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HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

MAY, 1876.

THE EDDY MEDIUMS.*

By ROBERT COOPER.

"Can such things be?"

THE facts embodied in the following narration are of such an extraordinary nature that I shall have to tax the credulity of my readers to a large extent to gain their acceptance, and possibly a great many may refuse to give credence to them at all. Well, I can forgive them, for I own it to be a most difficult thing, even to myself, to fully realise the actuality of the marvellous occurrences I record, although I witness them day after day. It certainly is most difficult to believe that the figures, or forms, or whatever name they may be designated by, that nightly appear on this humble stage, possessing all the properties of humanity, clothed in dresses rich and varied, and speaking in articulate voice, are not human beings like ourselves—that being palpable to sight and touch one moment, should, the next, be no longer cognisable by the material senses. "Like the baseless fabric of a vision they departed, leaving not a trace behind." It can be no hallucination of the senses, for they have been seen by hundreds of persons who all bear witness to their reality; and the appearance of the sprightly and girlish "Honto" is alone sufficient to dissipate the idea of the spirit-forms being personated by the medium. These manifestations also do away with the duplicate theory, for in no case is there the slightest resemblance between the spirit-forms and the medium either in form or voice. Among the numerous persons who have recently witnessed these remarkable phenomena, and who have publicly testified their belief in the reality of them, I will allude to two or three in confirmation of my own statement. Colonel

* This account written about twelve months ago is historical, and will be read with interest now and in the future, as it would have been at the time it was penned.

Olcott, one of the sharpest and shrewdest men of the day, was here for three months, his purpose being to supply articles on the subject to the *New York Daily Graphic*. This he did in a series of excellent letters, which are now published in book form, "People from the Other World," he testifying to having seen upwards of 300 different forms. The next I shall refer to is Elder Evans. Those who saw him in London some three or four years ago will remember that the Shaker is a strong-minded, intelligent individual, not likely to be imposed upon. He says, in a letter addressed to the *New York Tribune*, "I visited the Eddy's, who knew not of my coming, determined to know of the facts there existing. I went as to one of Tyndall's experimental lectures. After an unprejudiced examination, I pronounce the materialisations that I witnessed, of some fifteen spirits, of men and women, to be as true and real, as genuine, as are any facts in agriculture or chemistry that I have ever witnessed."

Dr. Miller, a well-known man in New York, is another example. He visited the Eddy's, and observing Elder Evans' letter in the *Tribune*, wrote the following to him:—"You are all sound on the genuineness of some of these manifestations; I have been through it, have been with the Eddy's ten days. They are as true as steel: the truth about them has not half been told. I differ with you on the subject that Spiritualism is not a *religion*, but a *science*. I think it is the *science of religion*. The Eddy's have captured me—soul, body, and spirit; old things have passed away, and all things have become new." Dr Miller, up to this time, had been a bitter opponent of Spiritualism.

In writing this account, I shall endeavour to set forth the facts in as clear and concise manner as possible, using the plainest and most simple mode of expression: my wish being to convey to the minds of my readers the facts as they exist, and to avoid anything like exaggeration. The numbers that annually witness these phenomena, and the still greater numbers that, for some reason known to the spirits, who are the arbitrators in the matter, are refused permission to do so, attest the great and growing interest in them. It certainly seems strange that phenomena so marvellous, as to be the greatest wonder of this wonderful age, should have existence in such an obscure and remote locality among simple and uncultured people. But it would seem to be in the order of nature that important truths and religions should have an humble origin. Thus we see Jesus born in a manger, and Modern Spiritualism dating its initiation from the rappings in the humble home at Hydesville, through the organism of little children. And now we see the grandest development of this marvellous power manifesting itself under

the least likely circumstances. Taking all the facts of the case into consideration, the nightly appearance of these people from the other world, in their habit as they lived (an *occasional* appearance was formerly considered a great marvel), the certainty with which they appear, as it were to order, and the actuality of their presence, I hesitate not to assert that nothing so wonderful ever took place in the world's history, and that no greater medium for the manifestation of this class of phenomena ever lived than William Henry Eddy.

CHITTENDEN.

Chittenden, the residence of the celebrated Eddy mediums, is situated in the State of Vermont, bordering on Canada. It is some 200 miles from Boston in a northerly direction. The house is reached by going to Rutland, a town of 16,000 inhabitants, by rail, and then proceeding through a valley, with picturesque mountains in all directions, a distance of six miles. The village of Chittenden is a mile and a-half further on. The home of the Eddy's is a plain wooden structure standing by the wayside. It was originally an inn, but is now a farm-house, the Eddy's following the occupation of farming, apparently on a small scale. All along the road from Rutland are small wooden houses, situated about a quarter of a mile apart, some of them commodious farm homesteads, but most of them habitations of a very unpretending character. The locality in which the Eddy's house is situated is called "Spirit-vale." A high spruce-covered hill stands like a wall in front, and a similar one at the rear, a distance of about half-a-mile separating the two. In summer I should judge it to be a most beautiful place to be located in, but now that everything is covered with snow, and scarcely anything but white to be seen, except the fir trees that grow on the hills, and whose bare boughs refuse to retain nature's white mantle, it presents a prospect by no means cheering and inspiriting. As the time of year does not afford me the opportunity of viewing the country to advantage, of seeing nature in its glory, I take the following description from the *New York Graphic* of last October:—"Rude and uninviting as is the Eddy house itself, its surrounding landscape is truly charming. Lying in a valley, it affords from every window the view of grassy slopes, backed by mountain peaks that catch the drifting clouds on days of storm, and on those of sunshine take on rich tints of purple and blue. Just back of the house stretches a bottom pasture land, whose sod is so bright a green that I have wished a score of times that one of the Harts, or Smillie, or M'Entee, or some other of our landscapists, could transfer it, with its grazing herd and noble background, to canvas. The woods are just beginning

to clothe themselves in their royal autumn hues; and from mountain foot to summit, crimson and gold mix with the prevailing mass of green, like jewels embroidered on nature's robe of state. English visitors to this place would find abundant vexation in long walks or mountain climbing, but we Americans avail ourselves little of the privilege. In the depths of the woods the black bear still prowls; foxes abound; sables, minx, racoons, hedgehogs, and occasionally panthers, await the pursuit of the hunter, and speckled trout throng the cold mountain streams to a sufficient extent, to afford sport to the votaries of the rod and fly."

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSE.

The house itself consisted originally of the portion facing the road, but within the last few years an addition has been made at the back. In this is the séance room, which is, in reality, little more than a commodious loft, the angles at the sides being taken off by the slope of the roof. The front door is in the centre of the house, facing which is a short flight of steep stairs; and on reaching the landing, one finds one's-self facing the room where the renowned marvels take place. The room was not built for the purpose it is here used for, but was intended as a sort of public room for the use of the inhabitants of the district —for merry meetings, for funeral services, and such like purposes. The closet that is now used as a cabinet is a very simple affair. At the far end of the room is a chimney block, and the closet is formed by putting up a lath and plaster partition across the recess. It is whitewashed inside, and contains a chair and speaking trumpet, and a smart little cap that some visitor presented to "Honto." There is a small window that is used for ventilation in summer time. This is fastened, has a black curtain hanging over it, and on the outside is tacked a piece of gauze. It is about 12 feet from the ground.

ANCESTRY OF THE EDDYS.

From the source already referred to, I gather the following particulars respecting the history of the family, which Horatio informs me is correct:—

Zephaniah Eddy, a farmer living at Weston, Vermont, married one Julia Ann M'Combs, a girl of Scotch descent, who was born in the same town. She was first cousin to General Leslie Combs of Kentucky, who changed his name to its present form, and was related to a noble Scotch family. About the year 1846, he sold his farm, and removed to the present homestead in the town of Chittenden. Mrs. Eddy inherited from her mother the gifts of foreseeing, second sight, as it is called among the Scotch, or,

more properly, "clairvoyance," for she not only had previsions of future events, but also the faculty of seeing the denizens of the mysterious world about us, whom she claimed to receive visits from as commonly as though they were ordinary neighbours. Not only this, but she could also hold speech with them, hear them address their conversation to the inner self within her, utter warnings of portending calamities, and sometimes bring tidings of joy. Her mother before her possessed the same faculties in degree, and her great grandmother was actually tried and sentenced to death at Salem for alleged witchcraft in the dark days of 1694, but escaped to Scotland by the aid of friends, who rescued her from jail. Zephaniah Eddy was a narrow-minded man, strong in his prejudices, a bigoted religionist, and very little educated. His new wife instinctively withheld from him all knowledge of her peculiar psychological gifts, and for a time after their marriage she seemed to have lost them. But they soon returned stronger than ever, and from that time until the day of her death they were the source of much misery. Mr. Eddy at first made light of them, laughed at her prognostications, and forbade her giving way to what he declared was the work of the Evil One himself. He resorted to prayer to abate the nuisance, or, as he styled it, "to cast the devil out of his ungodly wife and children," and that failing, to concise measures that proved equally inefficacious. The first child that was born had its father's temperament, but each succeeding one the mother's, and each, at a very tender age, developed her idiosyncrasies. Mysterious sounds were heard about their cradles, strange voices called through the rooms they were in; they would play by the hour with beautiful children, visible only to their eyes and the mother's, who brought them flowers and pet animals, and romped with them; and once in a while, after they were tucked away in bed, their little bodies would be lifted gently and floated through the air by some mysterious power. In vain the father stormed and threatened; the thing went on. He called his pious neighbours together and prayed, and prayed that this curse might be removed from his house. But the devil was proof against entreaty and expostulation, and the harder they prayed the wickeder the pranks he played. Then he resorted to blows, and, to get the evil spirit out of them, he beat these little girls and boys until he made scars on their backs that they will carry to their graves. It seemed as if the man would go crazy with rage.

THE EDDY FAMILY.

Mr. Eddy, the father of the present family, died in the year 1860 at the age of 57. The wife has been dead a little over two

years. Their offspring consisted of four boys and six girls, all of whom, except the two eldest girls, are living. The eldest son John is a Swedenborgian minister in the west. The next in order are the two deceased daughters, one of whom, Miranda, who died at the age of 30, is said to have surpassed all the others in her medium powers. William, now aged 31, stands next. Sophia, married, next, and then Horatio, aged 28. Then follow two more married daughters, a son Daniel, who is away from home, and the youngest daughter Alice, aged 18, who resides at the homestead with William and Horatio. The family, although having a tendency to consumption, are healthy and strong. Horatio has lost a lung, but in spite of this possesses a strong and vigorous constitution. William is not at present in good health, he eats but little, and fears are entertained that he will fall a victim to the disease his sisters and mother have already fallen a prey to. The daily exercise of his medium powers is doubtless a great drain upon his vitality. The whole family appear to be more or less mediumistic, inheriting the faculty from the mother, but only William and Horatio at present sit regularly for manifestations. In former years the father, though believing the manifestations to be of diabolic origin, did not hesitate to turn them to account, and accordingly was accustomed to let out the children, both boys and girls, to various showmen for the purposes of exhibition, and the treatment they received at the hands of "scientific" sceptics and ignoramuses of various kinds is quite distressing to read. Ignorant mobs have been excited to such a pitch as to resort to acts of brutality and malice. Even fire-arms have been resorted to by these malicious bigots, both brothers and a sister having, on different occasions, been wounded by pistol-shots as they passed through the streets. Even now they are looked upon with mistrust and suspicion by their neighbours, who, I find as a rule, do not accept Spiritualism as an explanation of the marvels they hear of. I spoke to one of them, a neighbouring farmer, and told him what I had seen. He listened to what I said, and then burst out in a coarse laugh, saying, "You didn't know then they had got it all fixt up."

STRIKING INCIDENTS.

The occurrence of Spiritual phenomena during the childhood of the present Eddy family has already been alluded to. To go fully into these matters would occupy a considerable amount of space, I must therefore content myself with just mentioning a few of the most noteworthy incidents. Some years ago on a winter's night, with snow on the ground, and the moon shining brightly, the sound of a carriage was heard to stop at the door.

On some of the family going out to see what it was they found an open carriage and pair, with coachman on the box and lady inside with a feather in her bonnet. To the surprise of all the objects on the other side gradually came into view, and the phantom carriage at last wholly disappeared. This betokened the death of a relative, and is not the only time of its occurrence. At another period the children, while lying in bed, observed an old lady working a spinning-wheel that stood in their bedroom. Stones frequently would fall on the floor, nobody knowing where they came from. One weighing 10 pounds thus fell a short time ago in the presence of Dr. Miller, of New York. The ricketty condition of the stairs is attributed to one of 200 pounds weight rolling down them. A sword is shown by Horatio which he says he dug up under spirit influence in a wood 4 feet under ground, a long distance from home. It is an old-fashioned weapon with brass handle, ornamented with a dragon's head, but has no date to indicate its history. Horatio also says that on one occasion, soon after retiring to bed, a gentleman from Boston being in the room at the time, he was visited by eight Indians of gigantic stature, one of whom could not stand upright in the room. They were visible to both by the light of the moon. The Indians said they would show fireworks, whereupon brilliant scintillations of an electrical character were observed in great profusion. On another occasion, not long ago, a séance was held in the living room, William going into a closet about six feet square. In a very short time a troop of Indians came into the room, some at the back door and some at the front, and all, 14 in number, going into the closet where the medium was. At the termination of the séance William alone was found in the closet, which only had one opening. The reason assigned for the frequent appearance of Indians, and the prominent part taken by them in the manifestations is that the locality was formerly inhabited by them. Last May, instead of holding the usual circle in the house, it was agreed to adjourn to a romantic spot in the neighbouring woods. Selecting a place where a huge rock leans against the main hill and forms a sort of cave, beneath which flows a stream of water, a cabinet was formed by means of drapery. Into this the medium, William, retired, the others taking their seats in a row in front of the recess. Soon a form was seen approaching, and at length stood in full view on the summit of this rock. Two others also appeared, one of whom was recognised as "Honto." They then went to the stream and stooped, and appeared to take up water in their hands and drink. After remaining some little time they gradually became invisible. It was a bright moonlight night, and the spectators were 14 in number. The place is now known as Honto's Cave.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MEDIUMS.

