with his usual mental outlook. "The Seeker," which immediately follows the last-named poem, is a work of quite a different stamp, and is indeed a fragment which might become the nucleus of a great epic.

There are many cheering indications scattered throughout the volume to show that the author has not by any means done his best work as yet, but that these poems are preliminary exercises to a performance, the realization of which is still in the future. Altogether this volume displays characteristics quite peculiar to itself, indicating the possession of a distinct form of genius on the part of the author. Its spirit in every way is commendable, and it cannot exert other than a good influence upon the reader. It is got up in a handsome and striking manner, and is a suggestive work, both within and without.

MR. BARLOW'S ESSAY ON WALT WHITMAN.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—In the last issue of your esteemed paper you commented on Mr. Barlow's Essay in *Human Nature* on Walt Whitman, the American poet, and hinted that Mr. Barlow's views on the subjects therein treated on had led to and would occasion some discussion.

With the idealistic exposition of art-religion as applicable to human nature, in its present stage of civilisation, I do not care to meddle, nor should critics touch the vision too roughly lest its "baseless fabric" vanish from our gaze; and in the outspoken thoughts of all cultivated minds there is something at all events worth treasuring; but it is with Mr. Barlow's views on Polygamy, as stated in a letter annexed to his Essay, that I would wish to offer a few remarks. In writing on this subject and on the relations of the sexes generally, Mr. Barlow prescribes polygamy as a panacea for husbands who are tired of their wives, and for the enormous amount of prostitution existing in this country. Mr. Barlow, in giving his prescription, intimates that the case has had his deep and careful study, and therefore that his diagnosis is a matured and deliberate expression of opinion.

That the questions of "affinities," of the conjugal relations, and the different phases of passion, sentiment, or esteem that may influence those relations of the sources and effects of prostitution, that these questions are ones demanding the most devoted and patient study for their solution from the student of human nature and the inquirer after truth, it cannot for one moment be denied; and when we find Mr. Barlow at one word settling the whole

matter off hand by announcing polygamy as the perfect cure, we confess ourselves hardly able to credit him with the study and patient investigation of the subject which it merits, and which he claims to have bestowed upon it.

Mr. Barlow describes the prostitutes of London (generally) as the "extra wives" of the business men of that city, and ascribes the fact to the necessitous demands made by the nature of the male sex requiring imperatively more wives than one, and he cites the custom in eastern nations of polygamy in support of his views; but to make Mr. Barlow's argument on this head complete, he ought to show that prostitution does not exist among nations where polygamy obtains. Is this the fact? On the contrary since the days of Solomon, concubines and harlots are to be found all over the east where civilisation exists. In Constantinople and in Calcutta it is as rife as in London or Paris, and the many wives of the Turks or Mohammedans do not affect the existence of the "sisters of the scarlet."

Mr. Barlow must search further and deeper into the well springs of truth, before he can give us any reasonable or effectual solution of the questions he discusses—and in doing so, it would be well also to bear in mind, that it is possible Mr. Barlow may be mistaken in his theory of the relative capacities of the sexes for conjugal pleasures (or duties), and that the woman may be as desirous of variety or the victim of satiety as well as the man. With the offspring of polygamous marriages and the necessarily increased population they would entail, Mr. Barlow does not interfere. That would probably be classed, not under the ideal, but the practical or political side of the subject, and into that he does not profess to enter. While differing with Mr. Barlow in his arguments, we are glad to hail any intellectual mind, that will, as he says, "speak out." Sterne says, in his *Tristram Shandy*, "When we set about to beget a man, we put out the light." But the time is fast approaching when a spade must be called a spade, and every little light let in on "tabooed" subjects, should be welcomed by all who love truth and freedom.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FRANKLIN FOX.

Brighton, Feb., 1876.

DOUBLE LIFE.

STRANGE STORY OF A WOMAN WITH TWO INDIVIDUALITIES AND AS MANY HUSBANDS.