The two brothers differ materially in almost every respect except complexion, they both have a dark complexion. Horatio is 5 feet 11 inches in height, William 3 inches less, and is the stoutest of the two. Horatio has a long face, William a round one, with small sharp features and peculiar-looking eyes. He reminds me of the late Charles Kean. Horatio is cheerful and sociable, and takes pleasure in conversation, while William is taciturn and rarely associates with anybody. He is utterly regardless of appearance, goes about with bare neck, and his dress is quite *outré*. He eats but little, and never takes his meals with the rest. They both assist the sister in the housework, and rather pride themselves on their domestic capability. When it is considered that no servant is kept (only a man to do odd jobs), and that there are generally from 20 to 30 visitors staying in the house, it can well be imagined that they do not lead idle lives. Both brothers have a high sense of what is right, and whilst despising mean conduct in others would scorn to do anything of the kind themselves. They are the most simple-minded honest men I ever met with. Owing to the quiet and reserved nature of William it is impossible to judge as to the extent of his knowledge, but Horatio is evidently possessed of a large stock of general information. He is well up in all the arguments of Spiritualism, and is always ready to defend the cause. He is also accomplished in a variety of ways. He is quite an athlete, paints pictures in oil, sings, dances, plays the violin, and seems thoroughly conversant with the conjurer's art. In all these things he is doubtless aided by spirits, as he is also in giving medical advice. Sometimes he is conscious of this assistance, at others he is not. A spirit called "French Mary," said through him when entranced, "he thinks he does these things himself, but I help him, and he doesn't know it." Neither of the brothers are what is called educated; they owe all to spirits. Horatio says he never had a day's schooling in his life.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S STORY.

Within a short distance of the Eddy domicile resides a middle-aged widow lady named Cleveland. A circumstance happened to her about a year ago which I deem worth recording as illustrative of the development of these manifestations. One evening just after dark Mrs. Cleveland, hearing a knock at the door opened it and saw a man, his face partially concealed with a white handkerchief. He said he wanted a night's lodging. This she said she could not accommodate him with. He then went to the Eddy's close by, and said he was a spirit, he "wanted mani-

festations." They considered him to be a crazy man, and told him to go about his business. After leaving the house he gave a wild scream, and nothing more was seen of him on that occasion. A few nights after this he paid Mrs. C. another visit, and told her that he was Norman C. Wright, a lover of her youth, and she recognised him, although she had neither seen or heard anything of him for some twenty years. He then went to the Eddy's, walked into the sitting room and repeated his story of the previous evening. They still thought he was a lunatic, and bade him begone, but he proved the truth of his assertion that he was a spirit by sinking through the floor. He now frequently appears at the cabinet.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS BY A SPIRIT.

At the beginning of the present year Mrs. Cleveland lost her husband. Previous to the burial it was determined to hold a séance in the house where the corpse lay. About a dozen persons assembled for the purpose, among whom was Mrs. Gourlay, the medium frequently mentioned in Professor Hare's book. The room chosen for the purpose led into two others, in one of which was the corpse, and in the other the medium William. The room in which he sat was darkened, the other was moderately light. After sitting a short time in silence a tall figure dressed in black, in appearance resembling a clergyman, appeared at the entrance of the room where the medium was sitting. He commenced a discourse appropriate to the occasion, taking as his text, "It is more blessed to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting: it is more blessed to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth." The address was perfectly distinct, and lasted about half an hour, and was pronounced "beautiful" by the ladies, especially by the bereaved widow. The spirit was recognised as "William Brown," who conducts the cabinet séances, and who is the father of Mr. E. Brown, recently married to one of the Eddy's. Mr. W. Brown was accustomed in his earth-life, though not a regular minister, to give religious addresses. Mr. E. Brown was married by the spirit called the "Witch of the Mountains," who materialised for the purpose and performed a suitable ceremony. This was two days previous to the day fixed, and the reason assigned was that it was the 45th anniversary of Mrs. Eddy's wedding day.

METHOD OF CONDUCTING THE SEANCES.

Persons are not admitted indiscriminately to the séances. Admission is generally obtained through the recommendation of others. No charge is made beyond the moderate sum charged for board and lodging. At the table there is an abundance of

plain wholesome food which is served without regard to style, and partaken of without ceremony. A book is kept in which the names of visitors are recorded. By a reference to this it appears that upwards of 600 persons have come from far and near since January 1874. This does not show the total number, as a good many refuse to enter their names on account of being "church members," &c. At a short distance resides Mr. E. Brown. This gentleman came as a visitor last summer to Mr. Eddy's. He did not do exactly what the sinner did, who "came to scoff and remained to pray," but he did what was far better, he came to investigate and remained to marry, having found a suitable partner in one of the Miss Eddy's. He resides in a house close by, following the occupation of farmer, and attends to the general arrangements of the séances. His spirit-father conducts the manifestations. Every evening, accompanied by his wife, Mr. E. Brown comes to the house, and punctually at seven tells the visitors to "take their places for the séance." Mrs. Cleveland also is a regular attendant. Having arrived in the room and taken their places on the two forms placed at about 10 feet from the platform, the company in the first row are enjoined to hold hands and all to keep quiet. William then walks into the room, and without saying a word enters the cabinet after adjusting the curtain at the entrance. He is dressed in the same clothes he is about in all day, sometimes wearing his over-all boots that he goes about the farm in. Nothing now is seen or heard of him till the last spirit disappears, when he at once walks out and away without taking notice of anybody. The man who does the work on the farm and the odd jobs in the house sits in front of the platform and scrapes away vigorously at the fiddle. This he generally does in the room alone previous to the séance. Whether this is done as a sort of overture, or to invoke the spirits, or for his amusement and practice, I did not enquire, but for some reason music (?) appears to be an indispensable concomitant of these séances, and either fiddling or singing is kept up all the time, and is only suspended when a spirit speaks. Sometimes the spirit "Brown" will give instructions about the music, saying, for instance, "play lively music," or direct them to sing a certain song. A paraffine lamp placed at the further end of the room is the light by which the spirits are seen. This is regulated by Mr. Brown by the direction of the spirits. Ten minutes generally elapse before anything takes place, and then the curtain is observed to move and slowly a form is seen to emerge from the aperture. If it is "Honto," she draws the curtain aside at once and comes out on the stage waving her hand gracefully after the manner of a public performer, and after going through her performance makes her exit in the same style. After the appearance of the first

spirit an average interval of three minutes elapses between the appearance of the others, and the number that generally appear is from ten to a dozen. One one occasion I understand as many as 32 appeared. Frequently the spirits retire to the cabinet for a few moments and then return, the object apparently being to get strength from the medium.

It is obvious that manifestations of such a conclusive character, given under circumstances that leave no loop to hang a doubt on, must be convincing to all such minds as are capable of appreciating facts and reasoning on them. Consider for a moment the difficulties involved in personating the various characters that are seen, two thousand of which have already appeared, and the work attending the provision of the various costumes. Why, a costumier like Nathan would be required to provide the necessary wardrobes. As Colonel Olcott remarks, "I feel confident that if Professors Huxley and Tyndall would spend a fortnight here they would see their protoplasms and such like soothing-syrups flying out of the window upon the entry of the first materialised ghost from the Eddy cabinet."

CHARACTER OF HORATIO EDDY PHRENOLOGICALLY DELINEATED.

He is 28 years old, 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs 168 pounds; fine grained; quick and elastic in movement; black or nearly black fine hair, and inclined to curl; rather dark complexion; has a restless light-brown eye, with a cheerful smiling countenance.

Temperamentally speaking (size of brain 23 inches), would be marked on a scale of from 1 to 7 as follows:—Mental temperament 6 or large, motive 5 or full, vital 4 or average. He is better adapted to a mental occupation than otherwise.

He is respectful in his conduct towards the opposite sex, and is largely endowed with conjugal affection; hence finds but a very few congenial spirits. As a husband, would be constant in affection; as a parent, would be kind and indulgent: loves home well, but could change it without any very great difficulty.

Adhesiveness or friendship is large and very active; forms strong ties of friendship, and imparts the same to others. Often places too much confidence in others on the ground of friendship. In short, he loves his fellowmen and cannot help it. His approbativeness is large and works with his friendship, which makes him extremely sensitive in his social nature; consequently he finds but few persons that seem to understand his sensitive condition. Vitiativeness is large—loves life for life's sake. Destructiveness full—too large; he is not easily hurt, bears physical suffering with great fortitude. Secretiveness average—does not keep secrets well, especially from his friends. Loves money for its use; is not exacting in his dealings, but very liberal.

Cautiousness and conscientiousness rather large. Self-esteem full. He makes but few words with strangers, and is sometimes quite timid, but when aroused evinces strong moral courage and real grit; this, with his large firmness, and destructiveness, and full combativeness, makes him, when he believes he is right, unconquerable. His benevolence is large.

Hope, veneration, and spirituality full. He is kind and sympathetic, largely endowed with the spirit of philanthropy, and is rather easily overcome by the sufferings of others, especially his friends. By nature he is very sceptical, and requires good evidence to convince him.

His perceptive faculties are full and evenly developed. Has large tune, time, and locality. But a few things escape his eyes. He acquires knowledge readily by observation; has a great memory of names, places, and localities; a quick perception of harmony; loves music well, and would have succeeded as a teacher and composer of music. His reasoning and perfective faculties are largely developed. He is mechanical, ingenious, and naturally inventive.

Human nature is large, suavitiveness full. Has intuition—can discern character, and perceive the motives of persons at first interview; is rather persuasive in his manner—can drive sharp and cutting jokes, but seldom gives offence by so doing.

Mantua Station, Portage County, Ohio. DAVID M. KING.

CHARACTER OF WM. HENRY EDDY PHRENOLOGICALLY DELINEATED.

He is a man of stout build; moderate in his movements; 31 years of age, weight 175 pounds; height, 5 feet 8 inches; of rather dark complexion; black or nearly black hair, very fine and silky; large blue eyes. Has a sober and thoughtful looking countenance, and has the motive temperament in predominance.

On a scale from 1 to 7—motive [6 or large, mental 5 or full, vital 4 or average. Best adapted for farming, raising stock, or fruit growing. Would succeed well as a nurse or doctor, but not as a surgeon. His domestic propensities full—too large, but quite evenly developed. Would make a good husband, and manifest rather strong conjugal and parental love. Would be tender with children, and ever ready to administer to their little wants, especially when they were sick. He is friendly to those he becomes attached to; is rather particular in choosing his companions; seldom makes first advances. He is evidently his mother's boy, and in his affections is like his mother; he is, in short, a motherly man. He has large approbativeness, and small vitiativeness. He is extremely sensitive to censure or blame, but highly appreciates approval, and often feels as if he was not fully appreciated. He is rather easily hurt—suffers extremely when sick; not only feels his own pain, but that of his friends. Has not a very strong love of life for life's sake. Destructiveness, secretiveness, and cautiousness full. Is careful and economical; loves property better than money; is inclined to keep his secrets—seldom commits himself. He is far from being a penurious or selfish man; gives to the needy freely.

Combativeness and self-esteem average to full. Dislikes combat either physical or mental; loves peace and harmony; seldom attacks, and often retreats, or goes round to avoid getting into a difficulty.

His perfective faculties are full to large. He readily acquires knowledge by observation; is more practical than theoretical; is more a man of facts than theories. He cares but little for outside show; desires to be, and be known as he is.

His reasoning faculties full. Perceptive faculties average. These, with his quick observing faculties make him a man of good common-sense. Ideality, mirthfulness, and imitation not large; does not laugh enough—should cultivate humour, joke, and participate in more fun.

Benevolence and conscientiousness full to large; is kind and sympathetic, and has a high sense of justice and what is right; dislikes deception in any

form. Hope, spirituality, and veneration are large to very large; has a high sense of immortality and expectations of a future life with quick intuition and perception of the spiritual. Has the prophetic cast of mind and strong devotional feeling; great respect for the aged and his superiors; reverences and worships the Supreme Being and his works. His moral and religious emotions are evidently the strongest part of his nature, so much so, that he would be found always when an opportunity presented itself reading his Bible or other religious books, or meditating on some spiritual phenomenon.

DAVID M. KING,
Mantua Station, Portage County, Ohio. Practical Phrenologist.

RECORD OF SEANCES.

FROM Mr. Cooper's Diary, which appeared in *The Medium*, No. 282, the following extracts are presented in this connection:—

March 5th.—The first spirit-form to appear was recognised as "Honto." She is of elegant form, 5ft. 2in. in height, every movement evincing much grace and activity. Her black hair hangs down her back in two lots. She wears a sort of white muslin gown reaching to the ankle, and has something like a dark apron tied behind her, round the waist, meeting in front. After saluting the audience, she went to one end of the platform and stooped down, and appeared to pick up a shawl from the floor, which she extended and threw over her head, and then proceeded to produce other shawls in the same way from other places. These shawls are semi-transparent. After drawing out two or three she takes them into the cabinet. She then took up an accordion and tried to play, but finding the instrument defective she put it down, and reached through the railings and took a guitar from the table, then slipped across the stage to a chair, in which she sat and played. After a little posturing she retired to the cabinet. Other spirits then came just outside the door, and were recognised by their friends. A "Mrs. Eaton" stood at the doorway and gave an address, which lasted about three minutes. The gist of her remarks was that in her lifetime she held the ordinary orthodox religious views, which were detrimental to her progress in the spirit-world. "We," she said, "had the advantage of possessing truer views through Spiritualism, and therefore should not have the same obstacles to contend with as she had when we died." She then went on to say that prayer was useless of itself; the best way to pray was to work. If a man was hungry it was our duty to supply his wants, instead of asking God to do it. "Mr. Brown" then appeared at the door, and said he concurred in what had been advanced by the previous speaker. He said that they had now exhausted the power of the medium, who directly came out of the cabinet. Seven or eight different figures appeared on this occasion, but the light was not strong enough to see their features.

March 6th.—William entered the cabinet as before, and after some music on the violin by Horatio, and some singing by the company "Honto" appeared. She saluted the company in her usual manner, and then proceeded to draw forth shawls from different places. She then came down the steps to the floor, and intimated a wish for Horatio and Mrs. Cleveland to go on the stage with her. Upon their doing so the three joined hands and began dancing. They then let go hands, and went dancing round, passing each other in and out. This lasted about five minutes. "Honto" then danced by herself in a sprightly manner, throwing up her legs an extra height by way of finale as she entered the cabinet. The light was then turned on full, and she showed herself at the doorway with a self-satisfied smile on her face. Other spirits then came outside the door, and were recognised by friends present, one speaking in a whisper. A child

also appeared inside the cabinet, holding the curtain on one side in order to be seen. The séance was closed by the spirit, "W. Brown," stating that so much force had been spent on "Honto's" manifesting, that the other spirits could not manifest so strongly as they otherwise would do. Horatio then held a dark circle. His hands being securely tied behind by one of the company, he sat in a chair in front of the platform. On a table standing about a foot from him were a great number of musical instruments, viz., guitar, banjo, two tambourines, two concertinas, accordion, eight hand-bells of different sizes, spring-bell, two speaking-trumpets, triangle, six mouth organs, whistle-pipe, also two swords, and two iron rings.

Those sitting in the front row were requested to join hands. The light was then turned out, and immediately the instruments were heard in motion, and a variety of sounds proceeded from them. A voice then spoke, which was said to be that of "George Dix." He addressed me by name, and asked me to give him my memorandum-book. I said, "Shall I bring it to you?" "No, we will fetch it; we are going to write in it." I held it in my hand, and soon felt a hand touching mine, and the book was taken away. It was soon brought back. A light was then struck, and I found the names of two relatives written in pencil. I examined the tying, and found the medium secure. The light was again extinguished, and the spirits told us they would perform the "Storm at Sea." Hereupon commenced a most extraordinary musical performance, effects being produced that are never heard in an earthly orchestra. It was wonderfully descriptive of the event it intended to represent. The whistling of the wind and the rush of the waters were imitated to perfection. Every now and then was a dreadful crash, as if some heavy object had fallen on deck. The principal instruments engaged in the performance were a violin, a guitar, a mouth organ, and a tambourine. An Indian spirit named "Mayflower" then spoke, and said, "Would you like to hear me play 'Home, sweet home?'" We said we should. The sounds of a concertina were now heard floating in the air, and the above melody was artistically played, with a slight departure from the usual method that rendered it very pleasing. "George Dix" next spoke, inviting us to ask a scientific question. I asked him "Why spirits could not manifest as well in the light as in the dark?" Upon which he commenced a very lucid and comprehensive explanation. He spoke in a clear and moderately strong voice for about ten minutes, every word being clearly articulated. He expressed himself in a very logical manner, using the plainest and most suitable words to convey his ideas. At the conclusion of his discourse he addressed a few words to me, saying he was glad I had come to this country, and had no doubt my visit would be attended by a satisfactory result. "Mayflower's" voice was again heard. She said she would give a poem, and commenced reciting in a very pleasing manner a rather lengthy poem. Her style and tone of voice reminded me of the recitations I had heard by the young ladies at the Children's Lyceum at Boston. I was informed that she was Italian by birth, and was stolen by the Indians when a baby, and lived with them till the age of sixteen, when she passed to spirit-life. She is certainly a most charming and interesting spirit. A light was now struck, and I was invited by way of test to sit on the medium's knees. I did so, and another gentleman sitting opposite me. We held each other's hands. Under these circumstances strong manifestations took place. The instruments were brought from the table and strummed and floated over our heads, and then placed on our laps. Feeling hands touching me and pulling my beard, I requested my spectacles to be taken from my face and placed on the gentleman sitting opposite me. This was

immediately done. Resuming my seat on the form, the Indians were announced. They signified their presence by a dreadful clatter, and noises of various kinds, mingled with sundry war whoops. Thus ended a very remarkable demonstration of spiritual power.

Horatio held a light séance. The table containing the instruments was placed on the platform in the corner of the recess. A cloth was then hung on a rope across the recess, about five feet from the floor, thus hiding the table. Three chairs were then placed in front of the cloth, in which Horatio, a Mr. Harris, and myself sat. The medium occupied the outside chair, and placed his hands on Mr. Harris's bare arm. I held Mr. Harris's other hand. A cloth was then placed in front of us, leaving only our heads exposed. Two paraffin lamps were burning in the room. Before the arrangements were completed the guitar began to sound, and on a violin being played in the room the guitar and tambourine joined in a vigorous accompaniment. Bells were then rung and thrown into the room, and the tambourine and guitar held over our heads. The guitar was next protruded underneath the screen, and appeared at our feet, vigorously playing all the time. It remained in this position several minutes. We next felt something like hands striking us on our backs, and then observed a well-formed hand, coming through an opening in the screen, between our heads. The little finger of the hand was observed to be deformed. It was said to be the hand of "George Dix." The hand pointed to some cards that were lying on the rail; one of these was handed to it, and in a few moments returned written upon. A card was then placed on a tambourine just by our faces. The hand came forth and wrote a name on the card. This was repeated several times. The hand, a considerable portion of the arm being visible, then placed a card on Mr. Harris's head, and wrote a name on it, and then handed it to me. It was the name of my grandmother. The name of another relative was written in the same manner. The hand then pointed to some iron rings that were hanging on the corner of the rail. They were handed to it, and taken behind the screen. Horatio, speaking in a trance, told me to take his hand. I did so, and immediately felt a shock, and on examination found both rings round my arm. This concluded the séance, which was most satisfactory in every respect, and well calculated to convince unbelievers. As Horatio remarked, "I never sit in a light circle for a party of sceptics but I convince them all."

Concluding Remarks.

The great drawback to the materialisation séances is that the figures do not appear generally in a sufficiently strong light to be satisfactorily visible. This objection will, no doubt, be removed as the manifestations become developed. I have no doubt that a spirit could appear in a strong light for a time, but as this would be a drain upon the vital force of the medium, of which there would appear to be only a certain amount available on each occasion, it would prevent other spirits from manifesting. Instead, therefore, of concentrating the power on one object, it is preferred to diffuse it over many. In time, if the medium's health holds out long enough, all the spirits will doubtless be seen to as great an advantage as some of them are now. The prediction made by the spirits some years ago that materialised spirits would one day give addresses in public, seems about to be realised, as my notes show. What the ultimate developments will be it is impossible to conjecture, but all who read my notes will see that the present developments of this marvellous power are now much greater than a few years ago the most sanguine of us could have anticipated.

Robert Cooper.

A REPLY TO A CRITIC.

By George Barlow.

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

I have been attacked in *Human Nature* with some fierceness and a good deal of rudeness by one of those "anonymunculous" critics who haunt the waste places of literature "seeking whom they may devour." It is not well, nor is it my usual practice, to pay much (or indeed any) attention to unsigned attacks of this sort; but I feel disposed on this occasion to say a few words, not for the sake of my critic, but for the sake of those who have read the articles in which his mind, eager after visions of impurity, succeeds (as a matter of course) in finding such;—a few words which may make clearer the matter at issue, one, by the bye, which is far from congenial to me, and which I shall be glad to quit, though for a time I have felt compelled to dwell upon it, as all thinkers and true lovers of their race cannot but do occasionally.

One does not wish to pay any wished-for tribute of passing notice even, to discourtesy indulged in towards oneself; it is not worth while, for insolent personal remarks of the nature of those made by my critic, while they are generally thought to betray a weak cause rather than a strong one which can stand upon its own merits, inevitably recoil upon their authors. Certainly it did occur to me that the article in question must have been written by some astute and venomous little eunuch, not unlike Spadone in Ford's old play*—some contemptible creature who, irritated at his own want of manhood, would petulantly reduce all his fellows to a like ridiculous and impure impotence—a similar laughable and hopeless sterility both of words and functions. It did occur to me that—save for the pointless nature of his discourse—the writer might be well described by Euclid's definition of a point, a something "without parts and without magnitude." But these not unnatural thoughts and stray surmises I hastily put away, feeling that to "answer a fool according to his folly" is just to afford him the very parasitic gratification after which he lusts and itches—to suffer him to feel himself worthy of a place in the proud lists of argument; to permit him to coil himself, like a slimy serpent or a straggling worthless creeper, round the words and ideas of real thinkers, and so rise to a sort of spurious vicarious notoriety, over which he may crow and chuckle as though it had been wrought out by his own strength of arm, or his own "ascendancy" of brain. To do this would be foolish and useless, I felt,

* The Fancies Chaste and Noble.

so I checked my natural suspicions and my inclination to respond "in kind" to the scrofulous scurrility of my critic, remembering that the right thing to do with a dead rat full of maggots, or a live child full of sores—should either unfortunately be thrust into one's hand—is to drop it at once, and turn eyes and nostrils away from its unseemly appearance and fragrance.

The discourtesy and pointless rudeness of the article of which I am speaking are in marked contrast to the civility and thoughtful nature of Captain Fox's recent letter to the editor of *Human Nature* on the same subject; for which I beg to take this opportunity of cordially thanking him, gladly admitting the great force of many of his arguments. It is one thing to argue with, and perhaps to differ from, a gentleman who writes like a gentleman and signs his name to his letter—quite another thing to scourge with honest anger a nameless writer who evidently did not take the trouble to read in their entirety, still less to think over, the articles he pretends to criticise, before proceeding to emit, with the serene satisfaction with which we can imagine a lascivious cuttle-fish squirting out his shower of filthy black ink over a lady's white hand, his tumid and humid flood of customary and complacent Billingsgate.

However, the reading and studying of books and articles before criticising them has gone out of fashion; so my critic only swims with the times in this, and we must not be too hard upon him. Of course, as he has the grace to admit at the commencement of his criticism may perchance be possible, he has grossly and hopelessly misunderstood me; but then when a critic of such weight and "ascendancy" of brain proceeds, leaving the heaven where critics dwell and "emptying himself" of critical godhead, humbling and lowering himself, to deal with such feeble and manifestly earth-born productions as mine, written entirely "upon the sensual plane," some misunderstanding and misappreciation is only to be expected. And here again the poignant regret which one feels at the critic's having failed to add to his article that access of weight and worth which the addition of some (no doubt) well-known and honourable name would have given, recurs and cannot but recur. We feel that the "marked ascendancy of brain," which he would no doubt have exhibited, would have been a pleasant and edifying sight; that we, whom heaven has blessed with so small and incapable a cranium, might have looked and wondered; might in time have learned to imitate; might at any rate have worshipped from a distance. The very least that a man can do who takes upon himself, like a sort of mind-tailor, to measure and mete out and disparage the brains of others, as this anonymous critic does, is to give to the eager and longing world an opportunity of

admiring and envying and duly estimating his own. And this, much as we may desire, humbly as our hearts may travail, sorely as we may yearn to do it, we are nevertheless unable to do, sadly and mournfully unable, as long as the man of so vast a "brain-ascendancy," with a modesty which I can assure him in my own humble name, and in that of the readers of *Human Nature*, is totally uncalled for, withholds his title. Why should he conceal it from us? His article is worthy of being christened.