(*From the New York Mercury.*)

AMONG the passengers by the steamer for Liverpool was a lady whose history is certainly one of the most remarkable, if not the most incredible on record. It is thus related:—

Some years since a ship-carpenter, at Sunderland, England, turned lecturer. His name was Anthony J. Oliver, and the subject

of his lecture was mesmerism. He was a great reader, and an extraordinary mesmeric operator, and when he made his first appearance in public, his manifestations of the odylic force astonished his audiences. His progress through the towns of the north of England was one continued harvest of shekels. Old and young of both sexes—doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and scientists—went to scoff at, but were spell-bound by his mesmeric power. Among others in Newcastle, Miss Jennie R——— was a profound admirer of Mr. Oliver. So great was his influence over her, that by the force of his will he could, at the distance of a mile, or over, induce the mesmeric sleep, and compel her to proceed to him. This extraordinary fact was demonstrated in the presence of a committee of scientific experts, when collusion was out of the question. On one of these occasions she climbed a garden wall seven feet in height, and fell head-foremost to the ground. She was taken up senseless, and medical attendance was summoned, but in vain. She lay for six weeks in a condition bordering upon death. Just here it may be well to digress for a moment. Mr. Oliver afterwards studied medicine in the Newcastle College of Medicine. After the war ended in these United States, he, with a number of his English friends, settled in Virginia. Every newspaper reader remembers his tragic end. He betrayed an aristocratic Virginian's daughter, and her father shot Oliver in cold blood. When Miss R——— returned to her consciousness she was blind and deaf, and she continued so for five or six weeks. The sense of hearing returned suddenly, but sight returned more gradually, but in the end perfectly. The most extraordinary feature of the case, however, was the fact that she had lost all recollection of her former life. She did not know a letter of the alphabet, and she could not play an air on the piano-forte. Her father and mother were strangers to her. Her pet dog was angrily thrust away. She was ignorant of the use of knives and forks. She was simply a few-born infant with this difference, that she could acquire knowledge rapidly. Her education was commenced anew. Arithmetic, history, geography, French, and music were eagerly studied, and a new circle of friends was gradually formed. Here, again, there was an abnormal fastidiousness. The friends of her former life were distasteful, and a young gentleman who had loved her, and whom she had treated with cruel ridicule, suddenly became her prime favourite. It soon became known that Mr. G——— H——— and Miss Jennie R——— were engaged. The young man's parents consulted Dr. Gibb, the doctor consulted Dr. Forbes Winslow, and the young people were urgently advised to postpone the nuptials. Parental opposition precipitated the union. A runaway match made them man and wife in May, 1856. At the birth of the first son the poor mother remained unconscious for three weeks. Similar symptoms followed the birth of a daughter in 1860. One morning she awoke in her former natural state, without any intimation from memory or consciousness that any-

thing unusual had happened. The four years of her married life were to her as though they had never been. She shrieked with rage when her husband approached. She designated her children "somebody's little brats." The house was strange to her. She did not recognise her own dresses or her own handwriting. She took up life again at the precise point where she had left it when she fell into the mesmeric slumber and tried to scale the garden wall. Existence with her husband was unendurable, and she was taken back to her mother. Parental interference resulted in a judicial separation between the husband and wife.