While on this point, one cannot but remark that his choice of the poet Burns, "with a head so large that no ordinary hat would go on it," for a model of sobriety and chastity is singularly inopportune, and betrays a singular ignorance of facts, or a singular contempt for them. How about the drinking-orgies of the wild and wayward poet, of which one seems to have heard in legends or histories not altogether unreliable or remote? How about his frequent choice of coarse subjects, and use of coarse language? On the whole, had I been in my critic's place, desiring to choose a poet "*sans peur et sans reproche*" to put "the poet Barlow" to shame, I do *not* think I should have chosen the drunken roystering poet Burns. But then my knowledge of literature is so small by the side of that of my critic, that I can only stand rebuked and dismayed before him, wondering that I dare to approach him in argument at all. And yet one may say, very diffidently, that that enormous head of Burns the poet has certainly been fitted now with a most extraordinary hat, which real readers of history would be the last to claim for him.

Enough. Let us turn from words to facts, and put very briefly and clearly the position which we did take up in regard to sexual matters in that small portion of "Religion and Art" which our critic seems to imagine constituted the whole. Probably it was the only part which interested him. Probably it was the only part which, recalling to his perverted mind his own wanderings in the direction of Holywell Street and the Haymarket, he felt himself competent to deal with.

Just saying, then, by way of caution to our readers, that the arguments to which the critic, amorously seeking after exciting and dangerous subjects according to his nature, attaches such importance, form but a small portion of the essay in question—as indeed they will have perceived for themselves—we will put the gist of our position hereupon in a very few words. *Our position!* My position, rather; for not being wholly nameless, like my critic, I do not care to shield myself under any general pseudonym. The honest English first person—I—is surely more open and manful.

Well, what I said amounted to this :—Can human passion be confined within those limits which we are pleased to call legitimate, without serious injury to the physical (and hence, after a time, to the moral) well-being of the race ensuing in the long run ? That is the terrible question which has to be answered by all who desire to see monogamy enthroned as the pure sexual code of humanity. Among that number I am one—as my critic, if he had taken the trouble to read a little further, might have plainly seen ; but, probably having thought and read more upon the subject than he has, and perhaps desiring the pure consummation of the marriage code even more passionately, I certainly feel the great difficulties which lie in the way of any such desirable consummation more than he appears to do. That I myself am not blind to the surpassing beauty of the monogamic theory, my other writings in many places must have shown. Those acquainted with the true spirit of them would, I am certain, be the last to accuse me in this hasty and ill-considered manner of a want of reverence for true purity, or of any lack of respect for woman. I need only call attention to two of my poems which have appeared in *Human Nature* — "Spirit Fragrance" and "Spiritual Love"—in corroboration of this ; and, indeed, for the very same purpose, I might call attention to many portions of the essay which my critic specially assails—over which in particular he endeavours to pour the venom of his malignity. This I might do ; but my readers will do it better for me. They are, I know, not all so blind as to think that, when a man quits a certain position for a time in order to travel over new ground, perhaps much more laborious and less enticing, he has therefore forgotten all the pleasures and beauties attendant upon his former position, and has vowed to forswear himself for ever. It may be needful at times, for the sake of one's fellows if not for one's own sake, to quit the high and fresh mountain-lands of the ideal, and to descend for a brief, energetic season, into the marshes and depressing regions of the actual, there to struggle and toil ; and much such as this I feel and do when I quit the delightful pleasances and groves of ideal love, to deal with the ethics of actual human passions as they are. Does my critic think that I would not far rather be writing pure imaginative love-sonnets than—confuting his own pestilent misinterpretation of my humble efforts to make, for the sake of humanity, a few dark corners clear, and a few crooked places straight ?

Can passion be confined within those bounds which we call legitimate, and the health of the race still be preserved ? Good working health of body and mind, that is to say—a sound physical and mental basis upon which a further erect and

worthy moral structure may be built; for we would be satisfied with a physical foundation of this adequate sort, not making the savage robustness of our ancestors a *sine quâ non*. Can health of this sort, with its invaluable results, be secured for the race, if the sexual indulgence of the future is to be entirely confined to married life? That is the question which so many philosophers and physiologists and experimentalists are now trying to answer in their various ways; and in endeavouring to answer it we must first of all call to mind, and never, in the course of our inquiry, suffer ourselves to forget that those words "legitimate," "lawful," "illicit," and so forth, do not necessarily represent facts, substantial things, but only the ideas which we have at present reached about things. We may have to change many of these subjective notions, and christen many theories and actions anew, as we advance nearer to the actual truth.

This is what we have to remember; and we have to ask the above question, and, at our peril, to find a true and pure answer to it. I am not going to attempt to answer it here: let each man, using the best materials at his command, think the subject out for himself. Indeed I am of opinion that, in the present anomalous and unsettled state of human society, we can hardly even see, much less lay victorious hands upon, the full and final answer; though that some such answer is awaiting us, a glorious future conquest of the race, I do not in the least doubt. This, in effect, I said in the article of which my critic complains. He says I propose prostitution as a remedy for sexual evils. I do nothing of the sort. On the contrary, my words were:—"*All forms of prostitution and polygamy are doomed.*" And again:—"*All forms of sexual union which degrade the woman are inevitably doomed to extinction; and the form of eternal devotion to one woman, which Dante and Petrarch foreshadowed in their lives and works, is closely akin to the kind of love which the future will inculcate and achieve.*" That is what I said; and it certainly is rather puzzling to discover how my critic can have deduced therefrom that I am "the poet-laureate of a tidal-wave of spiritually blind sensuality, finding my ideal woman in the harlot; my enthusiasm going so far as to elevate that class to the level of the wife, or probably to degrade the wife to the debasement of the hired concubine." By what strange and subtle process of mind my astute critic deduced this from the above very opposite premisses is, as I say, really hard to discover.

I certainly did say (being, unlike my critic and many others, able to discern more than one side of a question) that the Anglo-Saxon race, continuing its present theories and systems of action, would not be likely to arrive at that Dantesque monogamy which I thought so desirable—which I looked upon as the true

and righteous goal of the race. I did indeed say that; and the etter of which my critic seems especially to have fallen foul came in as a part of my argument; but I did not "recommend prostitution as an outlet for the superabundant forces which the male sex inherits." That prostitution plays some such part in our present professedly monogamic scheme of things I said; and it does appear at present to be a necessary evil—one necessary evil among many—which, nevertheless, we ought to endeavour to eradicate, only being sure that we are working in accordance with the laws of nature, and not mere moral quacks and pious empirics. Probably illicit sexual indulgence is better, viewing the matter on a large scale, than celibacy—though this latter may often be wholesome and expedient for individuals. But such indulgence is only a step towards higher things; when we know more of the laws of nature we may be able to get rid of it. But we shall never do so by mere pious jargon and garrulous orthodoxy: only by patient investigation, and earnest carrying out, for generations, of nature's inevitable mandates. My critic, and those of the same way of thought, are like builders beginning a house—were such a thing conceivable—at the fifth or seventh storey,— on a very flimsy and inadequate foundation at any rate. Houses and schemes of philanthropy constructed in such a fashion alike fail to stand.

Now, if it shall be found, after a patient and protracted search into Nature's physical and moral laws, that the above pressing question can be answered in the affirmative—viz., that all indulgence can be confined within the barriers of marriage,* without the general health of the human race materially suffering in consequence,—if this shall prove to be so, our chief difficulty (indeed the only really serious difficulty) in inaugurating a new and pure sexual code will be removed, and I for one shall most heartily rejoice. Probably, however, long before this discovery

* It must be remembered that this implies more than at first sight it seems to do. It implies total abstinence in youth, through the most wildly passionate period, *till* marriage. It implies abstinence, *during* marriage, except in one direction. And, lastly, it implies total abstinence *throughout life* for many who are never able to marry. Does any man seriously think that such a state of things, if it could ever be induced, would really be better or *purer* than even our present bewildered attempts at adjustment? I fancy that universal sterility (except in a few enfranchised directions) would lack even the element of purity and hope which these do possess. I recollect, too, that Swedenborg expressly declares that mere abstinence, celibacy, not only possesses no virtue, but is not chaste. By which he does not mean that it is actually an unchaste state, but that true marriage is the only chaste state, celibacy being simply a negative state,—not unchaste, but certainly not chaste. And as things are now, our terrible sexual struggles, with all their attendant evils, are symptoms of a nobler and more hopeful effort after that eventual chastity of marriage, than any wide-spread systems of unnatural monkish self-control and self-torture could be.

is really made and applied—long before this problem is thoroughly worked out upon this planet—my readers and I will alike have passed away from this earthly sphere altogether; perhaps we shall then understand the subject better, as beholding it from a higher plane,—and understand each other better as well!

The American attempt, to which my critic alludes with the usual English self-satisfied sneer, and of which I spoke without sneering, is based of course upon a firm belief that (at anyrate at present) the question can only be answered in the negative—that is, that at present, and probably for very many years to come, some indulgence of the nature which we have agreed to call illicit, will be an absolute necessity. This being so—these experimentalists having honestly arrived at this conviction upon physiological and other grounds, I say that they are not to be blamed but rather praised and honoured for attempting to make some wise and relatively seemly provision for the utilisation of that stream of force which has hitherto foamed and eddied along beneath the surface, unacknowledged and undirected. Having found, as they think, certain inevitable laws of nature, they are not coarse and wrong, but wholly right and pure, in endeavouring to make the best of those laws, and to shape their conduct in accordance with them,—and I await with great interest the results of their experiments. We cannot conquer the laws of nature, as has often been said, except by understanding them; we cannot abolish, we can never really annul and abrogate, those laws; but we may so act upon them, having first thoroughly understood them and grasped their true purport, as to change or greatly modify their practical results. This is the next best thing to getting rid of unseemly laws of nature entirely. Indeed, it is the only real means that we have of doing this. And it is what the American theorists and experimentalists in question are attempting.

Certainly I am more or less at one with the English schools of thought in believing that the attempt is local and temporary in its essential character; it is but a side-current which threatens to sweep away some of our (also local and temporary) English marriage-notions and love-notions: but the true fabric of holy, passionate, and poetic monogamy it can never even imperil. None the less, as I pointed out in my Essay, these various attempts, even if frustrated and abortive in the directions towards which they seem specially to point, will do a useful work. They indicate, by their mere aggressive presence, that all is not yet right with us; they hint at a festering sore beneath the surface; and it is surely well to have the fact of the existence of such a sore pointed out, and its locality fixed upon

before it becomes putrid, and gangrenous, and incurable. Thus it is,—by pointing out such crudities and imperfections in our present system, and putting us in the road towards improvement —and also frequently by revealing to us new and important truths, necessary to the firm establishment of our own invaluable possessions, truths which perhaps in our pride and self-esteem we have hardly suffered ourselves to dream of, and which we have to learn from the most humble and unexpected quarters— thus it is that such attempts do good, and are necessary and expedient factors, however unprepossessing or even positively repulsive at first sight in appearance, in the grand and unceasing progress of the human race.

And now I have done. I dismiss from my mind, with a pleasure and sense of relief greater than even my critic could imagine possible, these unpleasant subjects entirely for the present; and I turn to more congenial tasks. I am not sorry, on the whole, to have been forced into some brief explanation and defence of myself, as it would have grieved me much to allow the readers of my poetry to linger in the mistaken belief that a poet ever dwells upon subjects like the present through any innate love of them; that he ever quits the plains and mountains bright with flowers of imagination except through sheer necessity and strong sense of duty; that he ever squabbles with perverse critics except through a true desire to make plain and pure things even plainer and purer yet. But, understood or misunderstood, maligned or praised, encouraged or cursed, honoured or badly entreated, there is one inevitable and abiding consolation—the clear and changeless knowledge that truth must ultimately prevail in spite of the poisoned arrows and assiduous subterfuges of all nameless and shameless opponents.

Before I quite conclude, I must, in no vanity, but in simple justice to myself, and to the editor who has been good enough to print my articles (for the largeness of whose sympathy I heartily thank him), and to my readers, make one or two quotations from a letter which I received the other day from Dr. Buchanan of Louisville, Kentucky, United States, *in reference to the very article which we have been discussing.* Dr. Buchanan has contributed to *Human Nature* (see his excellent article in the number for May, 1875, on "Moral Education"), and is a well-known and highly honoured American philanthropist.

He says:—"Dear Sir,—I have just read your brilliant and remarkable essay in *Human Nature* of February, in which (as I understand) in assuming the style of Whitman, you are simply expressing yourself; for there does not seem to be a quotation.

"I have not read Walt Whitman's productions, but am deeply

interested in your 'Whitmanisms,' in which I recognise so much that is entirely congenial with my own unpublished dreamings, as to feel a lively desire to know you.

"There is a vast deal that the present age needs to know—a vast deal that needs to be said—but oh! what a labour to put it on paper! a vast deal too, which it is better to put in record for a more enlightened posterity, than to offer our cotemporaries.

"There is so much more of undeveloped unwritten truth in my reach than I shall ever be able to record, that I am gratified whenever I find that which I have not yet found time, or not yet deemed proper, to put on paper, given out by others,—especially when so well done as it is by you.

"The time must come when the great questions concerning Man, Woman, and Love, shall be lifted above the grovelling thought which now entertains them, to the sphere of Philosophy, Purity, and Love; a sphere in which few dwellers at present are to be found; for the Anglo-Saxon mind is very gross indeed.

"You are at home in that sphere; and I would ask earnestly, Do you know even *ten* men or women of superior intelligence, to whom you can speak as you think on such subjects, with a sympathetic response?"

So much I quote from this very kind and interesting letter. The occasion is pressing, and I have had no time to send across the Atlantic in order to procure Dr. Buchanan's permission to quote: but I have no doubt, seeing the need that I have of friendly and intellectual support, that he will if these pages meet his eye, accord me forgiveness and permission after the fact.

To the last paragraph quoted, I think that I am justified in calling special attention. It was written by a man who, as his article on "Moral Education" shows, is devoting, and has been for years devoting, his life to the good of his fellows. And it was written in reference to that very article of mine upon "The Religion of Art," from which my critic drew such opposite deductions. That is curious, to say the least of it. But my readers—at least the intelligent portion of them, for whose suffrages alone I care—will know where and in whom to put their trust. Really, the simple quotation of that paragraph, with a statement of the name and character of its author, and the cause which called it forth, would have been almost sufficient of itself for my justification and complete acquittal, without any lengthy and set defence at all.

*** As the article which I have been defending related largely to Walt Whitman, and as, in the April number of *Human Nature*

an account of his "actual American position" was given, which, if, most lamentably, true, would seem to indicate that his pecuniary and worldly affairs are at a very low ebb indeed, I cannot refrain from here penning a few words of hearty sympathy and condolence, which may possibly reach him or some of his friends. Let him be assured that, in spite of the critics and wily time-serving publishers, he has many well-wishers on this side of the Atlantic; that his words have reached and gladdened many hearts; that what is true and rightfully laudable in them *cannot but survive*, in the company of all noble and imperishable work, when the mere utterances of individual whims and passing crotchets which disfigured so many of his pages, have, also rightfully, for ever passed away. If he has been bespattered with mud by Peter Bayne, a skilful and professional mud-thrower, he has also met with appreciation and invaluable praise, at the hands of Swinburne, Buchanan, Rossetti, Conway, and others. And the praise and love of such true fellows in the guild of genius is a gift really worth having; and it may reasonably, in the estimation of Walt Whitman himself, when taken in conjunction with the unuttered but no less deep love and friendship of many hearts, outweigh a thousand insults. It is better to write one's name, by the penetrating power of love and sympathy, upon the hearts of men and women, thus rendering it in very deed immortal, than to win the chary suffrages of "Messrs. Smith and Son," and have one's works exhibited, accompanied by the customary worthless publishers' puff, at all the railway bookstalls.

Two of the very first sonnets which I ever wrote were addressed to Walt Whitman. They have lain in my drawers hitherto, unused and unpublished. I will now send them to him, with all cordial sympathy, respect, and greeting, of an English brother poet.

TO WALT WHITMAN, POET.

America! I hail thine earliest bard,
Walt Whitman, with a burst of genuine gladness,—
Though, after falls thereon some shadow of sadness,
For customs *our* development retard.
And truly, when one thinks, it does seem hard
That *here* the people, though one chafe to madness,
Would rather one connived at any badness,
Than burst their petty barriers, built of card.

Thrash custom, brother, with relentless flail,
Dance Beauty into being with an antic,
The despotism of the past assail;
And, though you drive the priests and people frantic,
Still I, for one, will bid you, brother, hail,
And shake a hand with you across the Atlantic.

Preach rights of manhood, you yourself a man—
In sympathy assert the rights of woman—
Outcircle your wide love for all things human;
Preach gradual growth of nature, as you can.
But see that you despise the yelping clan
Of toothless puppies: be yourself as strong
As the sweet message of your breezy song,
Complete the task your genius began.

The time shall come when even these shall own,
As each advances to a higher stage
Of being, that on earth the highest throne
Is held by him who gives another page
Of truth to mankind: by themselves alone
The poets seem to sit, from age to age.

—(1870.)

THE CRITIC'S COMMENTS ON MR. BARLOW'S REPLY.

If Mr. Barlow, having nothing better to do, will stray into "waste places" to drop his literary filth, then he must expect to be annoyed by the proximity of those whose unpleasant duty it is to clear away uncleanness. However proud Mr. Barlow may be of his performances and desirous of having his name associated therewith, it is quite possible that the scavenger who has to follow in his track may elect to remain "anonymunculous" because of some slight tinge of noble shame at the degradation imposed upon him by the nature of his duties. Notwithstanding the fact that no signature is appended to the criticism to which Mr. Barlow replies, this magazine bears an imprint entailing literary responsibilities, and the name thus used—though the possessor of it has been too well employed in life to abide in literary wastes spinning unsubstantial rhymes, and has not the self-assurance to dub himself with fanciful or meaningless designation—he is nevertheless a "point," however little it may be in itself, around which, as a centre, even Mr. Barlow seems anxious to revolve. Mr. Barlow's abuse on this score is certainly worthy of that form of championship in the class of society of which he is the poetical representative, famous as "bullying," and, so considered, it must be a credit to him who merits it. That there was "rudeness" as well as "personality" in the criticism complained of was intended, and therefore it cannot under any possible circumstances become the subject of an apology. There are certain advances that can only be properly met by rudeness; were it not so, it would be impossible to maintain the proprieties of life. The traitor, the rebel, and the assassin, might with as much cause be regarded as belligerents and allowed to prosecute their attacks on social order as honourable militants, as to receive with respect that which is morally impure, logically contradictory, and false in fact. The grave error of societarians has been to entertain as privileged disputants, idiots, moral and intellectual, whose wild and diseased notions should have been summarily stamped out by the iron heel of denunciation and ridicule. The higher intuitions of the sane

and enlightened mind at once decide in a question of right and wrong, filth and purity; and to borrow Mr. Barlow's elegant figure of the "dead rat," any such nuisance is kicked out of the path without making a serious investigation as to whether the "maggots" may, after all, prove to be toothsome comfits. Once allow error to gain a position by putting it on a footing with truth, and you thereby make an unwarrantable concession which all future argument will not serve to retract. There is no safety for the individual nor for the cause of truth itself, but in the most prompt destruction and obliteration of all obnoxious matters; kicking out of the pale of society, burning or burying everything moral, gaseous, or solid, which has a tendency to obstruct, contaminate, or defile. To take up any such thing curiously as if in ignorance of its true character, to inhale its noxious vapours appreciatively, to preserve it in the intellect carefully as a form of truth, betrays a degree of stupidity and indifference to personal comfort which no sane person could possibly commit.

As to the personal question, nothing offensive to Mr. Barlow was implied, and it is with sorrow that it is observed how much he has taken the remarks to himself. The meaning was conveyed in the criticism that all degrees and phases of thought are in accordance with the organism through which they are expressed, modified by the habitual uses to which that organism may be and has been subjected. The teachings of a man are his confession of faith, the phenomenal expression of his interior life; and the basis of his theories are not to be sought for in any "school of thought" or supposed metaphysical method of intellectual procedure so called, but in the state of his own mind, as influenced by organic and other conditions. Of these matters Mr. Barlow seems to be profoundly ignorant—so much so, that he fails to recognise them when placed before him, but regards the statement of a plain matter of fact which affects the argument in the most essential degree as an undignified personality! Unconscious of this law of mind, Mr. Barlow gives rein to the upbubbling of his misunderstood and uncultured impulses, and mistakes them for truths and arguments. As well might the bell of the peripatetic muffin merchant insist that its clanging noise on a Sunday afternoon was excellent church music with which all good people ought to be satisfied; and had that same irritating bell the literary ability of Mr. Barlow, it might abuse in quite as "Billingsgate" fashion the person of taste and refinement who wished the obnoxious thing beyond earshot or a less objectionable means of promulgation to take its place. If the qualities of a man or a thing are to be judged of by the phenomena evolved therefrom, surely the critic need not be ashamed of the position which his reply assigns him, the declamation and petty pique of Mr. Barlow notwithstanding.

The ploughman Burns had faults, but they differ very much from those of the poet Barlow. Burns was a man of genius, and had the tact to discriminate between his own vices or the record of

those of his fellows, as portrayed in his poetry, and the heavenly guiding light of inspiration which, as a poet, he held aloft for the edification of mankind. Burns, the man of passion; Burns, the victim of vicious habits; Burns, the historian of popular customs, was quite a different person from Burns the poet in his higher capacity of teacher and elevator of human sentiment and affection. Where can Mr. Barlow's criticism be when he does not perceive either the point of our argument or even the merit of Burns' genius? Burns' life and works, take them as a whole, are perhaps the most powerful protest in literature against an impure life; and his uplifting appreciation of that which is beautiful in love, has supplied the brightest gems to be met with in the whole course of love literature. Never once did he recommend in cool terms the means expressed by Mr. Barlow in his letter to a correspondent, which he appended as a note to his article. Burns is revered and read by the brightest minds in modern civilisation; while Mr. Barlow;—but why follow out the contrast?

Passing over the puerile personalities with which Mr. Barlow retaliates on his critic, and which are quite as derogatory to him as are his sexual ethics, we approach a statement of his position which he somehow or other strangely overlooked in the first article: —"Can passion be confined within those bounds which we call legitimate, and the health of the race still be preserved?" A similar question might be asked of all the other functions of man's organism, and the reply would unfailingly be No; and what would our course then be? Because gluttony was confessed to be a peril of human life, should we recommend the introduction of multiplied dishes, and additional courses at our meals? If avarice was anticipated, should we meet it by laying plans by which men might obtain additional control over the valuables of their neighbours? Thus we might pass through all the passional phases of human life, and ask if the means of their perversion were to be regarded as the true cure for their abnormal operation? As a type of the whole, take the general question of health, and to a certainty it may be maintained that every individual is subject to indisposition, and is sure to experience it sooner or later; but, being so, is the individual to cultivate morbid phenomena in his own person as a means of freeing himself from probable disease or its causes? The question is too absurd to be entertained for a moment, and yet it is the logical finding of Mr. Barlow. The stupidity involved is not sufficient even to excite ridicule, and it might be regarded as harmless nonsense, were it not for the plea under which Mr. Barlow introduces the question, and his gallant avowal that he is the champion of woman's purity—a curious function for the gentleman who coolly places the wife on a level with the courtezan.

We venture to state that Mr. Barlow's proposition is the most stinging insult that could possibly be offered to woman, and "man" as he is proud to declare himself, we challenge him to dare advance it in the company of women, unless he be as insensible to

shame as the unconscious signature he stands so pluckily by. His first assumption is that the mission of woman is to exhaust sexually the superabundant energy of man, or, in other words, that woman was created for man's sensual gratification. That this is a black, degrading lie and libel on the Creative Wisdom, and on the race, male and female, every man and woman, even the most perverted, feels in their most lucid moments. Those men and women who practise Mr. Barlow's suggestions are the most lonely, and miserable, and loveless objects in society. What men and women require from each other is love, soul support; not sexual commerce, which, without its guiding star, love, is a damning curse and the thing called prostitution, which Mr. Barlow professes himself anxious to abolish. Now there is no greater enemy to love than incontinence. Says Burns—

"I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!"

That there are individuals in society who are abnormally developed in the sexual propensities, and must of necessity live inharmoniously, is no ground on which to build a rule of general conduct. As well might we recommend a mild habit of larceny to the world because some are so unhappily organised as to render it impossible for them to live honest lives. The cure for theft is honesty; the only remedy for vice is virtue. Those reckless and abandoned subjects of whom Mr. Barlow sings so devotedly, and for whom he philosophises so illogically, are the products of the very course of conduct which he strangely recommends for their amelioration!

It is not from these unfortunate wretches that the anthropologist must derive his facts indicative of the natural habits of man in matters sexual. Ask the ripe and experienced mother, the pure sister, the native innocence of the maiden's heart, what are the conditions of love; and would they not spit in Mr. Barlow's face, or blush for shame, if he ventured to ask their adhesion to his teachings?

The superabundant vital force of mankind will find plenty of claims for its exercise in the cultivation of his higher nature, and the upbuilding and blessing of those around him, without a perversion and exhaustion of the life streams by harlotry, or writing panegyrics in praise of the same. It is alone by actuating the mind in an opposite direction, and inducing habits of restraint, that sexual evils are to be overcome. Meanwhile, if there remain a general liability to err, there is but little use in recommending the practice on philosophical considerations. A runaway horse does not require urging; and the passions of men, instead of being soothed into a supremacy over his higher nature by the balsam of poetry and rhetoric, require just these agencies, enlightened by knowledge and pure moral feeling, to pull in the opposite direction.

That the question raised is an important one, there can be no doubt; and it is to be deplored that Mr. Barlow should be so incompetent to deal with it. Above he labours all through to supersede his most definite expressions in his previous communication. Literary ability is not enlightenment; and when it is not accompanied by other guiding and inspiring elements of mind, it is a curse to literary society. A man of Mr. Barlow's stamp is so thoroughly artificial, so to speak, that, in his endeavour to ornament the shell, he overlooks the real properties of the egg contained within. His "art" is unnatural, and his "religion" destitute of that quality. Literary art, or word-building, is not poetry, any more than a collection of stray leaves constitute a cabbage or a rose. Inspiration, genius, is the soul and body of poetry, and supersedes art. It elevates, it purifies: it never degrades. It is religious, for it enables the lower nature to climb up and exalt its functions by the help of the higher. It looks tenderly on all imperfections, which it remedies by its superior influences. The love question is not alone a physiological one, and can never be studied and understood on the plane on which Mr. Barlow puts it. It is an expression of soul towards soul, and not the merely sensuous contact of bodily organs. He talks of the privations of celibacy like one who knows nought of true love. What privation is there in avoiding that which can never be a substitute for the soul's true inheritance? But we forget—all people do not know they have souls. The physical is all they have become acquainted with. The enjoyment of higher functions is not dreamed of. The genuine attractions of love have never been experienced by them. What is the remedy? More knowledge of the nature of man, and of those interior relations which can alone satisfy and elevate the demands of the sensuous body; a firmer obedience to those intuitions native to all, which enjoin the sanctity of true love, and protect it against all incontinent violations.