Miss Jennie R——, as she again called herself, was annoyed by any reference to her abnormal individuality, and her parents yielded to her entreaties to leave the town and settle in the South of England. Near Dartmouth she gained all her former health and spirits. Possessing a graceful form and a pretty face, she soon became the focus of masculine admiration, and finally a wealthy young farmer offered his hand. Her father, in spite of Jennie's tears and entreaties, insisted that F—— H—— should be informed of her previous mental derangement and marriage. The poor fellow was too deeply in love to fear consequences. Then a new obstacle arose in a legal form. Her husband heard of her intended marriage, and threatened F—— H—— and Jennie with "proceedings" if the match was consummated. Whereupon Mr. H—— with Jennie emigrated to this country. Soon after the pair proceeded to Southern Minnesota and established themselves on a fruitful farm. But, alas! misfortune overtook them. In August last, Mr. H—— was out driving with his wife in a buggy, when the horse ran away, the vehicle was upset, and Mrs. H—— was thrown violently to the ground, receiving a severe contusion on the back of the head. She remained unconscious for two weeks. When she recovered consciousness it was even as he feared. "She did not know me from Adam," as he expresses it, "and I could no more convince her that I was her husband than I could stop the earth in its orbit." Whenever he approached her she repulsed him with anger for spiriting her away from home. All the old affection for her children and former husband returned, and poor H—— had no peace till he started with her on her way back to England. The pair reached this city from the West, and a friend of Mr. H——'s, who saw the pair, informed the writer that the coldest and most severe politeness existed between the whilom man and wife. Nothing, however, can persuade the lady that she is not the victim of H——'s machinations, and her memory reverts back to the immediate circumstances preceding the birth of her baby in 1860.

EFFECTS OF THE SUN ON LUNATICS.

Galigiani cites from the *Gazette des Hôpitaux* a curious article on this subject. Dr. Ponza, director of the lunatic asylum at Alessandria, Piedmont, having conceived the idea that the solar

rays might have some curative power in disease of the brain, communicated his views to Father Secchi, of Rome, who replied in the following terms:—"The idea of studying the disturbed state of lunatics in connection with magnetic perturbations, and with the coloured, especially violet light of the sun, is of remarkable importance, and I consider it well worth being cultivated." Such light is easily obtained by filtering the solar rays through a glass of that colour. "Violet," adds Father Secchi, "has something melancholy and depressive about it, which, physiologically, causes low spirits; hence, no doubt, poets have draped melancholy in violet garments. Perhaps violet light may calm the nervous excitement of unfortunate maniacs." He then advises Dr. Ponza to perform his experiments in rooms the walls of which are painted of the same colour as the glass panes of the windows, which should be as numerous as possible, in order to favour the action of solar light, so that it may be admissible at any hour of the day. The patients should pass the night in rooms oriented to the east and south, and painted and glazed as above. Dr. Ponza, following the instructions of the learned Jesuit, prepared several rooms in the manner described, and kept several patients there under observation. One of them, affected with morbid taciturnity, became gay and affable after three hours' stay in a red chamber; another, a maniac who refused all food, asked for some breakfast after having stayed twenty-four hours in the same red chamber. In a blue one, a highly excited madman with a strait waistcoat on was kept all day; an hour after, he appeared much calmer. The action of the blue light is very intense on the optic nerve, and seems to cause a sort of oppression. A patient was made to pass the night in a violet chamber; on the following day, he begged Dr. Ponza to send him home, because he felt himself cured; and indeed he has been well ever since. Dr. Ponza's conclusions from his experiments are these:—"The violet rays are, of all others, those that possess the most intense electro-chemical power; the red light is also very rich in calorific rays; blue light, on the contrary, is quite devoid of them as well as of chemical and electric ones. Its beneficent influence is hard to explain; as it is the absolute negation of all excitement, it succeeds admirably in calming the furious excitement of maniacs."

THE RECLAMATION OF THE INTEMPERATE: IMPORTANT MEDICAL TESTIMONY TO THE DIET CURE.

THE following remarkable testimony from Dr. J. Turner, of New York, in favour of the Diet Cure for Intemperance, will help our readers to estimate at its true value the paper read last year by Mr. C. O. Groom Napier before the British Association at Bristol, and since re-issued in a cheap form by Messrs. Tweedie. Dr. Turner's letter is addressed to Mr. Napier, to whom we are indebted for permission to publish it:—