LIGHTNING AND LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.*

MR. VICE-PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—Having had many opportunities of observing the effects produced by Lightning, it occurred to me that it might be both interesting and useful to the members of this Society if I were to put down some of the ideas that have presented themselves to my mind, not with the view of going deeply into the science of electricity, for which I am quite unprepared, but in order, if I can, to educe some principles to guide those who have property which they desire to protect from lightning, for I have myself, when contemplating

* A paper read by Mr. T. Grant to the Maidstone and Mid-Kent Natural History and Philosophical Society, at the Museum, Maidstone, on Friday evening, the 25th February, 1876.

the erection of a lightning conductor, found it very difficult to get any reliable information upon the subject, either from the manufacturers of the apparatus, or from anything published upon the subject that I have been able to meet with.

There are many difficult and unsettled questions respecting the nature of electricity, whence and how it is derived, and as to the difference which exists between it and magnetism, galvanism, mesemrism, and some other phenomena apparently of an electric or magnetic character. I will content myself this evening with merely a suggestion, that all these different forms of force owe their origin to the sun, which I contend is the immediate source of all force as regards our earth.

In a paper which I had the honour of reading before this Society in 1872, I endeavoured to establish the principle that the various motions of the planets and their moons in their orbits round the sun, and in their rotations upon their own centres of motion, are due to the mechanical action of the sun in his rotation upon his axis, by which a corresponding movement is communicated to the fluid which pervades the boundless expanse, and which carries around with it all bodies floating therein, if not already subject to a foreign influence. But, as heavy bodies like the earth require more force to move them than is needed to move the rare fluid in which they float, they do not travel so fast as the fluid medium does, and therefore a considerable amount of friction is caused by the resistance offered by the earth and moon, to which is due the rotation on their axis.

It is this friction which I wish to refer to as the probable cause of electric and magnetic forces in the earth and atmosphere, for the earth's atmosphere being an electric or non-conductor, and being pressed or condensed upon the earth by the centripetal force of its combined motions, is subject to friction between the atoms of which it is composed, and from the thinner fluid beyond, and I think it is reasonable to assume that electricity is the result of that friction. I do not, however, propose to pursue this train of thought this evening; it affords abundant matter for consideration by those of our members who are far better qualified for the investigation than I am, let me commend it to their notice, and I will pass on to the particular object of my paper.

Without entering into any discussion as to the exact propriety of using the terms positive and negative in connection with this subject as two distinct fluids and opposite forces, it will be convenient so to consider them this evening for the purpose of my lecture, for so they are to all appearance. The positive electricity, generated probably by friction in the atmosphere, surrounds the vaporous atoms which rise from the earth,

and combines them into clouds, which are carried along by the wind; the separate clouds, when they come together, discharge the surplus from one to the other, and in doing so release a portion of the suspended vapour which descends to the earth in the form of rain, hail, or snow. The earth, as the source of negative electricity, which it sends up by the rising vapour into the atmosphere, also forms clouds, and when the positive and negative clouds approach each other a strong flash of lightning ensues, followed by a heavy fall of rain. When the atmosphere near to the earth is thus full of moisture, and the pressure of electric force becomes great, both from the positive heavily laden clouds and from the negative earth, a violent effort to effect an interchange is the result, and the discharge takes place between earth and cloud at some point above the surface of the earth determined by the height and nature of the conductors that happen to exist at the spot where the cloud descends. If the cloud contain a very heavy charge of positive electricity a corresponding force of negative fluid is induced at the nearest point on the earth, and if there be no conductor sufficiently sensitive, and sufficiently large, to carry the quantity of fluid, more or less injury will be done by it in its passage, and the fluid will be forced off to any other conductors that may happen to be near; thus a great deal of mischief may be done by the negative fluid before meeting the positive higher up, where the grand explosion takes place.

Trees are the conductors formed by nature to carry up the negative electricity, and every twig forms a point from whence it can freely flow; trees therefore are a protection to persons and property below so long as the quantity or volume of fluid to be discharged does not exceed their capacity, but the moment that limit is exceeded the pressure is so irresistible, that, if some other conductor be not immediately at hand to carry up the excess, the tree will be rent, and sometimes shattered to atoms in an instant, as in the case of an oak tree near East Sutton Park some years ago which was converted in a moment to matchwood.

It will now readily be seen why it is so dangerous during a thunderstorm to seek the shelter of a tree, for, should an approaching cloud cause an excessive demand upon the conducting power of the tree, the persons under the tree are liable to become assistant conductors of the negative fluid into the branches of the tree, and thus a fatal shock is probably sustained. A wide-spreading tree, with branches near to the earth, such as one would naturally prefer for shelter, is really the most dangerous, because the distance for the fluid to jump, from the human conductor to the branch, is less; it is therefore the more likely to take that course. I remember, in the neighbourhood of Sutton

Valence, seeing a fine low-branching oak tree that had been rent to pieces by lightning, under which several sheep were killed, and I was then surprised to observe, that a considerable quantity of wool had been torn from the sheep, and adhered both to the lower and the upper branches of the tree above, showing to me that it was not, as I had supposed, the downward flash of lightning that killed the sheep, but the negative fluid from the earth in its upward course.

I would not, then, recommend any person to take shelter in a storm under a low-branching tree, neither would I advise any one to brave the fury of the elements in a large open space, far from trees; for then, if he chanced to be the only object above the level of the ground for some distance, any sudden interchange of electricity between cloud and earth at that place, would probably pass through him as the only or highest conductor; but I would suggest, as the safest shelter, a copse or cluster of trees, each trunk of which would assist to conduct the fluid out of harm's way, forming together ample conducting surface for any probable emergency. Even a high hedge would be tolerably safe. If it should so happen that a lone tree offered the only good shelter in a thunderstorm, then, let it be your object to take up a position under the tree as far removed as possible from the trunk, and particularly from any branch overhead, it might thus be possible to escape serious injury, even though the tree itself were struck.

Not long since I was shown a place in an open hop-garden, where a round spot, comprising twenty-four hills, had been struck by lightning, and all the plants apparently killed. The negative fluid had ascended the bine, and discharged into the cloud over the tops of the poles, which were mostly split or shattered, each hop-hill acting as a separate conductor. Upon another occasion, on the same farm, three or four stacks of hop poles were split and injured in a similar manner in having to conduct the electric fluid up from the earth. Houses, surrounded by lofty trees higher than the house, are well protected, the trees acting as lightning conductors; but a tall house in the open country without trees is in some danger, and should be artificially protected—as, indeed, should all churches and high buildings which rise above the trees and houses in the neighbourhood.

In my former paper I mentioned an interesting instance of the effects of lightning, which I will here relate more fully. Just after a terrific thunderstorm, I was driving through Romney Marsh, which is almost devoid of trees and hedges, the fields being divided by open ditches, and the houses chiefly standing alone, each house forming often the only object above the

general level for a considerable distance. On arriving at Old Romney, I found that a road-side inn there had been struck by the lightning, the inmates, although much frightened, had wonderfully escaped injury. I found evidences of the passage of the fluid in all the lower rooms. In the principal room the stove had been forced completely out of its setting, and was left standing about a foot forward in the room. I was surprised to see that every nail in the doors and wood-work of the room was exposed to view, the paint and putty which had covered them being driven out by the force of the negative electricity rising from the earth, and lay scattered in numerous little pieces on the floor. The house had a thatched roof, and the fluid passed out just under the eaves, firing the thatch, which was, however, quickly extinguished. The discharge appeared to take place in the air, very close to the spot where the negative fluid passed out.

It will be seen that, in this instance, and, without multiplying examples, I think I may say it will generally be found to be the case, the mischief done by lightning is not so often caused by the positive fluid coming down from the cloud, as it is by the negative fluid rising from the earth to meet it, although undoubtedly it does frequently happen that the explosive meeting takes place in the upper part of a tree or building, which, in such cases, is usually ignited by the flash.

But I must not omit to mention a very curious phenomenon which is said to occur sometimes in very severe thunder-storms; I cannot say that I have had any distinct personal experience of the kind, nor has any clear instance come under my observation, or been reported to me. It will be understood from the foregoing remarks, that when a cloud, positively charged, passes over and near to any part of the earth's surface, a rush of negative electricity is induced to that part, following the course of the cloud, and of course all persons and conducting objects in connection with the earth become highly charged, the electric pressure being indeed very unpleasant to many sensitive persons. Well, we will now suppose that, during this period of high pressure, a violent discharge takes place between the cloud and earth, a considerable distance, say a mile or two, away from the spot where a man thus highly charged is standing. The discharge instantly relieves him from the extraordinary electric pressure, and the fluid returns to the earth so suddenly, as to cause sometimes a violent shock to the system, so severe a shock indeed, that in some instances it is said to have killed both men and animals, without any appearance of burn, wound, or inflammation, and unaccompanied by any flash or spark. I am not aware that any deaths have occurred from this cause in England,

but I believe it is not uncommon for persons to experience shocks, and even to be thrown down, as if struck by lightning, although far away at the time from the actual point of discharge; it seems therefore reasonable to attribute such cases to what is known as the "return shock." I do not know how to suggest any remedy that would counteract danger from this cause, but as established and well appointed lightning conductors tend to reduce the negative pressure, by making the interchange between earth and cloud more free and gradual, I can hardly think that much risk from the return stroke would exist in the immediate neighbourhood of such conductor, or in any spot surrounded by lofty trees.

Water being a good conductor of electricity, a pond, surrounded by trees, would no doubt greatly facilitate the interchange between earth and clouds during a storm; but the vicinity of a pond or lake *without trees*, would be by no means free from danger, as any person upon the water, or standing by the water's edge, might become the chief conductor; and an instance is on record which occurred in the year 1670 at the lake of Zirknitz, in Austria, where all the fish in the lake were instantly killed by the explosion of lightning above the surface, there probably being no trees to carry off the electric pressure. Twenty-eight cart-loads of dead fish are said to have been removed from the lake on this occasion.

When the rush of negative fluid to one spot, induced by the sudden descent of a positively charged cloud, is very great, the soil for some considerable depth sometimes becomes fused by the excessive heat, causing the instantaneous formation of vitreous tubes known as *fulgurites;* these are said to have been traced downwards in the earth to a depth of 30 or 40 feet, showing that electricity exists at great depths in the earth.

Benjamin Franklin has the credit of the first introduction of lightning conductors for the protection of buildings, soon after his experiments in 1752 with kites having a fine wire worked through the string, by means of which he brought down electricity from the clouds. Dr. Watson set up the first lightning conductor in England at Payne's Hill, and he recommended their application to ships in the Royal Navy, but as the few first trials were unsuccessful, the use of them in the Navy was abandoned until the year 1830, when Sir William Snow Harris obtained permission to fit up conductors to 30 ships; and these were so efficacious, that in 1842 his plans were generally adopted in the Navy, and lightning conductors are now manufactured in all the dockyards. A strip of copper is inlaid the whole length of each wooden mast, and arranged so that upon lowering or raising the masts, metallic contact may still be maintained. The

strips are carried down to the keel, and thus communicate freely with the water.

Let us now inquire what principles should guide us in forming a lightning conductor for the protection of a building. When a heavily charged positive cloud is driven towards the building by the wind, inducing a corresponding negative pressure up from the earth, something is wanted to carry up the negative fluid rapidly to an elevation some distance above the building, so that the discharge may be gradual and without explosion; or, if a flash occur, that it may be too high above to do harm.

It is supposed that an elevation of 10 feet above the highest part of the building is sufficient, or, if attached to a chimney extending considerably above the roof, the conductor, being fixed to the chimney, need not project more than 3 or 4 feet above it, and it is important that it should terminate in several metallic points, which should be gilt to prevent corrosion. The negative electricity will readily pass off from the points, and, accumulating around the vaporous molecules in the air, will form light negative clouds, which will gradually neutralise the positive clouds as they approach. On one occasion the passage of the electricity from the points of my conductor was plainly visible for some time, having much the same appearance as the emission of sparks from the points of a powerful electrifying machine.

The next important consideration is the size and material desirable for the construction of a conductor. As electricity passes over the *surface* of metals, and not through the *substance*, we want a conductor with ample surface, and for that reason a wire rope is preferred to a solid rod, or to a tube, as each wire in the coil contributes to produce a maximum of surface. And then the metal chosen should be one that is little liable to corrode, for that would check the free passage of the fluid. Copper wire rope is generally used for the purpose, half to three quarters of an inch in thickness, composed of wire, not too fine, but about the substance of ordinary bell wire. I believe instances have been known in hot countries where conductors of the size recommended have proved unequal to the strain upon them during a very severe storm, and have even been partially melted, but I cannot learn of any such occurrence in England, although, when we so often see that the trunk of an immense oak tree is unequal to the demands upon it as a conductor, it seems strange that a strand of copper wire, no bigger than a man's finger, should suffice to convey such a tremendous quantity of electricity as must pass over it at the critical moment of a heavy discharge. But, then, oak is a very knotty kind of wood, and, on that account, the flow of electricity through it is probably much interrupted. We do not, I think, so often hear of other

kinds of trees being injured by lightning, and that is a point to which attention should be directed, but concerning which I have but few data.

We will consider next how a lightning conductor can best be connected with the earth, so as to be instantly adopted as a conductor by the negative fluid in its intense rush to one spot, induced by the passage over that spot of a heavily charged cloud of positive electricity. I think the wire rope should be buried two or three feet, or deeper if convenient, and be allowed to stretch from ten to twenty feet under the earth. If there be a good length of under-ground iron, water, or gas piping near, the rope might be wound several times round it, so that the iron pipe might act as an extension of the conductor, and a pond of water near should be taken advantage of, by letting the end of the copper coil terminate in it. The end of the coil should be untwisted and spread abroad, and no part of the rope under ground should be allowed to pass very close to any building.

An instance has occurred in this town where the end of the wire coil was buried close to the outside of a cemented water tank. After a severe thunderstorm, the tank was found to leak, and it was discovered that a crack existed, taking the exact course of the wire coil along the outside. It would thus appear that the electricity, being impeded by the wall of cement in its passage through the water in the tank to the conductor, cracked the wall, just as a sheet of glass would be pierced under similar circumstances.

It has often been suggested that the metallic shooting of a house might be made effective as a lightning conductor. For that purpose, care should be taken that no break occur in the connection of the shooting throughout, and with the earth, into which it should have a proper termination; and copper wire should be effectively attached to the shooting, and carried up the chimneys, terminating some distance above in a point or points.

It is thought that a lightning conductor, if well extended under ground, may be expected to protect a space all around equal to a circle whose radius is as great as the height of the conductor from the ground, and provided that the points of the conductor are higher than any portion of the buildings. There would, no doubt, be an advantage in connecting several conductors together under ground, as all would contribute to relieve the strain upon any one portion. I have two conductors that are thus connected by means of under-ground iron water pipes.

It is reported that instances have occurred on board a ship protected by a conductor up the mainmast, extending down through the ship to the keel, and thus communicating with the

water, that one of the other masts has been struck, which has been supposed to indicate that the protection of the conductor extends but a very short distance: but seeing that the masts are all connected so much together by ropes and other means, I would rather infer that in such instances the conductor provided was too small to answer the demands upon it, and that the injured mast, being *en rapport*, and an imperfect conductor, suffered through having to share in the duty of passing the fluid.

The subject which I have selected for my paper this evening, is one respecting which many members present may have had some personal experience, which I hope they will kindly relate, so far as it bears upon the points I have brought forward; and as I am also aware that we have several excellent electricians amongst us, I think it desirable to bring my paper to a close, so as to afford time for a full discussion, in the course of which I anticipate that much interesting information will be contributed beyond anything that I am able to supply.

THE MISSING LINK.

To begin at the beginning of things, or as soon thereafter as possible, our story, according to Moses, dates about six thousand years ago, and, according to Mr. Darwin, as much further back as you like. Both, however, agree that things began with chaos and ended with monkeys, men, and a variety of other creeping things. Mr. Darwin's chain of progression is complete, except the one link that connects the monkey to the man—although some are fain to assert that there are many such links wandering at large in this our day and generation. According to the general interpretation of the few historical facts given by Moses regarding the genesis of things, the artificer is supposed to have forged a number of separate links, without making any attempt whatever of putting them together into a chain; but then the whole matter is so curtly stated that, of course, details are completely left out of the question. If we, then, take up the several links, and put them together, so as to supply Mr. Darwin with his chain complete, I think we ought to be entitled to some credit for the job, more especially seeing that Mr. Milton, who took up the few historical facts in question, and filled in all the details so nicely, has been so universally applauded for his work. In fact, the credit given to Mr. Milton would seem to indicate that mankind at this day have but a very poor estimate of the manner in which Moses did his part of the business. The great fault we have to find with Mr. Milton is that he has

detailed the whole affair so minutely, and with such an air of candour, that people have seen no cause whatever to interfere with his arrangement. In fact, they would be far readier to think of calling Moses in question than Mr. Milton, who, to give him his due, has described the whole thing as well as although he had been there in person, which one can scarcely help thinking he had been when reading his account of it. Moses and Mr. Milton, it would seem, "'spected" that things were made; not, like Topsey and Mr. Darwin, that they "growed." We 'spect that Moses and Mr. Milton's way out of the difficulty is the simplest, unless Topsey and Mr. Darwin are able to tell us what the thing of the other thing, and the other thing of all the other things "growed" from. It is therefore perhaps best, like the historians aforesaid, to accept the making process and be done with it. Some may think that the idea of *making* also pre-supposes the idea of perfection. So saith theology; and so theology had to invent an imaginary fall—which, however, has no existence in fact outside the musty folds of divinity text-books and the right reverend heads that invented them. Our grounds for this assertion will be fully explained as we proceed.

Man has often fallen low enough, to be sure; but it has not been through eating apples. None but bigots will now attempt to call in question the general facts of natural selection and development—a process which is being carried on under our noses at the present day; for it is now a substantially established fact that the higher expressions of life are gradually assuming the position of lording it over creation, and improving the lower expressions of life from off the face of the earth. This is applicable from man downwards to thorns, thistles, and brushwood—all being attributable to the action of man at the head of creation. Each, again, in their several classes, are being dealt with in like manner; while man, who is the motive power of all, is dealing with himself after the same fashion. He is improving the race; but it is under the stern law of extermination. The weak are fast going to the wall. It requires a good lump of the *cork* in a man to make him float in this our day and generation. This is applicable to the race as well as to the individual. Glance at America, Australia, and New Zealand of the present day, and those of fifty years ago, and tell me if this is not so.

But now for "the missing link," and all these strange proceedings will explain themselves. Anatomists are agreed that the structural connection, not only between men and monkeys, but between all animals of the vertebral order, is exceedingly close—that, indeed, when we come to close comparisons, these are like to be more *odious* to the man than to the monkey, as there is vastly more structural difference between the highest

and the lowest types of men than there is between the lowest types of men and the highest types of monkeys. Psychologically, however, the question presents itself in quite another aspect. The anatomist, in the enthusiasm of his science, may look upon the skeleton of an ass and exclaim truly, "*We* are fearfully and wonderfully made!" "All right, friend," says the metaphysician,—"Still, a man is a man, and a monkey a monkey; though I feel to break ties between you and your donkey."

The anatomist, you see, has got his chain quite complete. It is with our metaphysical friend that the link has gone amissing, which Mr. Darwin in all his researches has not yet been able to find. As we have had the honour to find it, and never could keep a secret, here goes. Moses' version of the business is quite correct—viz., that *in the beginning*—whatever that may mean—"the earth was without form or void;" and so far as I understand Mr. Darwin, he goes in for the same theory. To that extent, then, the historian and philosopher are agreed, but I think if they could only understand each other they might be made to shake hands a considerable way further up the ladder. Mr. Darwin may have a more scientific way of stating the process, but it is quite evident that the two systems coincide completely in substance. They both begin (1) with daylight and darkness, (2) the general arrangement of material substances, (3) the bringing forth of grass, herbs, &c., (4) signs and seasons, days and years, (5) moving creatures, (6) cattle and creeping things, with man to lord it over the whole concern. What more complete agreement could be wished, and what objection in all the earth can our clerical friends have to Mr. Darwin for stating the simple story of Moses in a scientific way. But we now come to the critical point where the historian and philosopher seem to differ. Their difference arises, however, from their not understanding each other, and not from the fact of there being any difference between them. We mean to examine the account given by Moses in a way which we do not think it has been examined before, and we expect to be able to show clearly that he and Mr. Darwin are exactly at one. According to Moses, man appeared upon the earth in the sixth cycle—was created on the sixth day, if you prefer to have it so. "Let us make man in our own *image* after our *likeness*" is the colloquy, but immediately thereafter it is recorded, "So God created man in his own *image:* in the *image* of God created he him: *male* and *female* created he them." This is all done on the *sixth* day, mark you, and there is no word of the *likeness*—a very important distinction, which shall be fully explained hereafter. Note also that they were created *male* and *female* at *first*, while *the* Adam

and his helpmate seems to have been an after consideration, for we have it recorded, *after* the *seventh* day, on which He rested, that "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Clearly this could not be the male and female of the sixth day, for it was then *after* the seventh, and there is only the man this time. It is after this some time—how long is not clearly indicated, but the planting of the garden, &c., intervenes—when it was thought "not good for man to be alone," so he was put to sleep and a woman made out of one of his ribs. Of course, had anyone else but Moses said so, it would have been taken for a "Nereid and sea-horse story," but that only in passing. The main point to be noticed is that all this took place *after* the *seventh* day, whereas it was on the *sixth* day that "male and female created He them." Now this is where we have found "the missing link," and if Mr. Darwin had not been above consulting that old story he might have found it there himself. The man of the sixth day being created in the *image* of the Eternal only, predicted nothing more for him than the birthright of the highest expression of material life—viz., continuity. The man *after* the *seventh* day was formed in the *likeness* of the Infinite also, which predicted for him immortality. Thus we have the immortality of the individual and the race. But how was the connecting link formed? Had I been dealing in the imaginative, I might have soared away into a fine sensational strain over this part of my story, but as I am only recording a few simple facts, I must of course just give them as they are. The fact of "spirit possession"—especially at the time we write of—is firmly believed by all who believe their Bibles, as well as by many who don't. Well, it so happened at this stage of the world's history to which we now refer that a vagrant spirit troubled with rather sensual appetites (there are plenty such in the flesh, if not out of it, at the present day) chanced to turn his attention in the direction of this virgin world. As chance would also have it, he alighted amid some of the luxuriant natural orchards of the east, and there, of course, he descried a number of our natural progenitors regaling themselves with the luscious fruits that hung in clusters o'er their heads. Nothing more natural—if not spiritual—than that he should be seized with a craving desire to join in the banquet, but finding himself quite powerless to do so with the organism he possessed, the idea at once occurred to him to get *inside* one of those fellows, and try if it would be possible for him to gratify his appetites through the material body of the other. He, of course, did so, but found to his grief, as many of his progeny have done since, that it is easier to get into a mess than out of it. He found, in fact, that he had chained himself to a clog

that it would not be such an easy matter for him to shake off. The physical had got the hold, and while it remained strongest, it would keep it. His material body must now fall into decay before he could again find "the wings of the dove, to fly away and be at rest." He soon became disgusted with the unintelligible gibberish of his new found material associates, and retired to muse in solitude alone. A strange drowsiness began to creep over him, and by and by "tired nature sank to sweet repose." We do not, like Mr. Milton, float away into a glowing description of the first fairy dreamland into which the unconscious sleeper was ushered, for the simple reason that we are dealing with a few plain facts, and of course cannot afford to be poetical. But to take up the thread of our story: a "kindred spirit," urged by like impulses to those above described, had also been trying a like experiment, and, as "birds of a feather flock together," she was naturally drawn towards the bower where he, whose help-meet she was to be, had sought and found repose. He awoke from his slumbering, and lo! he beheld his *rib*. The serpent's part in the performance is easily explained, it being also an attempt of spirit to connect itself with matter in that particular expression of life. Should this explanation not be deemed satisfactory, we have only to add that those who can accept the story LITERALLY will have no trouble whatever in swallowing this trifle, serpent and all. Now, you have a reasonable account of that much abused record, "The Fall." It was nothing more or less than the assuming of material existence. Of this fact the simple story itself supplies us with abundance of proof, for it is there plainly stated that "The Fall" consisted in eating material fruit, and it is only after this that we have any account of the fruitfulness of our first parents themselves. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt but the fact of two *reasonable* beings meeting for the first time in material existence *naked* is the whole secret of the "fig leaves." You have only to fancy the situation, and the "aprons" will suggest themselves. There now you have a true and faithful history of the "missing link." But as the *truth* is always reasonable, though sometimes unpleasant, we purpose to accompany the historian just a single step or two further, to show more clearly the reasonableness of the new truth we have propounded. After an outline of the fruitfulness of our natural progenitors, in a long line of genealogy, we come to the rather startling announcement that after men began to multiply upon the earth, "The sons of *God* saw the daughters of *men* that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." Now, apart from the true history of "the missing link," here is a conundrum for you, and no mistake, "Where did these daughters of men come from?" But in the

light of the true history the matter is of course quite plain. Some of the direct descendants of Adam, having broken off from the original camp of the tribe, wandered away about the land of Nod and elsewhere, as recorded. There, in gratification of their sensual propensities, they formed irregular connections with the natural inhabitants of the land, the fruits of which intercourse are to be found in all the lower types of the human race, who, at the present day, are inhabiting the barbarous countries of the world, and who, according to the law which brought them into existence, must eventually disappear from the face of the earth. The race had degenerated into such a mass of confusion through this irregular intercourse that, at the end of two thousand years, there was only one pure family of the original stock left. A few of the cross-bred vagabonds had, of course, wandered away into the African and Asiatic continents, previous to the flood that swept off the whole mongrel races that covered with confusion the Syriac-Persian peninsula. These formed the nucleus of the four distinct races of the lower types of mankind who inhabit the world at the present day; we, of the Caucasian race, of course, claiming descent from Noah, the only pure type of the original stock then left who knew precisely how to worship God and get drunk. In the light of this new revelation, mankind have certainly little cause to be proud of their ancestral descent, but we think they have just reasons to be pleased with the ascent. We view things, however, in such an inverted light now-a-days, that while our ancestral descent is one of our chiefest glories, our ascent seems to be a humiliation that we are fain to shrink from acknowledging. How many of our tradeocracy at the present day have a grandfather, eh!