"You will remember my meeting you at Brighton in 1868, and your telling me about your having cured several persons of intem-

perance by inducing them to adopt a vegetarian diet, and of your having cured also other diseases by the same diet. I now beg to thank you for the valuable information you gave me, which I think will prove to be the greatest discovery on your part ever made in medicine. I for many years believed that a meat diet was necessary, and that I should be sacrificing the lives of my patients if I recommended any other. I am now convinced that fruits and farinacea are 'the proper food of man.' I left Liverpool for the United States shortly after I saw you, and now have a magnificent practice in the New World. Having become gradually convinced by reading that a vegetarian diet would support a person in health and strength, I resolved to put it in practice on two intemperate brothers. They were cured and restored to society. I have since applied it to *upwards of a thousand cases of intemperance* with marked success in the majority of instances. I have made notes of each case, sufficient to fill an octavo book of 600 pages, which I should like to see brought out in England. If I possibly can I shall come to London this summer next ensuing and make arrangements for bringing out my book, adding a few cases of the cure of consumption, cancer, and other supposed incurable diseases by vegetarianism. I shall try and get ready a paper, or, at any rate, endeavour to make a statement before the British Association on vegetarianism as *a certain cure for intemperance*. Some patients of mine who have been cured of intemperance, presented me last year with a silver épergne, costing five hundred dollars, and an illuminated address, in which they thanked me for this means of saving them from utter ruin both of body and soul. This address was given at a vegetarian dinner held for that purpose. Since then some patients of mine who did not know of the testimonial until too late, have asked me to sit for a medal to display my portrait in profile with the inscription that I was the introducer of this vegetarian cure for intemperance into America. I three times declined, but at last was persuaded. A thousand dollars were subscribed, the medal is to be struck in gold, silver, and bronze. The wax medal has been made, and has been pronounced very exact as a likeness. I now write to ask a favour of you, which, perhaps, you will grant, as I have been the means of making known your discovery on a large scale in America. That you will send me a photographic profile view of yourself, that it may be inscribed on the other side of the medal, for you are certainly entitled to more credit than I, and I could not allow the medal to be issued without some acknowledgment of your discovery, which in my humble opinion is the most profound which has been made in medicine during the present century, since it affords a means of curing the most monstrous disease—the most monstrous evil that afflicts society. I hope to see you this summer."

We hope Dr. Turner will be as good as his word. We are sure he will receive a cordial reception in England, while the publication of his work must excite great attention both in medical and non-medical circles.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL.

At the meeting of the East Yorkshire Anthropological Society of Hull (which was established at Hull in 1872, under the auspices of several members of the London Anthropological Society, resident at Hull, for the study of the many interesting subjects connected with the science of man), a paper was read by Dr. Charnock, F.S.A., on "His Visit to the Gipsies of Yetholm, near Kelso." There is a tradition that these gipsies were located in Kirk-Yetholm as early as 1647. Many of them now reside at Kelso and the vicinity. They are nearly all of pure gipsy origin. They are well formed, have but few diseases, and live to a good old age. Most of them have left off their wandering life, and are employed as farm labourers. They are superstitious and proud. Many can read; some can both read and write. Some attend church, but it is doubtful if they have any religious belief. They have preserved their native language, which is based upon Hindi, Persian, and Guzerathi. It is, however, very corrupt, and contains many European and some slang words. Dr. Charnock entered into an examination of the grammar, and gave a short vocabulary. The Queen of the Gipsies, who is a widow, is eighty years of age, and has had twelve children. Her eldest son is called Prince Robert, her eldest daughter Princess Helen. The Queen is intelligent and interesting, and both she and her daughter would prefer a tent life. One of the Yetholm gipsies has been immortalised under the name of Meg Merrilees.

To see the divinely appointed laws and conditions of health—at last *humanly* appointed as well—year after year more exactly ascertained, rendered valid, habitually practised, and the old adjective healthy once more become synonymous with holy,—what a conquest were there!—*T. Carlyle*.

PLAIN TRUTH.—In domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's. By her management of small sums her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on ere incurred; the income is prepared to meet it. But it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief; and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those matters which make a well-regulated house. An unfinished cruet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard-pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are really nothings; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort.

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