PERCY BELL.

HENRY WAINWRIGHT ON HIS EXECUTION AND HIS EXECUTIONERS.

I PASSED into a bluer, clearer air. I seemed to rise above the fog and smoke of London into some brighter and purer atmosphere. Many things became plain to me that were dim and obscure before. Now, I would endeavour, for the instruction and benefit of my fellow-countrymen, to make known my mature conclusions and convictions as to the murder, and my own execution therefor.

First of all, I confess the murder. I confess that, driven to the last extreme of difficulty by the importunities of the poor girl, Harriet Louisa Lane, I was led to shoot her. This I confess—and it is with the deepest sorrow that I confess it. But my sorrow is in another than the ordinary sense "the sorrow that maketh not

ashamed," for I am educated enough, and have thought enough to see clearly that, granting the previous chain of inevitable events, I could not have done otherwise: that I was and am, as all men are, the victim of imperious, invincible law, working on for ever towards pitiless and unseen ends. But, though I am at one with the philosophers and deep, hard thinkers of modern times, so far—though I am relieved by this strong assurance of the imperishable necessity of things from the tumult of wild reasonless remorse which assails the thoughtless and the vulgar—though I now, speaking in a larger, clearer atmosphere than that of the Old Bailey, and before judges other than poor pompous Cockburn, and eyes other than those of the leering, jeering, heartless and brainless spectators of my trial—withdraw, to some extent, that last confused and partial confession, wrung from me by bitter mental and physical agony, and the well-meant prayers and entreaties of the chaplain and my friends, while, on the other hand, confessing my complete guilt (as the term goes) in reference to the murder, more fully than I did therein—though I feel and do all this keenly and unwaveringly, I am, notwithstanding, placed at last (as all men will one day be placed) on a platform of lucid thought sufficiently high to enable me to experience the most heartfelt sorrow for my sad offence, while at the same time possessing the pure calm of an absolute certainty that that crime, in the essential nature of things, could never have been avoided, and that I was but an instrument in the rigid hands of undeviating fate.

Such is my firm, unshaken conviction, founded on much true hard thought, and much true profound study of human history. I am now occupying a much higher position than that of my judges and accusers. I speak from beyond the grave to mortal men, all of whom will soon have to follow me, though by a less disgraceful and precipitous road. I do indeed speak from a place where, as the Lord Chief Justice, in pronouncing my sentence, rightly said, all disguises are for ever stripped away, and only the plain naked truth longer avails. Speaking from that pure and clear region beyond death—speaking as from some noble hill-top where the airs are divine and sweet and bracing, and where new thoughts and fresh hopes crowd and embarrass the mind—speaking with somewhat in me now of solemn dignity (for I have passed through the dark gate of a most awful and agonizing death, and, to quote from a fine sermon once preached by Dr. Farrar about the sudden death of a boy at school, "now know more than the wisest among men knows")—speaking thus, and with such weight, I say that I can experience honest sorrow while feeling that my deed was, in the complex but sure current of things, an *inevitable* dark-red bubble among the glistering, many, translucid and white ones; that capital punishment was in my case, and is in nearly all modern cases, a profoundly barbarous and pernicious blunder; and that I rejoice to think that my case will be looked back upon in history as one of the crucial cases which helped materially to disclose to the nation

the utter folly of the whole thing, and so for ever to put an end to it.

As regards the actual pain and horror of death, I do not know that I have much to say. It differs, no doubt, enormously in different cases (which is one of the reasons among many why capital punishment is so absurd), and according to the view which the various sufferers take of that which constitutes the essential death-agony.* Some men of the coarser stamp think principally of the sheer and absolute physical pain; others of leaving, perhaps for ever, the good things of this life; others, among whom I was one, have been educated, and have had their higher intellectual and moral sensibilities developed to a sufficient pitch to make them realise, as the very essence of the death-horror, the idea of annihilation: of the loss of consciousness, perhaps for ever,—at any rate probably for a lengthened period. This, with the conscious gradual wrench that precedes the final dying out of the conscious spark, is to such minds the chief agony of death,—the chief mental agony, at any rate, that the near prospect of death brings. Now, it is perfectly obvious that the punishment of such spirits during the horrible months of suspense that precede the trial and verdict, and the yet more horrible weeks of dim or burning terror that immediately precede execution, is ten thousand times greater than the punishment of a vulgar poisoner or wife destroyer, who only thinks of the misery of having to quit for ever his beery revellings in some filthy public-house.

To me, as I say, the thought of possible eternal annihilation, and almost certain temporary annihilation, constituted the chief mental agony of those months and weeks that preceded death. I had, from youth up, suffered from a peculiar dread of unconsciousness—keenly realising the marvellous blessing of life, even under circumstances of sorrow and distress; keenly realising also the portentous significance of those discoveries of modern science which reveal more clearly and certainly than has ever been revealed before, the close and apparently inseparable connection of self-conscious thought with the phenomena of a material brain, and the awful possibility that, this connection once severed, the self-conscious individuality may never be restored. With all these thoughts and speculations strong in my mind, it may be imagined with what agony of soul I awaited the terrible test which was to make me at one abrupt step wiser than all the philosophers, and settle for ever,

* It is so with the old punishment of confining refractory convicts in dark solitary cells (anent which see Mr. Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend"), till depressed or maddened into submission. The punishment is now to a great extent abandoned, I believe, on this very ground. It has been discovered that, like capital punishment, it operates most unequally. Some men after a time appear to get almost wholly inured to it; they shout and sing in the dark cells. Ten minutes of it, or even five, on the other hand, is almost enough to drive a sensitive man, with a cultivated brain, habituated to the constant impressions of many thoughts, insane. On these points see "His Natural Life," and "Memorials of Millbank."

as far as I was concerned, the old, old controversy between materialism and spiritualism. As I had all my life at heart been secretly inclined, by honest conviction, to the former, I was handicapped for so much more agony before death.

However, that question is now settled. I was hung, and am not dead. I was hung on Tuesday, the 21st of December, 1875, and to-day, Thursday, the 23rd of December, 1875, I write these words. I rejoice to feel that the great question is for ever settled—and settled in the affirmative. By some means, strange and sweet, the essential conscious human spirit still survives the wrench of death; the personality is not extinguished; only the method and sphere of its manifestation are changed. On Tuesday I was desperately choked out of the visible life by that society against whose laws I had offended, and my naked, defenceless body was covered with quick-lime; to-day, Thursday, I am alive and conscious, somewhere, somehow: I am speaking these words.

Well, I was speaking about the agony of death, and I said that the keen realisation of the possibility of the utter loss of self was the form which the expectant agony took in my mind. I thought, also, naturally, about the manner of death, and wondered whether the tightening of the rope and the frightful crashing fall would be very prolonged and painful. At times my thoughts were supernaturally clear and vivid, and the whole scene of my execution was present before me; at other times a kind of numbness seemed to overspread my whole being, and I could realise nothing. There were occasions when the miserable truth seemed quite remote from me, unable to reach my brain and impress itself thereon; moments of a temporary blessed insanity, as it were, when I was utterly unable to realise the fact that in a few days I was about to die a felon's death; moments when my mind went wandering back to boyhood and childhood, and I seemed to play the old games over again, and hear the old shouts of my schoolfellows. From these dreams—which I encouraged as much as possible, as they did me good and greatly strengthened me by removing me for a time from the pressure of the awful reality—from these dreams I would wake with a start, and—Newgate and the bare prison walls, with the certain hour of my death close at hand.

Sometimes while taking exercise in the garden of the prison and envying the poor straggling plants there, which, if they only breathed the impure London air in its fog and density, had, at any rate, liberty and life to inhale it—sometimes the sound of a passing band or an organ would reach me. The melody, coming from that outside world of joy and progress in which I should never again mingle, served to make my hopeless position more evident to myself, and my misery more thorough and complete. Oh, how I longed for the scent or sight of some bright flower from the external world—the world outside and beyond and above that black, black, black, black prison,—the world of light and love and hope, which would roll on after I was dead—the busy London world, which would glide on

eagerly and merrily to its day's work and its day's pleasure, not heeding that the golden wheels of its wanton chariot were splashed with my blood in the morning.

So I felt. But now I am alive—I breathe the sweet air of some morning again—the clear sky soothes and braces me. I smell somewhere—I who deemed that the fragrance of no glad flower would ever again reach me—a scent like that of a glad red rose.

That being so—since I am able to smell and rejoice in the pure fragrance of a flower—I cannot be all abandoned, not quite the thoroughly animalised man, with my intellect as well as my moral sense completely blunted, which the *Echo* in that tenderly and considerately human article called me—not quite the hopelessly profligate wretch which many of the papers have lately taken a pleasure in describing me as—not exactly this. The blessed fragrance of this God-sent flower reaches me and tells me that there is yet work in some world for me to do: and happiness to be won and enjoyed.

Now I come to the morning of my execution. I will try to gather a few of the details of my thoughts and feelings together, as they may be interesting for living beings to hear. But, as I said before, such confusion of brain and spirit at times possessed me—all passed so rapidly and strangely, and my ideas were tossed and whirled to and fro in such a foaming, raging gulf of tempestuous agony, that it is hard to produce in my own mind, now that I look back upon it all calmly from beyond, still harder, I should imagine, to produce in the minds of others, anything like a coherent notion of what occurred. Still, I will try. You have heard and read the graphic accounts of eye-witnesses and newspaper reporters, persons no doubt not altogether devoid of ability, imagination, and humanity, but still, after all, only spectators, mere lookers-on, not playing any central part like mine in the proceedings: subject to all the limitations and mistakes of mere spectators: likely to miss—though seeing and apprehending a good deal—many of the essential features of the case. You have heard and read the reports, faithful on the whole and conscientious, of all these—now hear the report of the sufferer himself, Henry Wainwright, and correct the former reports by it.

The night before the morning fixed for my death I slept, after partaking of supper. I intended to keep awake most of the night and spend the time in prayer, but instead of that I slept. I believe that condemned criminals generally do. Nature, or the God of Nature, is merciful in many ways.

I slept for some hours, and in the morning woke refreshed, to some extent, but feverish and very nervous, as I well might be. I remember that I was conscious of a subdued curiosity as to what the whole thing would be like. I thought also, with very deep sadness, of my mother and Mrs. Wainwright and my friends. I thought of Harriet Lane, too, but not with such marked sadness, as I expected to meet her soon, and go through many comforting explana-

tions. I remember that even at that supreme juncture I had space for a kind of scientific or physiological pity of myself: it seemed so sad that nature should be performing all the functions of my body with such tender care and assiduous regularity to the very last, while man was preparing in a few moments by abrupt violence to cut them for ever short. I ate my breakfast, and my stomach began to digest it as usual—a curious waste of force. Some such ideas played about my poor, dim brain even at that moment. By the bye, it was stated in one paper that when I approached the scaffold my hair was seen to be "carefully combed." This is true. I hesitated that morning whether to brush and comb it or not; but at last habit prevailed, and I combed and arranged my locks with some care.

I remember that when Mr. Smith, the Governor of the prison, stood opposite me as I entered that ominous pent-house in the corner of the yard, in which stood the uprights and the cross-beam—I remember noticing (in one of those two swift glances which the reporters told you I took towards the spectators) that his neck-tie was crookedly put on; and when Marwood made himself busy about my own neck, and took so long and merciless a time adjusting *my* cravat, I remember thinking that if Mr. Smith had had *him* for a valet, he would never have come out that cold December morning with so slovenly a bow round his throat.

So marvellous a thing it is how at the most awful and soul-thrilling moments, the most trivial objects have power to arrest our attention. There is a poem of Mr. Rossetti's which describes how, when he was lying on the grass prostrated in body and soul with some terrible sorrow, he noticed—noticed so that he never afterwards forgot—a small botanical fact, viz., *that a certain plant has a triply divided leaf.*

. . . . . .

Here the account comes to an end. The author of the above remarks has passed into another sphere.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.—In producing proof in favour of spirit-communion, we are necessitated to use the evidence of others. Those who have never seen objects move say it is an impossibility. That is a word of ready use, but is an expression of conceit and ignorance. The wise will rather acknowledge that he knows too little to say anything is impossible. Of the laws which operate in the vast unknown, we know not; and it is puerile to draw positive conclusions from the little that is known. Columbus and Harvey, Kepler, Galileo, and every one who has given expression to a new thought, has been met by the "impossible." After a time, their truths become possible enough; and the present always smiles at the positive expressions of past ignorance.—*Hudson Tuttle.*

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